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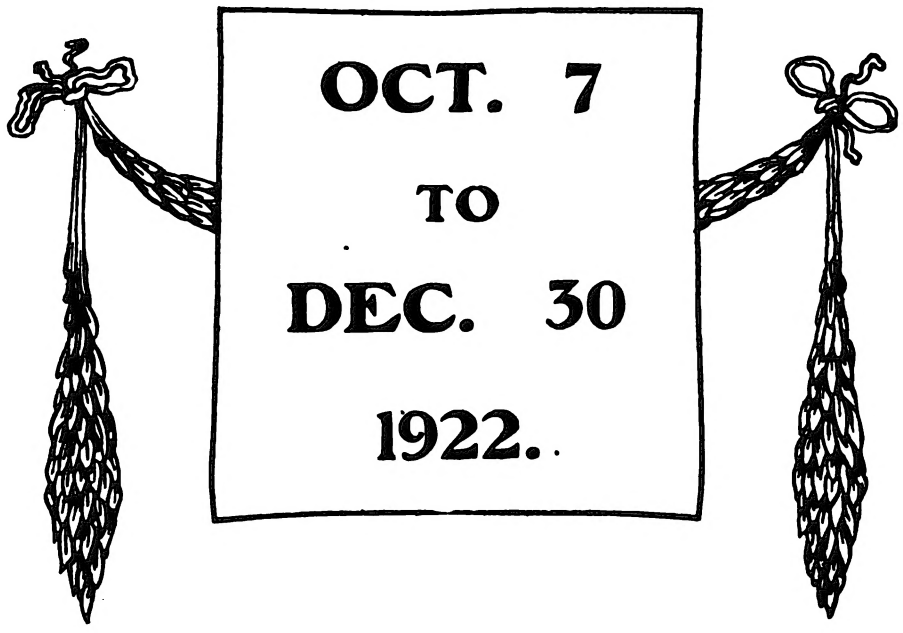
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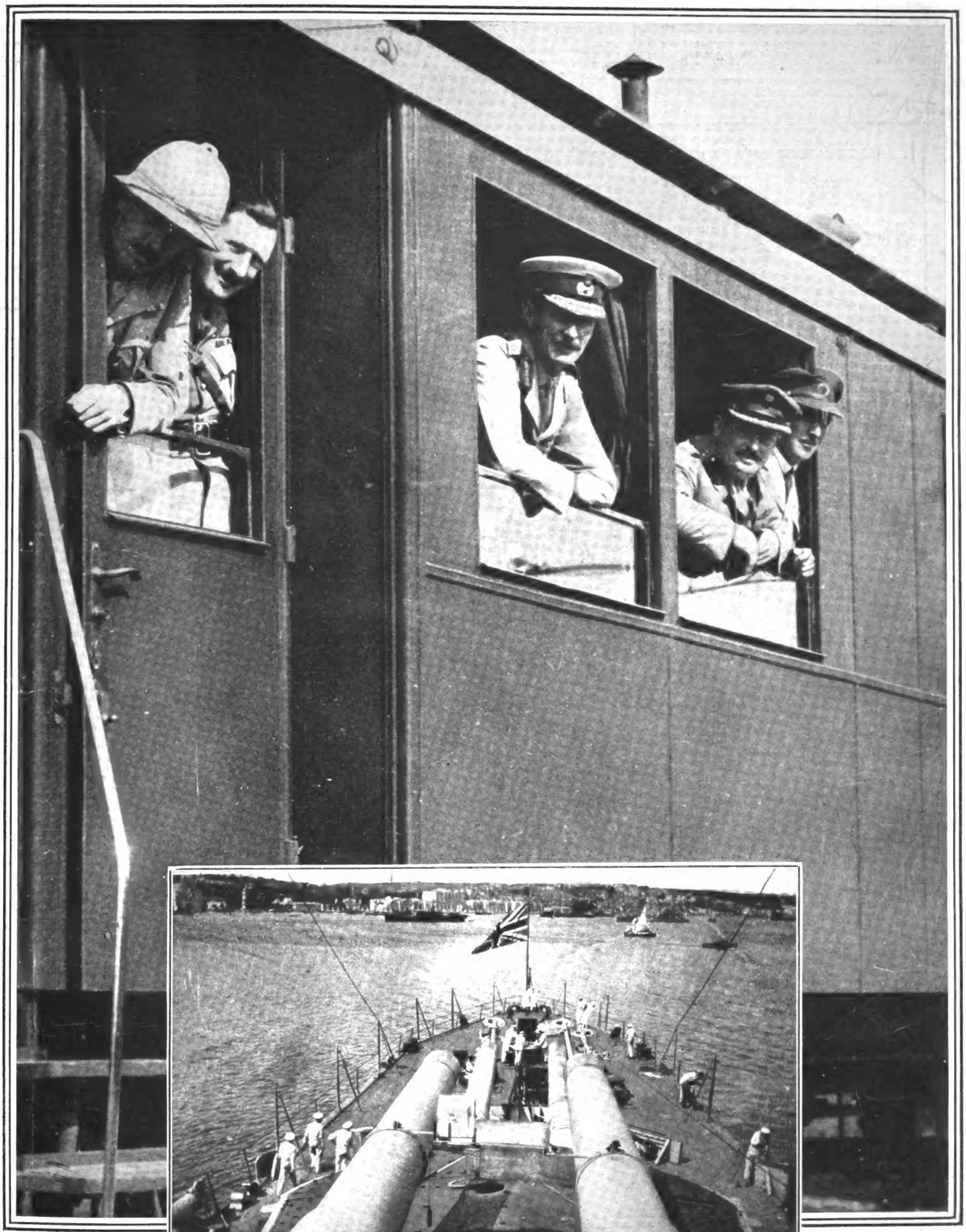
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THE MEETING AT MUDANIA

The conference between the Kemalists and the Allies is taking place at Mudania. Here it is hoped peace will be secured during the next few days. Lieut.-General Sir Charles Harington is the British representative at the conference—one of five generals who are taking part. He is here seen in the Near East with some of his staff officers. The picture inset shows the "Iron Duke," Admiral Brock's flagship, in which Sir Charles Harington crossed to the Conference at Mudania

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY.



The Ownership of "The Daily Mail"

Lord Rothermere, who has purchased his brother's (Lord Northcliffe's) shares and now controls the fortunes of "The Daily Mail"



Sir George Sutton, Bart.

Who has been appointed the administrator of Lord Northcliffe's will. He is the chairman of the Amalgamated Press, which controls a hundred newspapers and magazines

SPECIAL FEATURE IN THIS ISSUE.

The beginning of a New Serial Story

The Editor desires to call the attention of all his readers to the first instalment of Mr. J. Storer Clouston's new serial, "The Lunatic Still at Large." This story tells of the doings of Mr. Mandell-Essington, who is already known to a very wide circle of readers through Mr. Clouston's two previous works in which Mr. Mandell-Essington plays a leading part. There is something so delightfully fresh and buoyant about this most resourceful of heroes that the reader asks for more and more. Mr. Mandell-Essington in this story once more escapes from "The Retreat," and immediately there begins a series of escapades and escapes from the tightest of corners. The story will run until the end of December

The Incomplete Biography

Another week-end of suspense was passed by all who were closely in touch with the Near-Eastern situation. People sat down and read their Sunday and week-end papers, but gained very little light as to the moves on the chess-board, and, in fact, as to who were sitting round the board. The frankest article appeared in Saturday's *Pall Mall Gazette*, the moves recently made by France and Italy being more than hinted at. The rest of the leader-writers, and those who pen personal columns under such titles as "Tino the Man," "A Second Abdication," and so forth, did not appear to know, or at any rate to state, who were Britain's friends *or* enemies. The accounts of King Constantine's recent career were one and all of the sketchiest character, showing no intimate knowledge of recent happenings in Greece or the Balkans.

Inadequate Simile

The "stop-the-war" type of mind was in evidence in various quarters, both socially and in public. "Just leave them. You can't interfere in the quarrels of a man and his wife"—the simile was supposed to sum up and dismiss the situation between Greek and Turk, as if either of these contesting factors stood alone. The bare truth is that the war has never ceased entirely. There had always been this line of armed Turks defying the Treaty of Sèvres, and rendering the official date of the ending of the war a political fiction. But then so many of us have been willing to accept a political summer-time in the Near East, as well as the Willett fiction for home use.

Behind the Scenery

What does actuate our good friends the French to do the things they do at certain times and seasons? One recalls incidents in the war when, just after we had done the French some signal service, there would be a *rapprochement* which stirred everyone to heart-beats and to tears, and afterwards all this would seem to vanish, and the old traditional feelings would reassert themselves. One hopes it is only for the moment, but certainly, just at present, no one would think of pressing forward the Channel Tunnel scheme. The republican form of government does not seem to obliterate the ancient habit of intrigue.



Italian Naval Cadets' Tribute to the British Dead

A party of cadets from the Italian warship, "Francesco Ferruccio," in which the Crown Prince of Italy recently arrived in the Thames, have just paid a visit to the Abbey to deposit there a wreath on the tomb of the Unknown Warrior

SPECIAL FEATURE IN THIS ISSUE.

"Mary Stuart," Mr. John Drinkwater's New Play, Illustrated

A special series of pictures illustrating "Mary Stuart," by Mr. John Drinkwater, at the Everyman Theatre, is given in the centre of this issue. Everyone who is interested—and who is not?—in the story of the venturesome Queen of Scots should climb the heights of Hampstead to see this play. Many will already have read the play in book form, but a new act has now been added. The earlier editions have just been superseded by a new volume, including this second act. All the pictures given in this issue have been specially taken at Hampstead, with the assistance of Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Carr, the stage manager, who has given us a very simple but effective setting for this drama of old Holyrood

A Play to See

How pleasant it is to turn from the troubles of to-day to those of yesterday. We watch them with a detached and Olympian interest. Mr. John Drinkwater, for instance, has just staged for us at the Everyman Theatre a vision of Mary Stuart troubled by three inadequate lovers—Riccio, Darnley, and Bothwell. One sees Riccio making love to the Queen (it is quite debatable whether he ever showed more than a respectful admiration for Mary); one sees a raging, distraught Darnley, thinking the worst, and insulting the Queen with ribald song; and a burly, robust Bothwell beating his leathern breast with masculine vigour. Both the



The Old and the New Lord Mayors with their "Posies"



The Procession to St. Lawrence Jewry for Divine Service

The election of the new Lord Mayor has just taken place at the Guildhall. The new Mayor, Alderman E. C. Moore, will succeed Sir John Baddeley on November 9. The two pictures we give here show scenes at the election. On the left are the new and old Lord Mayors just after the swearing-in ceremony, and on the right Sir John Baddeley—the retiring Mayor—is seen leading the procession to the church

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The Prince at St. Andrews

With Mr. Boothby, the ex-captain. The Prince wore a sweater of interesting design

characters of Darnley and Bothwell are enacted with wonderful skill and verisimilitude. Mr. Harcourt Williams contrives to resemble the Darnley of the print in which he is represented standing with the Queen; Mr. Randle Ayrton is wonderfully successful in portraying Bothwell. The resemblance to the Smeaton-Hepburn portrait in the possession of Sir Archibald Buchan-Hepburn is remarkable. The actual James Hepburn was more bushy and ruddy in the beard, but otherwise the portraiture is excellent. But the figure which perforce dominates the scene is Mary Stuart herself, a more introspective and self-conscious lady than she who footed it on the dancing floor of the castle or of Holyrood, but still a lady and a queen, full of charm and interest. Miss Laura Cowie is to be congratulated on the skill and artistry with which she has bodied forth Mr. Drinkwater's Mary. In the first act she wears a black dress with striped sleeves—not unlike the one she planned from Jedburgh just after she had recovered from a deadly fever. "Send me," she ordered, "4 ells of black taffaty, 3 ells fine black velvet, 6 oz. black stitching," and so forth. No student of the Mary drama can hear the dull reverberation from Kirk o'Fields without a tremor; the whole effort is a worthy one, and no wise person should omit to see it.

£10 for a Photograph

This week we announce the result of our summer photographic competition. The winning photograph (first prize) will be found reproduced on p. 20 of this issue. Next week's issue will tell of other lucky winners.



The Prince at the Crystal Palace

Chatting with the Gosforth team during the Ex-Service Men Rally at Sydenham



The Inspection of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade

Colonel George A. Moore, C.M.G., D.S.O., Deputy Chief Commissioner of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, in Hyde Park last week inspected 2,000 members of the brigade from all over the country. Here he is seen inspecting a section of nurses

On the Stage

Several London plays are finding new homes this week. *The Way of an Eagle*, that stirring Dellian drama, with an Indian setting and a great storm—off, is now to be seen at the Aldwych, and *Ambrose Applejohn's Adventure* is housed at the Savoy. The play goes as well as ever. Sir Charles Hawtrey acts the part of Ambrose Applejack with, if it were possible, greater spirit and dash. He certainly makes one of the most picturesque pirates the stage has seen.



A Polish General's Visit to London

General Ladislav Sikorski (Chief of the Polish General Staff), Lieut.-Colonel G. Bardzinski (Polish Attaché in London), and Colonel Matuszewski (Chief of Polish Intelligence Staff)

The Last of Old London Bridge

The arch of old London Bridge which was revealed, to the great joy of archæologists, beneath the foundations of Adelaide Buildings is not to be preserved, for the necessary £7,000, I am told, has not been found. Last week, when near the bridge, I tried to get a final glimpse of the old stonework of Peter of Colechurch, but could see nothing of it. I wandered round to several possible viewpoints, but alas, I could see nothing of the old stonework or of the later eighteenth-century arch above it. Masses of huge iron-shod piles blocked my view. Great timbers were swinging from steam cranes. I fear I have seen the last of the ancient arch; the only chance of another fragment being revealed lies now on the south side of the river.



Sir Edwin Lutyens Leaves for India

Sir Edwin Lutyens, the famous architect and designer of the Cenotaph, left London a few days ago for India in connection with the building of the new Indian capital at Delhi

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THE LAW SOCIETY'S VISIT TO HARROGATE.

One of the Expeditions Organized During the Meeting at Leeds



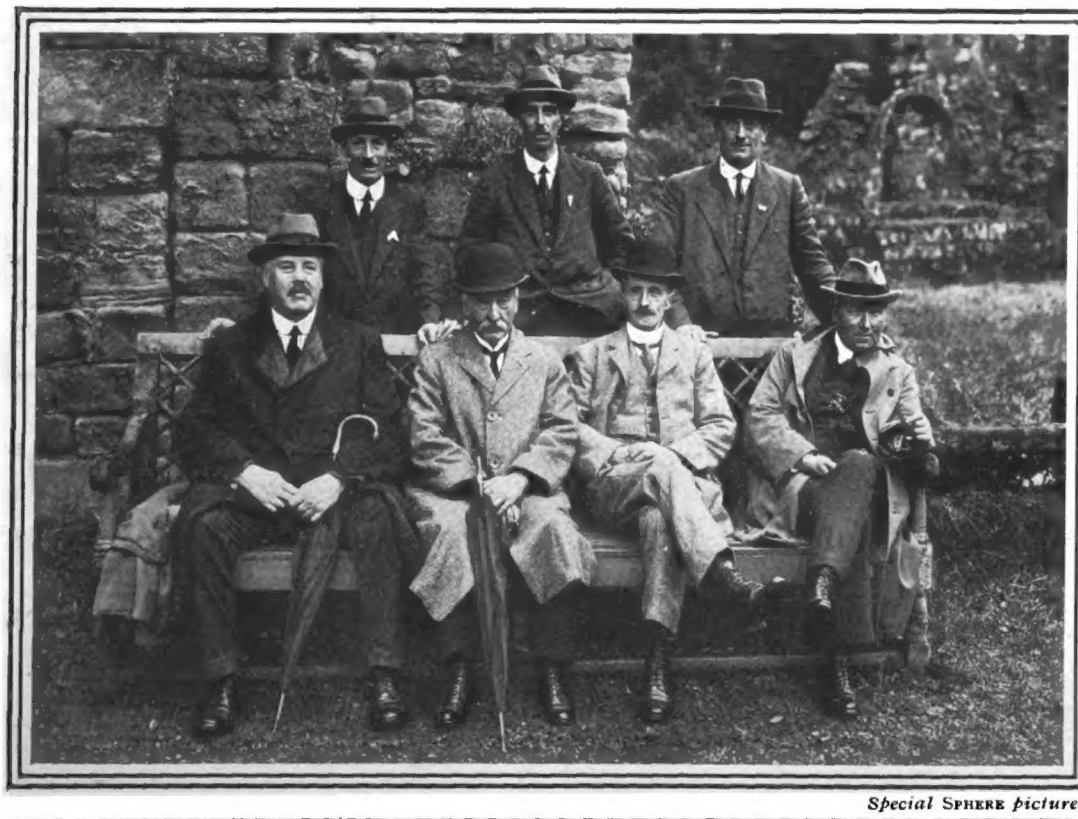
A Group of the Law Society Visitors Being Conducted Round the Ruins of Fountains Abbey

Included in the group are also some of the members of the Harrogate and District Law Society. The party was conducted round the ruins by Mr. C. H. Moody, C.B.E., the Ripon Cathedral organist



The Luncheon at the Spa Hotel, by Invitation of the Harrogate Society

The visitors who took part in the trip to Fountains Abbey at lunch in the pleasant Spa Hotel



Special SPHERE *pictures*

The Committee of the Harrogate and District Law Society

In this group are seen: Seated—Mr. J. A. Eddison, Mr. W. H. Hutchinson, Mr. E. Peel Cross, and Mr. J. Lomas Walker. Standing—Mr. R. W. Buchanan, Mr. C. A. Barber, and Mr. J. E. A. Tetley (hon. secretary)

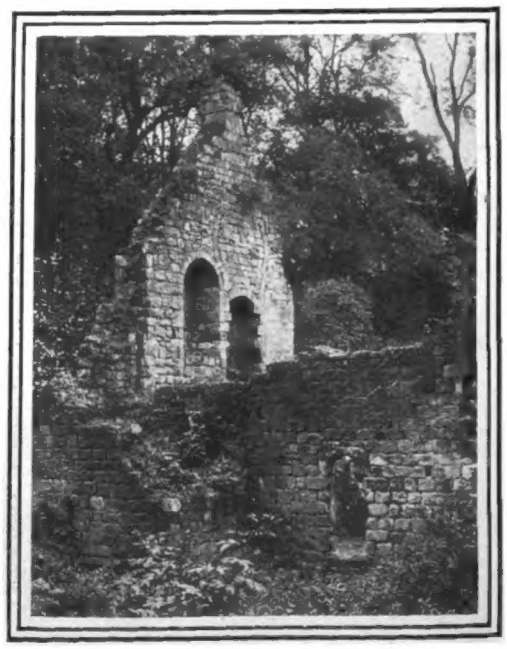


Mr. J. E. A. Tetley, who Welcomed the Visitors

Mr. Tetley is the honorary secretary of the Harrogate and District Law Society, who, with members of his committee, welcomed the visitors

The Law Society, holding its Fortieth Annual Provincial Meeting at Leeds, enjoyed many relaxations from the sterner work of the meeting. Many expeditions were organized for the benefit of members and visitors and their friends, including one to Farnley Hall (illustrated on a succeeding page of this issue) and another to Harrogate and Fountains Abbey—illustrated here.

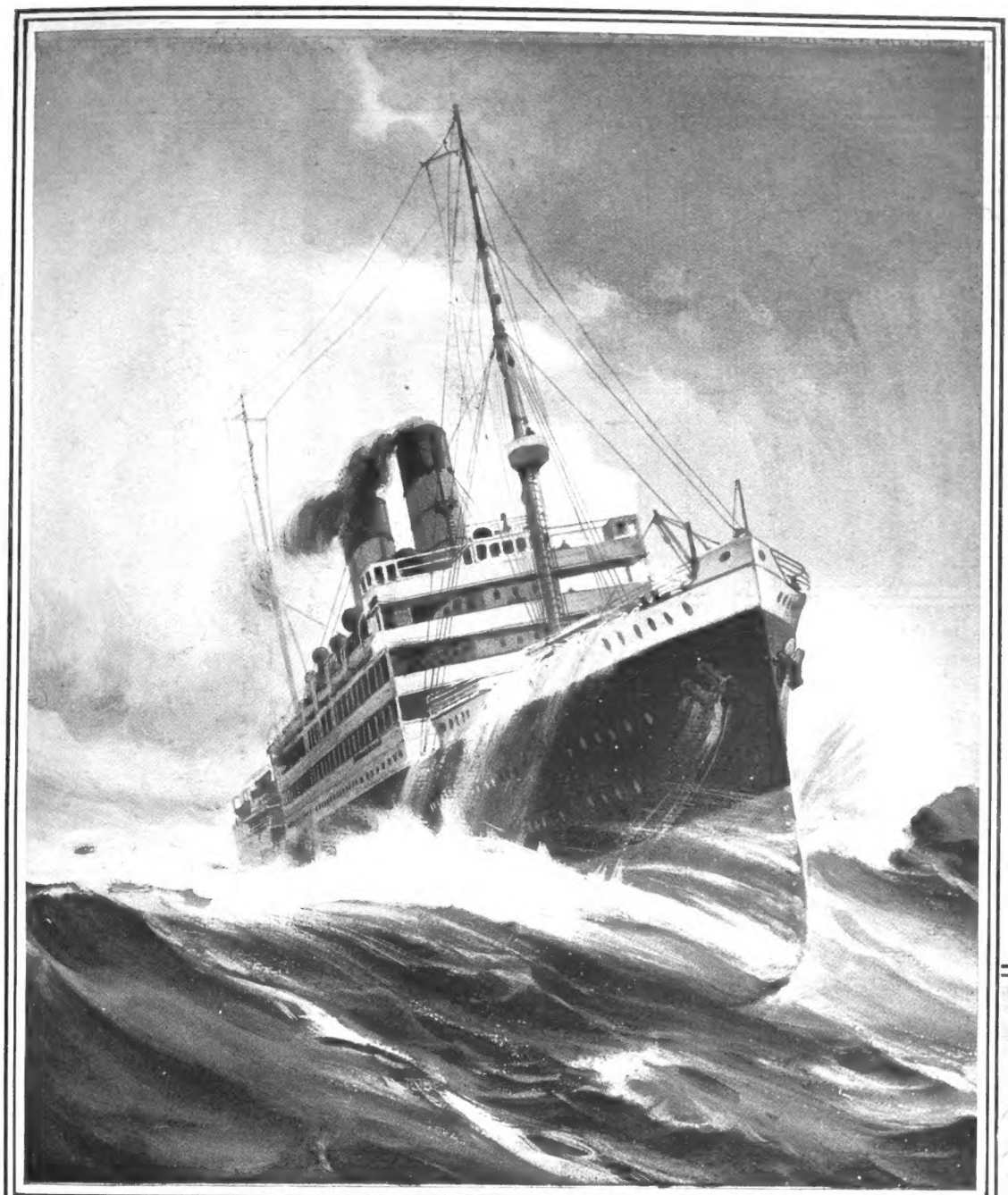
For this visit the party left the City Square in Leeds by charabanc; after lunching in the Spa Hotel at Harrogate, they arrived in the early afternoon at the Abbey ruins, where they were shown round by Mr. C. H. Moody of Ripon Cathedral.



A View of Part of the Ruins of Fountains Abbey

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STORMS in the ATLANTIC.



A 100-Mile-an-Hour Wind was Experienced a Few Days Ago in the Atlantic

A storm of exceptional violence was experienced in the Atlantic last week, the wind reaching 100 miles an hour. The Canadian Pacific liner, "Empress of Scotland" (25,000 tons), appears to have come through the thick of it. One of the crew states that "the waves washed over the bridge, and at times the deck had a list of 35 degrees. . . . We almost thought our last hour had come."

While the storm was at its height the "Empress of Scotland" received three S.O.S. signals in four hours.

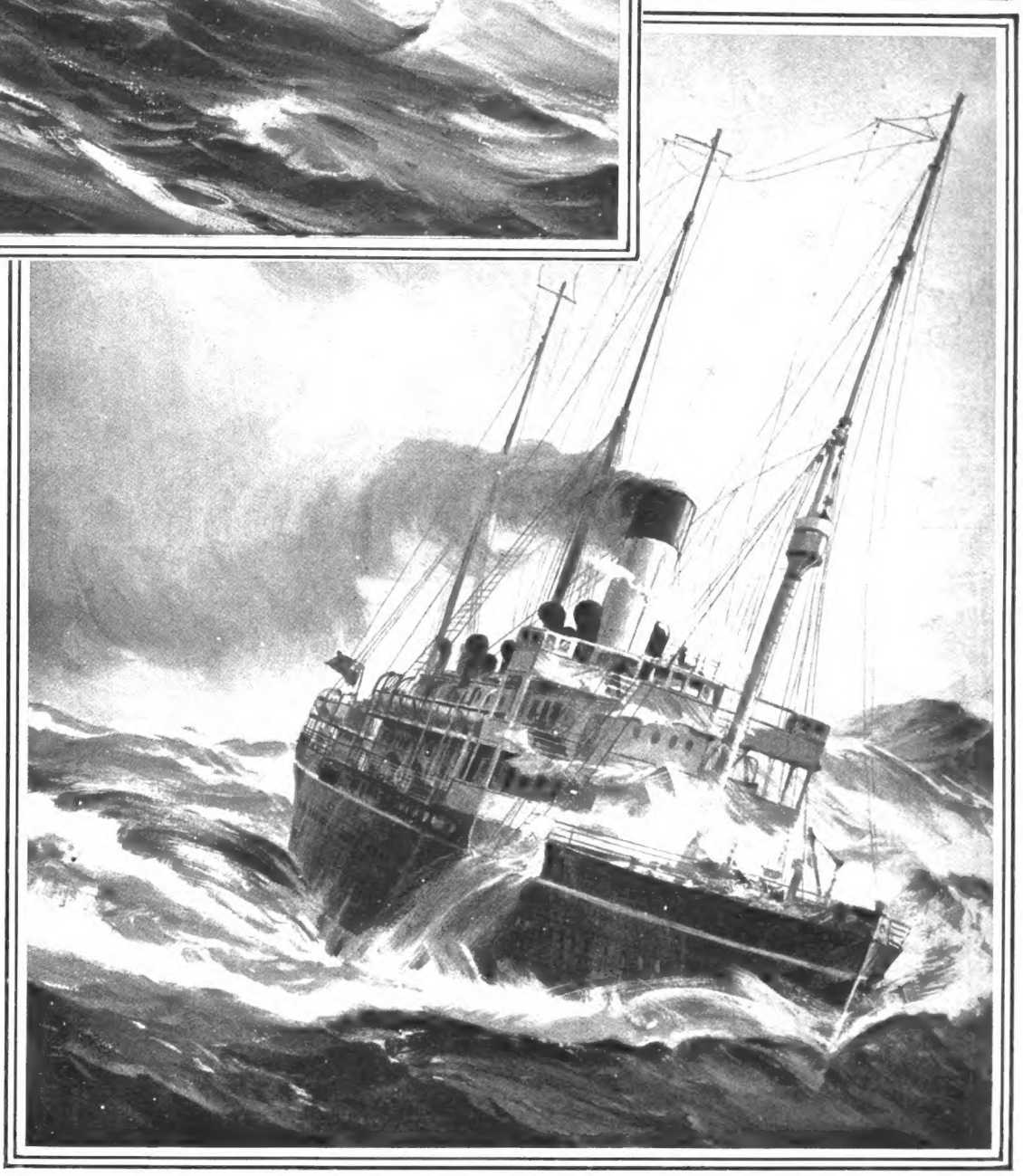
Nobody on the vessel was seriously injured, although several of the crew were bruised through being knocked about in the rolling. For two days the crew had no hot food—a most unusual occurrence on a vessel of this size—owing to the flooding of the galley.

The S.S. "Resolute," of the United American Line (20,200 tons), was twice compelled to heave-to in the midst of the storm. The ship reported a wind velocity of 100 miles an hour.

The "Resolute" received several S.O.S. calls from other vessels, but they were too far away for her to be of any use.

Several portholes were smashed in by the heavy seas.

The steamer, "Cardiff Hall," Immingham to Boston, reported by wireless that her bridge had been carried away by the hurricane and the second mate and one sailor lost overboard.



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The Bridge Canvas of a Transatlantic Liner Torn to Ribbons by the Towering Waves

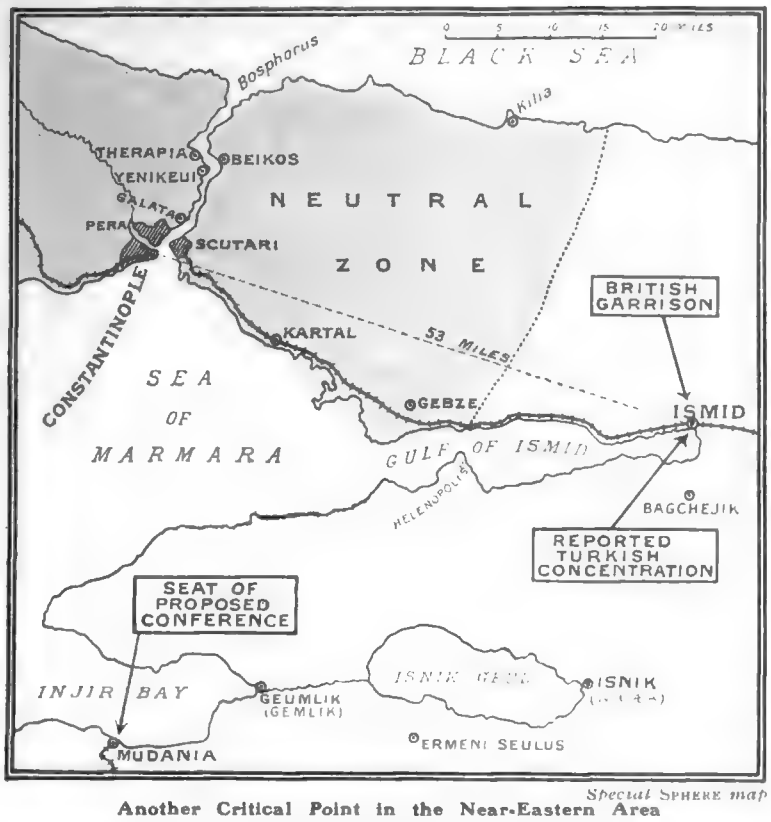
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THE TURKISH IMBROGLIO : *A Further Week of Suspense, in the Zone in*



General Sir Charles Harington in the Chatalja Area

In this group are seen: Colonel Gribbon (Chief of Staff), General Charpy (French G.O.C. and G.O.C.-in-C. Allied Forces in Thrace), Lieut.-Colonel Kelly (Commanding 3rd Hussars), Sir Charles Harington, Lieut.-Colonel Heywood, General Priou (G.O.C. French sector), Colonel du Foulon (Chief of Staff), Captain Daly (Liaison Officer), and Lieutenant de Jonquière (A.D.C. to General Priou)



Special SPHERE *map*

Another Critical Point in the Near-Eastern Area

The town of Ismid, in front of which concentrations of troops are reported, lies at the head of a long, narrow gulf. The railway line, which runs close to the shore, was the scene of many daring exploits during the war



From Mitylene to Athens—A Scene in the Harbour of

It was from the picturesque island of Mitylene that a Greek aeroplane flew to Athens with his eldest son, the





Mudania, where the Conference is to be Held—Greek Troops Assembling on the Quayside

Prior to embarking for Rodosto, on the other side of the Sea of Marmara, to which the Greek 3rd Army retreated from Asia Minor



An Overhead View of Athens, the Scene

Some 12,000 insurgent troops passed through the streets accomplished by the

The general position in the region of the Straits was, at the beginning of the week, stated to be "slightly easier," but a study of the correspondence and incidents did not afford very much of real improvement. The Turks were still in the Chanak zone, though not actually in contact with our own wire entanglements; and in the neighbourhood of Ismid there were reports of a considerable concentration of Kemalists. The threat to Constantinople remained, and there was a view in British military circles that the demonstration at Chanak was a mere diversion intended to screen the Ismid concentration. The text of Mustapha Kemal's communication also was not reassuring. It undertook that military operations in the direction of Constantinople and Chanak "in pursuit of the Greek forces" should cease; but only on condition that Thrace be forthwith and immediately

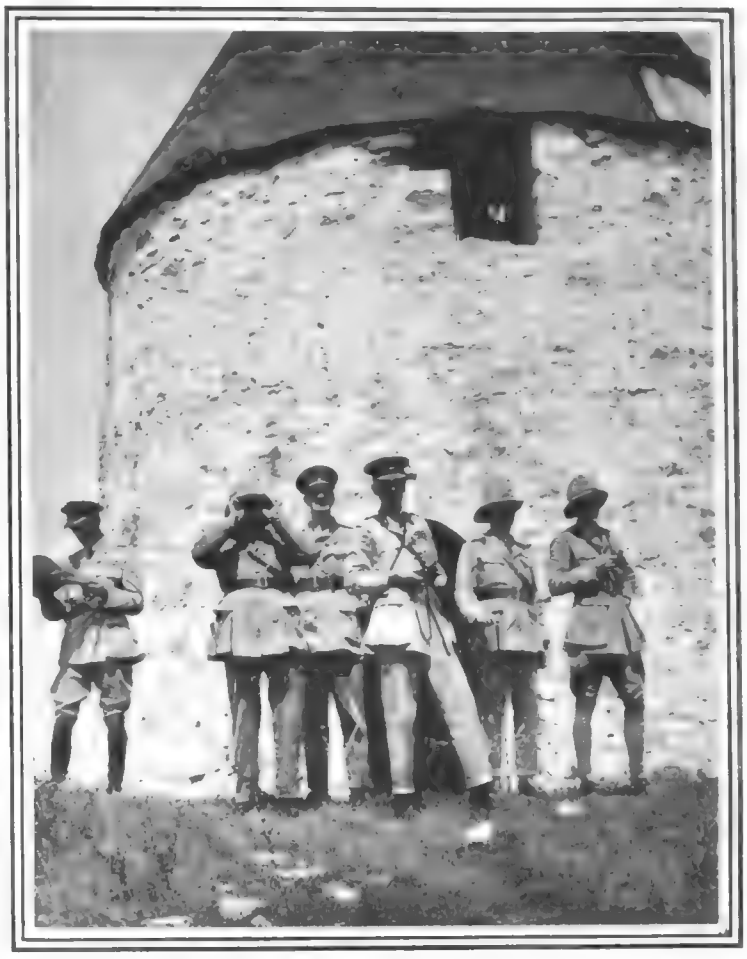
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Course of which King Constantine Retires from Greece and Turkish Cavalry Overrun the Neutral Zone in Asia Minor Up to the British Lines at Chanak.



Mitylene, from which the Aeroplane Flew to Athens

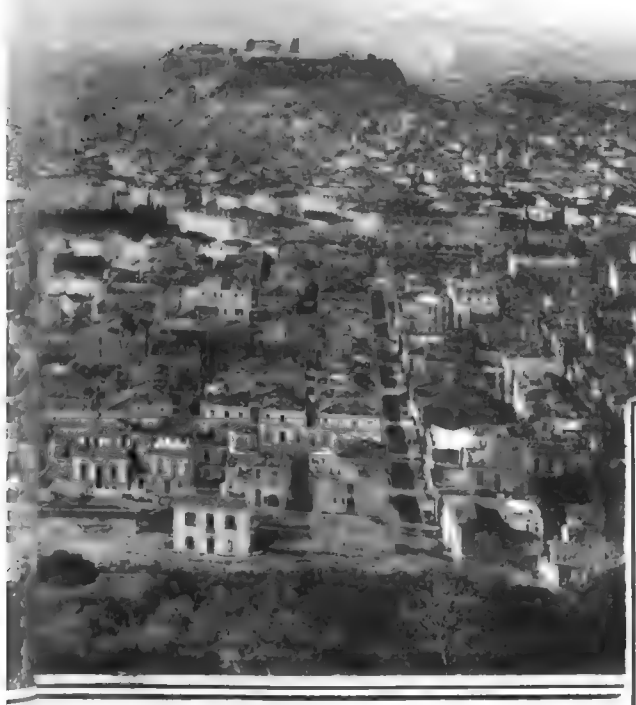
the insurgents' demand that King Constantine should vacate the throne in favour of Crown Prince George



The Commander-in-Chief with Some of his Officers

Lieut.-General Sir Charles Harington, in command of the British forces around Constantinople, with some of his staff officers in the Chatalja lines

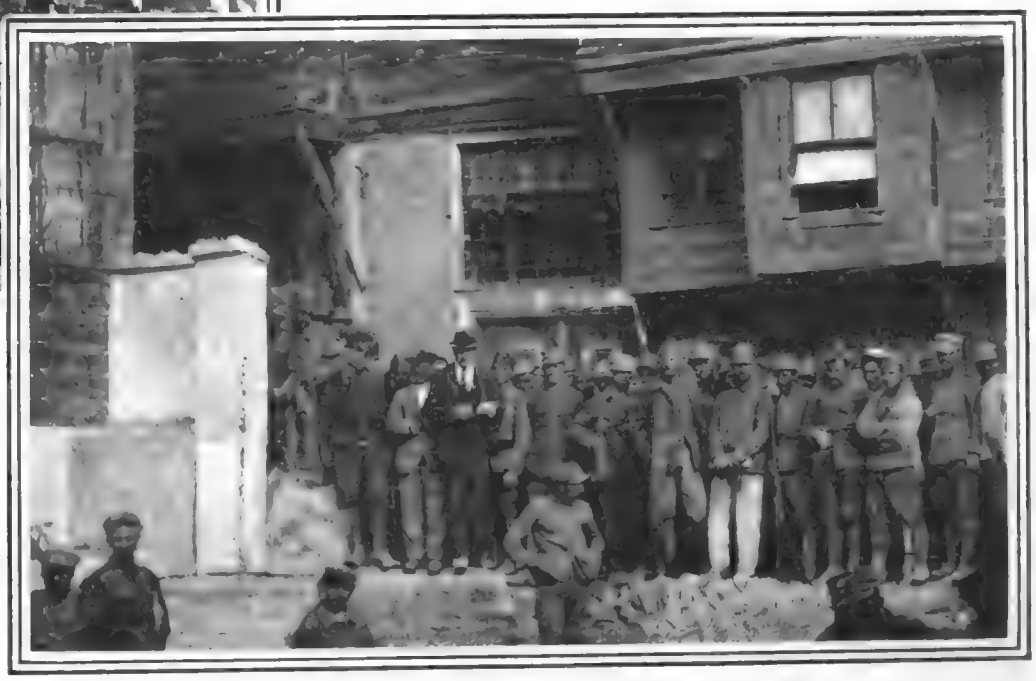
The military situation at Chanak has been peculiar. The entire zone beyond the British lines has been overrun by Turkish regular and irregular cavalry. They have displayed the utmost friendliness, but their contact with our outposts has been a continued danger. The British garrison, which has been steadily reinforced, holds an entrenched line in advance of the town, with its flanks resting on the Dardanelles, and on September 27 the Turks were actually in close contact with the wire entanglements, while above and below they were on the shore of the Straits and collecting boats as if to force a passage. The position was so threatening that Sir Charles Harington telegraphed to Mustapha Kemal on the subject. The Turkish leader's reply was a curious mixture of complaints and friendly protestations, but on the whole was distinctly evasive; and meanwhile the movements of troops did not cease. In the end, the quiet firmness of the British Commander-in-Chief had its effect, and on September 30 the Turks evacuated Erenkeui, while Mustapha Kemal expressed his willingness to participate in a conference at Mudania on October 3. He designated as his representative General Ismet Pasha, the Commander-in-Chief on the Western Front



of a Bloodless Revolution Last Week

of Athens to mark the revolution which had just been Greek navy and army

restored to Turkey. Further, the *communiqué* speaks of M. Franklin Bouillon, who was with Mustapha Kemal, as the representative of the Allied Powers. Actually he represents France alone, and has no power to speak for Britain. His very lengthy report on the situation was severely commented upon by *The Daily Telegraph*. According to him, Mustapha Kemal, though himself eminently reasonable and moderate, cannot control his generals and troops, who are exasperated by the ravages of the Greeks during their retreat. As against this, it is observed that the Turkish soldiers give all the impression of men under strict discipline. In general, it describes the French envoy's report as interesting but far from disinterested. It seems to be an extremely one-sided document, which will be found hardly calculated to inspire confidence in its writer.



Rodosto, to which the Greek 3rd Army Corps Retreated

The above picture was taken during a demonstration by the soldiers of the corps before their officers after the retreat, when they were demanding to be demobilized

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LEEDS Acquires TEMPLE NEWSAM.





Special SPHERE *pictures*

The Eastern Front and a View of the Terrace



The Motto Over the Main Door

Temple Newsam, near Leeds, is one of the most famous houses in the North; it has recently been acquired from the Hon. Edward Wood, M.P., its former owner, by the Leeds Corporation, who also receive as a gift from Mr. Wood many valuable pictures contained therein. The mansion is of a great historic interest; it derives its name from a preceptory of the Knights Templar, and as Templestowe has figured in Sir Walter Scott's *Ivanhoe*. In Henry VIII.'s time the manor and house became the monarch's property, and it was here that Lord Darnley, son of the Earl of Lennox and husband of Mary Queen of Scots, was born. Later it passed into the possession of Sir Arthur Ingram, who rebuilt it. There was formerly a magnificent collection of pictures and portraits at Temple Newsam. Some of these now become public property through Mr. Wood's generous gift.

The TRUTH ABOUT KING CONSTANTINE.

Some First-hand Notes by Admiral Mark Kerr, Commander-in-Chief of the Greek Navy from 1913–15, *Commander-in-Chief of the Adriatic Squadron*, 1916–17

It is refreshing amidst the deluge of calumny with which the country is being flooded on the subject of King Constantine and Greece to be asked by THE SPHERE to write a few short sentences containing the truth. The principal accusations against the King are: That during the war he was pro-German, that he deserted Serbia, that he refused to help the Allies, and, finally, that he was treacherous. Added to the above, he is accused of Imperial ambitions, and initiating the expedition to Asia Minor.

When the war commenced he received a telegram from his brother-in-law, the German Emperor, telling him what he expected Greece to do. The King brought this telegram to me, and remarked that his brother-in-law was not the King of the Greeks, and he was not going to order the policy of Greece. A few days later Constantine gave directions that I was to have all the assistance possible from the Greek Secret Service, and on a request from London through me, he gave permission for the Greek plan for the taking of the Dardanelles to be at the disposal of the Allies. The whole time that I was there—up till August, 1915—he gave every assistance possible to the Allies through the Military Attaché, Sir Thomas Cuninghame, and myself, and most valuable information was sent home to England by us. The telegrams that passed between him and the German Emperor were shown to me by the King, and not only from himself, but from conversation with his children, his brothers and their wives, it was quite apparent that their sentiments and hopes were with the Allied countries.

Some months before the Great War commenced, certain indications pointed to the danger of Greece being attacked by both Turkey and Bulgaria. I was sent for one night by Venizelos, who told me that Serbia had been appealed to, but had replied that she could not help Greece. I learned later the reasons, the first being that the Treaty between Greece and Serbia no longer held good, as a war had intervened since the making of it, and in addition to this, her army was tired, and could not start a new campaign. In spite of this, King Constantine, when, in 1914, Serbia was threatened, warned her that Bulgaria was in league with Germany, and proposed that the Grecian and Serbian General Staffs should get together, and he was prepared to conform with the old Treaty if Serbia would do so. *This offer was made twice, and refused by the Serbians.*

On August 19, 1914, King Constantine offered to enter the war on the side of the Allies, but stipulated that the Greek army should not be sent away from Greece, as he knew Bulgaria would attack if Greece joined the Allies. The Entente replied by requesting Greece to keep quiet. April, 1915, the King again offered to join the Allies, if he was assisted sufficiently to prevent his country being at the mercy of the Central Powers and Bulgaria. This was the third offer he made, and received no reply.

Another offer was made in May, 1915, and a fifth in September, 1916. As Greece had only 180,000 men equipped, and ammunition for three weeks, with practically no heavy artillery, the King had to make conditions of assistance, without which he would merely have offered up his country as a sacrifice and done the Allies an infinite harm. The Germans wanted Roumania, where alone they could get oil for their submarines, and Greece was required, so that her ports could be used by their U-boats to cut our communications in the Mediterranean. This is not treachery, but the people who make this accusation appear to think that if a neutral country is not prepared to sacrifice itself for a nation at war the king of the neutral country is a traitor to them, because he considers the good of his own people. General Sarrail, in his book, has stated that the Greeks wished him to take over Fort Rupel, but he said it was outside his zone. Later Rupel, isolated, had to be surrendered to the enemy on Germany asking for a *quid pro quo* for having allowed the Allies to land at Salonica. The French admiral, Dartige du Fournet, has cleared the King of any accusation of treachery in the account he gives of the events leading up to the incident of December 1.

With regard to the accusation of Imperial ambition, and the King's share in the expedition to Asia Minor, King Constantine, in February, 1915, declared that nothing would induce him to consent to a Greek occupation of Asia Minor, for, as he told Mr. Venizelos, myself, and Sir Thomas Cuninghame, Greece was neither big enough nor strong enough to have an oversea empire, and if the Greeks once landed there, they could not leave it without the Christian population being massacred, and Greece was not rich enough in men or money to retain constantly an army there. Truly, late events have shown the correctness of his judgment.

I am limited by space, or I could say a great deal more to prove the way King Constantine behaved correctly for his country and for the Allies during the time that he occupied the throne during the war. While he was absent, the Allies, persuaded by Mr. Venizelos, sent the Greek Army to Asia Minor, which is the beginning of the whole of the trouble at the present moment.

Finally, I wish to point out very strongly that Field-Marshal Lord Kitchener agreed entirely with King Constantine in his policy, and it is plain to everyone that if Roumania, with an army double the size of the Grecian, and well supplied with munitions, was wiped out by the Central Powers in six weeks, the latter thereby obtaining an inexhaustible amount of oil for their submarines, Greece would certainly have been destroyed in an equally short time, and the U-boats, working from Greek ports, would have cut our communications in the Mediterranean, and we should have lost the war.

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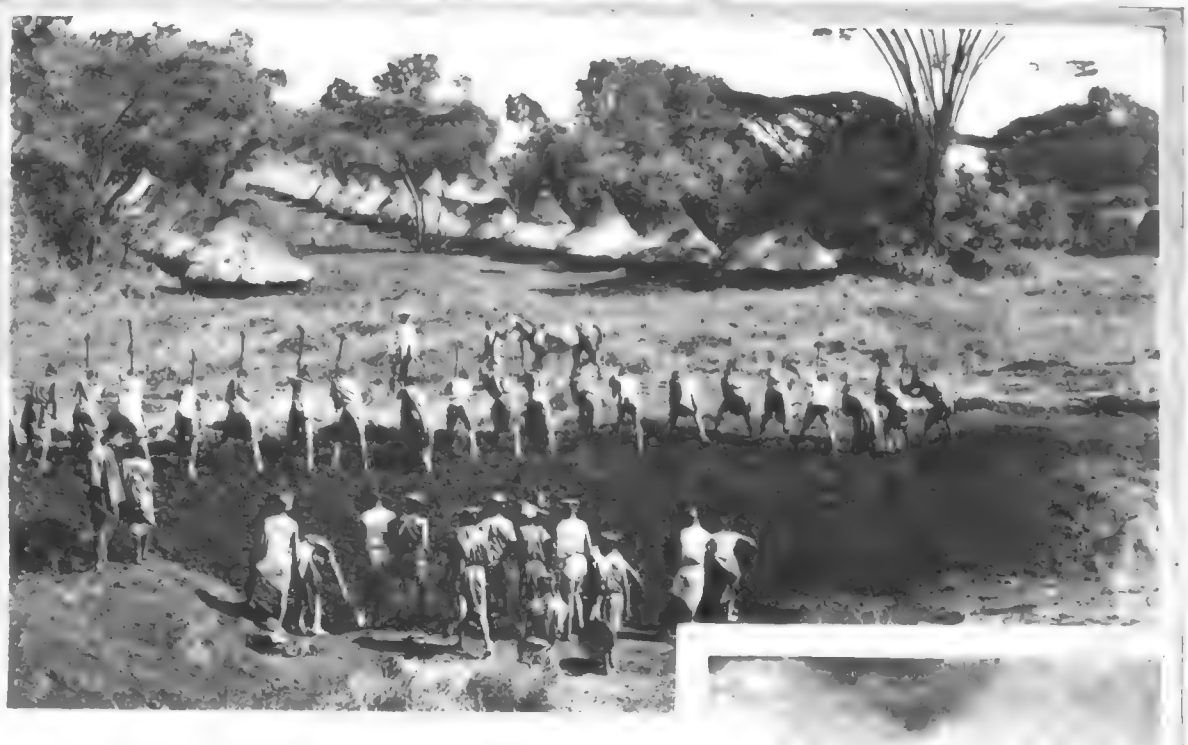
The EMPIRE'S HIGHEST RAILWAY.

Constructing a New Line in Kenya Colony by Native Labour



Clearing a Way Through the Forest

In parts, slight cuttings have been made through the thick growth of trees, and in other parts slight embankments have been made. The trees and tangled bush have been hacked away to allow greater freedom in the actual laying of the line



In Centre:—

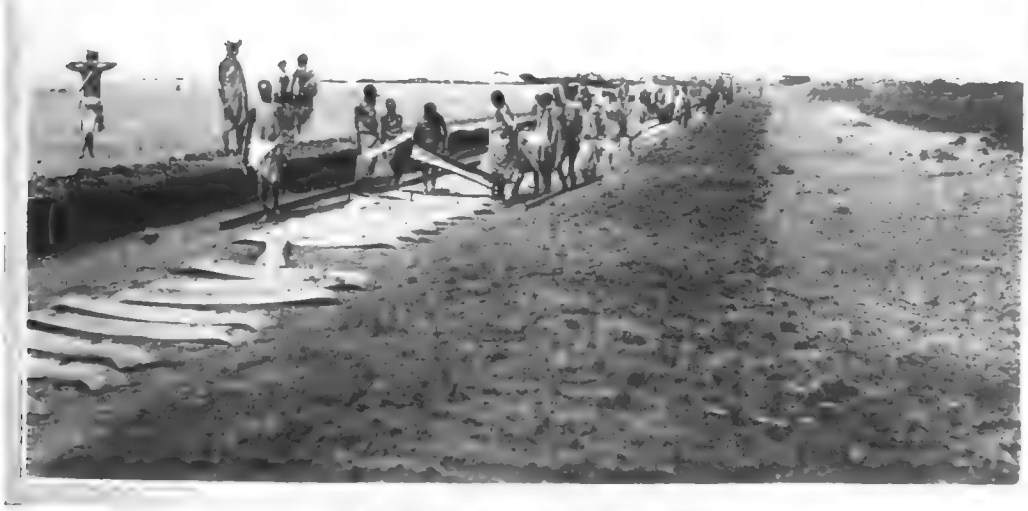
A Row of Native Labourers at Work

The row of natives with picks are preparing the soil for the spade men; these in turn fill the pans with earth for the carriers to remove. The camp of the native labourers is seen in the background



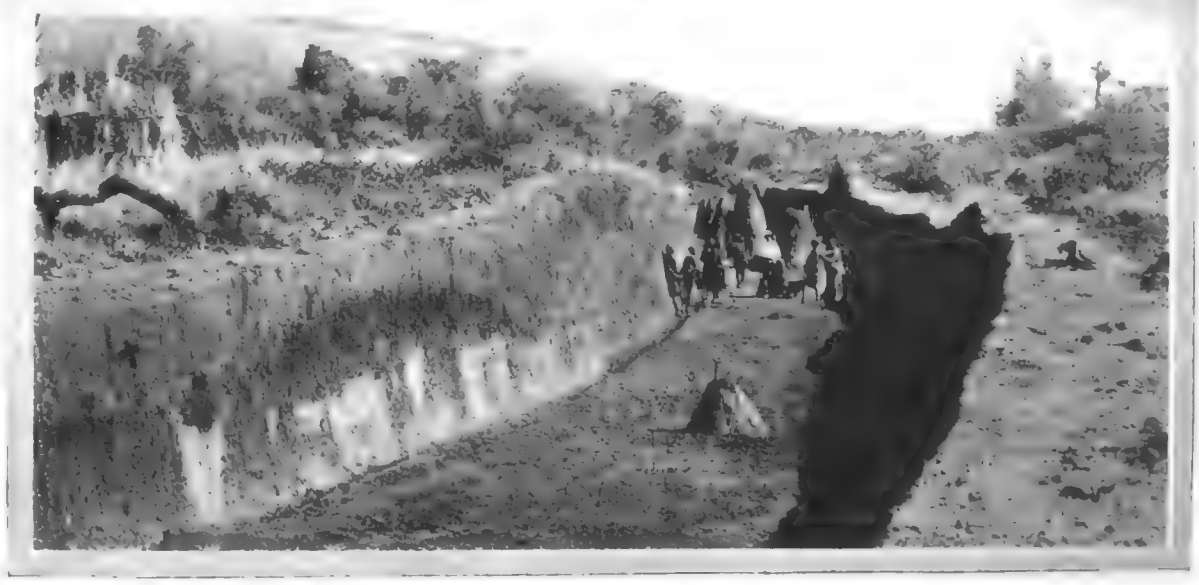
Blasting a Rocky Section

Breaking up rock outcrops on the line of the new track



Laying the Metal Sleepers

The Uasin-Gishu Railway in Kenya Colony is now actively being completed. When complete it will be the highest railway line in the Empire, being at an altitude of over 9,000 ft. For the purpose of this work a sum of over £1,000,000 has been allocated. The pictures we give here show scenes during the construction of the latest of the Empire's railways



A Deep Cutting Through Soft Earth—Ready for Laying the Sleepers

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The Threatened Demolition of Whitgift's Almshouses.



Drawn by R. M. Paxton

An Overhead View of the Sixteenth-century Almshouses in Croydon High Street

The view is taken from above, the High Street appearing on the left and George Street on the right. The initials of John Whitgift are let into the corner gable

The Croydon Council Votes for their Destruction

A little time ago the Archbishop of Canterbury wrote that: "Croydon is a great town, but it is obviously not rich in buildings of historic interest. One such it has—a treasure almost unique in England, a building known to and appreciated by every student of our history. To part with that treasure would be to sacrifice irreparably a possession which can never be replaced."

We are very sorry to learn that the old almshouses, built about 1599 by Archbishop Whitgift for certain aged folk in Croydon, are threatened with destruction by the Croydon Council, who have voted, with a substantial majority, for their demolition. "It is difficult," writes a correspondent, "to understand the type of mind which can vote for the destruction of such a priceless relic of the past as the almshouses of Whitgift in Croydon. I am told that there are traffic difficulties at the junction of George Street and High Street; but this could surely be overcome if there were the will to save the old building. Shops of indifferent architecture or none at all appear to be sancrosanct, whereas the council can calmly contemplate the complete demolition of a rare link with the past. There was at one time, I believe, a scheme for cutting off a corner of the building, and this would be infinitely preferable to the total removal which has been voted. One would have thought that such a town as Croydon, which has little enough to present to a visitor, could ill afford to tolerate such an act of vanda'ism."



Inside Old Whitgift's Hospital at Croydon

In the centre of the view is a cabinet enclosing a number of old deeds relating to the hospital, and on the right, standing on a little chest, is the original bell which rang for prayers in the days of Elizabeth

A Sentimental Journey Through Germany.

Rhineland Impressions in 1922. *By CHARLES DUFFIN*

The publication of Tombleson's descriptive views of the Rhine about the year 1840 synchronized with the final phases of the Romantic age that prevailed throughout Germany. At that particular period valiant knights rescuing captive maidens from dens guarded by loathsome and terrible monsters were the most popular themes of the day. Those were the days when sentimental ditties were in great vogue, and when many a lusty arm wielded a rusty though trusty blade, and to sit on a solitary rock and watch the sun sinking in all his glory was considered the acme of bliss.

The Rhine—the Stream of Song—greatly influenced the composers of sentimental love ballads who flourished at that epoch; moreover, it was the one spot which lovers from all over the Continent yearned to visit. The moon, the Rhine, nightingales in song, and trees in bloom—variations so inseparably associated from time immemorial with spring. The dome of the Cologne Cathedral was then still incomplete, and presented a picture of ruin, and Heidelberg Castle was encircled by a mass of brambles and thorns, while round about the town of Düsseldorf lay green fields, wherein melancholy-looking cows were wont to graze.

To-day, however, the scene is quite different. The Cologne dome is enriched with stained-glass windows in imitation of the Gothic style, and a custodian, resplendent in red tunic with gold facings, keeps watch and ward at the entrance, looking for all the world like the archangel Gabriel himself. The Heidelberg Castle now lies within a magnificently tended park, and is open to the public, the fee for admittance being somewhat exorbitant. Down stream, in the vicinity of Düsseldorf, the houses and scenery are of a sombre aspect; this is due to the soot and smoke that pour forth from the tall factory chimneys of the Ruhr district, blackening and begriming everything within range.

Modern Germany is no longer a land of romance, poets, and philosophers, which is her curse and at the same time her blessing. The nineteenth century did, however, produce a few men of letters, but they fell short of the standard of their predecessors. With the exception of a few outlying places, the throb of engines and the whirr of machinery may now be heard in those parts where formerly silence reigned supreme. Düsseldorf has now developed into a large up-to-date town, with its full complement of cinemas, music-halls, and similar places of amusement. It was in one of the dark and dreary streets of this town that Heinrich Heine, the lyric poet and writer, whose works showed such intense emotional power, first saw the light of day.

Cologne, sacred Cologne, where the incessant peals of her multitudinous church bells help to swell the noise and clatter of modern life, and where the fragrance of frankincense is contaminated by the smell of asphalt and petrol! Not long ago I witnessed a curious sight which, more than anything else, aptly describes the character of this quaint town. The sacred remains of Pantaleon were being carried in procession through the streets to the accompaniment of old-time music, and the church banners fluttered in the air. The Archbishop, robed in costly habiliments covered with gold embroidery, walked solemnly at the head of the followers, four of whom bore a canopy which sheltered the Cardinal. As the procession was passing by, I happened to raise my eyes, and on the opposite side of the road my attention was attracted by a huge flaming poster announcing that the popular film-piece, *Dr. Mabuse*, was being shown within.

The atmosphere of romance is more strongly marked as one proceeds farther up the Rhine, and in order to experience this feeling one must perforce stray off the beaten tracks, since the guide-books do not mention such places. Here, along the Rhine, the wine cellars of bygone days have been superseded by hotels run on modern lines, and the jovial old landlord of former times has been replaced by smart waiters, while fox-trots and jazz music—a piece of music which is entirely surrounded by noise—are to be heard more often than the Loreley's song. The Crown at Assmannshausen is a typical example of this change in the order of things. It was formerly a renowned wine cellar, and was, so to speak, the headquarters of the Rhineland school of poets. To-day, however, it has become modernized.

Not far from camp I came across one of these sanctuaries, called *Bornhofen*, which consisted of a couple of houses that had been built right up against a monastery. On the one side the Rhine flowed placidly, and on the other side steep rocks rise sheer from the water's edge, surmounted by two ruins, known as the "Libenstein" (the Lover's Stone) and the "Sternberg" (the Starhill). According to the legend, a woman was responsible for the present ruined state of these two dwellings. It appears that she made mischief between two brothers of noble birth, who formerly resided there together, whereupon one of them eloped with his *dulcinea* in the dead of night without observing the usual form of leave-taking.

It is remarkable how little the fables of the Rhineland differ from each other. A woman, and sometimes a devil, invariably plays a leading part, though there is not so very much difference between these two.

The peace and quiet prevailing in *Bornhofen* permits one to indulge in fanciful day-dreams, where the silence is from time to time interrupted by the agreeable sound of church-bells. The cloister here lies within extensive grounds planted with numerous cherry trees, which in spring are in full blossom, and in the month of June the ripe cherries that hang from the trees in profusion present a picture of crimson splendour most pleasant to the eye. At this place, of an evening, young girls, with flowers in their hair, are wont to sit by the edge of the water, their singing and gay laughter vying with the melodious murmur of the waves. Though famed for its extreme piety, this monastery has not altogether escaped the influence of the outside world. For instance, in its chapel, which is otherwise no different from similar places of worship, electric switchboards have been installed, like those found in most hotels for summoning the chambermaid. Here, however, these bells are intended to call the priests to confession. It does seem strange to read the following notice, which is stuck up on the board: "One wring, Father A, two wrings, Father B," etc. That night as I lay in bed, I conjured up visions of pious fathers running post-haste, with cassocks flying in the air, to rescue their souls from purgatory and lay them at rest in paradise.

Pictures from Cologne, showing the activities of the British forces there, will be found on succeeding pages of this issue

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PRINCE GEORGE OF GREECE

SUCCEEDS KING CONSTANTINE.



Princess Elizabeth of Rumania, who has now Become Queen of Greece

By the abdication of King Constantine, the former Rumanian Princess Elizabeth, who married Prince George of Greece, now becomes Queen of Greece. She was married in February, 1921, and her marriage was hailed as a new *rapprochement* between the two powerful Balkan states. Queen Elizabeth is twenty-eight years of age



The New King of Greece and his Bride



The New King and Queen of Greece, who Succeed as the Consequence of King Constantine's Abdication

King George is the eldest son of ex-King Constantine. He is thirty-two years of age, having been born at Tatoi in July, 1890. He has served in the Greek Navy, in which he holds rank as captain

During the war Prince George was prevented by the Allies from occupying the Greek throne when Constantine first abdicated, in 1917. It was thought at first that Prince George would refuse, preferring a quiet life to that of a king. His consent, however, removes for the time being the possibility of an American, Mrs. W. B. Leeds, becoming queen

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WITH THE NEW COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of th



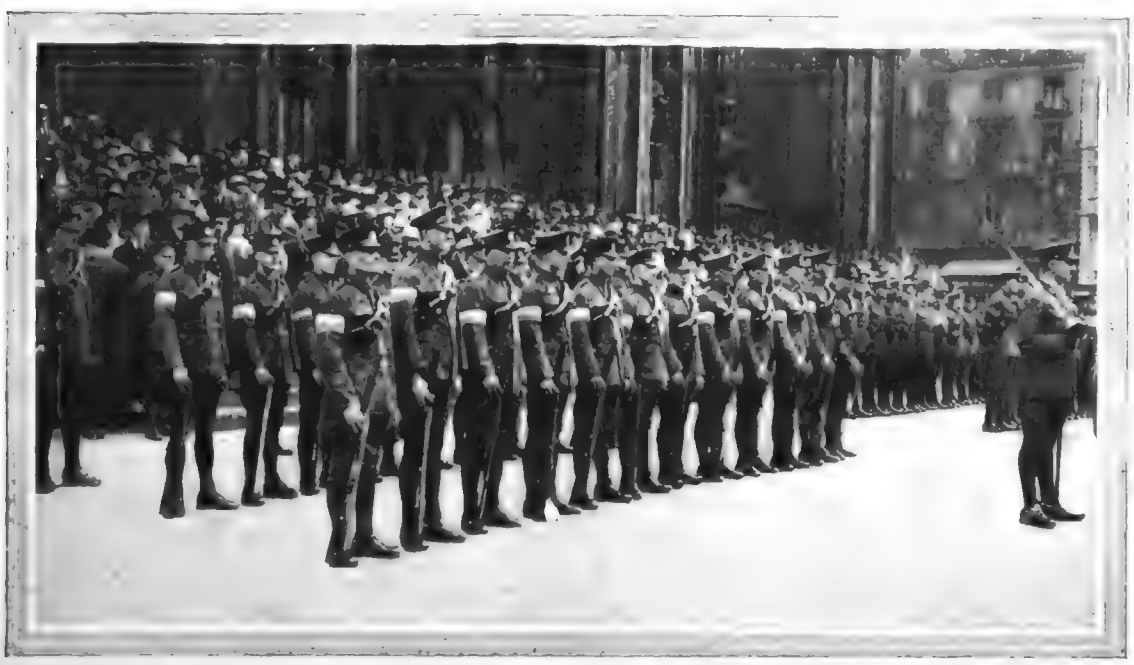
A Scene in the Paddock During a Race Meeting of the Rhine Army

General and Lady Godley are on the right of the picture. In the centre is Brigade-Commander H. B. Kennedy, C.M.G., D.S.O. (one of the race judges). The civilian seen on the left is Mr. J. L. Piggott, M.C. (Commissioner). The new Commander-in-Chief on the Rhine has had a distinguished army career. Before going to Cologne he was acting as Military Secretary to the Secretary of State for War—a post to which he was appointed in 1920



General Godley Takes the Salute on the Cathedral Square, Outside General Headquarters

From left to right are seen: General Godley, Regimental Sergt.-Major Redpath, D.C.M., M.M. (Garrison Sergt.-Major); Colonel Sir R. Hutchison (Colonel on the Staff in Charge of Administration); Mr. C. W. P. Thurston, Consul-General; Commander R. A. MacDonald (in command of the Rhine flotilla); and Lieut.-Colonel J. C. Birch, D.S.O. (Deputy Commissioner)



A Parade on the Dom Platz, in Front of the Cathedral

There is always a huge crowd of British and Allied spectators on the steps of the cathedral to watch the ceremonial parades which are often held there



The Visit of General Degoutte, G.O.C in Chief

In the foreground are: General Godley, General Degoutte, and Colonel-Comm. Fuller. Behind are: General Jacquemot (77th D.I., Bonn), General Crecy (French H.G.), Chef d'Escadron Frochet (Chief of



The R.F.A. Firing a Royal

This picture was taken from the Hohenzollern Bridge, just near the statue of the German Emperor, which stands guardian to this crossing of the Rhine. The large building on left is the Railway Direction for the Rhineland, where the Allied Railway Sub-Commission sits. The church is that of St. Kunibert.



The G.O.C.-in-Chief of the British Army on the

Perusing a copy of "The Sphere" containing pictures

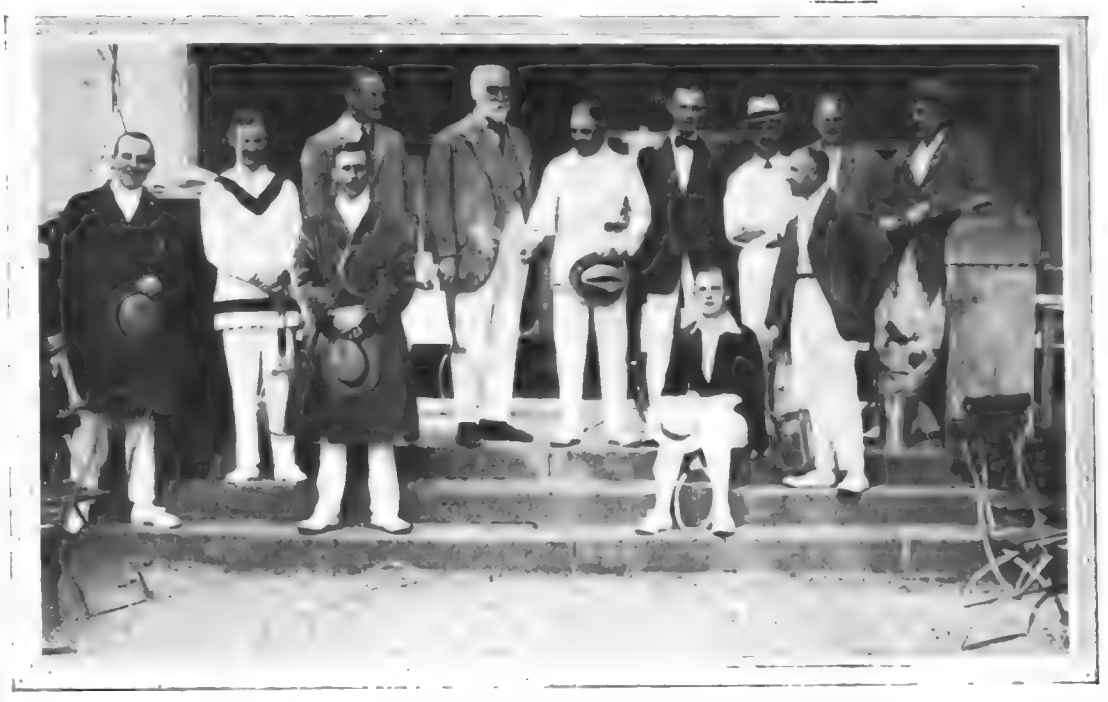
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EF the BRITISH ARMY on the RHINE: *General Sir Alexander Godley in Cologne.*



tte, G.O.C. in C of the Allied Armies on the Rhine, to Cologne

eral Godley (a French Mission, G.H.Q., B.A.O.R.), Lieut.-Colonel A. E. M. Fuller. Behind Dumont (Chief of Belgian Mission on Waterways Com- Bonn), General mission), and Commandante Rossomore (Chief of the n Frochet (Chief Belgian Mission, G.H.Q., B.A.O.R.).



A Tennis Party at the Officers' Sports Club at Lindenthal

In this agreeable suburb of the city there are a number of asphalt courts. The group above includes General Godley (third from left), Lord D'Abernon (British Ambassador to Berlin); Colonel on the Staff Sir R. Hutchison, K.C.M.G., C.B., D.S.O.; Mr. J. L. Piggott, M.C. (Commissioner at Cologne); Colonel-Comm. C. G. Fuller, C.M.G., D.S.O.; Major Hugonin (Hon. Secretary Sports Club), and Major S. G. Walker, R.A.M.C.



A. Firing a Salute on the King's Birthday

om the Hotel the German Em crossing of the the Railway Dir llied Railway Sol that of St. Ku

the oldest church in Cologne, and famous for its Romanesque architecture. The Rhine bank (or Rhein Ufer), where the guns are seen, was covered to the depth of more than four feet during the high water in the winter of 1920, and officers whose duties took them to the Railway Direction had to proceed in boats.



Lady Godley at a Meeting of the Rhine Army Branch of the Mothers' Union

Lady Godley takes a great interest in the work of this union. Recently she presented prizes to the winners of various needlework competitions. This is a group of some of the committee and prize-winners, and includes, amongst others, Mrs. Hill (Hon. Secretary), Lady Godley, Lady Hutchinson (President), Mrs. Singer, and the Hon. Mrs. Parry-Evans



Rhine—Lt.-Gen. Sir A. J. Godley, K.C.B., K.C.M.G.

of the activities of a former commander at Cologne



General Godley Reviewing the 1st Rhine Garrison Troop Girl Guides

On the occasion of the parade on the Dom Square in honour of the King's Birthday, General Godley inaugurated a new precedent by having the Rhine Troop of Guides paraded with the troops

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THE LAW SOCIETY'S VISIT TO FARNLEY HALL.

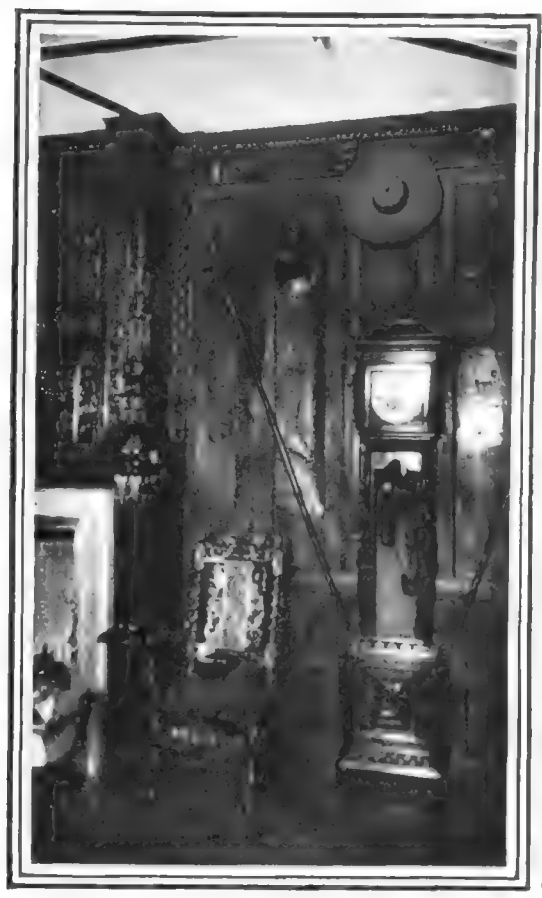
The Lighter Side of the Meeting at Leeds



A Group of the Visitors, with their Host (Mr. F. H. Fawkes), in Front of the Hall



During the fortieth provincial meeting of the Law Society a visit was paid by many of the members to Farnley Hall, near Leeds, where, by courtesy of the owner, Mr. F. H. Fawkes, they were allowed to inspect the Turner pictures and other interesting material gathered there. The Hall itself is a fine building in two periods—Elizabethan and Jacobean; the Turner collection, to see which was the main object of the visitors, is only a portion of what was at one time a very large collection. In addition to this, the Hall is rich in curiosities belonging to the Civil War period. The Law Society's members who took the opportunity thus afforded them by the owner, spent a delightful afternoon. The pictures we reproduce here, specially taken by a "Sphere" photographer, show the visit to the Hall. On the right is seen Mr. F. H. Fawkes, the owner of Farnley Hall, with Mrs. Copson Peake, wife of the President of the Society



Cromwell's Hat at Farnley Hall

The hat which Cromwell wore at Marston Moor is here preserved, together with other Cromwellian relics



Turner was a Frequent Visitor to Farnley

The Farnley Collection consists of one oil painting and many water-colour drawings. Some of the drawings are seen on the tables, being inspected by the visitors

BACK TO SCHOOL. By Edward Hutton.

The platforms of the great London railway stations have been filled during the last week with parents and children, the boys and girls on their way back to school. Unhappy parents, and joyful children!

Back to school! The first rain of winter is falling, the days grow short, the autumn mist lies over a sad river and a sad town. As twilight falls we begin to gather round a fire, and in the damp, fresh mornings, the grass in the parks and the gardens is all strewn with leaves as flat and golden as so many guineas. The horizons close in and are full of melancholy. We have said good-bye to the long days, good-bye to the fields full of sunlight, and we shall know the countryside no more—most of us—till next year. For us there remains the hard ways of the city, and its cosiness has not yet recaptured us. We seem to have lost something of an infinite value; the flowers are gone, the birds are leaving us, and now the children also are fled away.

Unhappy parents—happy children! Yes, that is what strikes one most; it is the mood of all these farewell crowds, and if I remember my own childhood aright, it is something new in our society. Our little sons go off, wholly children still, gaily, with a laugh on their lips and a laugh in their eyes, to what I faced, if not tearfully, at least with a certain reluctance and dread. And yet we love them far more, they are a much greater part of our lives, and they are far happier at home and with us, their parents, than was our case. Is it that we have for once been able to learn from experience, and have given them those two priceless *gifts*, confidence and security?

"Do a good term's work," my father would say to me, as he shook my hand solemnly at the station. (Mothers, I think, were considered *de trop* on these occasions.) "Do a good term's work, my boy," and he gave me somewhat clandestinely the sovereign he had for me. It is not that he did not love me with all his heart, but, well . . . I dare not say that to my small son. He would laugh at my solemnity if I did. On the contrary, I heard a small boy say to his parent, "Well, daddy, good-bye; work hard and make ever so much money before the Christmas hols, and then we can all go to Switzerland and have some winter sports!"

Fathers to-day are not fathers in the Roman or Victorian manner; they seem all to be daddies, and I think that difference connotes a real change in our status, from *dominus* to comrade. No doubt but that is a good thing. I would not change it if I could, but I sometimes think it may have its own danger.

Happy children!—unhappy parents! Yes, when the train is gone at last, and all that is most gay and brave and beautiful in the future is snatched away from us, it is we who slink out into the sombre, brutal streets, and wonder at the gloom of this particular year. For the sunlight is all gone to Dorsetshire, or elsewhere, and Christmas seems a long way off.

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AN ORIGINAL ITALIAN SCULPTOR.

The Work of Mr. F. La Monaca—an Italian Sculptor now Working in England

Works which will be Seen at his Coming Exhibition in Cork Street



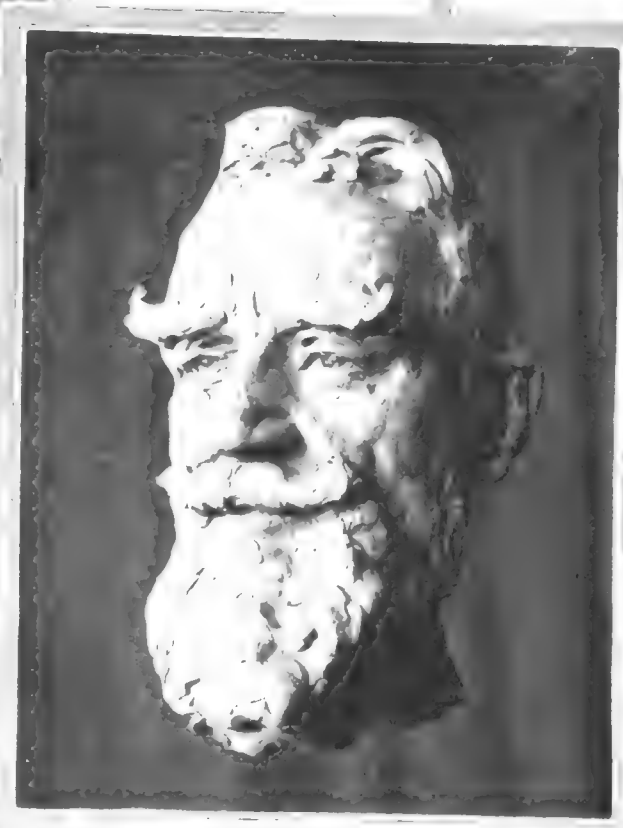
Sir Donald Maclean, M.P.

Mr F. La Monaca is a native of Catanzaro, in South Italy, where he was born in 1882. He studied in Rome and Paris, working under Professors Thomas and Injalbert at the Ecole Nationale des Beaux Arts. He has been domiciled in Paris for twenty-five years. He visited the United States in 1921, and made a number of portrait bronzes there. Since he came to England, about seven months ago, he has created about thirty portraits, representing (among others) the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dean Inge, Sir Rider Haggard, G. Bernard Shaw, Sir L. Worthington-Evans, Sir Donald Maclean, Miss Sheila Kaye Smith, Sybil Thorndike, and others. An exhibition of Mr. La Monaca's sculpture is to be held at the gallery of Bromhead, Cutts and Co. of 18, Cork Street



Miss Sybil Thorndike

A bust by Mr. F. La Monaca of the great tragic actress



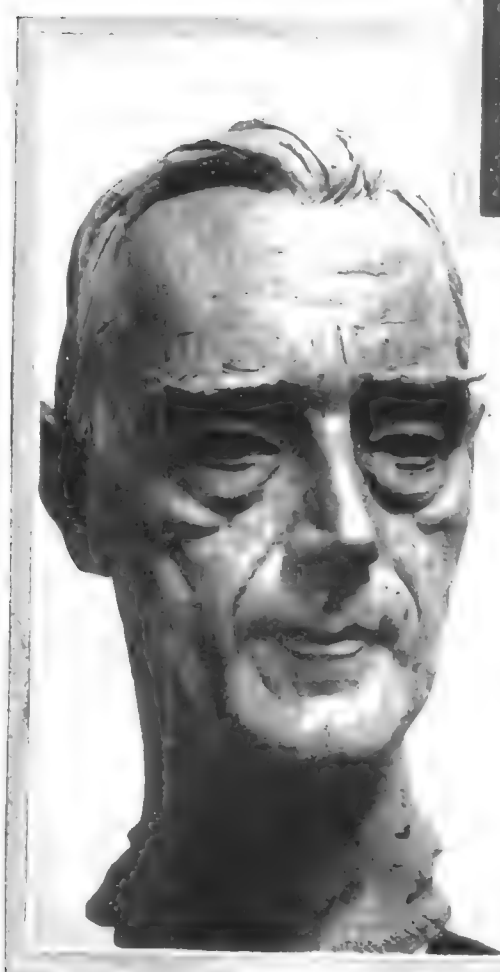
Mr. G. Bernard Shaw

An impressionistic plaster model, showing the sculptor's method of working in small pieces of clay for the final effect



Miss Sheila Kaye Smith

A strong treatment of the bust of one of the foremost of the band of younger women writers of to-day



The Dean of St. Paul's

The Very Rev. W. R. Inge, one of the most interesting figures in London clerical life



Mr. F. La Monaca at Work on his Bust of Sir Henry Rider Haggard

The sculptor is a rapid worker, completing his plaster models from life in from two to three hours. The models are then cast in bronze and marble

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Two of the Much-talked-of "Fairy" Photographs Given in Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's New Volume—"The Coming of the Fairies"

In the volume the descriptions beneath the photographs mention certain colours, but no colours appear in the actual photographic reproductions. They appear just as given here

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and the Evidence for Fairies.

Readers of THE SPHERE will remember that some little time ago there was some stir concerning certain photographs which purported to show fairies dancing. These photographs were taken, so we were told, in a little Yorkshire valley, near Bradford, in 1917, by two little girls—Elsie Wright and Frances Griffiths. The two little girls were in the habit of playing near a little stream known as Cottingley Beck, which ran near the house. They frequently said they saw fairies, and one day Elsie Wright borrowed her father's camera and took some photographs, which he himself developed.

A great many details concerning the little girls and the much-talked-of photographs are now given to us by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle in a new volume just published by Hodder and Stoughton. It is called *The Coming of the Fairies*. From this volume we are enabled to give two illustrations, which are shown above. They are ordinary half-tone reproductions from the photographs. In the volume, the photograph on the right is described as "Frances and the Leaping Fairy."

Under the second photograph, shown on the left, we have the words, "The fairy is standing almost still, poised on the bush leaves. The wings are shot with yellow, and upper part of dress is very pale pink." The photographs in the book are in monotone, and just as given here.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is that in which an article from *The Westminster Gazette* of January 12, 1921, is reprinted. It records the visit of a special commissioner of that paper to Bradford to visit Sharpe's Christmas card factory, in order to interview one of the children, now grown up, and working at the factory: "Miss Wright at first refused to see me. A second request was successful, and she appeared at a small counter at the entrance to the works. She is a tall, slim girl. Like her parents, she just said she had nothing to say about the photographs, and, singularly enough, used the same expression as her father and mother—'I am "fed up" with the thing.'

"Asked where the fairies came from, she replied that she did not know. 'Did you see them come?' I asked; and on receiving an affirmative reply, suggested that she must have noticed where they come from. Miss Wright hesitated, and laughingly answered, 'I can't say.' They did not speak to her, she said, nor did she speak to them. When she had been with her cousin she had often seen them before. 'They were only kiddies when they first saw them,' she remarked, and did not tell anybody.

"The strangest part of the girl's story was her statement that in their more recent appearances the fairies were more 'transparent' than in 1916 and 1917, when they were 'rather hard.' Then she added the qualification, 'You see, we were young then.' This she did not amplify, though pressed to do so."

"The girl's remark," comments Sir Arthur, "that the shapes were getting more diaphanous was a very suggestive one, for it is with childhood that certain forms of mediumship are associated, and there is always the tendency that, as the child becomes the woman, and as the mind becomes more sophisticated and commonplace, the phase will pass. We fear that it has now completed itself, and that we shall have no more demonstrations of fairy life from this particular source."

AN EGYPTIAN CO-OPERATOR:

The Visit of M. Amine Youssef Bey to England.

M. Amine Youssef Bey, who is on a visit to England, is an Egyptian lawyer of Nationalist proclivities, who has won the goodwill also of the English authorities in Egypt. It is significant that he has been elected while here a temporary member of the Constitutional Club. He has also been praised by Sir Valentine Chirol, in his book on *The Egyptian Problem*, for his services to the two countries. These services are in the direction of co-operation.

M. Youssef Bey has come to England to learn something of the methods of our co-operative societies. Two years ago he introduced co-operative distribution, as a safeguard against profiteering, by the sale of essential foodstuffs to the poor at fixed prices, and his efforts won the official commendation of Lord Allenby. His first experiment was made at his own town of Damietta, where he found that the poor workers were being mercilessly fleeced by the native food profiteers. Youssef Bey conceived the idea, which he has elucidated at length in *The Manchester Guardian*, of supplying food to the poor through a co-operative store, fixed quantities of flour and sugar and rice being supplied to each family upon ration tickets. Since then there have been experiments in other parts of Egypt on the same lines, and co-operative distribution has proved very successful. He has been able to convince the British Government that there is no political colour in his venture. It is entirely independent of politics and the rival claims of Nationalist and English. Through his exertions there are now a multitude of co-operative societies which are supplying cheap food to nearly half a million people. There cannot be any doubt but that Youssef Bey is a disinterested social worker, and we wish every success to his scheme of co-operative stores.



M. Amine Youssef

Who is now on a visit to England on behalf of the Egyptian co-operative movement

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MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE STAGE

At the Everyman Theatre, Hampstead



The Prologue: "Mary Stuart can tell me nothing"

John Hunter (Mr. Richard Bird) discusses his marital fate with Andrew Boyd (Mr. H. O. Nicholson)



The Scene at Holyrood

Period, March, 1566





QUEEN MARY, to RICCIO: You shall stay, never fear

RICCIO: To serve you always

BOTHWELL (Mr. Randle Ayrton): But love comes, and is now. You are beautiful, Mary. You betray no one. What remorse can there be?



BOTHWELL: The present here is destruction. There, in the future, who knows? We can play strongly. And there is no other way



Special Sphere pictures

DARNLEY (Mr. Harcourt Williams): Who are they? Shall I go and ask them? RICCIO (Mr. Harold Scott) replies: Does your grace not know them? DARNLEY ejaculates: It is dark out there

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"MARY STUART," at the

Mr. John Drinkwater's New Historic

Special "re" Se



Mary Beaton with the Queen, in her Chamber in Holyrood Palace

The period of the opening of the play is March, in the year 1566. Mary Stuart (Miss Laura Cowie) has just risen from her couch in her apartment in Holyrood and is being attended by Mary Beaton (Miss Clare Harris). As the latter attends to her hair, the Queen says: "If the Queen's luck is bad, it must be the Queen's luck still. We do not make our choice. . . . Hugo Dubois, in an elaborate treatise on the coiffure, says, 'Women of a fair complexion, coming at night into company, do much affect azure or lazuline gems for the hair'"



The English Ambassador, Sir Thomas [illegible]olph:

Randolph is Queen Elizabeth's Ambassador at Holyrood; he feigns to [illegible]ary's frie[illegible] to be far from this. *The part of Randolph is taken by Mr. Douglas Jo[illegible]* at his [illegible] until she bids him forget his diplomacy. Before dismissing him she re[illegible]im, the[illegible] then, with great magnanimity, she hands it back to him, presenting [illegible] Pierre Ronsard. Ronsard was a [illegible] poet.



Queen Mary (Miss Laura Cowie): "David leaves us to-night. A friendly sail to Denmark has relieved us of our anxieties"

On the night of Riccio's death Mary has planned for his escape to Denmark. Before his departure there is a little scene in the Queen's chamber, where Riccio (Mr. Harold Scot[illegible] talks enthusiastically of the warm glades of France, and drinks toasts to Mary Stuart. The Queen says: "Will you remember Mary Stuart when you hear the cobbler's flute" and Riccio replies, "I shall remember her always." Before he makes good his escape, however, mysterious envoys arrive, and instead of departure, the craven-hearted Riccio finds death at the hands of Darnley's agents

Go gle

he Everyman Theatre.

orical Drama at Hampstead

" Series



ph: "It shall instruct me, Madam"

his friend, but she all the while possesses a letter which shows him his interview with the Queen he plays the part of a "plain" man, m, the letter she has intercepted, written by Randolph to Elizabeth; e same time with a recorder "which belonged to our French poet, poet. I would have you keep it"



Bothwell Aids Mary in her Scheme to Effect Riccio's Escape

Bothwell (Mr. Randle Ayrton) is violently in love with Mary. For her sake he plots with her to convey Riccio out of Scotland to escape Darnley's wrath. "There is a Dane in port now," he says. "I will give word to the captain. I have his service. Tell Riccio to meet me at midnight, by Frobisher's Croft. I will have a fellow to take him out from shore. When they are clear they can carry a light, and the Dane shall take him up. He can make his own way from Copenhagen"



Special SPHERE *pictures*

Darnley Opens the Door on the Dead Body of Riccio: "I should have questioned them more closely"

ies"

ys come to demand audience of the Queen. Darnley, who comes with them, tells Mary that they want to speak to her secretary, Riccio. At first she wishes to see who they Mr herself, but ultimately sends the unfortunate Riccio. A few seconds later screams are heard, and the sounds of a scuffle. When the half-crazed Darnley (Mr. Harcourt Williams) colla the door, Riccio's dead body is discovered lying outside. Mary's attitude changes. Instead of giving way, she declares that this is a "fantastic nothing. Poor fellow. . . . This is his poor little tragedy. Ours remains"

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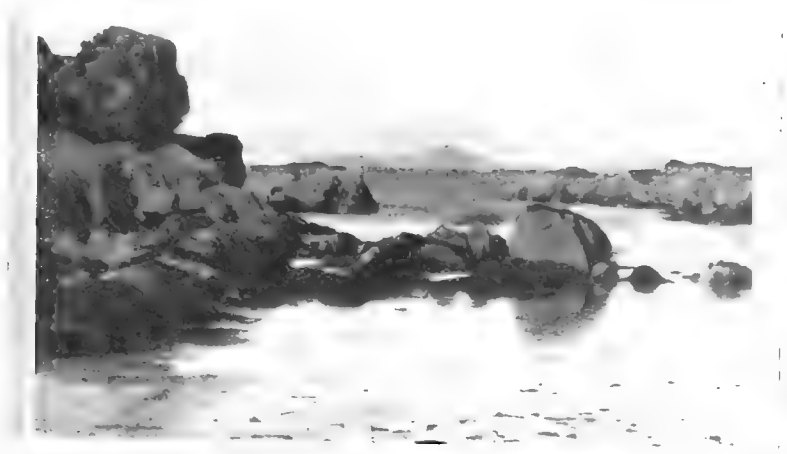
"THE SPHERE" Holiday Competition Results.



"Croagh Patrick (2,510 feet) and Clew Bay, co. Mayo"
Sent in by Miss L. Meldon, Rossmalley, Westport, co. Mayo



"On the Cornish Coast"
Sent in by Miss F. Milburn, St. Newlyn East, Cornwall



"Some Isles of the Hebrides"
Sent in by Miss M. E. M. Donaldson, 5, Chepstow Rise, Croydon



"An Angry Western Sea"
Sent in by D. Macdonald, at Battersea General Hospital, S.W.11

A GOOD RESPONSE: AND GOOD PHOTOGRAPHY

The entries received for the Holiday Competition announced in these pages during August and September has had a large and fruitful response. Out of a mass of good photographs, the task of final selection has not been a light one. The winner of the first prize of £10 10s. is Miss Kathleen C. Malpass of 126, Hampstead Way, N.W.11. Her winning picture of Newquay Harbour is reproduced here. The second and third prize winners will be announced in next week's issue, together with reproductions of their pictures.

On this page we also reproduce some other pictures—seascapes—of some of the entrants, showing the high quality of the photographs submitted. In addition to these, and to a further selection which we hope to publish next week, we would also mention the following as worthy of special commendation for the excellence of their entries:—

R. G. Arkcoll, 35, St. Germain's Road, Forest Hill; Miss Drinkwater, 16, Dale Street, Leamington Spa; Major A. St. John Wright, Malden House, Church Park, Tenby; G. Dodd, 97, Rotherfield Street, Essex Road, Islington; J. E. Abbey, 95, Bradford Road, Huddersfield; Miss E. M. Handcock, Kepax, Worcester; R. N. Pratt, 16, Hampstead Hill Gardens, N.W.3; W. J. Cooke, The Lodge, Ashton-on-Mersey, Cheshire; Miss M. Trustcott, Wanganui, 3, Mountjoy Road, Eastbourne; Miss G. M. Biddulph, 10, Castle Crescent, Reading; W. J. McDade, 94, Craven Park, Harlesden, N.W.10; H. F. Keene, 11, Creighton Avenue, Muswell Hill, N.10; Miss Breakenridge, 57, Lauderdale Gardens, Hyndland, Glasgow; Miss Wilson, 26, Derby Crescent, Glasgow; A. R. Hind, Park View, Buttershaw, Bradford; Miss Margaret Edward, Ridgefield Terrace, Oldham Road, Failsworth, near Manchester; V. G. Willard, 33, Savona Place, Battersea; A. L. Chart, 40, Prospect Terrace, Gray's Inn Road; Mrs. MacDonnell, Inveroak, Gerrard's Cross, Bucks; Mrs. D. M. Simpson, 36, Waterloo Street, Hull; T. R. Barnard, Monsall Lodge, Bury New Road, Prestwich; J. Gough, 5, St. James's Street, Clerkenwell; W. J. Figg, 36, Acton Street, Gray's Inn Road; and Miss L. Noble, Dunkeswick, Harewood, Leeds.



The Winner of the £10 10s. Prize

"Newquay Harbour, July 1922." Sent in by Miss Kathleen C. Malpass, 126, Hampstead Way, N.W.11



"A Damaged Brixham Fishing Trawler Putting into Beer, South Devon"
Sent in by Miss A. Henderson, 115, St. George's Square, London, S.W.1

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PICTURE-MAKING WITH THE CAMERA.



"London Street Harmony, 1922"

A photographic study by Mr. G. H. Prior, at the London Salon of Photography

In this picture the photographer has cleverly caught one of the most noticeable features of post-war London—the ex-Service men band in a street. These soldierly-looking musicians, with their attendant collectors, are to be met with in all parts of the City. The picture cleverly conveys not only the physiognomy of the men themselves, but the surroundings they usually select for their amateur efforts



"Fortune Telling"

A camera study, by Miss Janet Allan and Miss Agnes Martin



"Drama"—A Marionette Study, by Yevonde, at the London Salon of Photography

In last week's "Sphere" we published some clever Nature studies, which form quite a feature of the exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society in Russell Square. This week we reproduce three pictures taken from the London Salon of Photography, held at the Gallery of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall. The camera as a means of making pictures has been greatly exploited during recent years, and the photographer's art is making rapid strides both in selection of subject and in treatment. The three pictures we give here will well illustrate modern tendencies in photography

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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead.

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

¶ *The Editor of* THE SPHERE *is happy to be able to give to his readers a continuation of the adventures of Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, whose previous exploits have proved very popular with a wide circle of readers.*

INTRODUCTORY.

The night was profoundly still; not a leaf stirred on all the host of trees that crowded the gorge and spread away for leagues beyond on either hand, and not a sigh escaped from one of them to modulate the hoarse, incessant brawling of the stream. The sides of the ravine were inky dark, but in the middle, near the water, the axe had been at work and a sinuous clearing followed the banks. Here it was lighter, and one could see overhead a long narrow strip of sky spangled with stars, bright and high among them the constellation of the Southern Cross.

Two men stood together in the clearing, a dim, slouched-hatted, high-booted pair of figures, seen by the starlight; and a short way off, where the trees began, two horses were tied. One of the men was tall and thin, with an excited manner, gesticulating hands, and a voice that he strove to keep hushed, but which broke out at intervals as though he had little control either over it or himself. The other was of middle size, stoutly built, calm in manner, and controlled in voice. The thin man's speech was clipped, disjointed, illiterate in the extreme, and packed with oaths which seemed to be poured into it as one would empty a bucket, meaningless even to himself. The other's voice was certainly not that of courts or colleges, but by comparison sounded almost educated, and it was above all things cool and restrained.

Under the shadow of the trees the two horses showed something of the same contrast. The one was moist and jaded, and trembled a little every now and then. The other might have just walked out of its stable. It required but small powers of observation to judge that the thin man and his horse had travelled fast and far, and probably come through some disturbing experience, and that the stoutly-built man had ridden quietly, and even been waiting at his leisure in the gorge.

"But where the blank blank's Bloody Bill?" said the thin man. "Blank funny I calls it jus' you bein' 'ere! God, but I got sich a blank turn aseein' of you standin' all alone by this blank creek!"

"Bill heard some damned yarn of Long John and Mac striking tin, and moved along to see if there was anything to it," said the thick man. "I come to meet you because I was getting anxious. You've really done it, then?"

"Course I done it! Didn't I tell yer I done it? Whatcher take me for? A blank, blank blanker what doesn't do what he says he'll do? That ain't Chimpie Haines's way! What Chimpie says he'll do, he blank well does!"

"Look here, Chimpie," said the thickset man, "I want less gas and more news. You finished Jack Hayward, did you?"

"Ain't I atellin' of you——?" began Chimpie.

"I'm wantin' to know *exactly* what happened," the other interrupted, "so just kindly talk business for five minutes. How did you do it?"

"'Ow did I do it?" repeated the thin man, gesticulating like a windmill as he spoke. "I'll tell yer, Bob, jus' 'ow I did it. 'Your number's up, Jack!' says I. 'You may be a blank, blank heir this minute, but next minute you're goin' to be a blank, blank corpse!' I says. And he outs with his gun and I outs with mine——"

"D'ye mean to tell me you were such a darned fool as to warn him first?" interrupted the other.

"Oh, but I fires jus' as quick as I was speakin'! He fires too, but he was too late, and there he was a-kickin' on the ground dead as a blank beetle! Chimpie Haines done his work proper, I can tell yer, Bob! No missin' when I shoots!"

The thickset man gazed at him steadily.

"See here, Chimpie," he said, "I want the gospel truth of this here business——"

"It's the blank, blank truth I'm atellin' you of!" Chimpie burst in.

"Then where's his letters and papers?"

"Now, why couldn't you 'ave axed that afore, Bob?" said Chimpie, feeling in his pockets.

"Because you didn't let me get a blank word in edgeways," replied the other drily.

The thin man handed over a loose handful of papers.

"There ye are!" he exclaimed triumphantly. "Jack must 'ave bin blank dead to let me lift them!"

"Well done, Chimpie!" murmured the thickset man, as he took the bundle. His voice had changed its note now, and become like the purring of an exultant cat. "Is *the* letter here—the one about Jack bein' made heir?"

"Every blank one's there as was in his blank pockets."

The thick man struck a match and hastily glanced through the bundle. It consisted of about a dozen letters, a pocket book, and a folded paper or two.

"Aha! This is the one!" said he, picking out one of the letters, and there came over his manner a change so complete that even the circumscribed intelligence of Mr. Chimpie Haines seemed a little suspicious of this sudden alteration. The curt, dry tone was altogether gone, and instead one seemed to be conscious of that satisfied purring even when his lips were closed.

"Now, look you 'ere, Bob," said Chimpie, waving his arm, with a gesture half threatening, half merely meaningless. "There ain't got to be no blank fooling! I gotter get my share jus' the same as what you and Bill gets!"

"Course you will, Chimpie," purred the other, pocketing the packet.

"Share and share alike, that's the blank arrangement, mind! Three equal shares, Bob! I done the trick with Jack, and I ain't agoin' to take a penny less nor you and Bill. That there inheritance has gotter be divided equal!"

"Of course it will be."

"And don't you think you can throw this blank shootin' off on me! I'll tell 'em who blank well put me up to it! That's to say, if you don't play fair with me, Bob! Chimpie Haines ain't the blank blanker to be cheated outer his rights! Three equal shares was what we arranged!"

"That there horse of yours seems to have got loose somehow," said the other quietly.

Chimpie Haines ceased to wave his arms, and turned sharply round, his face to the wood, his back to the man called Bob. The other's hand had moved down quietly to his hip. Now it suddenly rose, the star-light gleamed for one instant on a barrel of steel; there was a crack like a whip and a jet of flame, and the thin man pitched forward on his face.

"It's two shares now, Chimpie," said the thickset man.

But Chimpie Haines returned no answer.

PART I.

I.—A CLUE.

On a morning in early October the mellow sunshine filtered through the autumnal leaves in the ample park, and warmed the old brick walls of a certain country seat in a county lying somewhat to the westward of London town. Once, as Wadbury Place, it had housed, at fabulous expense, a single extravagant squire. Now, as "The Retreat," it sheltered, at a considerable profit, no fewer than twenty-four carefully selected ladies and gentlemen; the selection having been made by the very best scientific opinion, and the twenty-four guaranteed to have earned by their conduct and opinions the privilege of dignified seclusion from a world incapable of appreciating their merits.

To be strictly accurate, it sheltered on this October morning only twenty-three, but the place of the twenty-fourth was still kept open for him, and it is improbable that his relatives would notice any deduction on account of his absence when a note of their obligations to Dr. Jenkinson was next presented. Indeed, the doctor was rapidly becoming of the opinion that something considerably extra should be charged as some small offset to the worry and anxiety caused by the continued absence of Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington.

While he was with them, this gentleman's humorous disposition, amorous proclivities, and elevated spirits had kept the entire staff in a state of the most acute apprehension; but now that he had vanished into the blue, the doctor's troubles, instead of being eased, were actually augmented. A dozen times a day he wished either that he were of a less conscientious temperament or that Mr. Essington's relations would realize their good fortune in being rid of him, and cease to send such urgent telegrams of inquiry at quite so short intervals.

"I expect, sir," said his assistant, to whom he had just confided this wish, "that his friends are worrying because they fear they are *not* rid of him. They are probably barricading themselves into their houses in case he pays them a call!"

He was standing beside the desk in his chief's office, while Dr. Jenkinson himself sat in his revolving chair frowning over the latest telegram of inquiry.

"I shall not answer any of these wires in future unless the reply is prepaid!" he exclaimed at length, hurling it into the waste-paper basket.

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"They are getting to be an intolerable nuisance. That is the worst of a rich, well-connected patient; his relations are legion, they all get into a stew, and they can all afford to send telegrams!"

His junior tactfully allowed what he thought was sufficient time for the steam of this outburst to evaporate, and then he said:

"I suppose, sir, we have got to try and catch him all the same."

Dr. Jenkinson was not usually irritable, but this morning it was clear that the disturbance had not even yet subsided.

"Of course we have got to!" he snapped. "Do you imagine we can possibly allow a man in Essington's state of mind to go about loose? He is totally irresponsible, mischievous as an overgrown schoolboy, and, to judge from what we have heard of his various exploits since he bolted, without a particle of moral sense left! Such a man is a positive danger to society, not to mention the danger he may run his own head into. And finally there is the reputation of this place." He paused, and seemed to calm down a little. "We must take some fresh and more energetic steps, Walters," he resumed in a moment. "Can't you think of anything yourself?"

"It seems to be a bit of a problem, sir," said Walters. "His friend, Mr. Mason, employed a private dectective agent, and yet he has been beaten."

Dr. Jenkinson said nothing for several minutes. Judging by his first remark when he answered at last, he seemed to be thinking of those unofficial efforts to capture the fugitive of which a short but quite reliable account has already been made public.

"It is very extraordinary," said he, "that the man should have evaded capture for so long, with an expert agent on his track. The truth is, I suppose, that the mere fact of his being so irresponsible is the great difficulty. In the case of a normal human being one can judge his probable movements to some fair extent, but with Essington there is no guessing what he will do or where he will turn up next."

"You don't think it would be worth while sending Lumsden after him?" suggested Walters.

Dr. Jenkinson shook his head.

"I have thought of Lumsden. He, of course, is far the best man for such a job we have, but one doesn't like to send one's head attendant away except for very good reasons."

"If he could catch Essington ——" began Walters.

"Exactly—*if!*" his chief interrupted. "Then it would certainly be worth while. But we don't even know in what direction to send him. Essington may, of course, still be in the same neighbourhood where he was last heard of. On the other hand, he may be in Scotland, or he may be in Cornwall, or he may even have gone abroad. Until one has a little definite information to go upon, it is no use sending Lumsden out. However, we have got to rack our brains, Walters; *something* must be done!"

It was pretty late on that same evening when Walters appeared in Dr. Jenkinson's library, to find his chief sipping a glass of dilute whisky and soda and smoking a last cigarette.

"Hullo, Walters!" he exclaimed. "What has brought you over at this hour? Nothing gone wrong, I hope."

"Rather the other way on, sir," said Walters with a smile. "I got a letter by the last post that seems to give a pretty good clue to Mr. Mandell-Essington's whereabouts."

"You don't say so!" cried Dr. Jenkinson. "Who is the letter from?"

"A brother of mine home on furlough, who happens to have been staying in Southbourne. Here it is, sir; nothing private in it; you can read it all."

Dr. Jenkinson took the letter and read:

> DEAR DICK,—I am sending you a yarn which may or may not concern you, but it seems to me worth while telling it on chance. As you know, I went down to Southbourne at the beginning of this week for a few days' sea air. I put up at the Albany, quite a decent sort of hotel, small but very comfortable. No adventures the first day beyond a game of golf, and tea with some people I know here, but on Tuesday evening things became more entertaining. Into the smoking-room walked a strange gentleman who had, it seemed, just arrived at the hotel. I had never set eyes on the man before, but in two minutes he was sitting in the chair next mine ordering drinks for both of us. You never saw such a friendly fellow in your life, and a most delightful and amusing chap he was, too; tall, fair, clean-shaved, good-looking, and very well dressed. His age, I should think, was probably just on the wrong side of 30, but from his spirits he might have been an Oxford fresher or the youngest subaltern in a lively regiment.
>
> "I say, Walters!" exclaimed the doctor, looking up from the letter, "this description sounds very like him!"
>
> "Read on, sir," said Walters, "and I think you will find the description grows liker and liker."
>
> The doctor continued his perusal, with a marked air of excitement now.
>
> We finished the evening with a couple of games of billiards, and it didn't matter what odds he gave me, I dropped half-a-crown each time all right. ("Very like him, indeed!" murmured the doctor.) "Well, that was the beginning of our acquaintance, and if I had been prepared to spend my days scandalizing the town of Southbourne, I might have seen even more of him that I did. But there are limits even to an Indian cavalry captain's ideas of amusement, and I wasn't quite equal to going the pace with Mr. White. (By the way, that was the fellow's name, though I begin now to suspect it may not be much guide to you.)
>
> The very next morning I met him on the Esplanade trundling a hoop merrily, with three or four excited small children hooping it beside him! A devilish innocent and surprising diversion for such a lively looking sportsman, I thought to myself, but a little later I began to see more point in the performance, for there was Mr. White sitting on a bench beside the nursemaid, and a dashed pretty girl she was, too! His explanation when I chipped him about it later was rather quaint.
>
> "I'm having a holiday from all the decencies!" said he.
>
> "Oh, there can be little doubt this is Essington!" cried the doctor, looking up again.
>
> "I think even the little doubt disappears before the end of the letter," said Walters.
>
> Well, that was the sort of fellow he was (the letter went on), quite charming, but the most reckless, harum-scarum chap I have ever struck, and apparently with no sense of propriety at all. And now comes the reason why I am passing all this on to you. Yesterdry afternoon, just before I left to catch my train back to town, we were having a last drink together, and I happened by chance to mention I had a brother a doctor. He pricked up his ears and looked at me rather oddly.
>
> "Dr. Walters?" said he. "Where does he practise?"
>
> I told him you weren't the practising kind, but were at present assistant at "The Retreat."
>
> "Can't be the fellow I know," said he; but his eyes when I mentioned "The Retreat" gave him away for one instant. I felt sure he did know you, and then I suddenly remembered your telling me about a patient of yours who had run away and couldn't be caught, and Mr. White's peculiar performances struck me as filling the bill rather well. And then as I was thinking it over in the train, it struck me further as rather odd that such a very lively blade should have selected a quiet, out-of-the-way hotel. The Grand or the Marine are much more the sort of places for his type.
>
> Unfortunately I can't remember whether you told me what your runaway was like, so this may be a mere mare's-nest. But anyhow, I thought I'd let you know in case by any chance Mr. White seems at all familiar.
>
> Chin-chin. Yours ever, M. J. W.

Dr. Jenkinson rose from his chair and handed back the letter with the air of a man whose mind is made up at last.

"This is Essington without a shadow of a doubt," said he, "and I shall lose not a moment in sending Lumsden after him now. In fact, I shall come over with you and see him at once, so that he may get under way first thing in the morning."

A few minutes later the two doctors had handed the letter over to a sagacious-looking, black-bearded man, of barely middle height, but immense breadth of back, with a shrewd eye and a Scottish accent.

"Aye," said the expert when he had read the letter through, "there's no doubt yon's our man, sir. It'll just be a question of nabbing him afore he gets warning. The man's like quicksilver to take a haud of if he's once alarmed, but I'll set about it as cannylike as I can. Oh, if me and him's in Southbourne together, he'll not slip through my fingers that easy!"

"I think we've got him now, sir!" said Walters to his chief as they parted for the night.

"Yes," said Dr. Jenkinson. "I have little fear of Lumsden's losing him if he once has him in sight; and always provided Essington hasn't left Southbourne already, we ought to see him back again to-morrow afternoon. See that his room is ready for him, Walters. Good night!"

To be continued



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"The thick man struck a match and hastily glanced through the bundle. It consisted of about a dozen letters, a pocket-book, and a folded paper or two"

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THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Marjorie



A Fashionable Hat

Of tête de nègre velvet trimmed with pheasant plumage. Sketched at Woolland Brothers

The fashions for the coming season are exceedingly beautiful; their inspiration cannot be attributed to any one particular period or influence, but rather do they mirror in a modified form the distinctive features of the modes which prevailed during the most brilliant periods of dress in bygone ages. The result is graceful and pleasing, the majority of the frocks being innocent of extravagance. It must always be remembered when studying a collection of Parisian and other models, that these have been designed to afford inspiration, and it is not for an instant suggested that they should be slavishly copied. For instance, the tightly-drawn simulated band which is located between the hips is the reverse of becoming in its Parisian form without any fullness below, but when pleats are introduced it is exceedingly attractive as well as graceful.

The Much-talked-of Bare Back

There is an attempt to resuscitate the vogue for the bare back, but it is not likely that it will meet with success. It will be found that at all functions where the true leaders of fashion congregate, the base of the shoulder-blades as well as the collar-bones will be covered. An imposing black velvet dress of the Directoire persuasion was placed on a plane apart by two enormous "U" *motifs* of jade-green velvet that appeared back and front, the black velvet being draped over them. The train was nothing more than a pendant lined with green; it took the form of a handkerchief, one point being attached to the left shoulder.

Directoire Frocks of Brocade

There are no materials in which frocks of the Directoire period look more beautiful than brocade and chiffon velvet, and it is a style that, with certain modifications, can be worn by all types of figures. It will prove a formidable rival to the straight dress with its curious pendants that are introduced in unexpected places.

For the Débutante

For the *débutante* there are really delightful dresses reminiscent of those worn in the early days of Queen Victoria. Imagine a dress of puce velvet, the full skirt arranged to reveal a petticoat composed of tiny frills of ecru-coloured lace; the *décollétage* is finished in a similar manner, while the tiny puff sleeves are entirely composed of lace. Another dress is of white, the hem of the skirt waved and decorated with three flounces, the tight-fitting bodice being finished with a deep frill of lace. A veritable triumph of the *couturière's* art that every *débutante* will desire to possess has a *fourreau* of silk lace supplemented with an over-dress of bright canary-coloured faille, which is arranged in pannier form over the hips, with a 'cute little bib extending on to the corsage. Those who wish to have every detail of their toilette correct will wear with dresses like these a tiny wreath of flowers, which must alight on the hair that covers the right ear.



An Autumn Dress

Of braided gabardine with georgette sleeves, the collar and cuffs being of fur. Sketched at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Olive Hewerdine.

Fashionable and Becoming Millinery

There is always an immense advantage in shopping at Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W., as one is always sure of finding something that is becoming and is representative of the last words in the story of fashion. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that the prices that prevail are extraordinarily moderate, especially when the quality is taken into consideration. Pictured on this page is a large hat of *tête de nègre* velvet decorated with a pheasant feather mount, while in striking contrast to this is a small velvet hat trimmed with quills. The vogue for choquette each day becomes more pronounced, so that hats of it, trimmed with wings, the brim lined with velvet, are of interest. Chiffon velvet toques made with soft corded brim, with bow at the back, are 4½ guineas, while navy blue glacé hats, also decorated with a bow, are 3½ guineas. No, it is no misprint, but a fact, that plain felt sports hats are 18s. 9d., and rough felt hats 35s. 9d.



A Becoming Toque

That may be obtained in all the fashionable shades of velvet, decorated with quills. At Woolland Brothers

Dresses that Please

There are a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of frocks for all occasions. Manifold are the advantages of the braided gabardine model pictured; the sleeves are of black georgette finished with fur, and it is of fur that the collar is made. Again, there are coats and skirts made of velour trimmed with fur for £5 5s., and useful country tweed coats and skirts for 4½ guineas. Really wonderful value is present in the chiffon velvet dinner frocks trimmed with bright-coloured voile ninon for 5½ guineas. Naturally, there is a variety of more expensive models.

An Excellent Fashion Catalogue

Everyone will admit that no more comprehensive catalogue could have been compiled than the one for which Shoolbred and Company in the Tottenham Court Road, W., is responsible; it will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention this paper. Pictured thereon are long light-weight wraps of beaver plush, lined throughout with figured silk, for £5 18s. 6d., while coatees of the same material which come well down over the hips are £4 18s. 6d. Velour coats with piping on skirt and all round belt, with coney collar, are £5 10s. As usual, this firm is making a feature of sports jumpers and coats; useful wool cardigans are 23s. 9d., and warm wool coats, finished with two pockets and sash, are 39s. 6d.

Remodelling

There is no doubt whatsoever about it that the remodelling of gowns is an art in itself, and it is in the same that Lilla, 53, High Street, Clapham, S.W., excels. Just now there are many who are confronted with the problem of making a dress last a few months longer; well, they must send it to Lilla, when she will give her expert advice on the remodelling of it, and will send sketches, suggestions, and estimates free. It is really wonderful the good work she can do in the matter of converting a coat and skirt into a coat-frock. All interested in the subject must write for her catalogue, which she will be pleased to send gratis and post free on application.

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Graceful Draperies Have Come Into Their Own This Autumn.



Parisiennes at the theatres and fashionable restaurants strike every note in the scale of fashion, from the gayest and lightest to extreme sobriety. Silver tissue is exploited in the evening gown below. It shows an elusive foliage pattern with silver lace at the waist



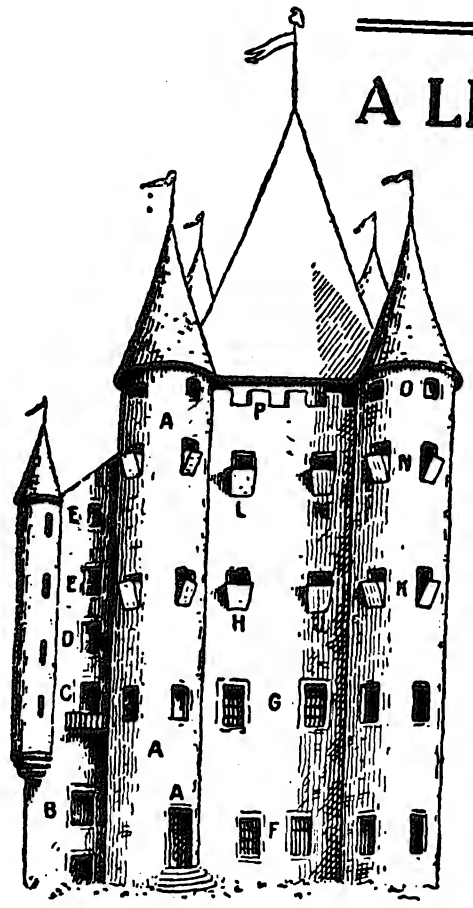


The richest brocades and the most gossamer-like fabrics are pressed into the service of the leaders of fashion. It was the simple surplice of white lawn that was the fount of inspiration for the graceful georgette gown pictured above. The fur hems and plaque of pearl add to its charm without detracting from its simplicity

The days of compromise are over, and the evening dress must be really long, with the trains resting on the ground. Perfect in its simplicity and grace of line is the triumph of the couturière's art pictured above. It is fashioned of shell-pink crêpe de chine embroidered with silver sequins. Diamonds and pearls share honours in the Cleopatra headdress as well as in the earrings

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A LITERARY LETTER : Louis the Seventeenth.



The Towers of the Temple

Where Louis XVI., his wife (Marie Antoinette), and son were imprisoned. From window O, at the right-hand corner, the Queen had a last glimpse of her eight-year-old son, walking in the gallery (P). Louis XVI.'s bedroom was J, Marie Antoinette's was M. In room C, Marie Antoinette and her son slept during the early period of their captivity, and in this room the Dauphin, or his substitute, died on June 8, 1795

PENZANCE,
October 2, 1922.

There are two libraries in Penzance—the Public Library, supported by a rate of three-halfpence in the pound, and the Town Library, supported by subscription, and very rich in books of all kinds, many of them the gift of a former vicar of St. Mary's, Penzance — the Rev. Philip Hedgeland (who gave me considerable assistance as to the Branwell family when I wrote *Charlotte Brontë and her Circle* thirty years ago). I do not believe that any town in England of the same size has so fine a collection of the best books. More than two thousand readers use the Free Library, while not more than three hundred pay their guinea subscription to the Town Library. Possibly at this latter there are a hundred strenuous readers and students of art and literature. There is very considerable specialization in Cornish antiquities, and no important book in the very considerable field of literature which has to do with Cornwall is missing from the shelves. All the best histories and biographies are here—the wealth of good reading would do credit to a town ten times the size of Penzance. But I suspect that the thirst for knowledge is keenest among the comparatively poor, and that such good books as are to be found in the Free Library are more zealously thumbed than they are in its more dignified and exclusive sister. Both libraries have accomplished librarians.

I had a chat with Mr. Charles Benn, the librarian of the Free Library, and I was much struck by his pride in the utilitarian side of the library—the fact that Ball's *Story of the Heavens* had been taken out some seventy times since it was rebound, that Ganot's *Physics* and Jamieson's *Steam and Steam-engines* have had an equal number of readers. Mr. Benn gave me quite a new vision of the possibilities of books of an educational value in the life of a community. He told me that the young people are equally keen with their elders. It is true that seventy per cent. of readers require only novels.

It was interesting to learn that the most popular of all novelists here to-day is Mrs. Henry Wood, whose novels I devoured in *The Quiver* when I was twelve years of age. Happily for me, *The Quiver* was not prohibited as a Sunday book, as most books worth reading were in my Puritan environment, and so I read *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles*, *The Channings*, and other stories, which I thought to be quite forgotten until I found them here. Dickens and Scott still hold their own, but Thackeray, William Black, Blackmore, and Trollope have given place to H. G. Wells and Stanley Weyman.

Next to Mrs. Wood, Miss Braddon, Miss Marie Corelli, Sir Rider Haggard, and Sir Hall Caine command the largest public. Besant and James Payn are almost forgotten. My old friend S. R. Crockett, and Marion Crawford, are no longer read. I regret most the decline of the latter, whose books were a joy to me in the nineties. I was interested in finding quite a demand for Francillon, whose work I thought was quite forgotten. He called upon me a few months before he died, and to him, at my suggestion, the present Prime Minister was good enough to assign a Civil List pension—for he had long ceased to make any money out of his books. I give these, to me, most interesting details about the free library in one comparatively small town in the hope that librarians in other towns will tell me if the taste for fiction in Penzance is peculiar to one particular place and county or is general. I have, in any case, no sympathy with the intellectual snobbery which "looks down" upon the novel-reading public.

No good library, public or private, should fail to possess the series of remarkable books by G. Lenôtre, which are published in this country by the firm of Heinemann in translations from the French. I prefer those translated by Mrs. Rodolph Stawell to those by Frederick Lees. I count *The Flight of Marie Antoinette* a brilliantly thrilling book, more exciting than any novel, but all the books by Lenôtre have a fine dramatic intensity, and not least the last, *The Dauphin (Louis XVII.): the Riddle of the Temple* (15s., Heinemann). It is true that here we have that exceptional phenomenon—the historian who says he does not know and who leads you into a blind alley. Most of our historians never make such admissions. "I wish," someone said of Macaulay's *History*, "I were as sure of anything as Tom Macaulay is of everything."

M. Lenôtre does not know what became of the young Dauphin, imprisoned in the Temple from his eighth to his tenth year. He does know that he was sent there, followed by a howling mob, at the beginning of the French Revolution, with his father, his mother, his Aunt Elizabeth, and his sister. He knows, as we all know, that first the King, then Marie Antoinette, then Princess Elizabeth, were one and all guillotined, and that in 1795, soon after her brother was reported to have died and been buried in St. Marguerite Cemetery, the young Princess, afterwards the Duchesse d'Angoulême, was released.

But M. Lenôtre does not for a moment accept the theory contained in all our history books, that this poor boy of ten years of age did actually die in the Temple. He seems to me to prove up to the hilt, and with a masterly elaboration, that the young Prince was removed and held as a hostage somewhere, by some section of the makers of revolution, while a boy much older, and evidently in the last stages of mental and physical decay, from the Paris School of Surgery, was smuggled into the Temple in his place. This changeling died on June 8 or 9, 1795, and care was taken that no one who had ever seen the little Prince should see the body of the substituted boy before it was buried. One man, indeed, inclined to Royalist sympathies, preserved a lock of the hair of the substituted child, only to find long years afterwards, when it was safe to show it, that it was not the right colour.

All the familiar stories of the jailer Simon's cruelty to the young Prince are relegated to the realm of myth. The picture of the Dauphin, at the age of eight, sleeping in the same room with his father, partaking of his meals with the four other prisoners, then the execution of the King, the removal of the boy from his mother's care, her one glimpse of him from her window when he walked in the gallery of the tower—these and a hundred other particulars are vividly presented. The time came, indeed, when he was alone—his sister being imprisoned on another floor. Then it was that he was demoralized by his gaolers, who taught him revolutionary songs and "educated" him to scoff at his family and his old environment.

The youth of ten who left the Temple, if M. Lenôtre's theory is right, was no longer the bright, gentle boy described by many witnesses in the earlier stages. But where did he go and what became of him? To these questions M. Lenôtre gives no answers. Care seems to have been taken to hide his tracks :—

> What can have become of the Royal child? Perhaps he died in the deep retreat where, awaiting the opportunity of using him, his saviour hid him, a saviour who himself died before he had revealed or profited by his combination.

M. Lenôtre refuses to accept any one of the forty pretenders, who, when Louis XVIII. was on the throne, came forward, not only in France, but in all parts of Europe, to claim the boy Prince's inheritance. He describes very effectively two of these pretenders less known in our day—Hervagault and Mathurin Bruneau—and his account of these makes quite exciting reading. He will have nothing to do with the most famous of the pretenders, Naundorff and the Baron de Richemont, who have been copiously "proclaimed" at various times. The historian, as I have said, leaves us in a blind alley, but his book is none the less entertaining for that.

In a little volume entitled *Eccentric and Humorous Letters of Eminent Men and Women*, published in 1824, I find the following laconic correspondence :—

> DEAR SON,—I am in prison for debt; come and assist your loving mother, —E. FOOTE.
>
> DEAR MOTHER,—So am I; which prevents his duty being paid to his loving mother by her affectionate son,—SAMUEL FOOTE.

This is, perhaps, beaten by the correspondence between Captain O'Byrne and Admiral Payne. The former had made a bet that the latter was not originally intended to be a sailor :—

> DEAR PAYNE,—Were you bred to the sea?
>
> DEAR O'BYRNE,—No, but the sea was *bread* to me.

In the procession of literature it is interesting to note how one book, quite worthy in its day, may be superseded by another on a subject in which there is no room for two. For ten years I have had on my shelves *The Charterhouse of London*, by W. F. Taylor. And now I have received *Charterhouse in London*, by Gerald S. Davies (John Murray)—a monumental volume which in its abundant detail assuredly proclaims this book the classic of the subject and an essential addition to all libraries of London books.

There is, of course, much about Thackeray and Colonel Newcome, but there have been many interesting brothers of the Charterhouse, as well as a long list of distinguished men—some of them, by their well-to-do parentage, abusing the privilege—among the scholars. After reading Mr. Davies's description of the life of a brother, I am not impressed by it as actually an ideal ending to one's career. But I note that the author of *Box and Cox* died in the Charterhouse, as also did an old acquaintance of mine, Francis Espinasse—a writer who gave charm to critical literature.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books :—

A SNAKE IN EDEN. By J. M. Ouseley. 6s. net. (*J. M. Ouseley & Son.*)
A DAUGHTER OF ALLAH. By Cecil H. Bullivant. 7s. 6d. net. (*Jarrolds.*)
THE HEART OF A POET. By Shirley Trent. 7s. 6d. net. (*Daniel O'Connor.*)
AMID SNOWY WASTES: Wild Life on the Spitsbergen Archipelago. By Seton Gordon, F.Z.S. With Two Maps and 114 Illustrations, from Photographs by the Author. 15s. net. (*Cassell.*)
THE INHERITANCE OF JEAN TROUVÉ. By Nevil Henshaw. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)
SOULS FOR SALE. By Rupert Hughes. 7s. 6d. net. (*Nash & Grayson.*)
THE WINGS OF TIME. By Elizabeth Newport Hepburn. 7s. 6d. net. (*Nash & Grayson.*)
ANNE AGAINST THE WORLD. By M. Hamilton. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hurst & Blackett.*)
THE REDEMPTION OF RICHARD. By Marguerite Bryant. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hurst & Blackett.*)
PRINCESS OF YELLOW MOON. By Peter Blundell. 6s. net. (*Methuen.*)
ANN AND HER MOTHER. By O. Douglas. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
HOW TO FORECAST THE WEATHER; FLOWERING SHRUBS AND HOW TO KNOW THEM; EVERYBODY'S BOOK OF GEOLOGY. The Nature Lover's Library. 1s. each. (*Holden & Hardingham.*)
HUMAN CONFESSIONS. By Frank Crane, D.D. 6s. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)
A SON OF THE MIDDLE BORDER. By Hamlin Garland. With illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens. 7s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)
LABOUR POLICY—FALSE AND TRUE: A Study in Economic History and Industrial Economics. By Lynden Macassey. 7s. 6d. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*)
NORTH-EASTERN FRANCE. Edited by Findlay Muirhead and Marcel Monmarche. Fifty-five Maps and Plans. The Blue Guides. 10s. net. (*Macmillan.*)

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THE MILITARY SETTLEMENT IN THE NEAR EAST—THE FRENCH EMISSARY ARRIVES FROM MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

The larger picture shows a striking impression of M. Franklin Bouillon, who throughout the recent negotiations has occupied a singular position at Mudania, some of his actions being disowned by the French Government. Below is shown a first picture of British bluejackets at Chanak fixing a 12-pdr. battery in position in front of the historic Xerxes Mound. On Tuesday the military agreement with regard to Thrace was duly signed by the Turkish and Allied officials

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY.



Mr. Reginald McKenna

Whose speech on the finances of Germany aroused great interest



Mr. H. S. Gamley, R.S.A.

The sculptor of the King Edward Statue unveiled by the King at Holyrood on Tuesday



The Death of Miss Marie Lloyd

The famous music-hall comédienne, whose name has been a household word for twenty or thirty years, who has just died at her house in Golders Green. This picture shows her in costume singing one of her earlier successes



A Mission of Help for India, Headed by the Bishop of Peterborough

The Bishop of Peterborough and Mrs. Woods are sailing in the steamship, "Nagoya," this week for India, as members of the Mission of Help. They will be away for some months, and the Bishop is to preach in Rangoon Cathedral on Christmas Day. This picture was taken prior to the farewell meeting in London of the members of the mission, and shows the Bishop sitting in centre, with the Dean of Manchester on his left



Champion Fencers Form a Guard of Honour for a Lady Champion's Wedding

The spectacle of full fencing kit and glistening sabres is rarely to be seen in a London square, but it was in evidence on Thursday last, and caused much excitement among interested spectators. The occasion was the marriage of Miss Millicent Hall, twice lady fencing champion of Great Britain, and the present holder of the title, to Mr. J. Leonard Spong, which took place at St. George's, Hanover Square, on October 10. The bride was attended by an escort of honour composed of well-known fencers, who at the conclusion of the ceremony formed an arch with their sabres at the porch of the church under which the bride and bridegroom passed to their waiting motor. The escort consisted of Mr. A. Miller Hallett, president of Bertrand's Salle d'Armes; Mr. A. Corble, sabre champion of Great Britain; Mr. F. Lake-Lake, with Professors Felix Bertrand, Fred McPherson, F. Stempel, J. Yarrall, L. Morel, and Captain W. Palmer, M.C. Subsequently a reception was held at Bertrand's Fencing Academy, 1a, Tenterden Street

The Falling Leaf

The leaves were falling fast during all the hours of the past week-end. They seemed symbolic of more than the fading of the year, for even the devoted Mr. Garvin found, in last Sunday's *Observer*, that it was no longer possible to uphold the Coalition leader. Every Sunday for many a month past, *The Morning Post* pointed out, the distinguished editor of *The Observer* had swept and garnished the Government apartments, and what he could not clear away he had swept under the bed. But now he can endure the task no longer. It is indeed difficult to survey with calmness the evil-looking mire into which we have been allowed to wander. Even the familiar plea that "no one could have foreseen" here seems to be impossible, for we were told, in a convincing letter to *The Times* (October 5), that it was known in full Council that France wished to make separate agreements with the Kemalists. She was informed that Angora would have fallen long before an agreement could have been made. But the whole letter should be carefully studied.

A First Dispatch

What of Constantinople? everyone was asking. What was to be the final outcome of the surrender of Eastern Thrace upon the future of the capital? We are glad to be able to give our readers the first impressions of Mr. Scotland Liddell, our special commissioner to Constantinople and the Near East, in this issue. This is the first of a series which, we hope, will prove both informative and full of interest to our readers. Mr. Scotland Liddell's brilliant work for THE SPHERE on the Russian front will be recalled. Another Near Eastern matter of considerable import is touched upon in a further page. The Arab congress was indeed a picturesque affair, with its mounted delegates from the desert. One notes with interest that Mr. Harry Philby, whose book was recently discussed in THE SPHERE, is returning to England with the Emir Abdullah.

The Stage

The world of the theatre—I was going to write of the footlights, but there are no footlights nowadays, or very few—is in a much better way than it has been in for many a long day. A wet summer and autumn and some better plays have brought about well-filled houses. Some of the distant houses are doing well. Hammersmith continues its phenomenal run of *The Beggar's Opera*, and at the Everyman Theatre at Hampstead *Mary Stuart* is proving a distinct success, and all previous runs promise to be beaten by Mr. Drinkwater's drama. The Regent at King's Cross has not been lucky with its first effort. Mr. Arnold Bennett's unsatisfactory *Body and Soul* has been withdrawn, its ridiculous jazz scenery and Lancasheer dialect business proving unattractive. Miss Viola Tree, good as she was as Lady Mab, had too feeble a part to make sufficient effect on the play. The Gaiety opened with great splendour on Saturday night, with Miss José Collins as leading lady. The music is sweet and rhythmic in the manner of pre-discord days. The waltz and the mirror song are all honey, and the audience shouted for an encore, but, quite rightly, did not get one. Miss José Collins shimmered in resplendent gowns, and on her part found everybody and everything wonderful, including the queer mascot figure handed up from the orchestra, which was probably intended as something comic, but only seemed very out of place. It looks as though the Countess Vera will sing back the Gaiety into one of its old successes.

White City's Future

The future of the White City is soon to be decided. The place is to go to the highest bidder, and it has been uncertain who this is likely to be. There are competitive schemes afoot. The British and French would secure something like the old White City resort to Londoners, whereas another scheme—American, we understand—would convert the site into big apartment blocks on an American model. It would be a loss indeed to London if the White City were lost to its citizens. The buildings have recently been repaired, so that the place could be got into running order by next spring. The closing of Earl's Court and the White City have been a great deprivation to Londoners.

An Ancient Window

Readers will recall that a few weeks ago we illustrated the uncovering of a window of early coloured glass at All Saints' (the Old Church), Chelsea. This glass has now been pieced together, and may be seen any afternoon at the Victoria

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The Jeffreys-Tufnell Marriage at St. Michael's, Chester Square

This marriage took place last week-end, and was attended by a large and fashionable congregation. The bridegroom is a son of Major-General Jeffreys, and the bride is a daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel E. Tufnell, M.P.



Lord and Lady Sempill

A picture taken at the Perth Hunt Ball of the father and mother of the Master of Sempill. (See pictures on p. 43)

and Albert Museum in Room 136 (on the second floor). The panel of glass measures about 2 ft. across. In the centre is a headless figure standing in a space enclosed by golden-yellow plaster. Around the window runs a leaf border, showing white leaves on a red ground.

To 'Varsity Readers

Every 'Varsity man should make sure of getting a copy of next week's SPHERE. It will contain Part I. of an illustrated "Who's Who of Oxford in 1922." It forms a unique record of this present period in the history of the great University. It will be published at the usual price of one shilling.

Autumn at Hampton Court

The delicate colours of autumn were seen to great advantage during the past few days in the beautiful gardens of Hampton Court. The yellowing of the elms was evident along the great avenues, and in the long perspective of flowering borders all the rich colours of autumn flowers were evident. Great bushes of a russet-gold *helenium* in particular caught the slanting sunlight of a beautiful evening.



Miss José Collins's Success at the Gaiety

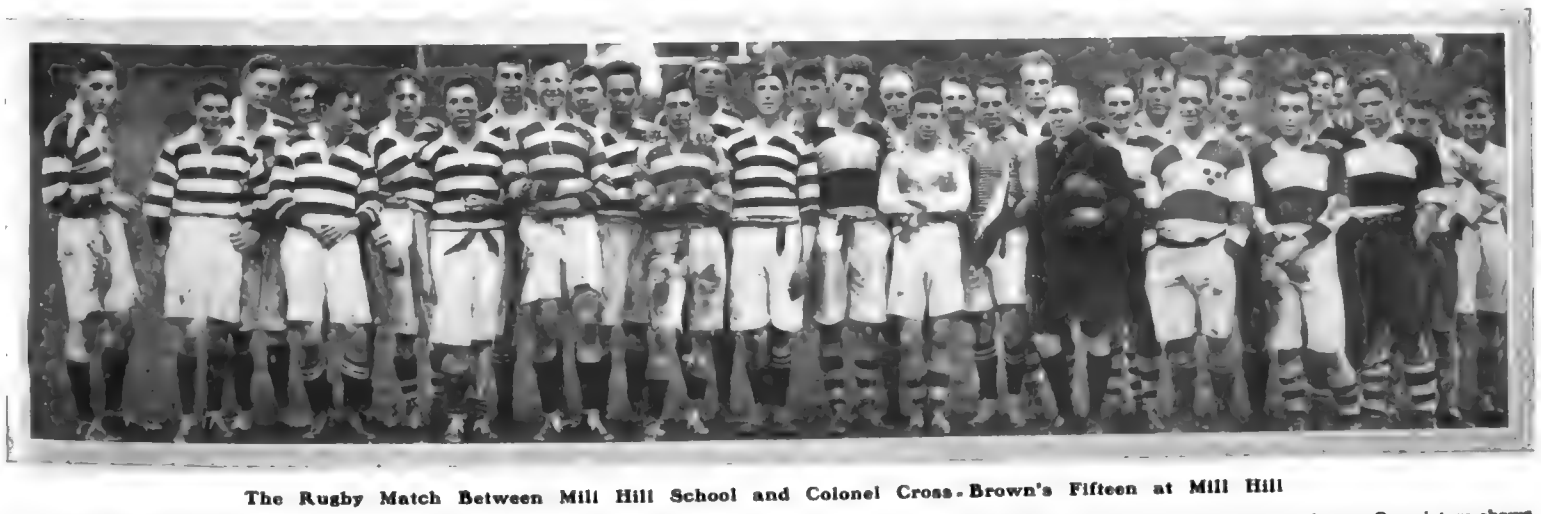
"The Last Waltz" was produced on Saturday night at the Gaiety, and met with a tumultuous reception from a packed house. This picture shows Miss José Collins (Lady Robert Innes-Ker), as Countess Vera Lisaveta, with the soldiers

The Change to Greenwich Time

The change back to Greenwich time is always fraught with odd little moments of surprise. One came dashing out of the Gaiety Theatre to find that clocks were registering ten minutes past ten. "The play is over very early," one remarked, and then suddenly realised that some fore-handed person had altered his public clock on Saturday before the official hour had arrived. We imagine that a great many people went to bed an hour later than usual in preference to enjoying an additional hour in bed.

A Famous Vessel

A fortnight ago we illustrated the famous clipper, the *Cutty Sark*, which is to become a training ship for boys. Captain Vivian Millett, who served part of his apprenticeship on her, has now given his experiences on the famous flier. He says that: "Shortly after we crossed the line (in 1884) on the outward passage, when the ship was staggering under all sail, Captain Moore said to me, 'This is something for you to remember. You will never see another ship doing her thirteen knots as this one is, on the wind.' We passed every ship we came across — in many cases as if they were at anchor."



The Rugby Match Between Mill Hill School and Colonel Cross-Brown's Fifteen at Mill Hill

The match resulted in a win for Colonel Cross-Brown's team by 38 points to none. The school played up very well, despite the heavy score against them. Our picture shows a combined group of the two teams

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The "CITY OF NAGPUR" Leaves on her FIRST VOYAGE.

A Handsome Vessel of the Ellerman "City Line"



The Wireless Room
The power for the wireless is supplied by three large dynamos



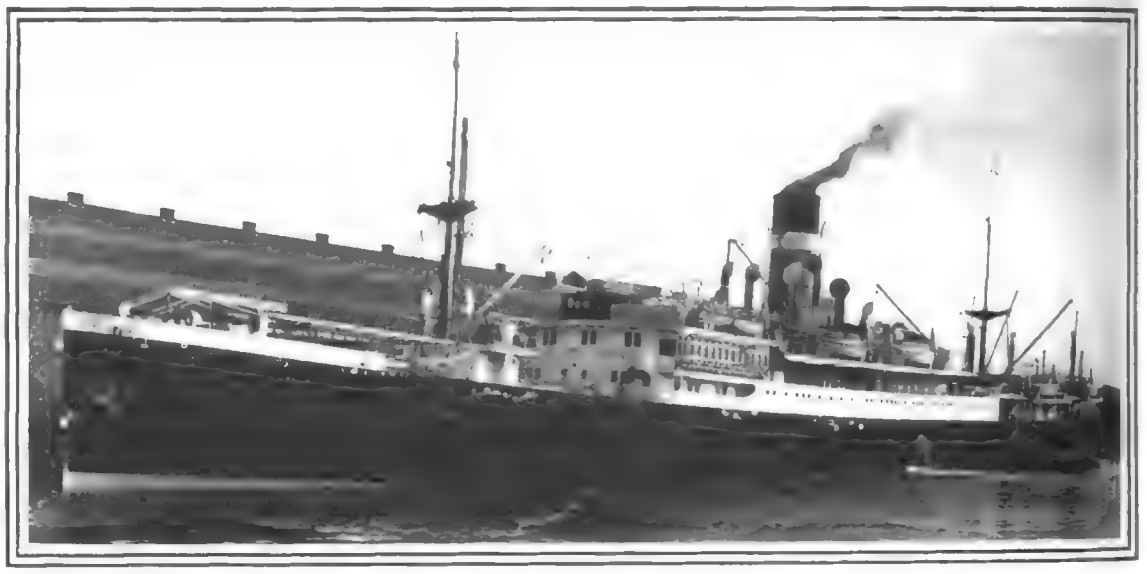
The Children's Nursery on the Shelter Deck Amidships



The Captain (Sir J. Rae) on the Bridge of his Vessel

A New Liner on the Indian Service.

A picture taken just before the departure of the "City of Nagpur" from Liverpool on her maiden trip to the East



The "City of Nagpur"
Getting up steam for her maiden voyage

The *City of Nagpur* is the handsome new steamer which has just been completed by Messrs. Workman, Clark and Co., Ltd., Belfast, for the Ellerman City Line for passenger service between Britain and India; she left Liverpool for her first trip to Colombo and Calcutta on the 7th. The vessel is over 490 ft in length, with a tonnage of 10,200 tons; she is of the shelter-deck type, and has been fitted with the latest approved safety appliances, close spaced watertight bulkheads carried up to the superstructure deck, wireless telegraphy, and boats for all, the boats being handled by mechanically-operated davits. The nursery, situated on the shelter deck amidships, is quite a novel feature in steamship construction. This is suitably fitted up with settees, tables, and toy lockers, and provides an ideal place for the little ones to amuse themselves in perfect safety.



The Beautifully-appointed Lounge Adjoining the Entrance Hall

This is a delightful apartment, decorated in the Louis XIV. style in white and grey. The floor is covered with a Wilton carpet, and the settees, easy chairs, and occasional chairs are richly upholstered, some in silk and others in artistic chintz covers. These, together with occasional tables, writing tables, and a handsome piano, combine to make the lounge a most attractive apartment



"Farewell to England"—A Group of Passengers on Deck

In the "City of Nagpur" accommodation is provided for 226 first-class passengers in state rooms arranged amidships on the upper, shelter, and promenade decks, whilst ninety-two second-class passengers are accommodated in state rooms on the upper deck. The picture reproduced above was taken just as the vessel was beginning her first trip to the East under the command of Captain Sir J. Rae

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THE GREAT HOWL OF THE WOLF CUBS.



The Mass of Scouts and Cubs During the Inspection by the Prince

About 100,000 people, including 70,000 Boy Scouts and Wolf Cubs from all parts of the kingdom, greeted the Prince of Wales at the Alexandra Palace on Saturday, when he made his first appearance as a Scout chief. This remarkable picture gives a good impression of the crowded scene during the inspection



The Prince of Wales—The Prince of Scouts

Cubs, I have seen Wolf Cubs in many parts of the world, but I have never seen so big a pack before. Nor have I ever heard such a howl. What a howl! It was quite splendid. I was glad to hear it, because I know you mean it when you say you will do your best to carry out whatever "the Old Wolf" tells you. Stick to that. Always try to do your best, whether at work or play.

And then don't forget your good turns to other people, and especially do your best in helping your mothers in your own homes. Never forget all through your life, if you do your best you can't do better. So good luck to you all.—*The Prince's speech to the Wolf Cubs.*



"We'll Dob, Dob, Dob"—("Do Our Best")

The Cubs have invented a new verb—to dob—derived from the initials of the three words, "Do Our Best." Above is seen a procession of weird prehistoric animals which amused Scouts and visitors whilst waiting for the arrival of the Prince on Saturday



The Prince at the Saluting Base with the Chief Scout

On the arrival of the Prince at Alexandra Palace the Welsh Scouts sang "God Bless the Prince of Wales." Here he is seen with the Duke of Connaught, the Chief Scout, Sir R. Baden-Powell, and others at the saluting base



Scouts Giving a Demonstration of First-Aid

Various groups of Scouts gave admirable evidence of proficiency in various branches of Scout-craft, not the least important being that of life-saving and first-aid. The Prince was an interested spectator at these demonstrations

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The SCOTTISH MEMORIAL TO KING EDWARD.

Unveiled by the King



F. C. Inglis

One of the Three Great Gates of the Enclosure of the Forecourt

The central gateway is 27 ft. wide and 25 ft. 6 in. high to the top of the overthrow. The central feature in the design is an oval panel enclosing the intertwined monograms G and M. The centre of the elaborate panels in the opening leaves is a rendering in bronze of the jewel of the Order of the Thistle, St. Andrew with his cross and radiating beams of light. At the top of the outer panels, carved in stone relief, are the arms of the United Kingdom as displayed in Scotland on the dexter side, and the Royal Arms of Scotland on the sinister side, each surmounted by the crowned helmet and crest. On the top of the piers are carved stone finials 8 ft. high, on the dexter side the lion *sejant-erect*, carrying the St. George pennant, and on the sinister side the unicorn, also *sejant-erect*, carrying the St. Andrew pennant

THE HOLYROOD MEMORIAL

On Tuesday the King unveiled the Scottish Memorial to King Edward at Holyrood Palace. It may be recalled here that so long ago as 1912 the committee, under the chairmanship of the then Lord Provost, Sir William S. Brown, invited some half-a-dozen well-known architects in Scotland to submit designs and models for a memorial. From the designs submitted, that by Mr. G. Washington Browne, R.S.A., was selected, and in due course received the royal approval.

The aim of the architect was to complete the enclosure of the palace forecourt in a dignified manner. The principal entrance to the forecourt was by a group of three gates in the centre of the northern hemi-cycle, and the statue of the King was placed under an architecturally treated stone canopy in the centre of the space enclosed by the southern hemi-cycle.



One of the Finely-wrought Gates

The work of Mr. J. Starkie Gardner



The Statue and its Base at Holyrood Palace



F. C. Inglis

The "Scottish Archers"—The Sovereign's Bodyguard in Scotland

The "Scottish Archers" is a body which dates from the thirteenth century. They wear a picturesque green uniform with "bonnets" and eagles' feathers, and are nearly all Scottish chieftains or their sons. When the King visits Edinburgh the Archers guard him night and day, two of their members being stationed outside his sleeping apartment all night

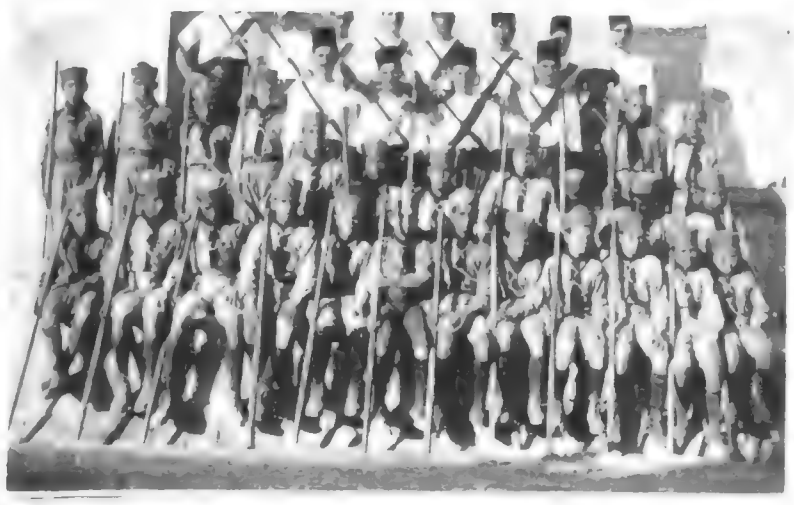


The King Edward Memorial Statue

The statue is the work of Mr. H. S. Gamley, R.S.A. His Majesty is represented wearing the robes of the Knight of the Thistle. The robes of this order strike a distinctive Scottish note. The statue is 9 ft. in height, and is cast in the finest bronze

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THE RETURN OF THE ARAB DELEGATION TO PALESTINE.



Arab Boy Scouts at Gaza

During the tour of the returned Arab delegates these boys did police work. The successes of the Mohamedan Kemalists have caused satisfaction, modified by the fear of a return of Turkish domination



Bedouin Chiefs Awaiting the Arrival of the Arab Delegates

Gmir Beshir, the Bedouin chief of the Besan district, and some of the sheiks of the district who welcomed the delegation



A Native Welcome from Arab Horsemen

Horsemen from Beersheba, who met the delegation at the distance of half-an-hour's ride from the town, and raced back in front of their car



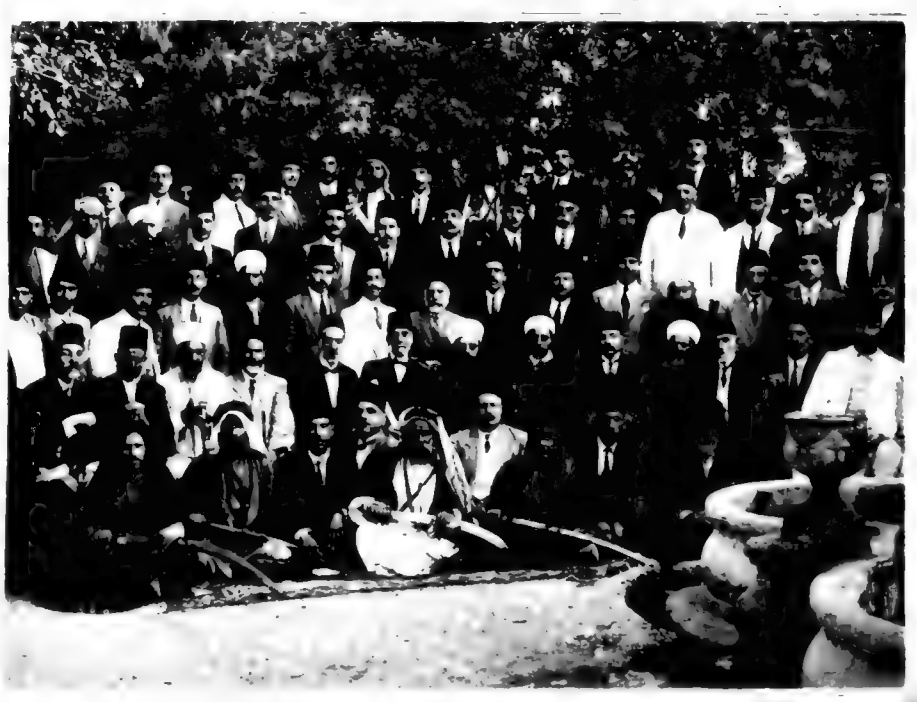
A Native Band Sets Out to Meet the Delegates

A scene at Anebta, in the Samaria district, where a native band and banners made a proud show of welcome



Prayers for the Return of the Delegation

After the reception of the members of the delegation prayers and thanksgivings were offered up at the mosque at Mejdel for the safe return of the delegates



The Palestine Arab Congress Held at Nablus

After a stay in London of one year, the Palestine Arab delegation returned to Palestine a few weeks ago. Their return was the signal for a number of demonstrations on the part of the Arab inhabitants of northern and southern Palestine, indicating opposition of the native population to the present Zionist policy of the Government. The fifth Palestine Arab Congress was held at Nablus at the end of August, soon after the return of the delegation from England. The delegates, ninety-three in number, came from all parts of Palestine, including the Bedouin district of Beersheba. Several resolutions were arrived at, amongst which were the boycotting of Jews and non-participation in the proposed legislative assembly. The president of the delegation, Musa Kazim Pasha (seated in the centre of the above group), was elected president of the Congress

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Russell

The Church Congress at Sheffield

The Right Rev. L. H. Burrows, D.D., Bishop of Sheffield, who is the President of the Congress held this week at Leeds



Russell

A Friend of King Edward

The Marquis of Soveral, who has just died in Paris, was Portuguese Minister in London 1897-1910, and an intimate friend of King Edward



Maull & Fox

The late Sir Lancelot Hare

Formerly Lieutenant-Governor of Eastern Bengal and Assam (1906-11), who has just died at his residence in Chelsea

CONSTANTINOPLE IN SUSPENSE : *By SCOTLAND LIDDELL.*

A First Despatch from "The Sphere's" Special Commissioner in the Near East

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 2.

In front of me, as I write, there is a Moslem cemetery. A band of very picturesque young Turks is playing football there. Two conveniently placed headstones are serving for the time being as goal posts.

A gramophone in one of the gaudy cafés at the top of the street is whirling out a rag-time tune.

Down on my right the bay is studded with grey battleships. Somehow or other they remind me of sleeping alligators. There is a sluggishness about them, a lack of life.

Overhead an aeroplane has just hummed by. This has caused an argument. One officer says it is a hydroplane, another says aeroplane. The latter is right. It *is* an aeroplane. "Hooray!" the officers cry cheerily. "That's the first we've had for many months." Hydroplanes, of course, have been here all along, but aeroplanes are something new.

Yet, spite of battleships and that machine up in the sky, there are no signs of war. Soldiers of half-a-dozen nations throng the streets just as they did two years ago when I was here. Army and naval waggons rattle along the narrow thoroughfares, staff cars rush past in clouds of dust, despatch riders *chug-chug* on motor bicycles, just as they did two years ago.

But no real signs of war. Constantinople is quite calm, though "calm," perhaps, is hardly *le mot juste*. The town is an inferno of din and smell; of noisy, narrow, overcrowded streets, of breathless pavements where one rubs one's way past swarthy Turks, and shapeless Greek women, and pretty girls, and Russian refugees, and veiled mysteries, and chattering Armenians, and . . . The crowd is curiously mixed. And oh! how clean and smart the British Tommies are!

FIRST ENGLISHMAN: I tell you, the Turk must never be allowed in here. It cost us something to get him out, and it will cost us what little prestige we have left if ever we let him back again. We must keep him out of Europe. "Consider our Moslem subjects," folk say at home. It's time someone thought about considering our Christian people. . . . The Greeks must have Thrace. Look how the poor Greeks have suffered. Good folk, they are—but the way they have been treated! . . . A Greek girl I know told me—etc., etc., etc. But, mind you, I'm not pro-Greek. . . .

SECOND ENGLISHMAN: The Turk has been most unfairly treated. The poor devil never had a chance. Just consider how many years he has been fighting. We must give him back Constantinople and Thrace. If we don't treat the Turk justly and fairly, we will have endless trouble in India. I've no use for the Greeks—and less for the Armenians. "Armenian atrocities," indeed! Gladstone was quite right—every Armenian is an atrocity! . . . But don't run away with the idea that I am pro-Turk. . . .

THIRD ENGLISHMAN: It's all very well people saying at home that we will have all our Indian Mussulmans against us if we fight the Turk. I assure you, sir, that if we don't drive the Turk out of Europe altogether we *will* have trouble with the Indian Mahomedans. Just think what would happen to our prestige—not that we have very much nowadays!—if we gave in to the Turk to-day.

FOURTH ENGLISHMAN: Kemal's terms will be so humiliating that we cannot possibly accept them.

GREEK: The British ships have shelled the Turks. (October 1. Untrue.)

BRITISH TOMMY: We've got a job o' work to do out 'ere, but it don't give a bloke much 'eart with all them newspapers at 'ome shouting out against 'im. . . .

So many men, so many minds. Some of these Greek and Armenian girls are most successful propagandists.

I have said that there are no signs of war here—no signs of any trouble. Perhaps, after all, I was wrong. For instance:

This morning I went to the telegraph office with two telegrams. One was addressed to a hotel in Dresden. I had arranged with the porter there for him to forward my letters, and my telegram consisted only of my address and name. The telegraph clerk told me that no telegrams could be sent to Germany without a permit from the British Embassy. So off to the Embassy I went to have my telegram stamped.

A porter took it to the right department. He came back and said, "The Commercial Secretary will pass your telegram. Please wait a few seconds."

I waited quite a lot of seconds—one thousand eight hundred and fifteen, to be exact. Meanwhile, the possibility of keeping an important appointment was fading rapidly.

"Please be good enough to see if my telegram can be passed," I told the porter man, "as I am very sorry but I really cannot wait any longer."

Off he went. A murmured voice in an adjacent room—then a loud shout—more words in a quieter tone—and the man came out with my telegram in his hand.

"I am very sorry," he said, "but the Commercial Secretary says that no telegrams can be sent to Germany." Then he added, by way of advice, "Of course, you could send it to England or France with instructions for it to be sent on to Germany." . . .

So you see, everything is not all right. This may be a sign of—well, it is all very puzzling. Honestly, for a long time I have been under the impression that Germany and England were at peace. . . .



Roumanians Seeking to Escape from Troubled Turkey

A scene outside the Roumanian Consulate in Constantinople, where hundreds of well-to-do Roumanians are hourly seeking their passports in order to leave the city

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TURKISH TROOPS in the TOWN of SMYRNA.

A Large Portion of the Town Reduced to Burnt-out Masses of Brick



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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

A PARTY OF HOMELESS REFUGEES STOPPED IN THE STREETS TO BE QUESTIONED BY TURKISH SOLDIERS

As our readers are only too unhappily aware, a large portion of Smyrna is now in ruins—the result of the disastrous fires which accompanied the Turkish entry into the town. As ever, it is the Armenian quarter which has suffered most severely. In the above picture our artist gives an impression of a small group of refugees, homeless and fugitive, being stopped by Turkish soldiers and questioned. They are transporting what little remains to them of their home through the ravaged quarter of the town towards the quayside, where lie safety and a possible chance of reaching a friendly territory

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Who would not be a famous *prima donna?* A visit to Madame Tetrazzini's concert the other day must have convinced the most sceptical of the glories of the state. Bouquets presented by adorable children! Practically every seat in the Albert Hall filled! Unlimited and totally indiscriminating applause! Encores given at least as readily and as frequently as demanded! It was all very splendid, very grand. What a pity that it had not a little more to do with the humble art of music!

For, after all, mere acrobatic virtuosity in stuff like Eckert's "Eco" has little connection with music, unrivalled though it may be as an advertisement for the muscles of the vocal chords. The vocal chords are useful organs enough, but the whole art of music can hardly be said to exist for their greater glory. No, not even when composers of the calibre of Verdi and Bellini try to persuade us to the contrary. *Coloratura* may have, and ought to have, a musical significance of its own. Nothing, for instance, could be more expressive than the music allotted to the Queen of the Night by Mozart, or to the lady in "The Golden Cockerel," by Rimski-Korsakoff. Our own Purcell, too, had a peculiarly happy recipe for the writing of *bravura* song. Unlike the comparatively wooden runs and ornaments of Handel, his florid passages help to emphasize the character of the personality portrayed in the music. The mastery of John Sebastian Bach in this respect scarcely needs recalling.

There is all the difference in the world, however, between such instances and those favoured by a "Queen of Song." Exacting potentates of this nature seem to regard music as a mere excuse for the display of their royal bounty. To do them justice, the public seems equally convinced of the validity of their point of view. So that all is doubtless for the best in the most profitable of all possible concert worlds. Perhaps it is even ungracious for the mere musician to complain. Is not some of the glory of such wonderful beings reflected—in the public estimation at least—on him and his comparatively obscure art?

The Success of the Promenade Concerts

The Promenade Concerts have been phenomenally successful. I have been fortunate enough to attend them frequently, and on one occasion alone has there been what might be described as a poor attendance. As a rule the audiences leave nothing to be desired either in quality or quantity. Of all the music I have heard, I enjoyed most John Ireland's Symphonic Rhapsody and Mr. Borwick's playing of a (to me) unknown Piano Concerto by Mozart. In some ways, perhaps, Mr. Borwick is not an ideal interpreter of Mozart's music. There is something almost Schumannesque about his rendering. His own quite admirable *cadenzas* were, for instance, somewhat too romantic for perfection.

In this issue of "The Sphere" Mr. Francis Toye resumes his weekly articles on current music. During the summer months, owing to the lull in musical happenings, he has only contributed occasional articles. From now on Mr. Toye will write each week

Mr. Leonard Borwick's Musicianship

All things said and done, however, it was a pleasure to hear the music played with such a sincerity and musicianship as are at the command of very few pianists, whether in England or elsewhere. Incidentally, one would like to express unreserved admiration for the arrangement (presumably by Mr. Borwick himself) of the Bach Chorale which he gave as an encore. It was a fine piece of work, very finely played.

Mr. Ireland's Rhapsody

When, some months ago, I heard John Ireland's Symphonic Rhapsody at one of Mr. Goossens's concerts, I wrote how favourable was my first impression. A second hearing fully confirms this opinion. I am sure the rhapsody is Mr. Ireland's best composition, and I think it is one of the best compositions of the young British school. The themes are good, the treatment of them is interesting and logical, the orchestration clear and effective. Mr. Ireland has something musical, not merely something intellectual or literary, to say, though his method of exposition and treatment may, as the analytical programme told us, constitute "an organism of an intellectual rather than a formal order." He realises the supreme importance of melody, and he knows how to twine his various melodies into one strand, distinctive alike in harmony and rhythm. In fact, I thought the Symphonic Rhapsody compared favourably, as an example of modern orchestral music, with Roussel's "Pour une Fête de Printemps," which we heard in the following week. The music of these much-boomed Frenchmen always sounds to me exactly alike. Maurice Ravel apart, they all seem to draw their inspiration at the same well, to carry it to the house in a common bucket, and to place it on the table in glasses of precisely similar pattern. "*J'en ai marre*," as Delysia (and others) used to sing in quite another connection.



Exclusive SPHERE *picture by C. Vandyk*

The Great Russian Bass Again in England

A new and hitherto unpublished portrait of M. Chaliapine, one of the world's greatest bass singers, who is again visiting this country from Russia. He has already delighted a huge audience at the Albert Hall

The Excellence of the Queen's Hall Orchestra

While on the subject of the "Proms," I think attention should be called to the excellence of the orchestra this year. I have never known it better. Especially as regards the wood-wind, which is by far the best in London. If it be not invidious to make distinctions, I would like to single out Mr. Murchie, who plays the flute, and Mr. Léon Goossens, who plays the oboe. The talents of Mr. Murchie are well known, because Bach was kind enough to write some concertos for the flute, and the public, therefore, has an opportunity to admire them on occasions. Mr. Léon Goossens, however, is not so fortunate. Solo works for the oboe are few and far between, and I hear rumours that one which was to have been specially written for him has not, in fact, materialised. If this is true, it is a great pity. Oboe-players of the calibre of Mr. Goossens are even rarer than the works provided for the instrument. The public, accustomed to think of great artists only in terms of singers and pianists, violinists and 'cellists, tends to overlook the fine musicianship of such men. Some reparation is due—overdue.

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A SAILORS' ORPHANAGE at NEWLAND, HULL.

Special "Sphere" Series



The Kindergarten for the Very Young Children in the School



A Scene in the Laundry

Where all the laundry work of the homes is done by the girls themselves

The Sailors' Orphan Homes at Newland, Hull, were established in 1821 to provide for the education and equipment of needy orphan boys and girls of naval and merchant seamen, fishermen, rivermen, and others connected with the sea. At Newland there is a fine orphan colony where the organising society maintains ten separate homes, a school, meeting hall, cottage hospital, and other buildings. The Orphanage does a fine work in bringing up sturdy lads and girls and equipping them for the struggle for life. Already nearly 4,000 orphans have been cared for—last year 296 boys and girls were provided for. The pictures we reproduce here were all taken by a "Sphere" photographer at Hull.



The Band of the Sailors' Orphan Homes, Composed of the Young Orphans



Inside One of the Dormitories

Here each child has a separate bed in one of the ten separate homes



Children at Dinner in the Large Hall

The orphans sit at long tables—girls on one side of the hall, boys on the other



Special SPHERE *pictures*

A Group of the Boys and Girls at the Sailors' Orphan Homes at Newland, Hull

b 2

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THE CORONATION OF THE KING AND QUEEN



The Future Heir to the Roumanian Throne

The Crown Prince Carol married Princess Helen of Greece last year, and there is now a son, who may, in the fulness of time, succeed to the Roumanian throne



The Only Unmarried Daughter of the King and Queen

Princess Ileana is the youngest child of the Roumanian King; she was born at Bucharest in December, 1908. She was present, it will be remembered, at the marriage of her sister to the King of Yugo-Slavia



The Crown Prince Carol and the Crown Princess

The Crown Princess is twenty-six years of age; she is the daughter of ex-King Constantine and a niece of the ex-Kaiser. Prince Carol is just twenty-nine years of age, having been born at Sinaia in October, 1893. His maternal grandfather was the Duke of Edinburgh

A VISIT TO BEAUTIFUL ROUMANIA

Described by CHARLOTTE CAMERON, O.B.E., F.R.G.S.

On October 15 the King and Queen of Roumania are to be crowned. Although they have been on the throne since 1914, the actual coronation ceremony has been delayed till now. This fact, and the recent accession of one of the Roumanian princesses—the wife of Prince George—to the Greek throne, lend a special topicality to Mrs. Cameron's article, published below.

Roumania, with its 18,000,000 of inhabitants, is a rich country, but has suffered severely by the war. For eighteen months the Germans held the country under General von Mackensen, who made life very difficult for the people. In traversing its vast lands we notice the devastation of buildings of every kind. Roumania lost thousands of men in the conflict. The Queen of Roumania is a beloved British princess, with the blood of the great Victoria in her veins, also granddaughter of a Tzar of Russia, Alexander II., on her mother's side. He was assassinated. Over the spot where he lost his life now stands a fine memorial church at Petrograd.

The Queen was ever faithful to the Allies, and King Ferdinand was also convinced a sympathiser with the Allies as was the Queen. All over Roumania to-day, whenever the Queen's name is mentioned, the faces of the people are alight with devotion and pride for their Queen.

Even now, although Peace has been signed, Roumania is obliged to guard its 4,000 miles of boundaries and frontiers with a large army in order to stand between the Bolsheviks and civilisation. The King and Queen, together with the nobility, have given up a part of their lands to the peasants.

Life in the Roumanian Capital

After three nights and days of travel we arrived at Bucharest, where we went to the Palace Athenée Hotel. It rather strikes one in this capital to see the difference between the very poor and the very rich. Many Russians are straying here. In some way Bucharest reminds me of Moscow; it is a meeting of the East and West—Parisian and Oriental.

Queen Marie is patroness of a school of embroidery, where many artistic things are made, such as gowns, frames, purses, and tablecloths. There are several hotels of different grades; the Palace Athenée was considered the best. The food in the restaurant proved to be very good, with many dishes to which we were not accustomed. Melons, large and luscious, were served with masticaque, a white liqueur somewhat resembling absinthe.

The style of architecture varies from modern French to the ancient Oriental. Their churches, especially the Greek, are old Byzantine, very ornate. Inside there are no pews or chairs, as all the people stand. However, on each side are large throne-like chairs—these are for the King and Queen. The altars are extremely rich in gold, mosaic, crystals, and paintings.

The Beautiful Palace at Sinaia

In the Queen's special apartments in the palace at Sinaia and Cotroceni there is an air of religion wherever you look; tall white Madonna lilies are painted or sculptured. The crucifix and pictures of Christ are plainly visible. The style of her Majesty's sleeping-room is Byzantine, modified to her own special taste. Her sitting-rooms show the English idea of comfort, which was familiar to her in her grandmother's homes in England and Scotland.

We boarded a crowded train to go to Sinaia, the mountain home of the Royal Family. The train traverses beautiful scenery for four hours, until it arrives

Google

QUEEN MARIE OF ROUMANIA : A VISIT to the ROYAL PALACE.



The Crown Prince Carol with his Wife and Father-in-Law

This picture was taken at the time of Prince Carol's engagement to the then Greek King's eldest daughter. This picture was the first to be taken of Constantine after his return to Athens after his first period of exile



The Beautiful Queen Marie of Roumania

The daughter of the late Duke of Edinburgh, she was married to Prince Ferdinand of Roumania in January, 1893, twenty-one years before his accession to the throne

...Sinaia, situated 600 to 800 ft. in the forest and surrounded by overpowering ...ountains. Here the air is fresh and cool, with the fragrant, exhilarating balsam ... pine ever in the nostrils. H.M. the Queen placed a villa at our disposal, which ...s within a minute's walk of the palace where she resided. Picture! Grounds ...ll of exquisite flowers, towered and shaded by all the monarchs of the forest, ...e breezes cooled by the distant snow-topped mountains, tiny brooks and cascades ...ways murmuring sweet dulcet music as they wander from summits of ice, and ...eander gently through the royal gardens, leaving their freshness as an echo of ...eir passing. Nothing could have been more delightful than our place of ...sidence. All the comforts of England, or home, were within this simple white-...illed villa; flowers, showing the Queen's taste for the beautiful, brightened every ...ble. The morning after our arrival we were invited to the palace for an ...dience with her Majesty. We walked over to the palace and entered the hall, ...here we admired the portrait of the Queen with one of her children as an infant ... arms; at the sides were portraits of her other sons and daughters—the Crown ...incess of Greece, formerly the Princess Elizabeth, the young Queen of Serbia, ...d Queen Marie's other daughter, the Princess Ileana, who is now at the age ... thirteen.

An Interview with the Queen

Ascending the stairs, the lady-in-waiting ushered us into the presence of the ...een. She was dressed in Roumanian costume, and looked a poem of grace and ...gance. It was in her beautiful boudoir, fashioned by her own taste and handi-...ft. It was a privilege to listen to this brave Queen, who had defied the ...rmans and fought for the Allies. Her hair is as spun gold, features a cameo, ... it's her eyes that hold you the mirror of the soul. Simply she told us of her ...es, how she had to economise as leis were not what they were before the war, ...d that her 300,000 orphans claimed every spare item of her income. She showed ... a lovely photograph of her daughter, saying, "That is our little Queen; she is in ...rienbad now." Also a picture of the beautiful, stately Princess Elizabeth, now ...own Princess of Greece, who is at the palace recovering from an almost fatal ...ness. The Queen is deeply interested in jade, and showed us several pieces; ...king up a small matchbox with a jewelled "N" she said sadly, "This be-...ged to dear Nicholas," meaning the Tzar. She talked of her work, and is ...timistic of the good she and the King are endeavouring to accomplish. At ...ncheon we assembled, some twenty-five guests, including several of H.M. Minis-...s, in the hall to await their Majesties. After being presented to King Ferdinand, ... took up our positions at table. Conversation was general, as their Majesties ...e simply in their mountain court. Afterwards we walked and talked in the ...autiful gardens until their Majesties withdrew.

The Old Palace of Carmen Sylva

The next day was to be the anniversary of the King's fifty-seventh birthday. ... is a custom at Sinaia that whenever a member of the Royal Family leaves or ...turns to the palace the bugle sounds a short refrain. The King gave a luncheon ...r about sixty of his people in the old palace where Queen Carmen Sylva and ...ing Carlos used to live. This is a larger palace, situated in the same domain, ...d now belonging to the present King. It is a great treasure-house filled with ...orks of art. The Crown Prince proposed the King's health, which we all drank ...th acclamation. The Queen and all the Princesses were gowned in their ...autiful Roumanian costumes, and together with the officers of state, wearing ...eir many decorations, produced a most picturesque scene. A Rembrandt ...presenting Queen Esther is one of the treasures of the art gallery.

We then motored for miles all the afternoon over mountain, hill, and dale, ...bibing the sweet, pure air of pine and forest. In the evening *tableaux vivants* ...d been arranged by the Royal Family to celebrate the King's birthday. The ...ing arrived first, chatting pleasantly as each one congratulated him. Then

(*Continued on a later page*)



The New Queen Mary of Yugo-Slavia

Princess Marie of Roumania was born at Gotha in 1899. She was married to King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia earlier this year. This happy union brings together the two royal houses of Serbia and Roumania

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THE DOWIE DENS OF YARROW.

The Famous Vale in which Sir Walter Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd Met Re-visited

Late at e'en, drinking the wine,
And ere they paid the lawing,
They set a combat them between
To fecht it in the dawing.
—"*The Dowie Dens of Yarrow*"



On Guard Above the Meggat Water

Two of the o'd black-faced sheep on the hillside above the Meggat. On the right is a typical line of wool carts passing through the Yarrow Valley



This new series of pictures of the Yarrow Valley illustrates one of the charming districts in the Lowlands of Scotland. Many an ancient peel tower looks down on the main stream of the Yarrow, well known to trout fishers, and in the lonely side valleys may be found many an unfrequented memorial of the past. The ancient feuds are sung in many a border ballad, the most famous being that of "The Dowie Dens of Yarrow." These dowie banks were sung by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, who woke one morning to find himself a famous personage. He peopled the Meggat and other glades with his fairy hosts, and often at Tibbie Shiel's, Scott and Hogg would meet and tell one another scraps of border minstrelsy. All around one to-day on the hills are thousands upon thousands of black and white faced sheep. The valley is easily reached by the North British Railway either from Innerleithen or Selkirk. The latter town stands at the head of the valleys of the Yarrow and the Ettrick, and is a centre from which to visit scores of Lowland beauty spots.



The Rushing Waters of the Yarrow

On the left, in the middle-distance, is Eldin Hope, where Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, lived for some time



The Little Bare-foot Post Girl of the Yarrow



Illustrations by Percy Home

Tibbie Shiel's Little Hostelry, Where Scott and Hogg Used to Foregather

This little whitewashed inn lies at the head of St. Mary's Loch in the Yarrow Valley. A newer wing has been added in recent years. The spot is well known to anglers

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MANY INVENTIONS FOR MANY PURPOSES.



The Inventor Demonstrates his "Easy-mind" Car Device

Mr. D. Doyle with his invention, which prevents the theft of motor cars, as well as preventing the car from getting out of control; the device is contained within the gear-box. It is being fitted to many new model cars



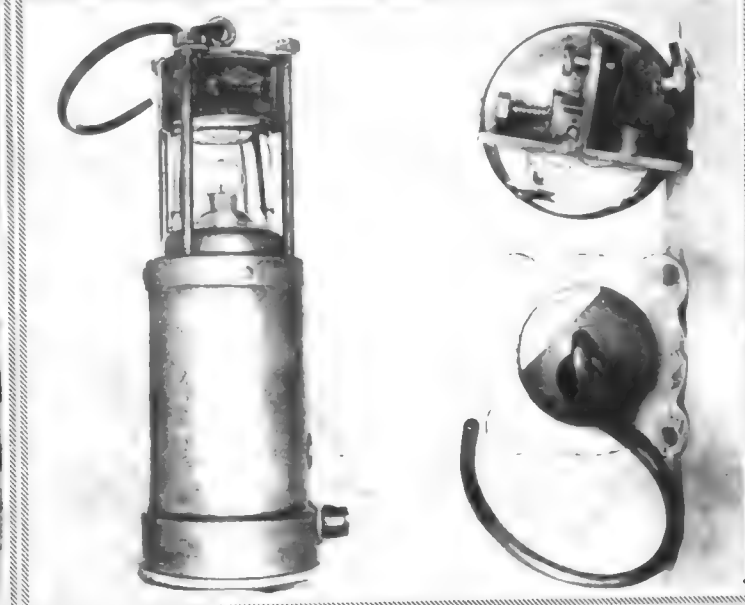
Change from the Meter—Twelve Pennies for a Shilling

A slot gas-meter which, when a shilling is inserted, allows twelve pennies to be recovered. If there is only one penny in the meter when the shilling is inserted, the coin may be withdrawn and used twelve times



A Typewriter Without a Key-board

A German machine which is simplicity itself. With one hand the operator switches the pointer to the letter he wants, and with the other strikes the key on the left. The key-board is thus abolished entirely



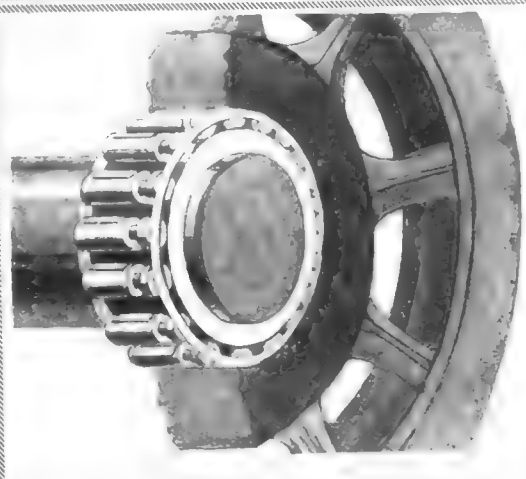
A New Safety Lamp Attachment for Use in Coal Mines

A new invention by Alfred and Leo Williams, which comprises a small attachment for use with the present electric hand lamp. This enables the user to read the actual amount of firedamp from a scale attached to the lamp



The "Sarel" Spiked Roller

By means of which the largest golf green can be thoroughly treated as quickly as a man can walk over it. The object of the spikes is to loosen the subsoil



Drawn by G. Bron

Roller-bearing Train on the G.E.R.

A successful roller-bearing for railway use has long been the dream of railway engineers. The difficulty has always been that no metal capable of standing the heavy strain has been available. Hitherto the rollers have quickly worn and become conical. In the present case this difficulty has been overcome by the use of particularly hard but not brittle steel. Each of about a dozen rollers are locked together in a sort of bicycle chain, and can stand a strain of 21 tons per roller. The rollers seen on the left of the above diagram take the whole pressure between wheel and shaft. The ends of the wheel are covered in by a cap in practice. This discovery ensures smooth running and great ease in handling goods trucks



A Five-valve Wireless Cabinet Set

Many of the new wireless sets are built to resemble cabinets—like the most luxurious gramophones. This is one produced by Wireless Equipment of Charing Cross Road

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"The Sphere" Camera Competition: Further Prizewinners.



Second Prize, £5 5s.—"On Lady Broad, Near Yarmouth"

Sent in by H. J. Smith, "Westfield," Mears Ashby, Northampton



Third Prize, £3 3s.—"A Brazilian Seaside Group"

Sent in by Armando Joaquin de Carvalho, P.O. Box No. 97, Bahia, Brazil



"An Early Sun Bath"

Michael F. Kelly, 11, Sarsfield Street, Dublin



"The Miller's Dam, Prestwick, Ayrshire"

Sent in by O. Davis, 120, Greenhead Drive, Linthouse, Glasgow



"Streamside Reflections"

Miss O. G. Law, Hawksworth Hall, Guiseley, Leeds

In last week's "Sphere" we published pictures sent in by competitors for "The Sphere's" Holiday Competition, and a reproduction of the first prizewinner. This week we publish further pictures—the names of the winners of the second and third prizes are now given, together with those of three other competitors whose entries merit praise

THE TWO QUEENS.

Mary Meets Elizabeth in Elysium. *By EDWARD HUTTON*

SCENE: *The Elysian Fields.* MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS' *Bower, in which she lies reading. To her enters* QUEEN ELIZABETH.

ELIZABETH (*seeing the paper, which* QUEEN MARY *lets fall into her lap as* ELIZABETH *enters*): Ah, you have seen the news then? I was going to break it to you.

MARY: Since Lord Northcliffe came everything is different. How delightful it is (*picking up the paper*), and so novel (*reading*), *The Elysian Edition.*

ELIZABETH: Not so novel after all. There were, I understand, Paris and Manchester editions before ours. However, you have seen they have written *another* play about you?

MARY: So I see.

ELIZABETH: You will be on the movies next, I suppose.

MARY: The movies?

ELIZABETH: The pictures—the cinematograph. Will Shakspere was telling me about them. He seems to think he could have made more money out of these movies than he did out of his theatres.

MARY: Talking of that, you were luckier than I. John Knox . . .

ELIZABETH: For the movies? Yes, he would make a good subject.

MARY: He was a very . . . difficult one.

ELIZABETH: Well, no one ever writes a play or a poem about me. Why not?

MARY: Oh, you must not forget Bernard Shaw.

ELIZABETH: You know very well you can't count him.

MARY: Well?

ELIZABETH: They're an ungrateful lot. Think what I did for them. It's true I used to be the "Virgin Queen," "England's Eliza," "Belphœbe," and I know not what else. But now . . . *now* they write about you. There's that little Swinburne . . . but he's intolerable. There's Maurice Hewlett, who had, I used to think, the *spacious* manner, if ever modern had . . . and now there's this John Drinkwater.

MARY: Well?

ELIZABETH: Well? What do they *see* in you? That's what I want to know.

MARY: I was unfortunate . . . unhappy . . . so many men on my account . . . and . . . *you* murder me.

ELIZABETH: Well, you would have murdered me if you could. But you were a real failure if ever there was one. Still, surely it can't be that . . .

MARY: I was a failure in one way, but so were you in another.

ELIZABETH: I? A failure?

MARY: Well, you were wrong about religion, and wrong about what men and . . .

ELIZABETH: I must confess I never understood religion. Still, even you will acknowledge the Pope was . . . a conundrum.

MARY: Hussshh! . . . The porter may overhear you!

ELIZABETH: But as to men, I certainly understood them better than you did. Why, I never chose the wrong man, and you never did anything else.

MARY: You never chose at all.

ELIZABETH: Why, my whole life was devoted to little else. I chose them all—soldiers, sailors, adventurers, ministers . . .

MARY: And lovers?

ELIZABETH: I . . .

MARY: What do you know of love? You know better than I do that all your life through no one ever loved you.

ELIZABETH: On the contrary, if I may believe one or two . . . and then *I* had a reputation to keep up. But for that matter, read all my poets.

MARY: The Virgin Queen! What folly! And what blasphemy! And did you believe even the one or two? As to your poets . . .

ELIZABETH: Yes, yes; we both know something of them.

MARY: The truth is you never loved anyone, all your life through, and no one ever loved you.

ELIZABETH: I did, I did. With all my heart, I did.

MARY: Your heart! Name him!

ELIZABETH: England.

MARY: Ah, I see. We were *both* idealists, then.

ELIZABETH: Idealists? You astonish me. *I* was an idealist. But you? Why, how many were there? Well, I suppose only you will ever know that. I won't ask for confidences, but I answered your question. Tell me, then, in your turn, which of them all did you really love? Name him!

MARY: Love.

ELIZABETH: So that was it. You only understood love. I only understood men. Well, well, perhaps that is why I never understood love.

MARY (*turning away her head*): It may be so.

ELIZABETH: Ah! . . . but one should only love oneself.

MARY: Come, you did better than that. You said just now you really did love England, and I believed you.

ELIZABETH: But I *was* England.

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The Family Group Outside their Japanese Home

The MASTER of SEMPILL in JAPAN

Captain the Master of Sempill is at present in Japan, commanding the British Aviation Mission which is training the Japanese Naval Air Service. His wife is the only daughter of Sir John Lavery, R.A., the famous painter. She recently gave birth to a daughter, called June, as she was born on the 17th of that month. The Master of Sempill and his wife have also another daughter, Ann Moira; she is seen in the group reproduced above in Japanese costume outside their home at Tsuchiura, with her father, mother, and servants.

The Master of Sempill is the son of the 18th Baron Sempill and heir to the barony. He went to Japan in 1921, and is returning to England with his family in December of this year.

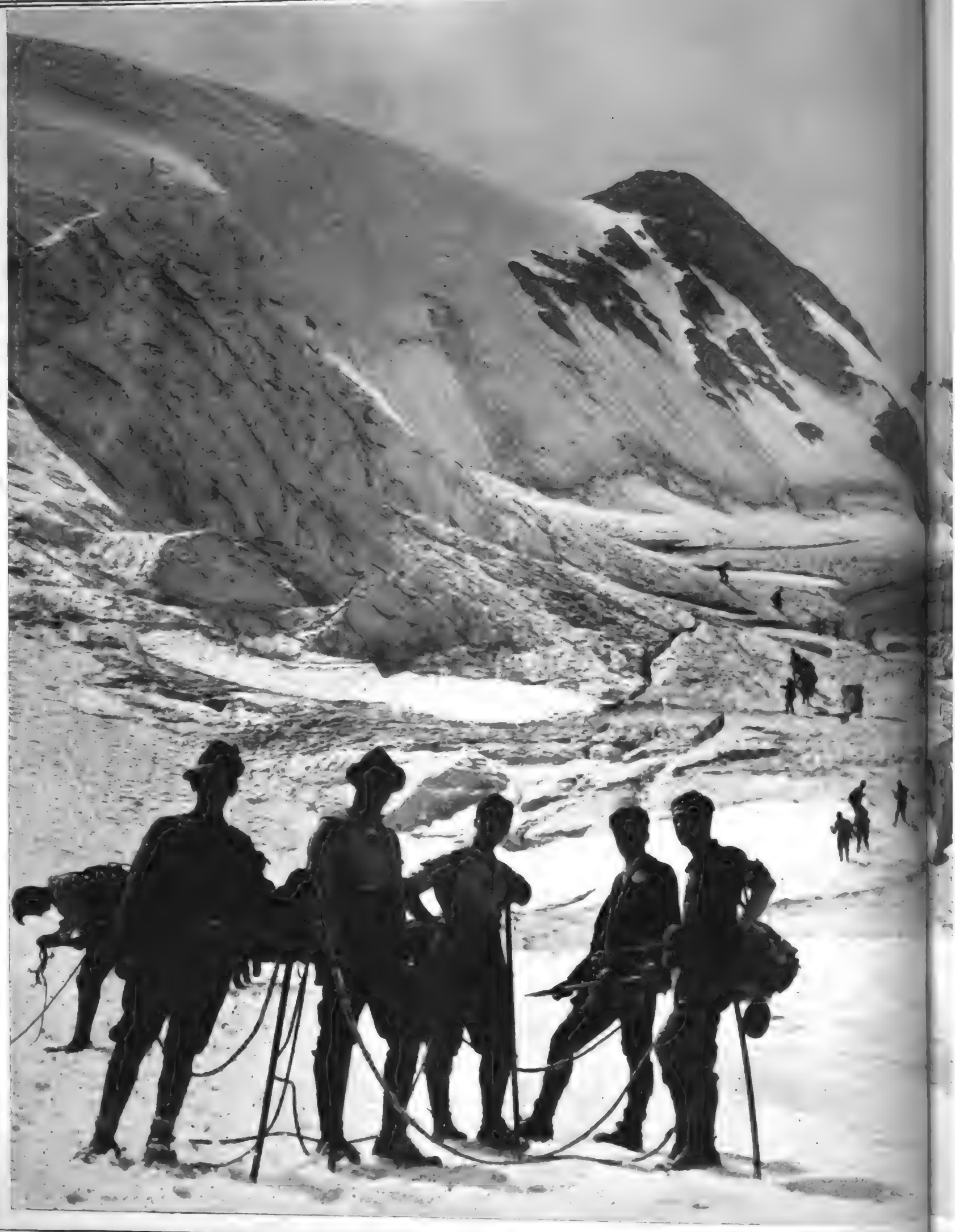


The Wife of the Master of Sempill and her Younger Daughter, June, Born in Japan

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MOUNTAINEERING I... 19...



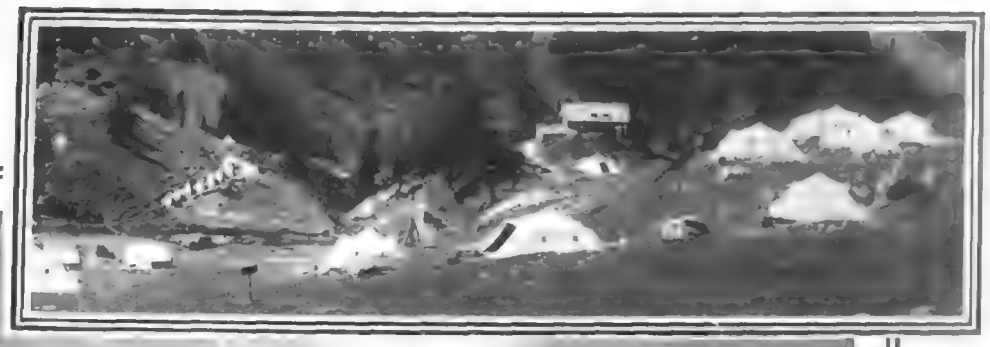


MEMBERS OF THE ITALIAN TOURING CLUB MAKING THE DESCENT OF THE MARMOLATA (10,971 F...

The British Consul of the Italian Touring Club has furnished us with some interesting facts concerning an experiment carried out recently by the club in Italy in organising a camp for its members in a wild and unfrequented part of the Dolomite region. The site selected for the camp was in the finely-wooded Contrin Valley, at the foot of the Marmolata (10,971 ft.), the highest peak in the Dolomites, about three hours by mountain track from the well-known resort of Canazei, on the famous Dolomite Road. The camp itself was pitched at a great altitude in the midst of an amphitheatre of the majestic Dolomite. The chief feature of the camp was the walking and climbing excursions organised. Ther... heights of 8,800 ft. and 8,760 ft., but the chief event was the ascen... people participated, including three of over sixty years of age. The ... party completed it. The large double-page picture reproduced here ... The picture inset on the left at top shows the 115 members of the ... Marmolata, and the picture on the right shows a general view of the ca...

Go gle

NG 1922 : *A Summer Camp in the Dolomites.*







The Summer Camp on the Mountain Slope—Dinner Under the Fir Branches

...clusive SPHERE pictures

...ATA

...vo to passes situated at ... organis... rmolata, in which 115 ...ent was ...2 hours, and the whole ...s of age ...scent from this climb. ...reproduc...y on the summit of the ...5 member...tude of nearly 7,000 ft. ...ral view...

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THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Marjorie



A Picture Dress

Of shot pink and blue faille embroidered with pale blue sequins. At Harvey Nichols and Co.

To the strains of Tosti's "Good-bye, Summer," began the March of the Mannequins at Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W. No one can possibly regret the past summer, and as a consequence women are prepared to give an enthusiastic welcome to the autumn modes. The large *salon* set aside for the display of fashions was decorated with berries, fruit, foliage, and flowers, the black carpets and stage being an appropriate background for the lovely frocks and their accessories. These *chefs-d'œuvre*, which had come hot-foot from Paris, cast a shadow across those of the Durbar year, the beauty of the materials and the artistic draperies appealing directly to the susceptibilities of the well-dressed woman. A fact that was much appreciated by the leaders of fashion was that the mannequins walked very slowly, and were permitted to answer any questions addressed to them regarding the triumph of the *couturière's* art that they were wearing.

A Tableau

Among the interesting *tableaux* was one that represented the double centre in Harrods' catalogue, which will be sent gratis and post free on application. Everyone had been presented with a catalogue, so that they could judge for themselves the excellence of the coloured representations. There were eight figures. There was a dinner frock for 8½ guineas; it was of heavy crêpe de chine of an elusive shade of cyclamen pink, embroidered with pearls. Then came a picture gown of pale blue taffetas and lace that was destined for a *débutante;* it was strewn with velvet petals weighted with crystal beads. A georgette dinner gown was of gorse-green georgette, important features being the pointed tunic and waistband and shoulder-straps of silver galon. Embroidery occupied an exalted position on a burnt-orange georgette dinner gown which, with a handsome velvet flower at the waist, is 8½ guineas.

Velvet and Marocain

Cherry-coloured chiffon velvet made a magnificent evening gown; there was a hint of the Directoire influence in its composition, and, with a daring that was fully justified, an enormous flower composed of black velvet, monkey fur, and a paste centre was introduced on the left side. In striking contrast to this model was a gracefully draped affair of black crêpe marocain, the swathed belt fastening with a handsome jet garniture. Very attractive, too, was a simple frock with skirt of eau-de-nil chiffon velvet, the corsage being of white net embroidered with crystal and silver beads. Gold lace and platinum-grey satin beauté were seen in happy alliance in another frock that had been carefully designed for women who have to consider the idiosyncrasies of their figures.

The Short Coat and Cape

That there is nothing more attractive than the short coat, especially when it is expressed in fur, was plainly seen at Harrods' March of the Mannequins. Much to be desired was one of Persian lamb, with Russian collar and Magyar sleeves, and that smart nipped-in appearance below the waist. There were short coats of the finest quality moleskin, reinforced with capes that just turned the shoulders, which can be worn with or without a belt. There was an infinite variety of short coats of nutria and coney, which will be found valuable aids in emphasizing the autumn silhouette. Many were the representatives from the domain of the tailor-made, the majority of which were trimmed with fur and accompanied by the fashionable abbreviated cape.

Inexpensive Frocks

That there is a host of festivities ahead for the *débutante* as well as for the elder woman is a foregone conclusion; so it is a matter for congratulation that in the *salons* of Harvey Nichols and Co., Knightsbridge, S.W., there is an infinite variety of day and evening gowns at desirable prices; as a matter of fact, nothing is allowed to find a position in this department that costs more than £6 6s. It was there that the trio of frocks pictured on this page was sketched. There is the early-Victorian frock at the top of the page in pale pink and blue shot faille embroidered with pale blue sequins in a cobweb design. Attention must be called to the cyclamen-pink marocain frock with silver braid at the waist, neck, and sleeves, silver bugles increasing its charm. The fabricating medium of the other frock is deep blue georgette; it is finished with a picot edge, large diamante buttons finding a position on the swathed belt.

Nourishing the Skin

Women dread the frost and winds of winter, as they realize the havoc they work with their complexion. They need not really be afraid of the same if they will seek the assistance of Beetham's La-rola. It nourishes the delicate tissues beneath the skin, thereby enabling the pores to throw off all impurities, and it is an excellent emollient. It should be used before retiring to rest at night, the face, neck, and arms being freely bathed with it. It is sold by all stores and chemists for 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. a bottle. Should any difficulty be experienced in obtaining it, M. Beetham and Son, Cheltenham Spa, England, will be pleased to send the name and address of their nearest agent on application. As there are many women who are paler than is attractive, a few words must be said about the La-rola rose bloom, which gives a perfectly natural tint, and is merely 1s. a box.



Fashionable Evening Frocks

(1) Of cyclamen marocain enriched with silver braid and bugles. (2) Of deep blue georgette with picot edge, diamante buttons alighting on the low swathed belt

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Autumn Modes in Many Moods.



The Victorian Silhouette

Surely no more attractive frock could have been created for a débutante than the chef-d'œuvre on the right. It is endowed with a demure atmosphere, and is carried out in black taffetas embroidered with pink flowers



The novel evening dress on the left is carried out in two shades of pink chiffon velvet, the modified crinoline hoops being emphasised with miniature velvet cherries. The skirt is long, the bodice plain



The Directoire Silhouette

Chiffon velvet makes the artistically-draped skirt of the model above, and shows that the slender silhouette is delightful. The coat is of black and silver tissue zenana, trimmed with fur, draped tightly over the hips, with the modish upward movement

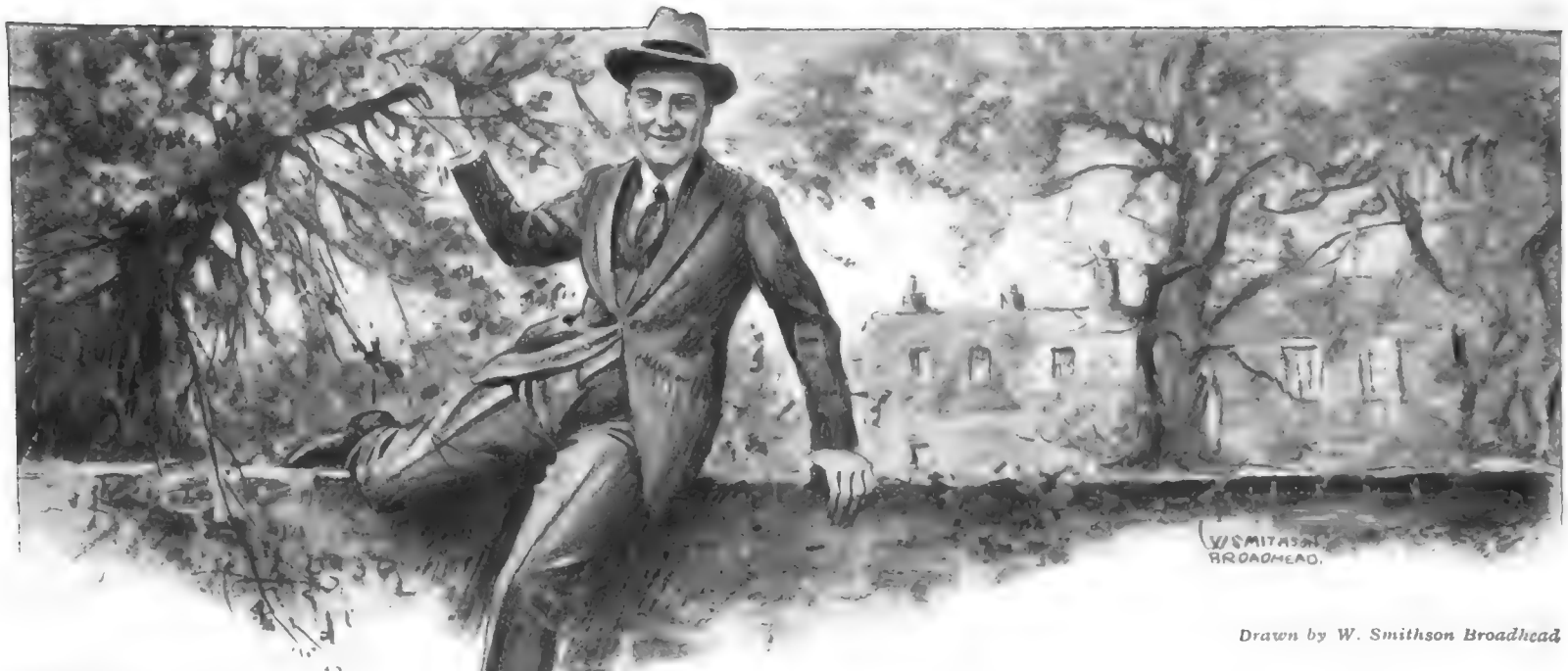


A Wool Wig for Morning Wear



A Silk Wig for Evening Wear

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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils, which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic."*

II.—THE TWO VISITORS.

In a small smoking-room whose austere furniture was composed largely of spittoons, two gentlemen sat, one on either side of the fire, with a stiff glass of whisky and water at his elbow. One of them was smoking some peculiarly strong brand of tobacco, and the other a still stronger variety of cigar. Each had a spittoon beside his chair, and each intermittently used it. The hotel was one of the unostentatious kind which flourish, or certainly used to flourish in the year 1896, in the quiet by streets of that bustling region where the great stations of St. Pancras and King's Cross swell the crowds in the Euston Road; and in its books that same morning the names of the two gentlemen had been registered as Mr. R. Palmer and Mr. W. Dent.

These visitors were apparently as unostentatious as the hotel, for so long as the smoking-room was also occupied by a couple of cheerful commercial gentlemen, they had hardly exchanged a word above a whisper, and entirely declined to be drawn into general conversation. Now, however, that the commercial gentlemen had retired to seek a billiard saloon, the behaviour of Mr. Dent and Mr. Palmer became very much more animated. They first of all rang the bell and refilled their glasses, then Mr. Palmer walked quietly across to the door and peeped out, and at last they sat down to serious conversation.

"I'll just run you through some of that stuff again, Bill," said Mr. Palmer, taking a bundle of letters and memoranda from his pocket.

He was a stoutly-built man of middle size, but stout, one would say, with muscle rather than fat. He head was very bald; his face clean-shaven, heavy-jowled, and quietly masterful. His eyes were cold, light-coloured, and baleful.

"Hell!" replied Mr. Dent. "I'm sick of that stuff!"

Mr. William Dent was of quite another type, though scarcely more prepossessing than his friend. He was above middle height, lean, well built, and fair, with features not at all ill cut, and a marked dimple in his chin. His air was rakish, but distinctly superior to his friend's, and he was dressed with some care. Yet there was that in his face which made the commercial gentlemen remark to one another over their game of billiards that they were well quit of both their fellow guests.

"Now, now, Bill," said his friend in just such a soothing voice as he would have used to a surly dog, "that ain't the way to pull this business through. I'm no fonder of asking questions than you of answering them, but it's running bad risks if you're caught making a slip, and it's all for the good of the old firm of Dent and Palmer!"

He smiled as genially as a man with such an eye can smile, and asked:

"How old are you, Bill?"

"Twenty-nine," said Mr. William Dent.

"And what's been your early career?"

Like a parrot repeating a lesson, Mr. Dent answered:

"Left an orphan at six years old, went to school at Highgate, ran away to sea when I was fifteen——"

"Wait a bit, Bill," his friend interrupted. "You mustn't forget you stole your blessed old uncle's prize postage stamps. That was why you was disinherited."

"But didn't I have some larks with a girl?" inquired Mr. Dent.

Mr. Palmer shook his head.

"It's not in any of these here letters nor notes," said he, "and Jack didn't tell us nothing about it either. You must be mixing up your own life, Bill."

"Perhaps I am," said Bill. "It's blanking difficult not to mix 'em."

"And that's just why I'm putting you through the stuff again, before you face the music. How long were you at sea, Bill?"

"Since I was fifteen up to when I started in to look for tin in Queensland," replied Bill. "But, see here, Bob; what if the old boy asks me anything about ships and ropes and navigation and that sort of stuff? Except going out to Sydney ten years ago, and now this trip home again, I've never been at sea in my life."

"He won't know no better than you do. You'll never be found out over that. All you've got to do is to remember—well, I'll just see if you do remember. What was your position and what was your ship, Bill?"

"Second Officer on *The Alambia*, Green-funnel Line," said Mr. Dent promptly, and his friend smiled his approval.

"If you keep your head, you'll do, Bill. No fear of that!"

There was silence for a moment, and then Dent said suddenly:

"Read me that letter again, Bob; the one telling Jack—I mean telling me that I was made heir; just to freshen up my memory."

Palmer selected a letter, and read it aloud.

> MY DEAR JACK,—You will no doubt be surprised to hear from me after all these years, but I am ready to let byegones be byegones, and on your part I trust that you, Jack, will now be ready to turn over a new leaf and settle down.
>
> I write to inform you that your poor cousin, Alfred Hayward, who has long been my appointed heir, is in very bad health indeed. Though I myself am getting up in years, I fear it is now very improbable that Alfred will survive me. In fact, he has been a confirmed invalid for the past three or four years, and the doctors have now told me definitely that the poor young man cannot remain very much longer in this world.
>
> For the sake of his health Alfred took a small house not very far away from me, but for the same reason he has never married, and I have had the painful experience of watching him month by month gradually sink, with no children to succeed him in my affections and my estate. I have therefore resolved to ask you, Jack, to come home as soon as possible after receipt of this and take poor Alfred's place in both these respects.
>
> Your aunts, I am glad to say, are both still with me, and they join me in sending affectionate greetings and in hoping that ere long we may see you safely home again.—Your affectionate uncle, THEODORE V. HAYWARD.

"Seems to me," remarked Mr. Palmer as he finished reading the letter, "that falling off a log is a dern difficult job compared with what you've got to do. Why, Bill, there really ain't nothing in it at all. A walk over, that's what it is."

Mr. Dent had listened to the letter in silence, and now he still sat silent, frowning into the fire.

"It's all very well for you, Bob, who's only got to look on and shout 'Go in and win!' but I see better than you where the snags are."

He finished his drink, rose, and rang the bell.

"What are you ringing for?" inquired Mr. Palmer. "Not for another drink already, Bill?"

"And why not?" demanded Bill fiercely.

"Because, my lad," said his friend in his quietest voice, "drink don't take you as it takes me. I gets heartier and happier, but you gets just the opposite. Now Bill——"

But at that moment a servant appeared, and Dent commanded:

"I want another drink—double whisky this time."

As the door closed, he turned on his friend and exclaimed:

"This isn't a dry job, Bob, so don't you preach! I'll look after myself when I start in at my old uncle's. Trust me! But thinking about it beforehand is fair hell, and I'm not going to do it on water."

The double whisky arrived, and the first gulp seemed to bear out Mr. Palmer's warning. A perverse light burnt in Dent's eye, and he said:

"It means penal servitude for me, this does, if I'm found out!"

"But who's going to find you out, Bill?" his counsellor asked. "It ain't as though the old boy was dead, and you'd got to go through the law courts to prove you're the real heir. No, no, that would be a penal servitude job, I'll allow; but I tell you there ain't nothing in this business at all! All you've got to do is to make the old man believe you're his long lost nephew, and then he makes a will in your favour, and there you are! You needn't start in to live with him and run risks like that. 'I'm going to travel,' says you, 'and parlez vous on the Continong, and see the Pyramids and all them things that a high-grade young fellow ought to see'; or else perhaps, says you: 'I'm going to shoot pheasants and deers in Scotland, or go asailing in my steam yacht.' The old boy can't refuse to let his heir live like a gentleman. If you turn up at Christmas, Bill, and send a few presents of joolry to your aunts when you're travelling, that's all they can reasonably ask of you. You won't have to sit at home being inspected all the while."

"I'll have to stand a blank close inspection to begin with!"

Mr. Robert Palmer shook his head.

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"Not you! They'll be too overjoyed to see you, Bill. They won't be in the noticing state of mind."

"I tell you they will!" declared Bill.

"What I mean is, they *won't suspect* anything. Of course, they'll look at you and say, 'What a fine big fellow Jack has grown into!' But that's just playing into your strong suit, Bill—for what was it put this idea into our heads?"

"Into *your* head!" interrupted Bill.

"I'm claiming no credit above my due," said Mr. Palmer modestly. Naturally it struck me first because you couldn't see yourself how like you was to Jack Hayward. 'Bloody Bill's Ghost' was what they called him when he first joined our crowd. And especially the dimple, Bill! Why, there's not one man in a million has a dimple like that in his chin, and here was you and Jack both with it. It was Providence, Bill, that's what it was!"

"Providence be blanked!" said Bill, gulping down his drink.

"And then to think of Jack telling us every last thing about his old home and his old life, and showing us the letter from his old uncle when it came; why, it was more than Providence—it was a blank magic coincidence like you read of in books!"

"To them that sits and looks on, it sounds all very fine, but I've got to go through with it, Bob; that's the difference!"

Unruffled and optimistic, Mr. Palmer waved a soothing hand.

"And that's another of your strong suits, Bill. You being born and educated a gentleman, you can walk into your old uncle's parlour like as if it was your own, and talk to them in their own lingo, and all the rest of it. A man like me who's had no such advantages would be flummoxed in two ticks, but you're all right there, Bill!"

Mr. William Dent frowned at the fire.

"I told you I was once a gentleman," he said, "and, of course, in a manner of speaking, I was. But there's different kinds of gentlemen in England. You don't quite know about all that, Bob; and—and—well, there's different circles of society, so to speak, and maybe you took me up wrong in thinking I was——" Mr. Dent seemed to find a little difficulty in being at once delicate and explicit. He broke off and tried again. "I'm as much a gentleman as lots of other fellows who call themselves gents, but I wasn't the highflying, rolling in money kind."

"You was as high-class an article as the real Jack Hayward—classier, I should call you," Mr. Palmer declared with conviction.

Even this assurance did not seem quite to cure Mr. Dent of his diffidence.

"There was something blamed aristocratic about Jack, sort of swagger ways I've no use for. You wouldn't notice it, but there was."

"What ways?" asked Mr. Palmer.

"Well, he never used to spit quite free, and little things of that sort. Oh, I don't say I'm not gentleman enough for the job; don't you mistake me there, Bob. Still——" He broke off, and had another gulp.

"You don't put a high enough value on yourself; that's your vice, Bill. Maybe you are a bit rusty in society ways, but they'll come back to you all right—sure! And if they don't at first; well, just think what you've been through! Running away from home, and being a sailor, and prospecting for tin—all them experiences naturally rubs the polish off a bit. But your uncle knows all that, and he'll make allowances. He won't expect to find you just like this invalid Alfred chap."

Dent turned on him sharply.

"And that's another blank snag! Dying people often live for years. A nice fool I'll feel if I have to wait for five or six years before even beginning to be made the old blighter's heir!"

Mr. Palmer's bland and soothing manner for the moment deserted him.

"I'm beginning to think, Bill, you ain't got the pluck of a mouse!" he said scornfully.

Bill was on his feet on the instant.

"Say that again and I'll learn you I'm not afraid of you anyhow!" he cried.

He tossed off the remains of the drink and rang the bell again.

Bob Palmer watched him with a murderous eye, and suddenly, as if he felt its baleful glare, Dent whipped round and faced him. Palmer's face became a mask again, but just a fraction of a second too late.

"I know you, Bob Palmer!" his pupil cried. "And I tell you I'm not going——"

"Hush, you blank fool!" muttered Palmer. "The servant is on the stairs."

III.—The Announcement

While the next double whisky was being brought, neither Mr. Dent nor Mr. Palmer reopened the conversation. When at last Mr. Palmer broke the silence, his voice was quiet and bland and his eye achieved the nearest approach to benignity of which it was capable.

"Now, Bill, you mustn't cut up rough like this," said he. "I meant no offence."

"Oh, didn't you?" snarled Bill.

"No, Bill, and where no offence is meant, none should be taken."

"Oh, shouldn't it?"

In spite of these rebuffs, Mr. Palmer remained bland and smiling.

"What's come over you, Bill? I never seen you quite like this with me before. Hasty you are——"

"Oh, am I?" interjected Bill.

"Hasty you are," resumed Mr. Palmer, unruffled, "as I likes to see a fellow! A chap with no spirit ain't no manner of use to me. But why let out like this at your own partner, Bill?"

"Because I saw you look at me like you looked at Chimpie Haines when you finished him off!"

Mr. Palmer appeared surprised, but his quiet voice remained undisturbed.

"But you weren't there, Bill, when me and Chimpie had our unfortunate fall out."

"I blank well know how you looked, Bob!"

"No, you don't," said Bob gently. "All I looked was surprised when Chimpie took out his gun to me, and damned quick I had to be, Bill, or I wouldn't have been the one left alive."

"Bob," said his friend deliberately, "you're lying. You went out to do Chimpie in. I know it as well as if you'd told me. I knew you meant to, and I know Chimpie never got his gun out or never knew what was waiting for him till it happened. That's your way, Bob; and when I saw you look at me like that, I says to myself, 'When Bob sees his chance, I'll be the next to go!'"

Mr. Palmer looked deeply grieved.

"This from you, Bill!" he sighed; and then, pulling himself together, he mastered his feelings and went on with a touch of asperity: "I haven't no use for fools, Bill, and now you're talking like a fool. Chimpie was better dead, much better; but if you was dead, how'd I stand? What would become of this little business? Where would be my share of the profits? How'd I score by doing you in? If you was ill, Bill, it would be worth my while to spend my last bob on doctor's fees. I'd buy up a chemist's shop to keep you alive! You're safer with me, Bill, than you was when you was sitting in your mother's lap! I'm your guardian angel, I am, Bill!"

"So long as it pays you," said Bill sardonically.

"And when's it going to stop paying me? No, no, Bill, people has had to be moved out of my way sometimes, I admit it honestly, but if ever a man needed to be kept alive, that man's you, Bill!"

The logic of the facts was strong, and Mr. Dent seemed to find no answer to it. Yet he continued to scowl over his double whisky, which was fast going the way of the others. There was no doubt that alcohol and William Dent were not created to be cheery companions.

"You ought to have done in Jack yourself, and not left it to a blithering, half-cracked idiot like Chimpie!" he suddenly exclaimed. "Always getting other people to do your dirty work, you are!"

This monstrous charge affected even Mr. Palmer's self control.

"*My* dirty work!" he cried. "I like that, Bill! I blank, blank well like that! Who stands to gain most? Who's going to be the blank heir and play the gentleman, and see the Pyramids, and shoot pheasants? After I've had my little share, who's going to live for the rest of his natural life with £7,000 a year to burn? It's you, Bill, *you!* Damn it, haven't I done enough for you without risking my neck more nor I can help? There was Jack and Chimpie had it fixed up to go off prospecting together, and why should I butt in and do what Chimpie could do a darn sight easier and simpler? Tell me that, Bill!"

"If you'd gone and done it, we'd have known it was properly done," said Dent.

His counsellor opened his eyes very wide indeed.

"D'ye mean to say you think Jack handed over all his papers and then shammed being dead?"

The difficulty which Mr. Dent found in meeting his friend's arguments only seemed to increase his ill-humour.

"Well, anyhow," said he, "I'm running all the risks, and you're a blank murderous ruffian, Bob!"

Mr. Palmer rose from his chair with the air of a martyr whose limit of endurance has been reached at last.

"I ain't going to quarrel with you, Bill," said he. "It's the way the whisky takes you, and if you goes by my advice, you'll not order another when you've finished that one. I'm going to read the paper and wait till you're reasonable like."

"Oh, hell!" said Bill, and rang the bell again.

With his eyes averted from this distressing spectacle, Mr. Palmer picked up a newspaper which happened to be lying in the room, opened it apparently at random, and proceeded to study it solemnly.

"That's two days old, you blank fool," remarked Mr. Dent.

"It's better nor to-night's conversation," replied Mr. Palmer, severely.

Yet another whisky came up, and Dent lit a fresh cigar and brooded over it in silence. Some ten minutes passed with no sound but the steady roar of the Euston Road at the end of the quiet by-street, and then all at once Palmer uttered a loud exclamation and looked up from the paper with an air of animation altogether different from his bearing hitherto.

"See here, Bill!" he cried; "just you listen to this and tell me if luck isn't running your way!" And thereupon he read aloud this passage from the birth, marriage, and death column of *The Times*:—

> At Singlebeech Villa, Lorne Road, Southbourne, on the 4th instant, Alfred Hayward, only surviving son of the late Captain John Hayward, 35th Dragoon Guards, and nephew of Theodore Hayward, Esq., The Manor House, Southbourne.

(*Continued on a later page*)



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"See here, Bill!" he cried, "just you listen to this and tell me if luck isn't running your way!"

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A ROUGH GROUSE SHOOT. By Richard Clapham.

There is an old saying that "Half a loaf is better than no bread," and it applies equally well to grouse-shooting, for if you cannot afford a first-class driving moor, you can get a lot of fun out of a small place of the rough variety.

The charm of a rough shoot is greatly enhanced if you live on or close to your ground, for then you can enjoy sport at any time without making great preparations beforehand.

Within fifty yards of the room in which I sit writing these lines a small wicket gate gives access to a rough grass allotment that slopes steeply upwards to a ridge where the green of the fields merges into the purple of the heather-bloom. On the slope is a little clump of birch trees in which from my window I can sometimes see the blackcocks sitting.

With game so close to one's house, there is no need to make plans and preparations beforehand. When shooting over dogs or pottering about walking up birds, morning and evening are the best times to make a bag.

As afternoon draws on the grouse begin to think about their evening meal. You work your way towards the highest ridge—a snipe or two go twisting off with a loud scaipe! scaipe! from the boggy patches. If you are in form you add a couple or so to the bag, but when an old hare goes bouncing off you let her go because she weighs too heavy to make easy carrying on the outward journey. Coming back and nearer home it is a different matter, for then you have not far to go, so show no hesitation in rolling over any hare that gets up within shot. On the further side of the topmost ridge you are in a land of knolls and hollows, places beloved of old cock grouse, who lord it over their younger relations. Cunning beggars, too, are these old stagers, seemingly always on the look-out, even during bad weather. Occasionally on the high ground an old blackcock rises from a bed of rushes, but he and his kind are usually found on the lower slopes, from whence a short flight takes them to the shelter of the larch woods or the thick coppices of oak and hazel. Red grouse are well grown by the opening of the season, but the twentieth of the same month, although the legal time for blackgame, is really too soon to go after them in earnest.

In the straggling larch coverts and hazel coppices bordering the grouse ground there are a few woodcock scattered about. Every year some of the long-billed birds remain to breed, and a few couple fall to the gun during the shooting season. It is the grouse and blackgame, however, that we are so keen on, and though our rough shoot does not afford a heavy bag of either, it supplies enough of both to keep us busy in our spare hours, and provides us in the getting of them with an amount of strenuous exercise that acts as an antidote to other and more sedentary occupations.

Although we seldom drive the birds, sometimes, with the help of a few friends, we have an impromptu beat. Then, if things go right, a brace or two fall to the concealed guns, and great is the rejoicing.



A Setter Bitch—Good for Grouse



A Likely Place for Teal or Wild Duck



A Setter at Work—A Point on Grouse

THE CITY OF VILLAGES.

Exploring London. By E. V. LUCAS

The more I know of London, the more I am impressed by the narrow orbits of Londoners. Indeed, so fixed are most of us in our grooves that you might say that the only Londoners who habitually leave the beaten track are the drivers of taxis and messenger boys.

Ask your London friends what they have been doing to-day, and you will quickly discover how circumscribed are their movements in this vast, fascinating, and endlessly new and varied city. Most will say that they went to the office in the morning, out to lunch at the regular place, back in the evening, always by the same routes. Even those who are not in business, and therefore should be free to explore, did as little. They walked to this shop or that, to this club or that, on somewhere to lunch, then some more shopping or clubbing, and so home again, chiefly by accustomed routes. Ask either set of people to name anything new that they saw during the day—any London thing that they hadn't seen before—and most of them will be unable to do so.

I suppose there are to be found a few Londoners who treat this city as a naturalist treats the country-side, and are always investigating, scrutinising, hoping for treasure-trove. I hope so. Such a one I used to be, before I had too much to do, and such a one I still am in a less adventurous way. Only yesterday, for instance, did I (at great personal peril) ascertain precisely the situation of the triangular stone which marks the exact position of Tyburn Gallows, sixty-nine feet north of the tablet on the railings by the Marble Arch. Motor 'buses and taxis did their best to put an end to my inquisitive career, but persistence prevailed. And only last week did I fully realize the beauty and unexpectedness of that isolated Georgian mansion in Rochester Row, which is now, I believe, the Grenadier Guards' hospital.

I am one of the few enterprising strangers, unconnected with Westminster School, who watch cricket in Vincent Square. I am one of the few wayfarers who have carefully examined the group of statuary on the façade of Africa House in Kingsway—the big-game hunter's apotheosis. I made a note in a pocket-book this morning that No. 33, Queen Anne Street, that whitest of houses, has the prettiest red door in London. I was looking at Lamb's grave in Edmonton Churchyard a few Saturdays since, and on the way back counted the pawnbrokers' signs in the Caledonian Road, where there is what should be an excessive number. I saw the jockeys at Lord's beat those gentlemen of the press who live by tipping the wrong horses. I saw the Stage (proper) defeated by the Stage (variety), with Billy Merson innocuous, if funny, at point. I have been to the National Gallery twice a week for months, and have always found something new—the latest surprise being that benign and mellow Spanish painting of St. Paul, so like Whistler's mother! I record this harvest of the quiet eye, not with ostentation and triumph, but just to show what a raree-show London can be and what it offers even when the season is over and it is called empty.

And once, of course, I was far more widely and ambitiously curious: ascending the Monument and the campanile of the Westminster Cathedral: descending in a bucket the shaft of what is now the Piccadilly Circus Station on the Tube; going regularly to Greenwich Park and Kew Gardens, regularly to Epping Forest; supping often at the Spaniards (this was when an Englishman might drink till past midnight), the Bull and Bush, or the Angel at Highgate.

I know very little about young Londoners to-day, but I should guess that to be as interested in the city as this is still the exception. For the most part we leave our metropolitan villages only to go to the movies or the play. For the rest, we are as intensely local—parochial even—as Little Pedlington. For every London street that has shops in it is a village; and if one butcher, one baker, one greengrocer, one grocer, and one public house are sufficient to make a village, why, then, London's villages must be almost uncountable and London's villagers quite.

The odd thing is that though London has its villages, the villagers are Londoners too. Life among streets moulds urban characters; just as life among hedges and fields moulds rural characters. Not yet, for instance, does the rustic have to look each way before he can cross the road, but the Londoners must ever do it; and such vigilance leaves its mark. Again, the Londoner looks before him, on a line of vision that slopes to the pavement about four yards ahead, while the countryman looks up. The Londoner is avoiding a collision with someone else, or he fears to trip on a gutter curb; the countryman is interested in the weather, his first and last preoccupation. The result is that the provincial villager, when he comes to town, is instantly to be detected. He has a score of non-metropolitan characteristics, apart altogether from his clothes and boots, while the London villager, even though he never leaves Church Street, Kensington, or Upper Street, Islington, or Artillery Row, or Berwick Street, or the Mile End Road, or the Boro' High Street, is still of the centre.

These streets, which I have named almost at random, are at some distance from each other, and their differences are therefore not remarkable; but one of the strangest things about London is the differences that you can find between streets that actually adjoin. Walk, for example, up Bond Street, and turn to the left into Oxford Street on the south side, and notice how completely the people have changed. On the north side of Oxford Street, where the great drapery houses are, you find a few women who are to be seen also in Bond Street; on the south side, none. Or turn out of Oxford Street into Tottenham Court Road on the west side and notice how the people have changed. Walk out of the cosmopolitan Strand into Fleet Street and notice how women vanish. You find a few in St. Paul's Churchyard, again drawn together by the lure of clothes; but in Cheapside the realm of men is again entered, and there are no more women until Whitechapel. At evening all this city region empties. Where has everyone gone? Each to his own village.

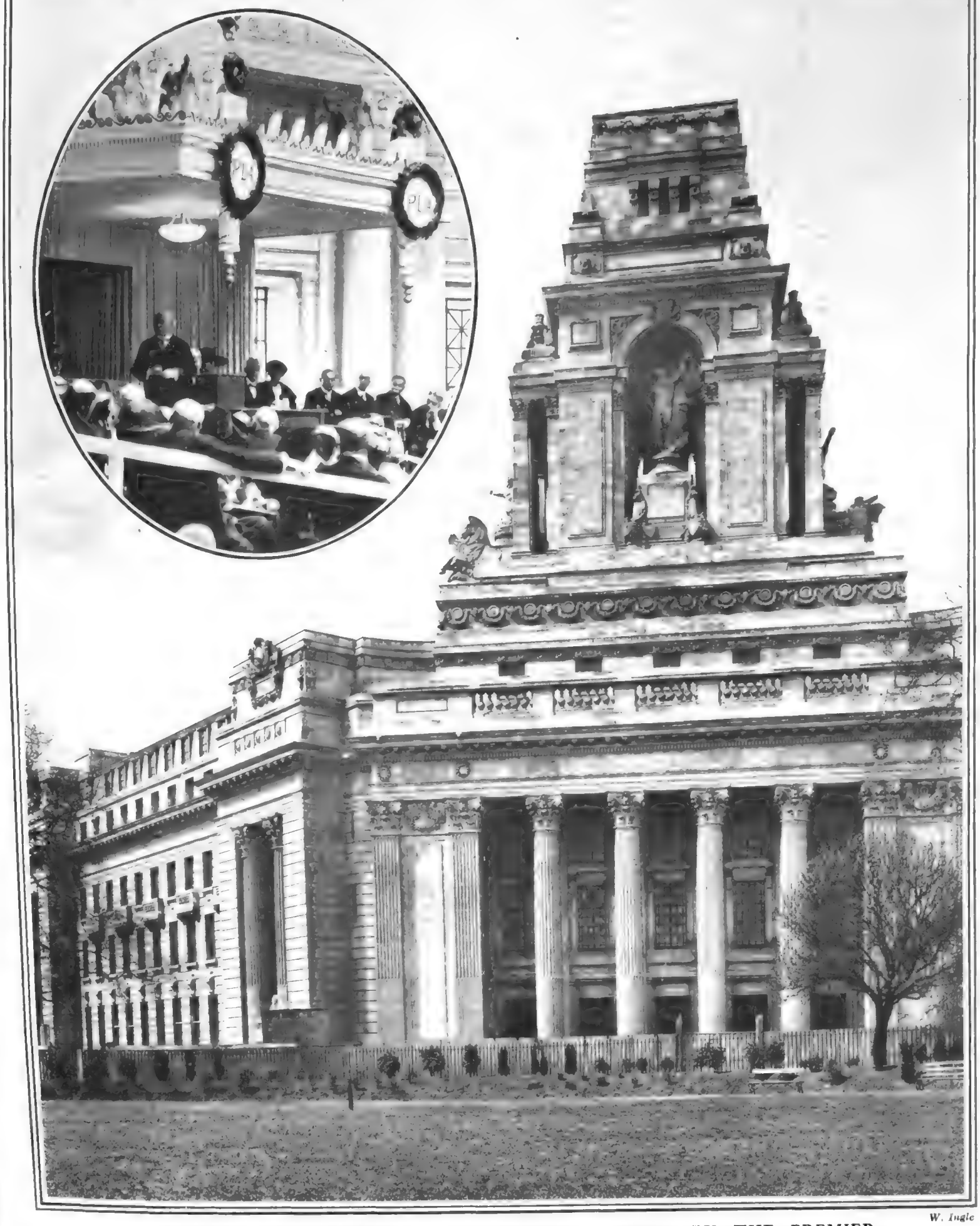
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W. Ingle

THE PORT OF LONDON'S NEW BUILDING OPENED BY THE PREMIER

On Tuesday afternoon last the Prime Minister opened the sumptuous new building of the Port of London Authority on Tower Hill. This huge building, one of London's newest public erections, is from the designs of Mr. E. Cooper; its tower is already a London landmark. The picture we reproduce above shows the main frontage of the building; it is considered officially to be the best view of the building. Inset is a view of Mr. Lloyd George inside the great central rotunda delivering his opening speech. When the Prime Minister said the commerce of the country was improving, a murmur of general approval ran through his audience

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY

On the Week's News.



"All the learned and authentic fellows."—SHAKSPERE. *See the special Oxford section in this issue.*

Cutting Off One's Nose

Expectancies of all kinds ran high during the end of last week. They varied according to the political bias or knowledge of the course of recent events on the particular citizen. Even those not in the habit of buying Sunday papers did so on this occasion, and all over the country there was a great flashing open of bulky newspapers. To those who looked for a clear exposition of the Government's Near Eastern policy during the past year there quickly came a sense of deep disappointment. One found vindications of recent action, addressed apparently to "Stop-the-war" pacifists, but of clear explanation of obscure policies one sought in vain. There seemed an effort to shift the responsibility to Asquithian—even Gladstonian—shoulders, as if an obsolete strategy had dictated present-day tactics. One thing seemed clear, that we have suffered diplomatic disaster owing to the fact that dear, good, all-seeing Venizelos was thrust from power on the return of King Constantine. This was indeed regrettable, but that our liabilities on the Eskisheir front should have been jeopardised because the royal government was unsatisfactory to Downing Street seems incredible. But so it has been.

A General Election?

But most men's thoughts seemed to be distracted from a careful survey of dates, and turned to the possibilities of a general election in the near future. The search for the perfect, ready-made leader began with all the usual arguments for and against swopping horses in a stream, and so forth, as if one could find a prime minister in a casquet, all bright, brand new, and perfect for the position. If one desires to find a premier, one adventures with a little faith and courage. The ordinary man desires his choice to be so obvious that it is no choice.



A Picture by Van Eyck for Melbourne

The "Madonna and Child" (signed and dated 1433), by Van Eyck, reproduced above, has just been purchased by the Felton Bequest for the National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne; it is the first Van Eyck to go to Australia. There now only remain three paintings by this Old Master in private possession

Hyde Park

The question of the propriety of walking in Hyde Park after dark became a burning topic over the week-end. The discussion brought out the great difference the time of day makes in places and in people. There are many shades of method in progressing through public thoroughfares; the strong-minded and the quick-witted walk unhurt, whereas the faltering or loitering step leads to fiery letters on Sunday posters.

News from the Near East

The actual state of affairs in the Near East is likely to be slurred over or altogether forgotten in certain newspapers during an election period. We hope, however, to succeed in keeping our readers well informed as to progress of events. Mr. Scotland Liddell will continue to watch events, and send home his impressions by pen and camera. The attention of the reader is drawn to Mr. Liddell's first illustrated despatch in this issue. Picture and narrative are welded together, and produce a welcome ease of realisation of distant conditions.



A Royal Group Assembled in Roumania for the Coronation of the King and Queen at Alba-Julia

This group shows the Duke of York, Prince Carol, and Prince Nicholas of Roumania, the King and Queen of Yugo-Slavia, and the King and Queen of Roumania. Inset on the left is the crown worn by the Queen at Alba-Julia, and on the right the robe worn by the King. Alba-Julia is to-day a little village, but its historic associations are such as to make it a desired spot for a Roumanian coronation

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The Courts Reopen

Sir Ernest Pollock and Sir Leslie Scott in the procession at the Houses of Parliament on October 12

Part I.

Of the Oxford Section appears in this issue

Part II.

Appears next week. It deals more particularly with the student side of Oxford life

Order your copies at once



A "Great Big Soldier"

Captain Hay of the Black Watch—7 ft. 4½ in. Reputed to be the tallest man in the British Army



The Reopening of the Law Courts and the Visit of the Lord Mayor Elect to the House of Lords

The Law Courts were reopened on October 12, when the customary procession from the Abbey to the House of Lords was witnessed. This picture shows the procession of K.C.'s to the House of Lords, with Henry VII.'s Chapel in background

A Query

A London correspondent writes to me asking—

What building does Mr. Lucas mean in his article on "The City of Villages," when he refers to an "isolated Georgian mansion in Rochester Row, which is now, I believe, the Grenadier Guards' hospital"? I have been down Rochester Row full many a time, but I cannot locate the Georgian mansion. There is a beautiful Queen Anne building, with low roof-line and wide eaves, known as the Grey-coat School. This was founded in 1698, and incorporated in 1706. Can this be the building to which Mr. Lucas refers?

The Coming of the Gulls

The warm autumn haze has suffused town and city as well as countryside. The new County Hall has loomed pearl grey across the river, and Boadicea has stood out boldly against gleaming waters. The gulls are here again, riding the little waves or lining the edges of barge and steamer. Although the warm sunshine has been all around us, they proclaim the fact that winter is coming.

The Temple Courts

The opening of the Law Courts brings back a flood of life to the courts and ways of the Inner and Middle Temple. The private gates are opened, and one meets wig and gown descending creaking wooden stairways, to plunge across the Strand to the High Courts of Justice. The tide of American visitors is waning, the dust cloaks are back again in the boxes and trunks of New York's suburbs. There has been much painting of late in the Temple, but the all-pervading atmosphere of London soon tones all to a harmonious whole. The autumn sunlight pours through the painted windows of the Templar's Church, the romance of which has been told again in a charming essay by Miss Sophie Cole in another pleasant little volume of London lore just from the press.



The Woman Golf Champion

Miss Joyce Wethered, who for the third year in succession is the woman golf champion. She beat Miss Joan Stocker. Here she is making a speech after receiving the championship cup

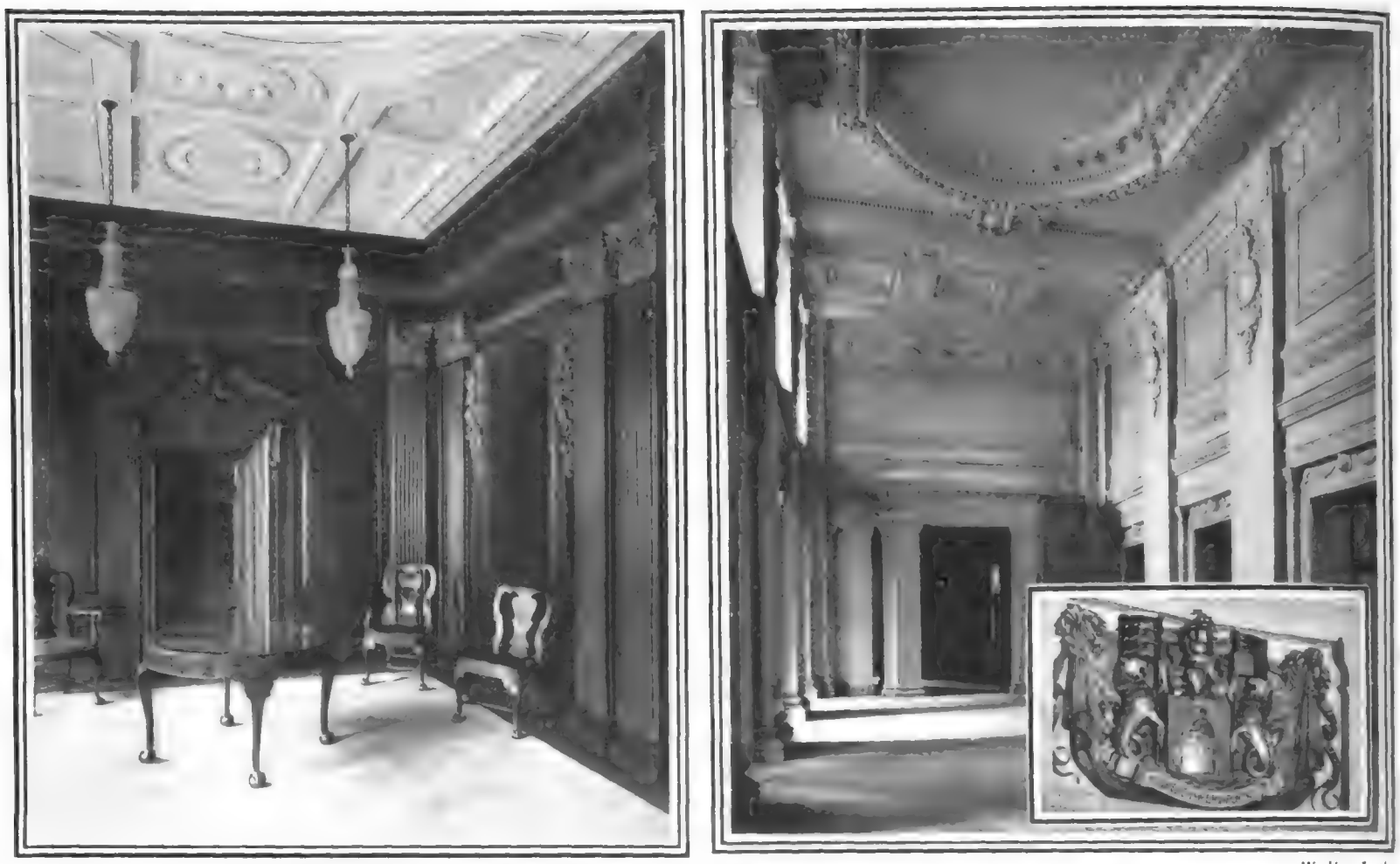


Back to the Old Scarlet

Last week-end, for the first time since 1914, N.C.O.'s and men of the Household Cavalry and the Brigade of Guards wore their pre-war "walking-out" uniform, consisting of scarlet tunics and blue trousers

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The Opening of London's Newest Public Building.



Walter Ingle

Two Views of the Sumptuous Interior of the Port of London Authority's New Building

The view on the left shows the rich carving and moulded ceiling of the chairman's room. On the right is shown the main entrance hall, and inset are the arms of the Port of London Authority, with the motto, "*Floreat Imperii Portus.*" The building has been erected from the designs of Mr. Edwin Cooper, selected from 170 competitive designs submitted



Ali Ridha Pasha, C.B.E.

Chief Adviser to the Emir, who is now in London as a guest of the British Government

THE VISIT OF KING HUSSEIN'S SECOND SON

The Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordania is the second son of the King of the Hedjaz and brother of the Emir Feisul. He is now in London on a month's visit to this country as a guest of the British Government. The Emir is accompanied by his Prime Minister, by Mr. St. John Philby, his chief British adviser, and it is understood that his visit is in connection with matters affecting the future of the State over which he rules.

Our readers will remember that in the issue of THE SPHERE for September 30 we published pictures from Mr. Philby's recent book, *Through the Heart of Arabia*, in which he described his travels through Wahkabiland.

The Emir Abdullah is staying at the Carlton Hotel during his visit here.



Vandyk

The Emir Abdullah Pasha

Ruler of Trans-Jordania and brother of King Feisul of Iraq



The Emir in London

He is now staying at the Carlton Hotel as a guest of the British Government. Here he is seen seated at the hotel, with his three attendants standing behind



The Emir Abdullah, Photographed with Lord Milner at Amman

This group was taken in Trans-Jordania during Lord Milner's recent visit. Reading from left to right, the group includes, starting at fourth figure from left—Ali Ridha Pasha, C.B.E. (Chief Adviser), Emir Shakir (Adviser on Bedouin Affairs), Major Fisher, Lord Milner, the Emir Abdullah, and Mrs. Philby; over Lord Milner's right shoulder can just be seen Mr. H. St. J. Philby (Chief British Representative in Trans-Jordania)

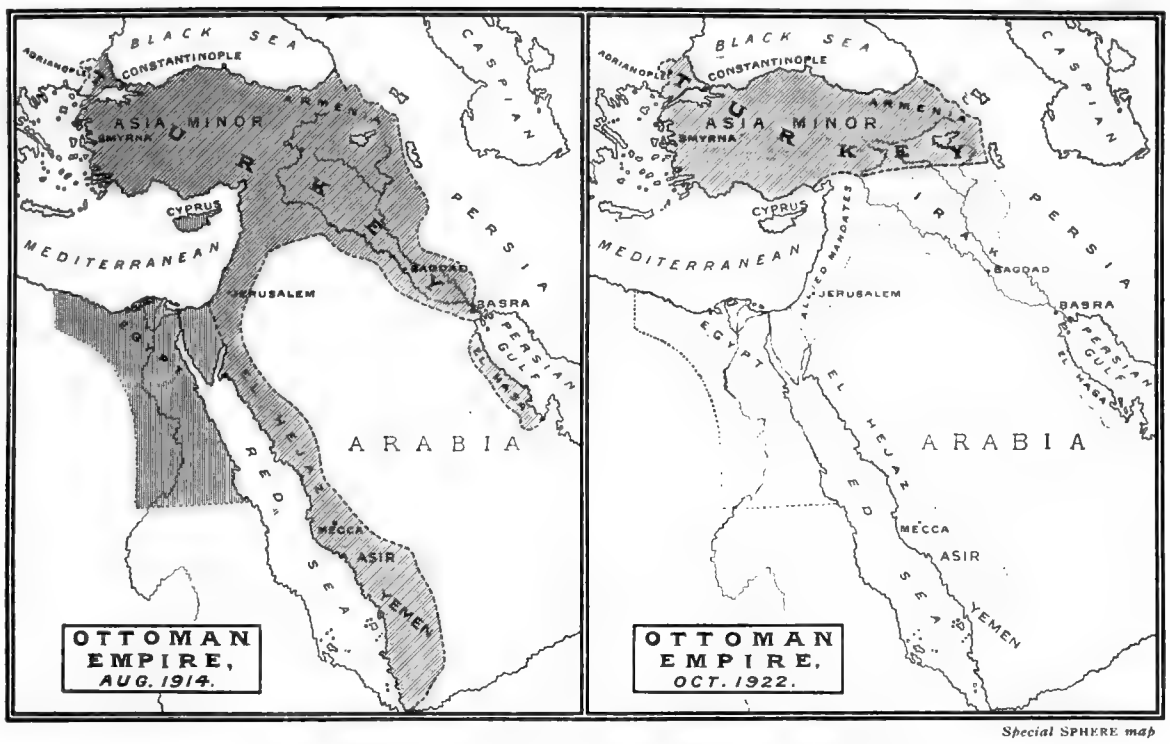
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THE NEAR EAST—ISMID AND MUDANIA.



Digging in at Ismid—Native Labourers and British Troops at Work Preparing the Trench Defences

These pictures well illustrate the nature of the country in the Ismid zone. The ground in front of the spectator is flat, with hills rising in the distance across the plain. There are very few trees, and the roads that exist are badly metalled and badly kept. There are but few villages, and these are widely scattered over the plain



Special SPHERE *map*

The Shrinkage of Turkey During the Years 1914-22

In 1914 Turkey ruled, or claimed to rule, directly over the area shown with a dark tint—about 750,000 square miles in extent. She also levied a heavy tribute from the tributary states of Egypt and Cyprus. To-day Turkey is reduced to Eastern Thrace, Asia Minor, Armenia, Kurdistan, and a small strip of Northern Mesopotamia—an area of about 305,000 square miles at the utmost. She has now no tributary states

The restoration of Eastern Thrace to Turkey will once again give the Sultan a limited territory in Europe of about 11,000 square miles in extent. Before King John Sobieski's victory at Vienna in 1683, the Turkish Empire in Europe had an area of some 340,000 square miles. Two centuries of unsuccessful wars reduced this in 1878 to about 66,000 square miles, which was cut down by the Balkan wars of 1912-13 to just under 11,000. The territorial losses in Europe have been immense.

In Asia, on the other hand, Turkey during the same period lost very little. On the side of Persia the border remained almost stationary for nearly three centuries. The Turks lost a small portion of Armenian territory to Russia in 1878, to counterbalance which she acquired the Arabian coast province of El Hasa. Syria was for a few years (1832-39) in the possession of Mehemet Ali of Egypt; but on the whole, the Turkish territorial empire in Asia was stable compared with its steadily shrinking condition in Europe. It is true that Crete was in a state of chronic rebellion, and that in many regions the Othmanli rule was nominal. Still, up to 1915 the empire controlled more or less effectively the whole vast area shown with a dark tint in Map I. and levied a heavy tribute (about £700,000) from Cyprus and Egypt.

The result of the Great War was that Turkey lost all her Arabian and Mesopotamian provinces, and also forfeited the Egyptian and Cypriote tribute.



General Sir Charles Harington Leaves Mudania

A picture which corrects the current impression that the sun always shines in Turkey. On this particular day, as the British commander left Mudania the rain was pouring down heavily.



Ismet Pasha, who Negotiated the Peace with the Allies

General Ismet Pasha, the Turkish commander of the armies on the western front, was Kemal's representative at Mudania. It was he who signed the pact with General Harington

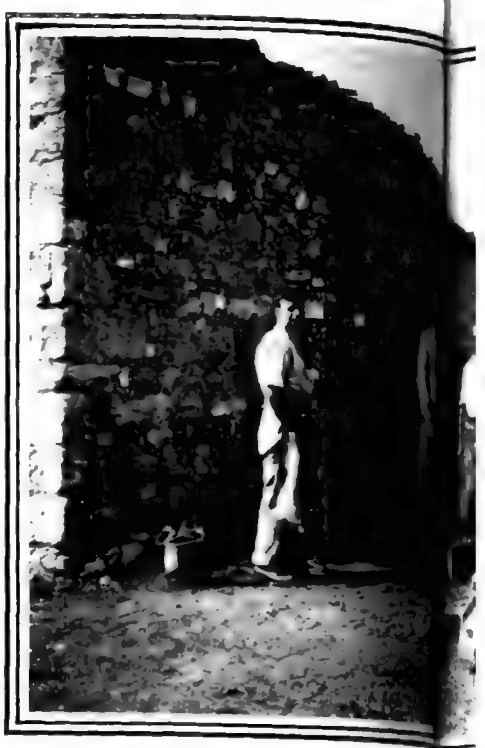
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FIRST "SPHERE" PICTURES FROM CHANAK



Half-a-dozen Jocks in One of the British Trenches at Chanak

Waiting to be relieved after four days' trench digging and wire erecting near the Kemalist outposts



A Cavalry Blacksmith at Work at his Fo

A scene in the waterside town of Chanak

CHANAK. By Scotland Liddell

"The Sphere's" Commissioner at the Dardanelles

CHANAK, October 5.

Chanak is on the other side of the road from Constantinople, about ten hours' passage down that most important waterway, the Dardanelles. A little dirty place it is, with narrow switchback cobbled streets, and grass-grown ruins, and no pavements to speak of, save in terms unprintable.

There is one solitary landing-stage, just big enough to suit a tiny tug. All ships—and by "all ships" I mean those ships that are worthy of the name—must lie outside and be unloaded second-hand. An inconvenient spot, Chanak. A hole. *A most important hole* in which our prestige easily might fall. . . .

One might hold Constantinople till the year nineteen million and twenty-seven, but without this wretched little Chanak place one's efforts would be quite in vain. To protect one's house one does not fortify the drawing-room; one strengthens the front door.

. . . .

The French have gone, and Chanak, which to-day is Scotland-in-the-Nearest-East, is somewhat sarcastic. Our Allies, if you please (French and Italians), had not the time to take away their guns. . . .

I remember: In 1916, when Bucharest and Constanza had fallen, and when all male Roumanians were breaking records in their rush towards the East, an English officer (he died later, poor chap) said to me that if we had any more Allies we'd lose the war.

Well, well. . . . The British are alone in Chanak to-day, for which the Ministers in France be praised! The position has its great advantages. We know, for instance, what we have to do, and rest assured Jock, Jack and Tommy will do it very well. There's nothing like doing a job o' work oneself. . . .

Jock, of course, does not care a damn (pardon!) for politics.

"Whit are ye runnin' away for?" he cried when the French were quitting for the other side. "Ye needna be feared. We're behind ye!"

"Ah never thocht a man that had focht at Ypres and Arras wud be feared o' a Kemalist," each Jock cried out.

There were other remarks which, fortunately, our gallant Allies did not understand. I could whisper them in your ear, but, honestly, I cannot write them down.

And a very charming young officer said seriously to me, "You know the French are really very dangerous for us—I mean *as friends*." . . .

. . . .

To continue. Chanak is a very dirty little place with the biggest "skeeters" in the world. Your average mosquito is quite a small affair. One does not see him come, but luckily he always



The British Outer Wire Lines Guar

Beyond the wire the Kemalists have occupied t wers former



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A Race Between British Hussars and Ke

This is an incident which occurred near Chanak; the Kemalists and British both coveted a p As each side saw the other nearing it, a race developed for possession; there were no A swords or flashing eyes, etc., but the race was a severe one nevertheless. Our men [illegible]

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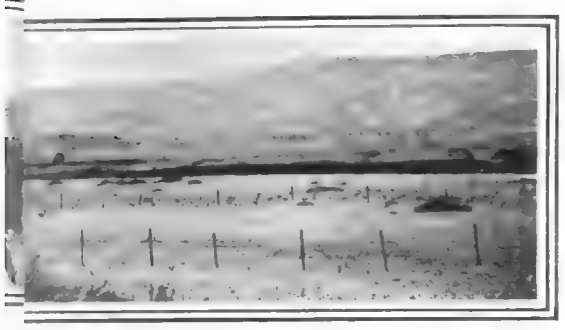
FROM SCOTLAND LIDDELL, "THE SPHERE'S" SPECIAL COMMISSIONER IN THE NEAR EAST.



Beside a Flat-roofed House in the Town
now in the possession of British forces



A Scottish Officer with a Kemalist Officer and Three Turkish Soldiers
It will be noticed that the soldier on the Turkish officer's left is wearing a British tunic



the Neutral Zone at Chanak
plain and the hill at the background, both of which neutral ground

sounds his buzzer as he flies one's way. In Chanak things are different. Mosquitoes are all visible.

"As large as partridges," one Scottish officer said to me. "One could shoot them with a sporting gun, but I'm perfectly sure that if one missed a mosquito he would go for one. . . ."

Well, I had no gun; I did not aggravate these "partridges" at all, but I can assure you that I have the biggest lot of mosquito-bitten lumps on my wrists and arms and ankles that anyone could ever wish to be without.

. . . . . .

I always had an idea that the neutral zone was quite a distance off. It came as a decided surprise to me to find the Kemalists just outside Chanak. They are certainly not more than two miles from the little town. They are very near the British lines. Some Kemalists I saw were less than thirty yards away.

Let me describe the position as one sees it from the sea.

Chanak, the town, lies flat in front of one. Immediately behind the place there is a stretch of level ground two or three miles in depth. Gardens and vineyards dot the plain. Beyond them lie the wooded hills which Kemal and his men have occupied. On one's left the British occupy a hill that rises upwards from the sea, and between this and the mountain opposite a valley runs away towards the left. There is an enormous gravelly river bed, but just a tiny trickling stream to-day. In spring the trickle swells into a flood; the river will be quite impassable.

A mile or so outside Chanak there is a pumping station for the supply of water to the town. British soldiers are in charge. Some Kemalist soldiers are on sentry duty thirty yards away. They look on calmly while our men dig trenches and put up barbed wire. It's a gey queer war, as Jock says.

The Turks are quite friendly. British officers stroll out to them to take their photographs.

. . . .

In Chanak to-day there is practically no neutral zone at all. The British hold the town itself and quite a small part of the plain. The Kemalists have occupied the rest. Indeed, there is something in the situation that reminds one of a new-found mining camp. Each side has staked out its own claim, and it has become a sort of recognised rule that whoever gets to a particular spot first becomes the occupier of that piece of ground.

The other day some Kemalist cavalry were seen making for a certain rising. A party of Hussars was told to try to get there first. A keen race followed—and the British troopers won by several yards.

It's a gey queer war.

. . . .

The Kemalists to-day are flushed with victory. The result of their conference with Sir Charles Harington I do not yet know, but one thing is quite clear—we must hold Chanak and Constantinople, as we have done for the past four years. It would be fatal to allow the Kemalists to occupy these points. Fatal to Moslems and Christians alike; fatal to our prestige; fatal, perhaps, to our Empire.

The Kemalists, I hear, have suggested Smyrna as a future meeting place. This is rank cynicism, and typical of their mood to-day. Success has bred insolence—but unless madness, too, has come to Johnny Turk, I hardly think he will dare to come to grips with British force.



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

Cavalry for a Point of Vantage in the Chanak Zone

matter somewhat humorously. The ground over which this race took place is, as the artist has shown here, stubbly with a sort of yellowish prickly plant, almost completely bare of the fig and olive trees which are found at other points. Our men won by several yards.

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WINTER PLAY ON HARD COURTS : *By S. Powell Blackmore.*

Winter tennis is enjoying an unprecedented vogue this year. Play on the grass courts was so restricted during the summer that everyone is loth to put away the racket, and hard courts are in great demand. There are two essential problems, however, that will have to be solved before the game becomes as universally popular during the winter months as it is between May and September.

The ruling price of a hard court is at present a strong deterrent to the private owner and the smaller clubs; and the wear and tear on balls, rackets, and shoes are big items in hard-court play. Nevertheless, despite these greater costs, the game is infinitely more worth while than pottering about on lumpy and slippery turf.

The London County Council have done a public service in demonstrating the fact that good hard courts can be laid down, and as a commercial proposition let out for hire at the almost nominal charge of 1s. 6d. per hour, equivalent to 9d. a head in a foursome. Cheaper than a game of billiards! New hard-court shoes are now coming on to the market, giving a firm grip, which may be re-soled at a very moderate price. There are no signs of the production of a more durable ball, but new rackets that promise to be almost everlasting are on the horizon.

A leading professional, who is a well-known ex-amateur, told me the other day that he had patented a new process for the manufacture of unbreakable racket strings. Other folk have been proceeding along similar lines. I have recently been shown a new steel string which is as elastic and pliable as the best gut string. The inventor is a well-known member of Queen's Club. Furthermore, there is the new steel-frame racket. It comes from America, and the latest model, used by "Philathlete" with great success in the London Country Club Tournament, is most certainly a serviceable racket.

With this racket "Philathlete" went through the open championship to the final round. There he was beaten, using the ordinary ash frame gut racket, by Mr. B. I. C. Norton at 1—6, 7—5, 6—1, 6—2. "I think I should have done better had I stuck to my steel racket," was his declaration after the match. "Philathlete" has turned over to me this steel racket with which he gained such decisive victories. He wants me to give it a full trial. Man is naturally a conservative animal, and being no exception in this respect, I eyed askance this weird-looking contraption. Yet in the hand it certainly swings in a wonderful fashion. The frame is so thin that the air resistance is reduced to a minimum. It weighs 13¾ oz. with a big handle. When I have reduced this to what I regard as ideal proportions—a five-inch circumference—the racket should scale the ideal weight, 13½ oz. Then I propose to give it a real try out and to tell my SPHERE readers what I think of it as an aid to championship ranking.

The outstanding feature of the tournament at the London Country Club was the exceptional merit of the play of the losers in the Ladies' Doubles. Here were two youngsters in attenuated skirts and bobbed hair—looking like school-children, in fact—hitting and hammering the long-established champions, Miss Ryan and Mrs. Edgington. It was a most invigorating spectacle; and the young heroines were Miss C. S. Lumley-Ellis and Miss Peggy Ingram. Unquestionably the Old Country has promising talent in the woman's sphere. These young players gave an exhibition of the all-round game worthy of the centre court at Wimbledon.



The New Tennis Headgear

This new tennis shade has made its appearance in America. It is being worn by Miss Helen Wills, who, with her partner defeated Mrs. Mallory and Mr. O'Hara Wood (on right)

Centenary of the Birth of Thomas Hughes.



Memorial Tablet to Hughes in Uffington Church

Author of "Tom Brown's School-days"

On October 20, 1822, there was born at the little village of Uffington, in Berkshire, Thomas Hughes, who was to become renowned as the author of the famous volume, *Tom Brown's Schooldays*. We give here two pictures in connection with his birthplace. Of his connection with Rugby, special pictures will appear in our issue next week. The picture on the right is of the old school at Uffington, which dates from 1617; it is thus described in Chapter III. of *Tom Brown:* "Our village was blessed amongst other things with a well-endowed school. The building stood by itself on an angle of ground where three roads met, an old grey-stone building with a steep roof and mullioned windows."



Uffington Old School House, Connected with Hughes's Early Days

Ladies' International Foil Fencing : By Leon Bertrand.

The first competition of the season took place last week, when the fourth annual contest for the "Alfred Hutton" Memorial Challenge Cup was held at Bertrand's Fencing Academy, Hanover Square. The tourney, which is International in character, being open to lady amateurs of allied and neutral nations, attracted an entry of seventeen. Having regard to their comparative success at Paris, Ostend, and Dieppe, it is regretted that foreign representatives could not see their way to trying conclusions with our foilists.

An early surprise was furnished in the final pool on Friday evening, when Miss Davis defeated, in summary fashion, Miss Johnston by five hits to one. Miss Smalley, whose prospects were rightly considered to be very bright, then accounted for Miss Gossage by a like score, and after the meeting of these two contenders, which occurred at the fourth assault of the series, it became an easy task to prognosticate the name of the new holder. The protagonists evidently realised that the moment was a vital one, judging by the robust and determined battle that ensued. This crucial encounter was completely marred by perpetual *corps à corps*, in which Miss Davis was seen executing sabre parries of fifth and sixth. Her opponent spoilt her chances by false timing in the low line. Miss Davis emerged successful again by 5—1, but it was by no means a convincing performance.

Thereafter the victor reasserted herself, and made ample amends with a delightful exhibition of clean-cut and forceful fencing in winning the remainder of her engagements—and the trophy. Miss Smalley did not suffer further loss, and took second place. She was well served by her hurricane tactics combined with an ideal temperament. Miss Marjorie Smith and Miss Hurter were equal, third, with two wins and three defeats each. The former was seen to great advantage against Miss Johnston, scoring a very creditable victory. She should, however, have offered sterner resistance against Miss Davis, whom she beat at Ostend.



The Final Pool in the Competition for the Alfred Hutton Memorial Cup

This was contested last week-end at Bertrand's Fencing Academy. The group shows (left to right) Miss R. Johnston, Miss Smalley, Miss Hurter, Miss Gossage, Miss Davis, and Miss Smith

Miss Hurter's Successful Play

Miss Hurter surpassed herself and has seldom fenced better. She was especially effective, in her direct ripostes from "quarte." Fifth place was shared by Miss Gossage and Miss Johnston. As the fencing of the latter for some unaccountable reason has to be recorded as disappointing, so that of the former proved a revelation. She has made rapid progress, and her encounter with Miss Hurter was the best of the series.

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OXFORD IN 1922—A PICTORIAL SURVEY.

Dr. Cowley and the Bodleian—Some New Pictures

(A Special "Sphere" Series)



Dr. A. E. Cowley, M.A., D.Litt., Bodley's Librarian

Dr. Cowley has been connected with the Bodleian since 1896 when he was appointed assistant sub-librarian. He has been librarian since 1919; he is a distinguished Hebrew scholar



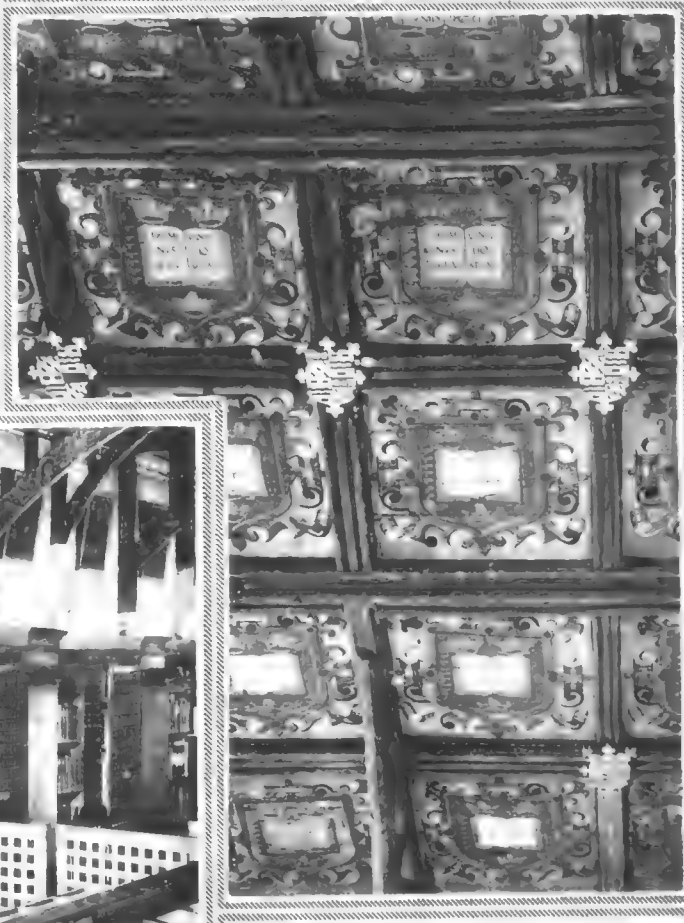
The Famous Pembroke Statue in the Tower Chamber

The central chamber contains a fine bronze statue, cast by Hubert Le Sœur, of William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke, Chancellor of Oxford, to whom the first folio of Shakspere is dedicated



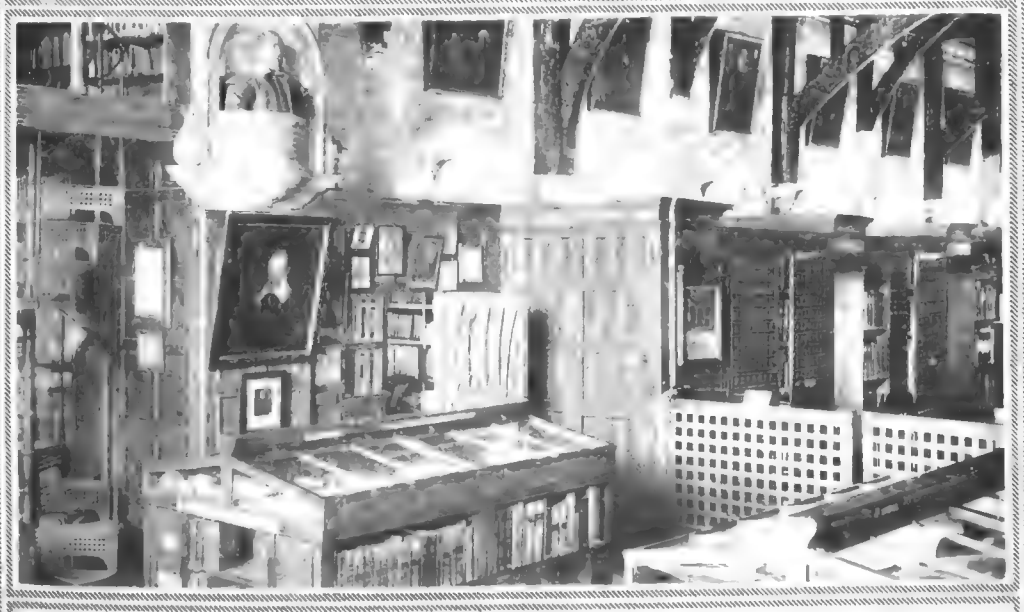
One of the Original Reading Alcoves in Duke Humfrey

A peep into one of the reading alcoves gives one an excellent impression of the studious life in Oxford in 1612. Two flaps, capable of being hooked up, support the books which a student is consulting



The Painted Ceiling of the Old Bodleian

The painted ceiling of Duke Humfrey (as the older section is familiarly known) adds a sense of colour to the whole gallery. The Oxford motto is repeated in shields of Jacobean design



At the Entrance to the Old Wing, Showing the Cases Containing the Rare Treasures

This portion of the library contains a number of wonderfully interesting exhibits, amongst which is a New Testament of 1625, bound in white satin said to have once formed part of King Charles I.'s waistcoat

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OXFORD in 1922: A Pictorial "Who's Who" of the University.

Camera Portraits by Mr. Walter Benington, the Well-known Camera Artist

Oxford, like all other institutions in this country, has had its periods of stress. It has had its post-war inflation and is now resettling itself. The form that this resettlement will take is of great concern to all who are interested in the future of this great University. Here we endeavour to set out some aspects of Oxford in 1922 in pictorial form. Outwardly, at first the city may have appeared to change little, and nobody who had seen the town in 1921 would get out at the station and say, how you've grown! The buildings which were unfinished then are unfinished still. They are a little bigger. The new laboratories, for instance, have spread their glazed modernity a little further down South Parks Road, and stolen a few more square yards of park. The Dominican Priory in St. Giles's, next to Pusey House, is a story or so higher, and bids fair to fall pleasantly and unobtrusively into place when its stones have weathered a little.

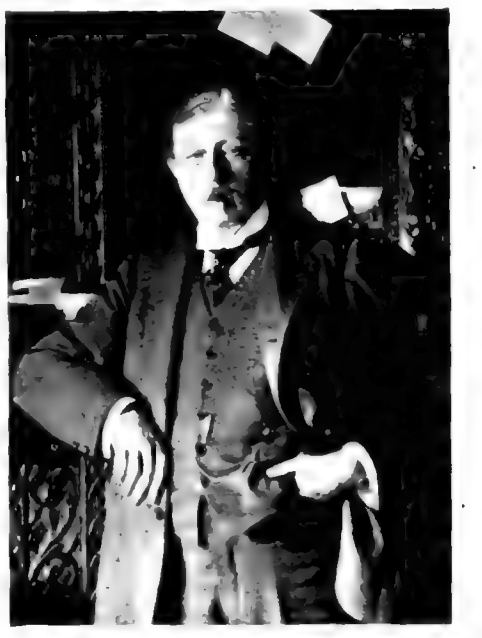
Revisiting Oxford after a Lapse of Years

So much for a few changes which have taken place in 1922 itself. The visitor who had not seen Oxford for twenty or thirty years would have a very different tale to bring back with him. He would see decay and renovation, new buildings, new shops, mushroom suburbs in the north. Peckwater Quad at Christ Church seems to crumble faster and faster. Rumour has it that the stonemasons who built it had lost the old art of cutting the stone in such a way that it should lie in the building as it had lain in the earth. But whether or no this is the reason, something will very soon have to be done about it. The pilasters of the library are in particularly bad condition, coming away in peeling flakes of stone. Meanwhile, at Merton, the quad opening on to the garden has been completely restored, and looks as brazen as new. Casual restoration is patching old walls with newness all over Oxford, so that it is rather a relief to find the reverse in Magdalen cloisters, where some nice old Gothic mullioned windows, long buried in the walls, are being scraped and delicately renewed. If the visitor walked down St. Catharine Street, past the side entrance of All Souls, he might be quite horrified to see two tennis courts marked out on the oval lawn, which used to lie so peacefully and unbrokenly beneath Hawkesmoor's extraordinary towers. No other college, thank heaven, has done this yet.

The Essential Oxford Unchanged

On the whole the interiors of the colleges and buildings have changed more than their outside walls. Modern fittings and conveniences are gradually creeping in, and there are at least no longer any colleges without baths. Times have changed since the days of the undergraduate, who put in a plea for college baths, was told, "It's only eight weeks, you know!" The Prince of Wales's rooms in Magdalen have a private bathroom of their own. I believe they are the only undergraduate's rooms which have ever possessed that distinction, and rumour has it that the Prince, hovering between Christ Church and Magdalen, was won over to the latter by this simple means. But for all these new-fangled notions, Magdalen from the street looks much the same as it must have looked for hundreds of years. So, for that matter, does "The House" (Christ Church), and it is to be hoped that Tom Quad and the Hall, with its stone staircase beneath the beautiful canopy of fan-traceried stone, will remain unchanged for many more generations.

If the interiors of the college rooms have changed a little since the days of sizars and servitors, the bigger halls and buildings remain the same. The pompous Sheldonian still has its gilt and painted ceiling and its air of faded festivity. The interior of Bodley has not changed. Bodley also has its painted ceiling, of a quieter and more academic character. And the cathedral, and indeed all the college chapels, are as cool and medieval as ever. No, Oxford has not changed very much.



Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, M.P., the Conservative Member for Oxford City

Who combines with his extensive knowledge of European history a keen interest in the social and political questions of to-day, on which he has written many books. A specialist in economics, he served for four years on the Select Committee on National Expenditure

The Undergraduate and the Undergraduette

How else, then, would the streets of Oxford impress our reminiscent and probably rather sentimental visitor? Everybody goes about without a hat, and everybody, male and female, town and gown, who has a distance of more than fifty yards to travel, does it on a bicycle. There are two or three accidents every day at the corner of Holywell, though I have never seen a serious one, and if the unfortunate man attempted to cross the High at one o'clock, he would have to wait several minutes for a big enough gap in the solid, moving phalanx of bicycles, clanging bells, flying gowns going home to lunch. He would see, hear, and curse those two new and very modern nuisances, the undergraduate with a motor-bicycle and the undergraduate with a side-car. He would see thousands of determined young women pedalling furiously up and down the streets in cap and gown, whereupon, if he was a literary man, he would probably go home and write an incredibly fatuous article on "The Modern Girl."

Yet, in spite of all this rushing about, Oxford is still peaceful. There is something in that leisurely tradition, which Mr. Leacock has noted and admired, which is very hard to kill. For one thing, the rushers are not rushing because they have got to make money, but because there is an age at which it is easier to run than to walk. They have plenty of time for everything, and it is always the people with plenty of time who never have a moment to spare. Mr. Frederic

(Continued on p. 64)



Dr. L. R. Farnell, M.A., D.Litt.—Rector of Exeter and Vice-Chancellor of the University

Oxford's well-known Vice-Chancellor, who so much disliked the political opinions of the editor of "The New Oxford" that he sent him down. He also prohibited the Grand Guignol from playing at Oxford during term time. Dr. Farnell holds that in modern Oxford there are too many distractions from work, and he has been doing his best to curtail them. He holds strong views on the place of political activities in the university life of the girl graduate. Dr. Farnell is an authority on Greek religions

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CHRIST CHURCH : The Cathedral and the College.



The Nave of Christ Church Cathedral

The chapel of Christ Church is Oxford's cathedral. It is a small but very beautiful cathedral, comprising the architecture of many periods



The Very Rev. H. J. White, D.D., Dean of Christ Church

The Dean of Christ Church and Fellow of King's College, London. An eminent biblical scholar



The Staircase of Christ Church, Oxford

Nothing more is known of the origin of this marvellous piece of work than that it was designed in the seventeenth century by "Mr. Smith of London." Here the members of "The House" congregate every evening before entering for dinner



The Rev. W. Lock, D.D., Canon of Christ Church

The canons of Christ Church, with their fine rooms in Tom Quad and their beautiful gardens, are one of the distinctive features of the College. The Rev. W. Lock, Canon of Christ Church and Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity. He is the author of many theological works, and was for twenty-three years Warden of Keble College, Oxford



The Rev. A. C. Headlam, D.D., Canon of Christ Church

Regius Professor of Divinity and Canon of Christ Church. Dr. Headlam is one of the makers of the modern Theology School at Oxford. A prolific writer on theological subjects, he is interested also in general education, and has written to the Press letters protesting against our centralised school system



The Tomb of St. Frideswide

The University of Oxford began as the Monastery of St. Frideswide. The monks' cloisters are still standing behind the cathedral, and the tomb of the patron saint is discoverable within

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OXFORD IN 1922—A PICTORIAL "WHO'S WHO"



Sir Herbert Warren, D.C.L., President of Magdalen

Formerly Professor of Poetry, who is full of anecdotes of the Prince of Wales's stay at Magdalen



The Rev. B. H. Streeter, Queen's College

Fellow of Queen's College, who has written on religion and the present-day problems of the Church. He is the author of "God, and the Struggle for Existence"

Part of the charm of Oxford is its smallness. London is the home of many famous men, yet you may wander day after day in its streets and recognise nobody. In Oxford, every time you go out you are sure to meet the familiar figures of distinguished men. Philosophers have emphasised the pleasure of recognition. At the end of his first year the undergraduate feels the place as a home, and the feeling is only enhanced by the intermittent nature of his sojourn. Only [illegible] versity men know delight of the first of term, of wander at large through streets, greeting fr and noticing fa faces. Gradual the terms slip by, and more names faces are coupled gether, till, to undergraduate wi social bent, Oxfor comes a large fa in which all the standing perso and their intricate tionships are know him. Student through in an changing stream the dons remain. S of them remain long time indeed. walk down the H one o'clock will s

At one o'clock Examination Sc are just disgorging contents. Men tures are given every morning th



Dr. F. W. Pember, D.C.L.

Warden of All Souls, whose *fine* white head proclaims him a scholar



The Rev. W. A. Spooner, D.D., Warden of New College

Whose seventy-eight years do not prevent him attending evening service every evening in the College Chapel. He is never known to miss. In spite of his edition of "The Histories of Tacitus," the unlearned public will always know him best as the originator of the "Spoonerism." It would make no difference if it could be proved that he never actually did leave "two bugs and a rag in the town drain." The name has come to stay



Sir Hugh Allen, D.Mus., New Colle

Professor of Music in Oxford and Director o Royal College of Music in London. No picture is complete without a caricature of him se lating and grimacing at his beloved (?) Bach

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of ENGLAND'S GREAT SEAT of LEARNING: *Special "Sphere" Portraits.*



Mr. C. Bailey, M.A., Balliol

Jowett Fellow of Balliol. In peace time the translator of Lucretius; during the war he helped at the Ministry of Munitions



other building in ford. Watch the k stream of under- duates and under- duettes moving dily up the High wheel and afoot— to college or lodg- for lunch. A ure, upright figure, spicuous for the k straw hat and te beard, turns to left at Oriel—it is Provost. Sir Her- Warren, looking Edward VII., limps to Magdalen on stick, and on the r side of the road clerical hat and fyingly tufted face laim the Master Balliol—the "Mug- -on his way back Belial." To-night, n he enters the hall dinner, the sons of al will bang loudly he tables with their ns as he walks up High Table. No- knows why, but such has been the custom from time immemorial.

And among the distinguished faces are others not less familiar to the Oxford man though they may be nameless. Face after face carven faces looking stonily down from grey cornices, wooden faces peeping unexpected from the odd angles of old houses, and the faces of the living passing to and fro in the street. To and fro for three or for four years, and then Oxford is left behind for ever, and the faces vanish.

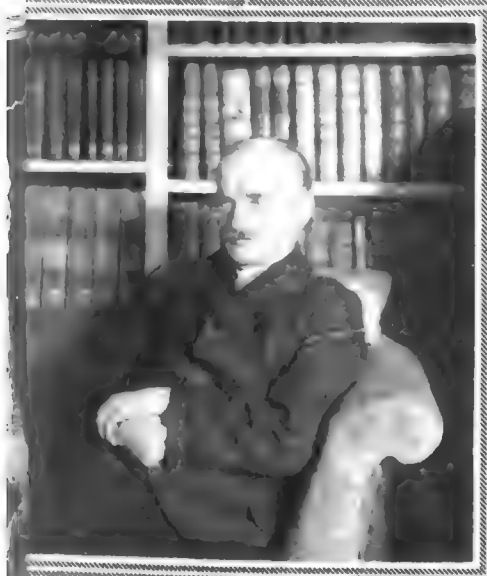


The Rev. L. R. Phelps, Provost of Oriel

Well known to the City as well as to the University of Oxford. Mr. Phelps is a City Councillor

Dr. R. W. Macan, D.Litt.

Master of University College, and a Trustee of the University Endowment Fund



Mr. J. Wells, M.A., Warden of Wadham

Member of the Hebdomadal Council, whose many public activities have left him time to write several charming books on Oxford and its architecture, including a history of Wadham, his own College



Mr. E. Armstrong, M.A., Pro-Provost of Queen's College

He is a well-known writer on modern history and a contributor to the "Cambridge Modern History." Mr. Armstrong is also the Curator of the Botanic Gardens. He is the son of the first Bishop of Grahamstown, South Africa; he took a First in Final Litt. Hum. in the year 1869, and became a Fellow of Queen's in the same year

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The ASHMOLEAN.

Its Keeper and Its Treasures

Special "Sphere" Pictures

Harrison in an article in *The Times* last summer gave some idea of the contrast between the Oxford of to-day and the Oxford of sixty years ago. He was a little bewildered. But anyone who has been brought up in twentieth-century London will find Oxford peaceful enough.

The Post-War Oxford

But, after all, to the true lover of Oxford the changes in her dress are not so important as the changes in her affections. What is the real difference between the Oxford of 1922 and the post-war Oxford of 1919? Oxford came back from the war to take life very seriously indeed. Debating societies flourished as never before. Affectation and insincerity were



Dr. D. G. Hogarth, M.A., D.Litt.

Keeper of the Ashmolean, in his private room

crushed or ignored. The political clubs were full of vigour. The Labour Club was founded, and grew at once to a numerical strength even greater than that of the other two. Many were trying hard to write really good poetry without bothering about its effect. But the reaction set in, and in 1922 Oxford seems creeping back towards its pre-war attitude. Perhaps it is not very surprising that the older generations (in Oxford a generation lasts a year) should have lost hope, and the younger should never have had any, in the present state of Europe. In

(*Continued on p. 66*)



The Exterior of the Ashmolean Museum Buildings at Oxford

In the centre of the façade is a striking Ionic portico, and in rooms to the right are housed some of the fine collection from the Eastern Mediterranean (see below)



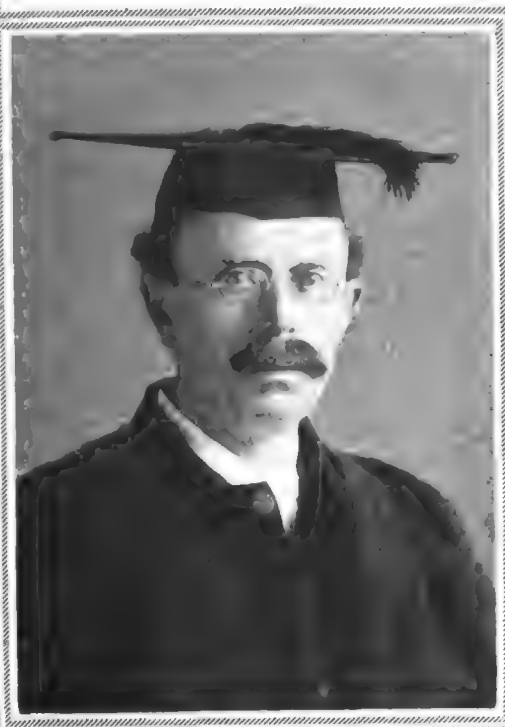
In the Famous Cretan Room of the Ashmolean Museum—Specially Photographed for "The Sphere"

The Ashmolean Museum, owing to the energies and interest of Sir Arthur Evans, Dr. D. G. Hogarth and others, possesses a collection of Cretan remains so valuable and extensive that to every student of Mediterranean culture a pilgrimage to the Ashmolean is essential

Go gle

OXFORD IN 1922 : A PICTORIAL SURVEY.

Some Prominent Figures in Oxford University Life



The Rev. H. E. D. Blakiston, D.D.

President of Trinity and Dr. Farnell's predecessor as Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. Author of many articles in the "Dictionary of National Biography" and translator of Cicero's speeches



Professor A. C. Clark, M.A.

Fellow of Queen's College and University Reader in Latin from 1909 to 1913. Professor Clark is well known as a classical scholar and editor of "Cicero's Forensic Orations"



Sir J. C. Miles, B.C.L.

Fellow Tutor and Domestic Bursar of Merton College. During the war Sir John placed his knowledge and experience at the service of the Ministry of Munitions and the Ministry of Labour



Professor W. H. Perkin, M.A., F.R.S.

Waynflete Professor of Chemistry, a corresponding member of the Academies of Bavaria and Göttingen, a correspondent of the Institute of France, and a Foreign Honorary Member of the American Academy



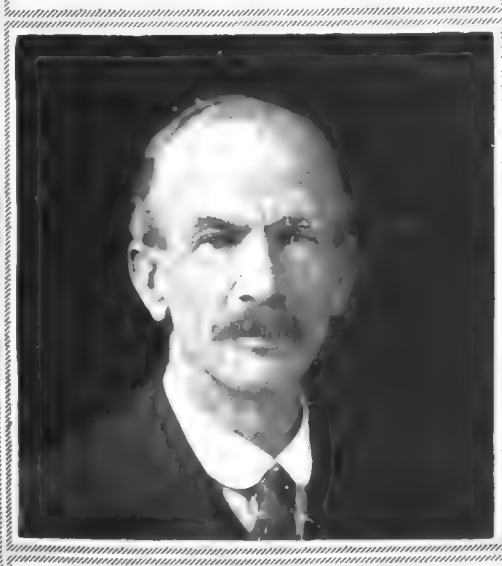
Dr. H. Armitage James

President of St. John's College. Dr. Armitage James has been Principal of Cheltenham and Headmaster of Rugby. In his own undergraduate days he was President of the Union



Professor Sir A. E. Garrod, K.C.M.G.

Regius Professor of Medicine in Oxford. Sir A. E. Garrod was formerly Director of the Medical Clinic at St. Bartholomew's Hospital. During the war he was with H.M. Forces in the Mediterranean



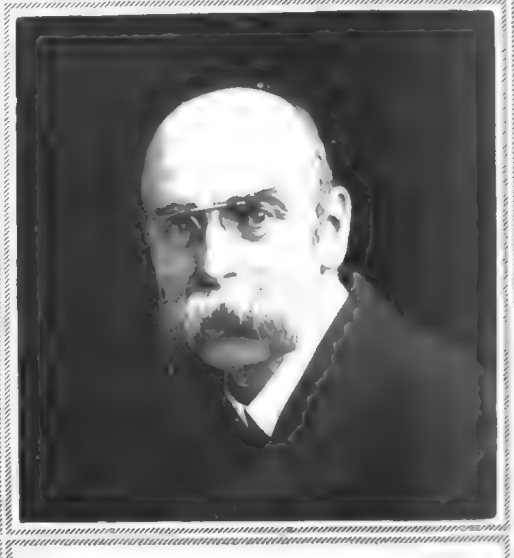
Mr. P. E. Matheson

Fellow of New College. Mr. Matheson has had much experience in the inspection and examination of schools. He is the author of "Education To-day and To-morrow"



Mr. A. L. Smith

The Master of Balliol since 1916. His is one of the first figures which the freshman learns to pick out from the throng of passers in the streets of Oxford



Professor A. E. H. Love, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Sedleian Professor of National Philosophy. Formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. He is the author of some profound treatises on mathematics and mechanics

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OXFORD in 1922.

Continued from p. 64



A View in Oxford—The New Laboratories in South Parks Road

Oxford for Humanity and Cambridge for Science was the old idea, but Oxford is rapidly changing all that. The airy new laboratories in South Parks Road are yearly drawing more and more students to the Chemistry and Physics syllabus

any case, Oxford gets more and more like its old self. There is even a desperate attempt among the more abandoned young men to reintroduce mutton-chop whiskers.

"Ragging" Like Gentlemen

There is one matter in which Oxford does seem quite definitely to have changed, and that is in her propensity to "ragging." While hair-raising accounts continue to come from Cambridge of senseless orgies of destruction, which set the London dailies issuing grave warnings about hooliganism, Oxford either does not rag, or she rags in a gentlemanly way, with wit and distinction. I pass over two exceptions last term in which certain children of Alma Mater indulged themselves publicly in the humorous occupation of torturing animals. The psychology rag, when a bogus, nonsensical lecture on psycho-analysis was delivered by an undergraduate to a town-hall audience including several dons, was a glorious achievement which can never die. Nor shall I forget the dignified torchlight procession which walked the streets on the night of the abolition of compulsory Greek. There was no sense of insubordinate protest against the enfeebled old creature's passing away. It was a tribute of respect in costume. And yet the proctors . . .

The Manifold Aspects of Oxford Life

Oxford is losing its old prejudice in favour of the "Greats" School. The History and English schools are now quite as popular, and "Modern Greats" is stealing away yet more students from philosophy and logic. This is not the place to discuss whether that is a good thing or bad, nor am I competent to say anything about football prospects or the boat race.

But that is the worst of Oxford. There are so many sides to it, so many cliques and clubs and movements and aspects, that it is impossible to do more than chat disjointedly. And now I have said nothing about the Oxford University Dramatic Society and their excellent production last term of *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, or about the Union, or the Musical Union, or the Musical Festival, with its new experiment of three historical ballets danced by undergraduates and undergraduettes. I have not even mentioned the new magazine, *The Cherwell*, which runs in hideous rivalry of *The Isis*, condemning that journal weekly with malicious scorn. I have not described the creepers or the poplars beside Magdalen Bridge, or Magdalen Tower seen through them, or the river itself, or the great copper beech in Wadham Gardens, or ——. It is no use. You must come to Oxford yourself. O.



The Decaying Stonework of Oxford—A View in Peckwater Quad

Would it be unimpaired still if the masons had known better how to lay the stones? As it is, Peckwater, which is in reality one of the more recent quads, looks like the oldest of all. You can take the flakes of stone in your fingers and peel them away



The Rev. Canon E. A. Burroughs, Trinity College

Chaplain Fellow of Trinity College and Select Preacher at both Oxford and Cambridge in 1915 and 1916. Canon Burroughs wrote much on religion during the war, and is the author of "A Faith for the Firing Line"



Mr. A. B. Poynton, University College

Emeritus Tutor and Bursar of University College. Mr. Poynton is the Curator of the Bodleian Library and the University Chest. As such it is his pleasant duty to look after the fines which the Proctor exacts from obstreperous undergraduates

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Profile View of the "Signa Madonna"



Terra Cotta by Andrea Verrocchio

In the Bargello, Florence. Originally in the Church of S. Maria Nuova (date about 1470)

THE LEONARDO MADONNA

at All Souls College, Oxford.

A Distinguished Italian Authority Declares it to be Undoubtedly the Work of the Great Master

Of extraordinary interest to every lover of art all over the world is the announcement from Rome that Signore Adolfo Venturi considers the "Signa Madonna" to be undoubtedly the work of Leonardo da Vinci, and not only an exquisite example of his style, but (as far as we know now) the only example of sculpture surviving which can be unhesitatingly ascribed to the great Florentine. Englishmen have a peculiar interest in this lovely carving, for it is now appropriately shrined within the beautiful walls of All Souls College, Oxford, where its fortunate owner, Mr. G. B. Dibblee, is bursar. The first published statement that the relief was by Leonardo was made on November 29, 1913, in *The Field*, of which Mr. Dibblee was at that time general manager. In 1919 Sir Theodore Cook, convinced by its owner's arguments, issued a small pamphlet for private circulation, in which he collected various historical reasons which supported the attribution, and illustrated it with photographs of about ten different contemporary groups which were copied from the Leonardo. The generosity of Signor Venturi in acknowledging the taste which



The "Signa Madonna," Stone and Gesso Relief, of Leonardo da Vi
(Date 1478)

discovered the carving in Italy, and the industry which accumulated proo
of its origin, is therefore no less striking than the emphasis with which h
publishes a verdict that his great authority will make conclusive.

With the exception of "The Last Supper," this is the only work
Leonardo which has remained for more than four centuries in the place f
which he made it, the outer wall of his friend, Albizzi's, villa at Sign
near Florence. By the owner of that villa it was sold to Mr. Dibblee i
1897 in Italy, and placed for safety in the Ashmolean Museum. I
only appearance in London hitherto has been at the Italian Sculptu
Exhibition of the Burlington Fine Arts Club, where the catalogue d
scribed it as "perhaps the best example of a number of reliefs execute
in the workshop of Verrocchio and derived from a common type." Th
type is shown upon this page. It will be at once observed th
Verrocchio's Child-Christ (*see* illustration on left) is on His Mother's lef
while Leonardo's is on His Mother's right (*see* illustration above). All t
copies of this group made after 1478 (the date of the Signa carvin
follow Leonardo instead of Verrocchio, and the Leonardo group

(*Continued on a later page*)

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The Stern of Nelson's Old Flagship, "The Victory," in Dock at Portsmouth DRAWN BY MONTAGUE DAWSON

A great deal of the old ship has been altered and replaced during the past decades. The stern galleries no longer exist, but down in the heart of her are the old timbers which carried her to victory on October 21, 1805. The boatmen who used to gain a livelihood by rowing visitors to the old vessel are now allowed to act as shore guides to the points of interest in the ship. They rise to the occasion as old boatmen should

TRAFALGAR : HOW WAS IT FOUGHT?

Admiral Mark Kerr here Vindicates Nelson's tactics, marshalling his reasons for believing that the battle was fought on the sound, seamanlike tactics arranged for in Nelson's own memorandum, and not on the lines stated by some historians

Was the battle of Trafalgar fought according to the famous memorandum made by Nelson before the battle, or was it fought in an entirely different manner? The question has come up again and again when some fresh fragment of evidence has been forthcoming. One of the most recent of these was the journal written by Lieutenant Andrew Green, signal officer of H.M.S. *Neptune;* but the various statements in that journal do not alter the conclusion which I came to, and set forth in *The Nineteenth Century and After* magazine, in the October number of 1911, and which was borne out by the verdict of the committee appointed by the Admiralty the following year.

The Plan made by the Second in Command of the "Bellerophon"

After the article to which I refer had been published I was sent by the descendants of Captain Cumby, second in command of the *Bellerophon* at the Battle of Trafalgar, his letter and plan which he wrote to his son, and which again bore out my contention that the Battle of Trafalgar was fought according to the memorandum that Nelson issued to the fleet a few days before the battle.

The plan shows the order of the fleet after the signal, "Bear up together," had been made and carried out. The ships are shown in their order before and after the turn, but the latter is the most interesting position in view of the old controversy. They are shown in two lines abreast in close order, with Collingwood's division leading and with Nelson's division on its quarter. This position was obtained by all the ships *turning together to starboard* while retaining their compass bearings and distances from each other, which left each ship of the weather line in the wind's eye from her corresponding ship in the lee line, and practically the weather line was on the port quarter of the lee line. Between the lines of ships in the plan, before the turn, Cumby has written, "At daylight, in order of sailing on the larboard tack." Between the lines of ships after they had turned he has written, "After *bearing up together* and running down to close the enemy."

In Cumby's letter he states that on October 19 the captain of the *Bellerophon* was invited, with some other captains, to dine with the Commander-in-Chief, but the signal that the enemy's ships were coming out of port caused the dinner signal to be annulled, and no further communication by boat took place between the *Bellerophon* and *Victory* until after the battle, so the memorandum to which he presently refers must have been given to his captain, Cooke, at the same time as

Nelson's Plan for the Attack on the Combined Fleet

Nelson's divisions are shown sailing parallel to the enemy line

The Form of Attack which Admiral Kerr Maintains did Not Take Place

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to the other admirals and captains of the fleet, a few days previously, and consequently was not a new or revised edition.

The Private Memorandum Shown to Captain Cumby

Cumby tells how, after being roused by Overton, the master, at a quarter before six, he jumped out of bed and knelt down by the side of his cot "and put up a short but fervent prayer to the great God of Battles for a glorious victory to the arms of my country, committing myself individually to His all-wise disposal, and begging His gracious protection and favour for my dear wife and children, whatever His unerring wisdom might see fit to order for myself. This was the substance and, as near as memory will serve me, the actual words of my petition, and I have often since reflected with a feeling of pride how nearly similar they were to what our immortal leader himself committed to paper as his own prayer on that occasion. I was soon on deck, when the enemy's fleet was distinctly seen to leeward, standing to the southward under easy sail, and forming in line on the starboard tack; at six o'clock the signal was made to form the order of sailing, and soon after to bear up and steer E.N.E. We made sail in our station, and at twenty minutes past six we answered the signal to prepare for battle, and soon afterwards to steer east; we then beat to quarters and cleared ship for action. After I had breakfasted as usual at eight o'clock with the captain in his cabin, he begged of me to wait a little, as he had something to show me, when he produced and requested me to peruse Lord Nelson's private memorandum addressed to the captains relative to the conduct of the ships in action, which having read he inquired whether I perfectly understood the admiral's instructions. I replied they were so distinct and explicit that it was quite impossible they could be misunderstood; he then expressed his satisfaction, and said he wished me to be made acquainted with it, that in the event of his being 'bowl'd out' I might know how to act to conduct the ship agreeably to the admiral's wishes. On this I observed that it was very possible that the same shot which disposed of him might have an equally tranquillising effect on me, and under that idea I submitted to him the expediency of the master (as being the only officer who in such case would remain on the quarterdeck) being also apprised of the admiral's instructions, that he might be enabled to communicate them to the next officer, whoever he might be, that should succeed to the command of the ship. To this Captain Cooke immediately assented, and poor Overton, the master, was desired to read the memorandum, which he did. And here I may be permitted to remark, *en passant*, that of the three officers who carried the knowledge of this private memorandum into the action, I was the only one that brought it out."

It is evident that Captain Cumby agrees with Lord Collingwood, Captain Harvey, Captain Hope, Sir Edward Codrington, Captain Blackwood, and several other officers of less rank, that the battle was fought according to Lord Nelson's memorandum, and not according to the various historians' accounts which have been published from time to time, and which were all founded on the story written by Lieutenant Senhouse fifteen years after the battle, and it is interesting to notice that Senhouse was an officer in the *Conqueror*, a ship in Nelson's line, and consequently would not have been able to distinguish whether the lee line were sailing in line ahead or on a line of bearing. I quoted from the journal of Lieutenant Andrew Greene in the article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, and commented on his entry, which stated that "Captain Blackwood of the *Euryalus* came alongside and acquainted Captain Fremantle it was the Commander-in-Chief's intention to cut through the enemy's line about their 13 or 14 ship, then to make sail on the larb'd tack for their van."

The Secret Orders Thoroughly Understood

At this time Nelson believed that the land which had just been sighted was Cadiz, and consequently he proposed passing through the line to prevent them running for the port, which was to leeward of them. Before the signal indicating this proposal was made to Collingwood the land was identified as Trafalgar, and consequently Cadiz was a long way to windward of the combined fleet, and therefore to cut them off from Cadiz, Nelson would have had to have passed ahead of their whole fleet. The original plan of attack was therefore adhered to, and the only signal that was made to the fleet on the run down was the famous one, "England expects that every man will do his duty," and so thoroughly did Collingwood understand his orders that when he saw it being hoisted he exclaimed to his flag captain, "Y does Nelson make any more signals. We all know what we have to do."

Nelson's plan as set forth in his memorandum was the finest tac exposition that naval history has shown. Briefly the idea wa follows:

Collingwood's division, to be made up to sixteen ships, was to at the last twelve ships of the enemy's line. They were to approach on line of bearing which would put them parallel to the enemy, so tha ships would become engaged at once, if the wind did not fail them. Nel with his own division, would undertake that the rest of the enemy w not interfere with Collingwood until he had completed the business of t twelve sail of the enemy. He would also endeavour to surround capture the Commander-in-Chief, whom he expected to be in the centr the line. The British Fleet's advance was expected to be made in l abreast, as shown in the diagram, but shortage of ships reduced the t lines abreast to two, and the functions of the advance squadron Nelson's own line were all undertaken by the latter.

By all the evidence of the people above quoted, by the signals m and by the logs and journals and proceedings of the fleet which have l examined, all the above procedure was strictly carried out, but two fac interfered which prevented the movement being of drill-ground precis These were the changing and uncertain light wind, and the wearing of combined fleet, which made them proceed to the northward instead of southward after the British fleet had put their helms up and started d to the attack in lines abreast.

The Turning of the Enemy's Fleet

The flukey light winds made correct station-keeping impossible, many ships dropped astern, which left them farther from the enemy t the faster sailers. The complete turning round of the combined fleet n the course originally set a wrong one now that the enemy were procee the opposite way. In order to keep his line as nearly parallel to the en as the failing wind would allow, Lord Collingwood placed them on a of bearing, but as the combined fleet drew across his front, Collingwo line had to keep on altering course together to port, which gradu brought them almost into a jagged line ahead, but still parallel with enemy's line. Thus was the principle of the memorandum adhered to the lee line. With regard to the weather line, Nelson threatened the in order to prevent them from turning back to assist their rear divi against Collingwood; when he had made this safe he ran down the and surrounded the Commander-in-Chief, who was found in the centr Nelson had estimated, and so the weather line carried out the instruct of the memorandum.

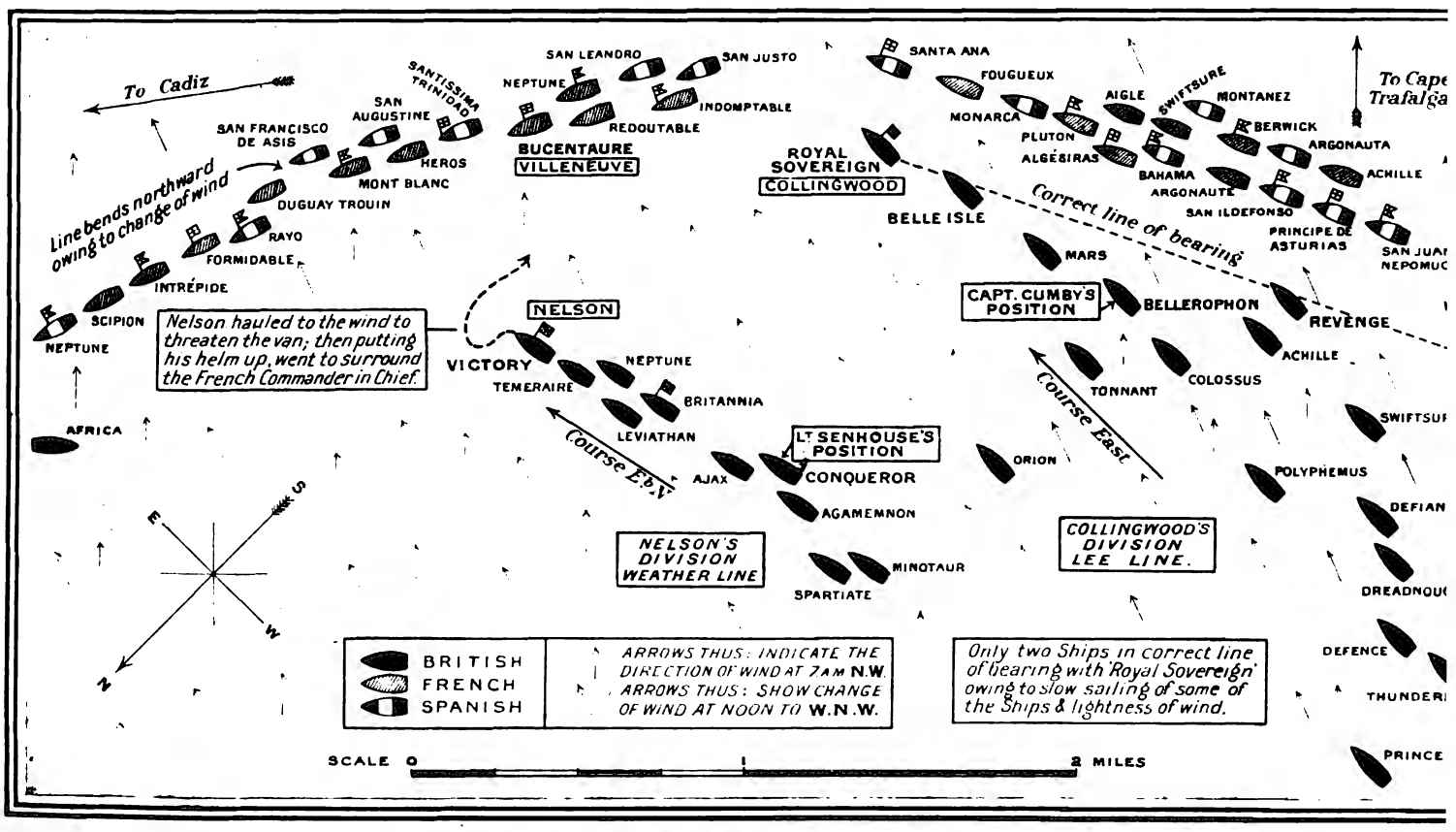
The Principle of the Memorandum

The difference between the historians' method of fighting the battle that contained in Nelson's memorandum, which was actually carried during the action, is fundamental. In the former one, Nelson is mad form his fleet into two lines ahead, and attack the enemy, who is in long line ahead, at right angles to the lines of his own fleet. This m that the bow chaser guns of the leading ship of each line would be the fire to oppose the broadsides of the line of enemy ships ahead of th Roughly speaking, the combined fleet would have 500 guns firing f their nearest twelve ships against the twelve bow chasers of the leading British vessels. No worse tactical formation, except one si line ahead, could be devised. The principle of Nelson's memorandum the exact opposite. His attack was made by sixteen ships on to twe as he puts it, "a proportionate number of enemy's ships are to be cut B to be one quarter superior to the E cut off," and he concludes with paragraph, "The remainder of the enemy's fleet . . . are to be le the management of the Commander-in-Chief, who will endeavour to care that the movements of the Second in Command are as little interru as is possible. NELSON AND BRONTE."

Difficulty of Observation During Battle

Battles can only be worked out by a close study of the despatches the logs and journals of the ships. I have tried the experiment of as a whole signal department of a flagship to tell me the order in whi foreign fleet was steaming from the time we sighted them until they

(Concluded on a later page)

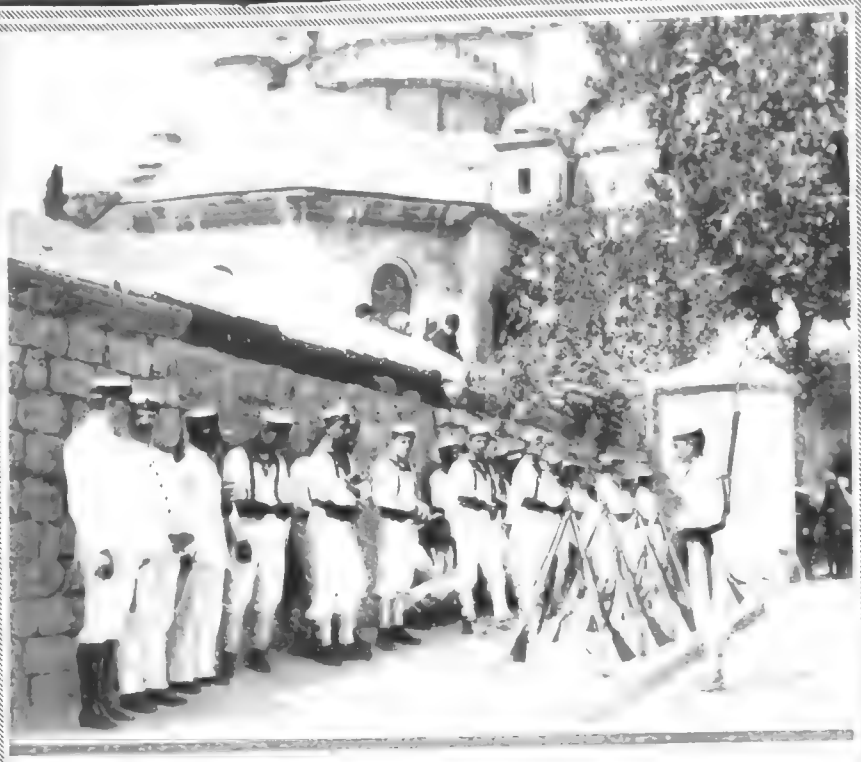


How the Battle of Trafalgar was Fought—A Specially-prepared Plan

The above plan has been specially prepared for this article from Admiral Kerr's notes and sketch maps. The parallel bearing of Nelson's ships in relation to the main li the enemy fleet is shown. A dotted line towards the right indicates the correct line of bearing. The arrows indicate the direction of the wind at two different times, 7 and noon, on the morning of October 21, 1805

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THE NEAR EAST : THE SUI VISIT IN CONSTA



Turkish Sailors at El Fatih During the Sultan's Visit to the Mosque of Mahomed the Conqueror

The future of the city of Constantinople has been engaging the attention of every student of Near Eastern history during the past few weeks, and any official pronouncement has been awaited with the keenest interest.

By the provisions of the Treaty with Turkey, which was dealt with in THE SPHERE of May 29, 1920, the whole region of the Straits on both sides of the Bosphorus, Sea of Marmara, and the Dardanelles was to be garrisoned by British, French, and Italian forces. The waterway was to be placed under the control of an International Council, and regulated by a series of rules similar to those which govern the use of the Suez Canal.

Constantinople, naturally, would be included in this Straits Littoral Region, but the Sultan was to continue to reside there, with a bodyguard of 700 men; and the city would remain the administrative capital of the Turkish Empire.

The Turkish Army, besides the Sultan's bodyguard, was to be reduced



Foreign Visitors Awaiting the Arrival of the Turkish

The Sultan of Turkey recently attended the historic mosque of Mahomed the Conqueror at C living: this visit attracted great crowds of excited spectators. It is here that the Janissaries made and unmade dynasties as they were



Awaiting the Sultan's Arrival—The Crowds of Turks Outside the Mosque

The state visit of the Sultan attracted many interested spectators to the neighbourhood so frequently depicted by the enchanting pen of Pierre Loti. The mosque itself is built on the site of the Church of the Holy Apostles. It dates from the period of the fall of Constantinople in 1453

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ULTAN PAYS A STATE ANTINOPLE.



Mah Sultan at the Mosque of Mahomed

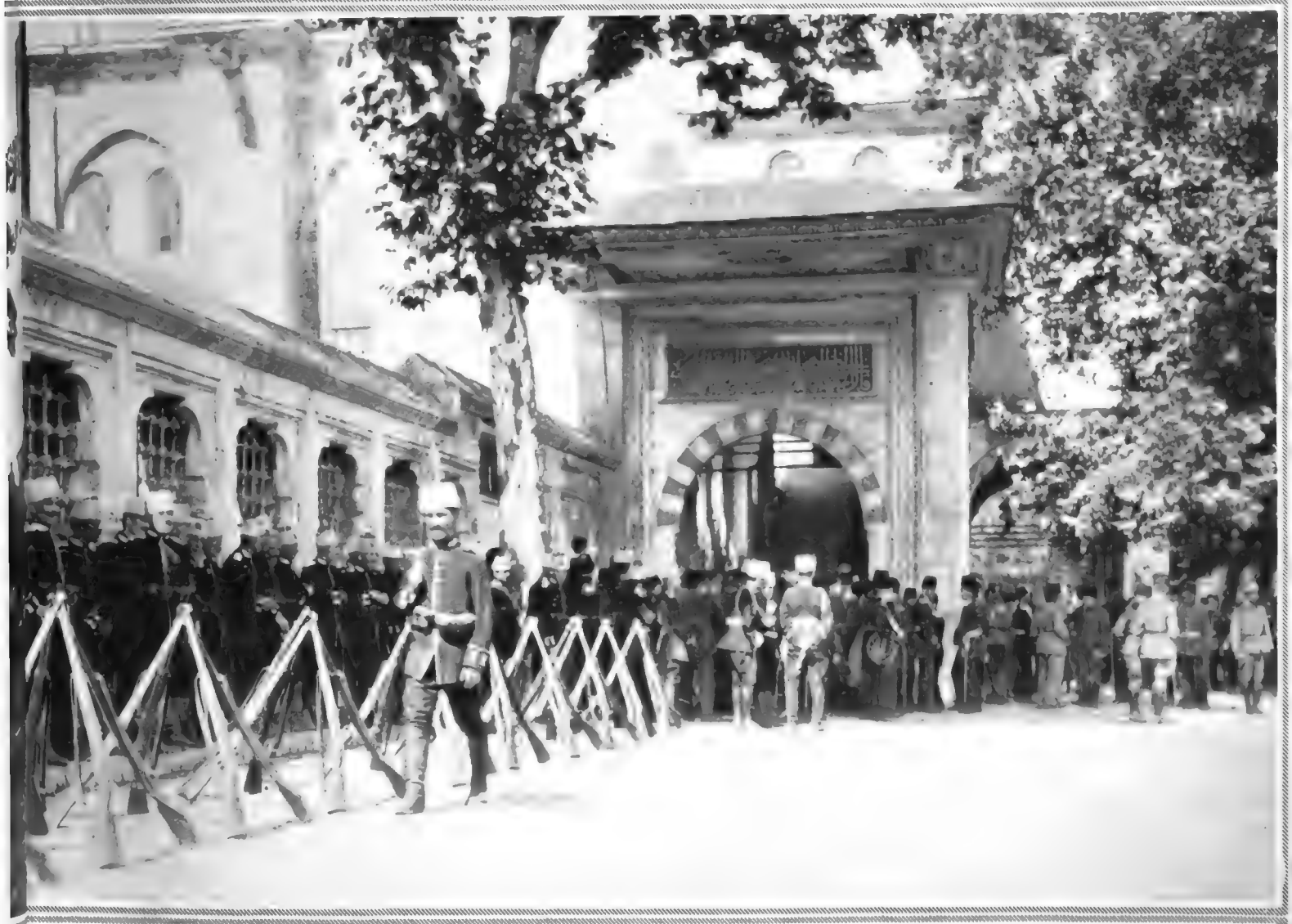
Hat Stamboul. In view of the excited times in which Constantinople is now tine Emperors, and afterwards the Turkish Sultans, lived. It was here that here finally crushed by the Sultan Mahomed



Native Soldiers, Wearing the Ubiquitous Fez, Keeping the Crowd in Order Outside the Mosque

to 50,000 long-service men, and its supply of munitions was to be strictly limited.

Most of these provisions seem to have been found incapable of execution. The Turkish Army is limited in strength only by the comparatively small man-power of the Osmanli dominions. The restrictions regarding armament, etc., have been disregarded by the very Powers which signed the Treaty of Sèvres. The final offer of the Allies seemed to put an end to the arrangement regarding the Straits, since with an aggressive Turkish Army in force in Anatolia, and partly so in Thrace, it is difficult to see how Allied control over Constantinople could be continued. The three Powers continued to assert their intention to maintain the freedom of the Straits. We give on these pages a series of pictures just received from Constantinople, showing the Sultan's visit to the Mosque of Mahomed the Conqueror at El Fatih. The views show British and other visitors awaiting the Sultan's arrival.



Special Sphere *pictures*

At the Mosque—On the Left, the Imperial Guard Wearing their Bright Red Uniforms

e smartly equipped soldiers have piled arms in front of the mosque to await the arrival of the Sultan. The Imperial Guard formed the guard of honour at El Fatih during the "Selamlik" (the state visit) to the mosque

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MUSIC of the Week

By FRANCIS TOYE.



Mr. HARRY BRINDLE—A leading members of the Carl Rosa Company



Mr. RUTLAND BOUGHTON—Composer of "The Immortal Hour"

Analytical programmes, like ancient Gaul as described by Cæsar, may be separated into three divisions—the sentimental, the descriptive, and the informative. In every case they are, I think, an evil, but, when purely informative, they are perhaps a necessary evil. The public is benefited, I suppose, by being told the principal themes of the composition played and by being kept informed as to the manner in which the composer handles them. A certain curiosity as to the composer's life and general career is even legitimate. But there, I am sure, the possible usefulness of the analytical programme ends. The sentimental and descriptive twaddle that disfigures nine such programmes out of ten is an unmixed evil. As a rule it makes music ridiculous by attempting to put in words emotions that cannot, in fact, be put into words at all. Always it is unnecessary, because music must be able to tell its own tale in its own way or be written down as a failure. Further, there is, I fear, little doubt that the literary gifts of the compilers are rarely distinctive enough to stand the acid test of printer's ink. The particular variety of "fine writing" associated with analytical programmes is, of all styles, the most difficult in which to achieve success.

The "Analysis" of the "Analytical Programme"

With no desire to pillory anybody, I would instance the following specimens of writing that occurred in the programme of a world-famous pianist the other day. This is what we were told about the Chopin Ballad in A flat: "It starts with a graceful interrogation in the treble, immediately answered in suave manner by the bass, which then repeats the initial question, to be answered by the treble with a decided affirmative." How, I should like to know, does this help anybody to appreciate Chopin's music? What does it, in fact, mean? What is a decidedly musical affirmative?

Again, how is the understanding of Schumann's "Aufschwung" furthered by this kind of thing? "The exuberance and enthusiasm which permeate the music happily expresses the 'soaring' mood of the composer, who might have had in his mind the sentence by Parkhurst, 'Labouring toward distant aims sets the mind in a higher key and puts us at our best.'" I am prepared to lay heavy odds that Schumann had never heard of Parkhurst, and was, as a matter of fact, merely thinking of his music. Why drag in these extraneous considerations by the heels, as it were?

The Public Demand for a "Programme"

Again, it seems a little unkind to remind us of Liszt's notorious philanderings by writing as follows about his Concert Study in D flat. "This has the title of 'Harmonies du Soir'—a name that clearly indicates the composer's intention. There are many 'evening harmonies' born of surroundings and past memories, and Liszt must have had an exceptionally large number to draw upon for inspiration."

Now I am aware, of course, that the writer cannot in fairness be expected to bear the whole blame, or even the major portion of it. The public demands this kind of thing in connection with music, and somebody has to supply it. The root of the evil lies in the original demand. Will people never learn that music has a language of its own that is only spoilt by attempts at translation into literature? All these romantic and sentimental tags add nothing to the effect of the music, and encourage an attitude of mind towards it that is, is my opinion, thoroughly pernicious. Probably, however, I am fighting on behalf of a lost cause. Would Tchaikowski's Sixth Symphony ever have achieved such popularity unless it had been christened "Pathetic," and provided with a highly imaginative programme? Did not the Hamburg publisher, Cranz, show real business acumen in hanging the label of "Appassionata" round the neck of Beethoven's Sonata in F minor? *Victrix causa deis placuit sed victa Catoni*, wrote some Roman or other. I fear I must be a Cato in this matter. But I remain unrepentant.



Herbert Lambert

A New Portrait of Mr. Frederic Austin

The singer and composer, who has been responsible for the music of the ever-fresh "Beggar's Opera" at Hammersmith, and who sings the part of Peachum



Mr. Adrian Beecham's "Merchant of Venice"

Miss Ella Milne, who has made a distinct success as Narissa in Mr. Adrian Beecham's operatic setting of "The Merchant of Venice." Miss Milne has a good voice and is a clever actress, and was for some years with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company

The Carl Rosa Season at Covent Garden

The Carl Rosa Opera Company opened a short season at Covent Garden last week with a performance of *Madame Butterfly*. I did not care for it. These operas of Puccini demand *virtuosi* treatment by singers who are able to extract every ounce of effect out of the music. Everything must be sacrificed to this, and anything like rigidity is fatal. The Carl Rosa artists, conscientious and admirable though they are in many ways, are hardly of a stature to bear such a burden on their shoulders, and Mr. Kochs—who, by the way, has undoubtedly improved the orchestra—insists, I think, on too strong a sense of discipline for Italian opera.

The performance of *Samson and Delilah* was much better, particularly as regards the men, one of whom, Mr. Appleton Moore, impressed me as a really good interpreter of operatic music, with a fine resonant voice and a good stage presence. Somebody once said of *Samson and Delilah* that it was a compound of Handel in the first act and Verdi in the second. There is, perhaps, just a germ of truth in the epigram. But the fact remains that this simple recipe has been at the disposal of every composer, and that very few have known how to take advantage of it. Besides, there remains the third act, which contains the famous and amazingly effective canon in honour of Dagon. So far as Saint-Saëns had any musical individuality at all, this is altogether characteristic of him. It is typically skilful, typically fluent. Saint-Saëns was not a writer of great operas, but he was at least the writer of one really successful opera. How many composers can say as much?

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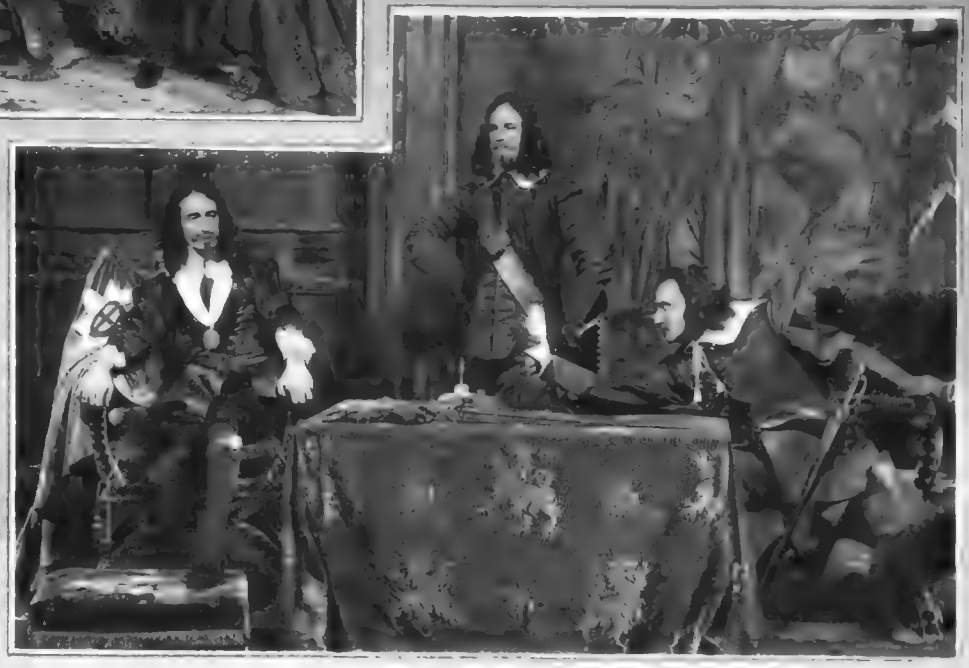


DRAMA AT THE AMBASSADORS AND THE NEW THEATRE.

"Charles I." and "The Scandal"

Mr. Russell Thorndike, who has already acquired fame at the Old Vic and Grand Guignol, has now revived W. G. Wills's "Charles I.," himself taking the title-rôle. The picture on the left shows a dramatic moment when Cromwell (Mr. H. St. Barbe West) confronts the King (Mr. Thorndike) and Queen Henrietta Maria (Miss Miriam Lewes). The lower picture on the left gives a study of Mr. West as Cromwell





Stage Photo Co.

Cromwell and Ireton with the King—A Scene at the Ambassadors Theatre

Mr. Russell Thorndike, Mr. Malcolm Morley, and Mr. St. Barbe West, as Charles I., Ireton, and Cromwell respectively, in one of the scenes dealing with the life of the unhappy monarch



"The Scandal," at the New Theatre—Feriol and his Mother (Act 4)

Miss Rosina Filippi and Mr. Leslie Faber. Mr. Faber plays the part of the husband who discovers his wife's wrong-doings, but forgives her—to the great disgust of his fierce old mother

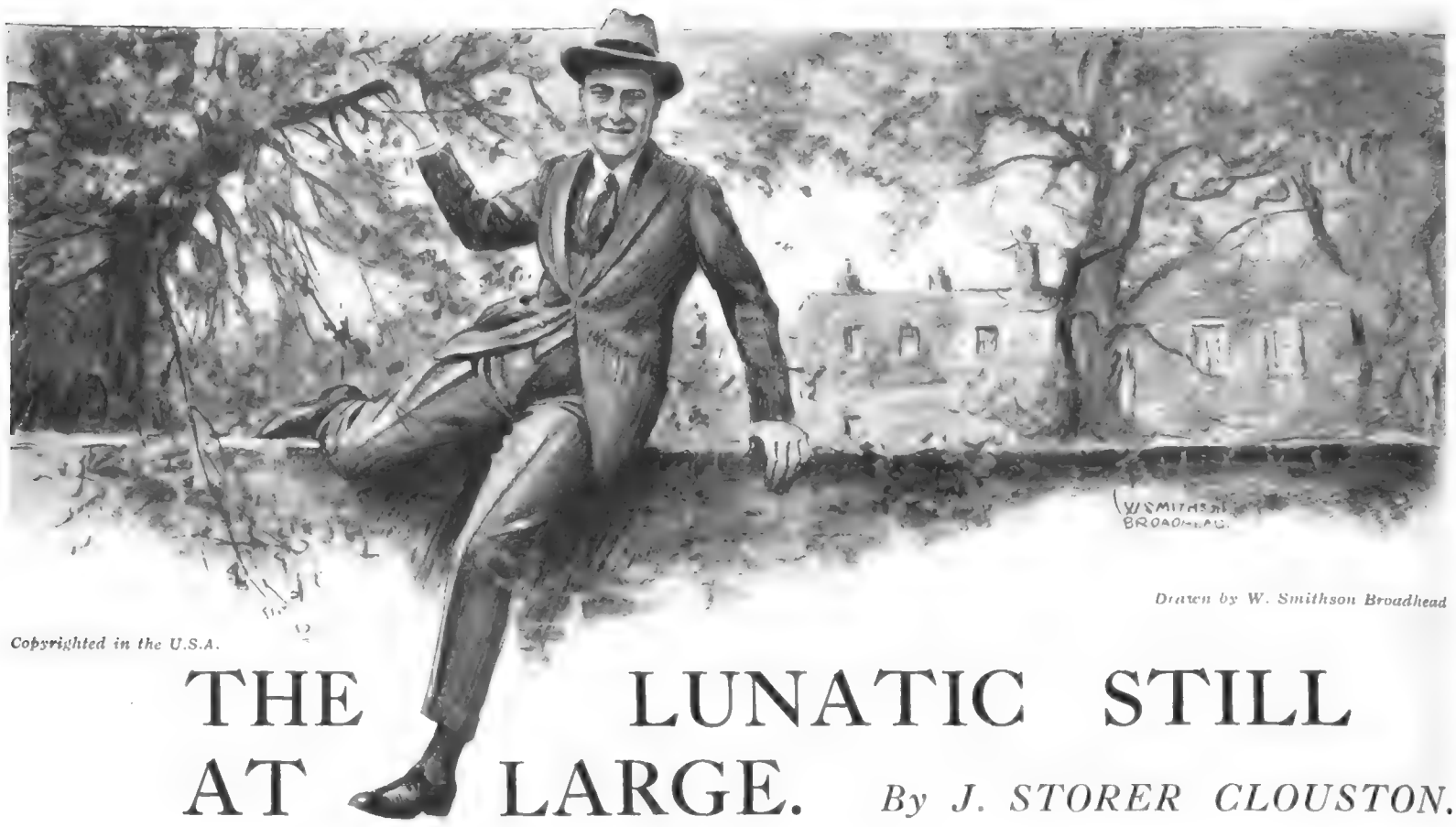


Fouisham & Bamfield

A Scene from the Second Act—Jeannetier and Charlotte Feriol

Jeannetier (Mr. Lawrence Anderson) is a young doctor who imagines that Charlotte Feriol is being blackmailed by her former lover. He at once gets into touch with the police. After Feriol has got the whole truth from his wife, however, he stops short of his original intention of exposing her, and at last forgives

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils, which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent."*

IV.—A TIGHT PLACE

MR. P. WHITE, as he signed himself in the register of the Albany Hotel ("P," as he humorously explained, standing for "Pure"), strolled cheerfully along the Southbourne esplanade. He had just been refreshed by a light luncheon, between his smiling lips an excellent cigar diffused a beneficent aroma, and the heart of Mr. White felt as light as the luncheon, as beneficent as the cigar.

"I never felt more affectionately inclined in my life!" he said to himself, and he could hardly have expressed his happiness in stronger terms, for Mr. White's inclinations in this direction were as remarkable for their vigour as for their catholicity. They were, indeed, on a par with those of a gentleman known as Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, precisely on a par, in fact; and the outward appearance of these two individuals was as identical as their emotions.

At this season of the year and at that early hour of the afternoon the esplanade was tolerably empty, especially towards the western end, which Mr. Essington, *alias* White, was now approaching. Seeing that there was little ahead of him that promised entertainment, he paused in his saunter, leant over the low wall, and surveyed the sea with a pleasantly thoughtful air. Though the season was now early October, it was a mild, sunny day, more suggestive of spring than autumn, with the fleeciest of clouds overhead and a soft glitter on the waters.

"I don't want in the least to marry," he mused, "but I really should like to put my arm round something or other."

Hitherto he had been gazing at the sea. Now he turned on his elbow, and there, sitting on a bench about twenty yards away, he beheld the one thing that had been lacking. She seemed to have just sat down, and was casting her eyes about in a preliminary journey of inspection. They fell on the fashionable and graceful figure leaning on the wall, surveyed it for a bare second, and then turned away.

"What a perfectly charming girl!" said the spirited gentleman to himself.

He saw that she was fair-haired, slender, delicately featured, and immaculately dressed, and his brief glimpse of her eyes promised very favourably. She had beside her a dog, a lively young Irish terrier, and now she was bending over him, playing with him, and to all appearances quite oblivious of the handsome stranger. On his part, he turned his eyes away at last and gazed again at the sea, but with different thoughts this time.

"How can I manage it?" they ran. He was aroused from these meditations by something jumping up against his leg. It was the playful Irish terrier.

"Good dog; good little dog!" he murmured, patting its head with an affectionate hand, and stealing another glance at its mistress. But she was looking in quite the other direction. And then suddenly Mr. Essington's warm heart gave a little leap, and he bent down over the terrier's collar. On it he distinctly read the name, "Carey."

"I'll risk it!" he said to himself, and without a second's hesitation walked up to the girl on the bench.

"How do you do, Miss Carey?" said he, with his most graceful bow and his happiest smile.

The girl looked up at him with wide-open eyes (dark blue, he noticed, and quite entrancing).

"I'm—I'm afraid——" she began.

"Now, my dear girl, don't say that!" he cried, seating himself beside her with an air so unembarrassed that she continued to look more puzzled than alarmed. "You can't have forgotten me, so don't pretend you have."

"I am very sorry, but I have," said she.

Mr. Essington raised a well-gloved finger in playful reproof.

"Think! Can't you recall an afternoon in London?"

The suggestion did not seem to awake any perceptible response.

"I have very seldom been in London," she said. "I am certain I never met you there."

"You did *not* meet me there, Miss Carey," said he, with emphasis and a touch of gravity. "Think instead of a certain country house!"

"I have stayed in very few country houses," she answered, edging away from him a little - not enough to hurt his feelings if he really were an old acquaintance, yet just enough to warn him if he were not. "No; I never met you there!"

"You are right again," he answered her; "perfectly right. Have you been to Monte Carlo?"

"No, never," and she edged away, very perceptibly this time.

Still the mysterious but (she could not but allow) handsome stranger continued to smile in the friendliest fashion.

"Then obviously it wasn't there. What about travelling in Switzerland?"

"I haven't travelled in Switzerland."

"You see we are gradually eliminating the places where we didn't meet," he said in an encouraging voice. "Now just think carefully. Where have you been?"

There was something at once so courteous and so impressive about the stranger's air that Miss Carey still kept her seat.

"I have been——" she began, and then stopped with quickened suspicion in her eye. "But if we have really met, it is you who should tell me."

"No, no, pardon me!" he interrupted firmly, yet with a disarming smile. "I am older than you, and very much more experienced. Indeed, if I may say so myself, few fellows are more thoroughly experienced. I know exactly who should say what. You were going to tell me you had been where?"

She hesitated, and looked at him very doubtfully indeed.

"Be a nice girl—as you were last time we met!" he implored her, "and tell me! You see, I remember your name and your face perfectly, but to tell you the truth I am a little vague myself as to the precise spot where we met before. I have been a great traveller, which is my only excuse."

At this she seemed at last a trifle less suspicious.

"Oh, in that case——," she began, and then changed it into, "I have been round the world—."

"That was the very place! Going round the world! Which way did you go—with the sun?"

The form of the inquiry seemed unusual, yet the gentleman was now apparently very much in earnest, while his politeness was consistently remarkable. Miss Carey answered guardedly:

"I went to America first."

"And I went round the other way," he cried. "That was how we met; we couldn't help meeting, in fact. You remember me now, don't you?"

She shook her head and said decidedly:

"No."

Mr. Essington sighed mournfully.

"I was sure some luckier fellow had cut me out afterwards!" And at this his quick eye caught a faint flush in Miss Carey's cheeks. "By Jove!" he thought, "I've got there this time! But what a nasty jar. I evidently have a rival."

Aloud he said, with an arch and confidential air:

"You see, I know something about you, Miss Carey—and your adventures!"

She looked at him with quickened interest now; and then suddenly seemed to see an explanation. No longer edging away, and with the beginnings of a charming smile, she said:

"Of course, you are only pretending we met before. But I am sure you must really be a friend of Mr.——"

She hesitated for an instant to say the name, and her colour rose again. And then she broke off abruptly, arrested by the strange gentleman's curious behaviour. For a moment he had stared very hard down the esplanade. Now he was pulling out his watch, and at the same time beginning to rise from his seat.

"A thousand apologies!" he exclaimed. "I've just remembered a most important appointment. Good-bye!" And with that the charming stranger was up and off across the road behind the bench, walking as if for a wager.

Miss Carey turned her astonished eyes down the esplanade, and observed about a hundred yards away and walking towards her a broad-shouldered man with a black beard. The next instant he was crossing the road too. She looked round and saw the charming stranger just turning

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the corner of a side road. He waved his hand in friendly farewell, and then vanished from her sight. And now, to her increasing bewilderment, he of the black beard broke into a run, and in a moment had disappeared round the same corner.

"Whatever does it all mean?" she murmured.

Meanwhile the mysterious stranger had likewise started to run. For the best part of a hundred yards he sped like a deer, and then the sight of a lady and gentleman coming out of a house a little way ahead caused him suddenly to alter his tactics, and with a glance over his shoulder he fell to a fast walk again. The man with the black beard had not yet appeared round the corner behind him.

"If I start running I give the whole show away, and raise the hue and cry at once," he argued. "It's just possible that my friend Lumsden may not be quite sure enough of me to begin running himself. If he was, there's nothing for it but a sprint. Meanwhile, why get hotter than one need?"

The next moment his pursuer came round the corner, and seeing his quarry still going at a walk, he dropped to a walk likewise.

"If he starts running with those long legs of his, he'll give me a gey stiff chase!" ran Mr. Lumsden's argument. "I'll not start him off if I can help it. So long as he keeps walking, he'll not shake off Angus Lumsden that easy!"

So, heel and toe, the two pounded along the quiet road of villas and gardens; the thoughts of the man behind grimly set on but one object—the grey-clad figure before him with its long, raking stride; the thoughts of the man in front moving in a rather less circumscribed orbit.

"What a devilish nuisance!" said he to himslf. "Of all beastly forms of exercise, a walking race is the beastliest!" And then for a space his thoughts turned back to the interrupted *tête-à-tête*. "What a ripping girl! And everything was going so swimmingly. It may be days before I have such luck again!"

At this point he came to a cross road, and, turning the corner, adopted again his tactics of a brief sprint before his pursuer appeared in sight. As, however, Lumsden adopted precisely the same tactics, the walking race was resumed on level terms down the next shady road.

Mr. Essington's thoughts returned to their regretfully reminiscent vein, and Miss Carey's last words suddenly came back to his mind.

"So I was a friend of Mr.—— Now I wonder who the gentleman was! Dash it, one doesn't like to be remembered merely as some other fellow's friend! If I meet her again——" But here he broke off to consider the present situation, for unless he amended it, the chances of meeting Miss Carey again seemed extremely remote.

Another corner and another short sprint took him into a very long and straight road, planted with trees along either sidewalk, and with no openings out of it that he could see. He glanced over his shoulder, and it seemed to him that, if anything, Lumsden was gaining a little. The prospect was distinctly sobering.

"It is no use beginning to run on this road," he said to himself. "I'm a sprinter, not a long-distance man. And one can't try one of these houses in broad daylight. By Jingo!"

His meditations broke off suddenly, and his action was decided in that instant. On the other side of the road, some way ahead, he had noted what looked like a carriage or two standing, and now, all at once, he saw what it was; a hearse and a line of solemn funeral coaches drawn up opposite one of the villas. He waited till he had come nearly abreast, and then swerved sharply across the road and reached the other pavement just where the rearmost carriage stood. Out of the corner of his eye he caught a glimpse of Lumsden crossing after him, but ahead was a much more promising spectacle. The coffin was being borne out of the house, and the eyes of all the coachmen were gazing that way. Swiftly and silently Mr. Essington opened the door of the last carriage, slipped inside, softly closed it again, and seated himself on the floor.

A bare minute later rapid steps sounded on the pavement—the steps of one who had evidently just crossed the road. They hurried on down the line of carriages till they had passed out of hearing, and then at last Mr. Essington heaved a heartfelt sigh of relief.

V.—THE FUNERAL.

"After you, Mr. Wilson," said a tall gentleman in black to a stout gentleman in black.

"After you, Mr. Brown," replied the stout gentlemen.

This pretty contest in courtesy took place on the pavement immediately beside the last mourning carriage. Both gentlemen spoke in reverently hushed voices, and each bowed decorously towards the other, with hand extended towards the open carriage door.

"Oh, very well, if you insist, Mr. Brown," said the stout gentleman, and placed his foot upon the step. And then for the first time he became aware that Mr. Brown and he were not going to be the sole occupants of the last carriage.

For a moment Mr. Wilson seemed a trifle startled, but the grave bow with which the third passenger saluted him was entirely reassuring. Mr. Brown followed him in, and again a little courteous strife took place. The stranger was sitting in the furthest corner facing the horses, and Messrs. Brown and Wilson each endeavoured to give the honour of sitting beside him to the other. And then, in a courteous but suitably solemn voice, the stranger addressed them.

"I should offer you this seat, gentlemen," said he, "only unfortunately I suffer from giddiness if I ride with my back to the horses."

"Not at all, sir; not at all," said the two gentlemen simultaneously, and finally Mr. Brown sat beside him with Mr. Wilson in front, while the stranger himself edged into the furthest (and darkest) corner, and remained with bowed head, they observed, till the *cortège* had been under way for some minutes. Neither gentleman noticed the coincidence, but as a matter of fact, he first raised his head just after they had passed a house with the garden gate open and a broad-backed man standing at the front door.

"He thinks I've bolted into one of these houses!" said the stranger to himself. "By gad, I believe I'm going to see that girl again after all!"

These unfunereal thoughts were not, however, apparent on the stranger's face. His two companions, in fact, were very favourably impressed by the gravity of his deportment. His attire, they noticed, was a little unusual for such an occasion, consisting as it did of a light grey suit, with a very fashionable speckled tie; yet it was not without its tribute to the deceased, for conspicuous upon one arm was an unusually broad mourning band. (It may be added that a wide strip was subsequently discovered to have been cut out of the upholstery of the carriage; an outrage that remained an impenetrable mystery.)

The mournful solemnity of this individual's aspect so affected both Mr. Brown and Mr. Wilson that for a time they not only refrained from venturing to break in upon his meditations, but conducted their own conversation in voices little above a whisper. On both sides, however, there was all the while a growing desire for some communication, the other two gentlemen feeling considerable curiosity as to the identity of this unexpected addition to the company, and the mysterious stranger himself deeming it well to ascertain at least the sex of the defunct whose obsequies he was celebrating. For, as he put it to himself, "I really ought to know whether to say 'him' or 'her.' It would probably be devilish bad form to call a corpse 'it.'"

It was doubtless some reflection of these thoughts visible on his face that induced Mr. Wilson to venture at last on a remark.

"I am afraid you must have arrived a little late, sir," he said in a sympathetic voice.

"I have only just reached Southbourne," replied the stranger gravely. "As you perceive, I have not even had time to procure the raiment proper for the melancholy occasion."

At this speech he observed his two companions exchange curiously significant glances. The same idea seemed to have occurred to both, but what it was completely baffled him.

"You have possibly then only recently arrived in this country, sir?" suggested Mr. Brown.

"Under the present circumstances, it is a golden rule to keep as far away from the truth as possible," thought Mr. Essington, and he answered aloud, "I have practically only just landed, sir."

This time there was no doubt that his answer produced a very distinct sensation. It was, moreover, evidently a favourable sensation, and Mr. Essington was not the man to let favourable sensations cool for want of fuel.

"I have been long abroad," he added, with the air of a tired traveller welcoming his native land.

He noticed now Mr. Brown and Mr. Wilson exchange a distinct and emphatic nod.

"You wouldn't know of his death till you landed, I presume?" said Mr. Wilson.

"'His'!" said Mr. Essington to himself. "Well, I think this is really all I need to know, just in case someone tackles me. And now the question is, shall I see this through, or slip off and bolt as soon as the procession stops?"

"You are right, sir," he answered aloud; "it was not till I reached my native shores that I heard of his lamented decease." ("A damned well-turned sentence," he added to himself.)

The procession was now turning in through the cemetery gates, with a vista of white tombstones and dark yews opening on either hand. Mr. Essington composed his countenance to an appearance of even more intense gravity, and again he was surprised to note an exchange of glances between his fellow mourners. It was as though they said to one another, "Yes, we quite understand his emotions."

"This is devilish odd," thought he; "I am not at all sure that it wouldn't be safest to bolt at once."

But when the carriage stopped and the three alighted, he perceived that the absence of cover in the immediate vicinity, coupled with the marked, though decorously subdued, interest which his two fellow passengers were obviously taking in him, put immediate flight out of the question. So he took up his position at the rear of the procession, with Mr. Brown and Mr. Wilson at his side, and paced slowly on towards the final stage.

By keeping well in the background while the last ceremony was being performed, he began to hope that the cheerful note struck by his tweeds and tie was practically unobserved.

"And now," he said to himself when all was over, "the question is, 'How can I find out whether the station is being watched?' and if it is, how the devil am I to get out of this town?"

(Continued on a later page)



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"'A thousand apologies!' he exclaimed. 'I've just remembered a most important appointment. Good-bye!'"

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A LITERARY LETTER : A Number of Autobiographies.

LONDON, October 16, 1922.

For some years now I have been interested in the work of Yoï Pawlowska. She wrote in 1912 a truly beautiful book, *A Year of Strangers*. Earlier than this, chance had put into my hands a slim volume, privately printed, in which a certain Mrs. Buckley ably defended herself. I discovered that Mrs. Buckley was Yoï Pawlowska. She is now Yoï Maraini, the wife of a distinguished Italian sculptor. Her father is of an old Somersetshire family—Crosse of Fyne—and Fyne Court had been in his family for centuries, but it was burnt down about thirty years ago, and never rebuilt. Her mother is a Pole of the highest grade of Polish nobles, but at the last division of Poland the family lost their lands and settled in Hungary. These are, as she tells me, "past glories," and the essential thing is that this very charming woman can write better than most of us, as you will see if you read her new book, *In a Grain of Sand*, by Yoï Maraini (Collins). It is a series of impressions of Italian life, full of happy phrases, picturesque images, delicate insight into the life of the peasantry. It contains six drawings by Antonio Maraini. Truly it is another beautiful book.

It is curious how some clever books do not come easily before the wider public. I had never even heard the name of Arthur Cosslett Smith when last week a friend handed me a book by him to read, *The Turquoise Cup and The Desert*, published in 1903 by Scribner of New York. Yet here are two very impressive stories of the East that well deserve to find readers. Each is full of wit and imagination—not, perhaps, supremely good, but far above much that I read in a year. I wonder if Arthur Cosslett Smith is still writing. I would fain see some more of his work.

We hear much of the vogue of the novel in book-production, but the thing which impresses me most at the moment is the passion for autobiography, no fewer than nine books of this character being before me as I write. In some cases there is a curious note of reticence, in others a superabundance of frankness. Assuredly the book which excels all others in this last particular is *My Life and Some Letters*, by Mrs. Patrick Campbell (Hutchinson). The writer, who started as a provincial actress, and then made a small reputation in Adelphi melodrama, took the West End of London by storm when selected to play Mrs. Tanqueray in Sir Arthur Pinero's powerful play.

Mrs. Campbell tells us very frankly of her engagements at two pounds a week, or two pounds ten shillings, in the early days; of her receiving eight pounds a week at the Adelphi, where Mrs. Alexander and Mr. Graham Robertson saw her act, and suggested that she would prove the ideal actress for the St. James's Theatre. Here she started with fifteen pounds a week. There is more interesting financial detail as to the remuneration of a popular actress in this volume than in most of its kind. With great naïveté Mrs. Campbell prints all the letters of congratulation from various people which came to her upon her success, but it is somewhat of a shock to those of us of an older generation to find that she prints the love-letters of her late husband. But the thing which has naturally been seized upon with most zest by the gossips during the serial publication of this book has been the letters of Mr. Bernard Shaw, so intimately affectionate; only the very few people who do not understand the mentality of Bernard Shaw will take them seriously.



Yoï Maraini and her Children—Fosco aged 9, Grato aged 4

Sculptured by her husband, Antonio Maraini

Here we have in splendid type, and with an abundance of delightful portraits of a beautiful woman, a gossipy chronicle of the success of an hour. Players who amuse us from year to year are the class which is most easily forgotten. The writer of books, long after he is dead, may reap a glory denied to him in life; the popular actor of each generation passes gradually into entire oblivion. This is not to say but that there are certain things that will keep this book alive. Bernard Shaw and J. M. Barrie will probably be eagerly discussed by a future generation, and their admirers will turn to those letters of theirs which are preserved in Mrs. Campbell's *Life*. Quite apart from this, the book will give attractive moments to all who love gossip—and who does not?

Yet another volume has appeared of Katharine Tynan's memories. *The Wandering Years* (Constable) makes her fourth volume of this character, and there is no earthly reason why Miss Tynan should not give us forty volumes, for all who have followed her journalistic efforts know that she can construct from the most trivial incident a well-written story. In this book she has largely embodied the experiences of her two sons in the war. To read her book does indeed make me feel old, for I remember those children being born. I am glad to know that Mrs. Hinkson's one daughter, Pamela, bids fair to follow in the footsteps of her mother as a writer. For Mrs. Hinkson's energy and capacity I have a very great admiration, for it is always accompanied by an extraordinary amount of sympathy for other lives. Few men, I think, have been such hard workers. She has turned out a multitude of novels which, although she is a member of the Roman Catholic Church, have won immense favour with a large Nonconformist public, and that shows an adaptability which wins my admiration. But for myself, I admire her most as an essayist and as a writer of autobiography. She should certainly reprint many of her short papers, particularly the personal ones. Katharine Tynan Hinkson ends the story of *The Wandering Years* by the promise of yet another volume when peace comes to Ireland. It will be welcome, but I hasten to explain—knowing how very little Ireland and the Irish interest my countrymen at the moment—that not much in this volume has relation to her own country. Katharine Tynan is a much-travelled woman, and wherever she goes she sees things with a rare perception.

I wonder who Reginald Auberon is. I have found his book, *The Nineteen Hundreds* (George Allen and Unwin) very interesting. A friend put into my hand at the moment I had finished it a long and severe review by Mr. Hannen Swaeffer, who has, as is the case with Reginald Auberon, lived through the Nineteen Hundreds, and has, I daresay, met all the people, and here finds certain inaccuracies. Well, I am quite sure we shall have also a volume by Mr. Swaeffer which will prove very readable. Perhaps he will call it the "Nineteen Hundred and Tens," and thus we shall have a modern sequence commencing with Mr. Holbrook Jackson's book on *The Nineties*. In any case, I find pleasure in recalling memories of old friends—Robert Ross, Charles Garvice, and a host of others—who were known to me in the Nineteen Hundreds; besides, I am naturally conciliated when I find that Reginald Auberon proclaims C. K. S. as "the most interesting of all the host who write about books and their authors in the dailies, and weeklies, and monthlies, and quarterlies." I never had any doubt on this point myself, but I never expected anyone else to share my opinion, and am naturally persuaded that Reginald Auberon, whoever he may be, is one of the most discriminating of critics.

I find the egotism which is in all of us, although some conceal it more deftly than others, distinctly gratified by the preface which Mr. G. B. Burgin attaches to his new volume, *Many Memories*. Mr. Burgin, the author of sixty-five novels, all of which are duly specified, has written two volumes of reminiscences—*Memoirs of a Clubman* and *More Memoirs*—both of which, it would seem, have reached a second edition. I ventured to express the opinion in reviewing one or other of these books that I care less for Mr. Burgin's anecdotes than I would care for some knowledge of his outlook upon life.

The complaint was made—by Carlyle, I think — of Walter Scott's heroines that they were painted from the skin outward, that nowhere did you get in Scott the soul of a woman; and I, it would seem, have read through two volumes of Mr. Burgin's Memoirs without discovering whether he has a soul or not. Mr. Burgin quotes my review, and I venture to requote it here :—

> Perhaps it is hyper-criticism to complain that nowhere in these volumes do we have any real glimpse of Mr. Burgin, the man, his hopes and his aspirations, his outlook upon life; we learn here nothing of the triumphs and the failures which are the lot of most men, the struggles for recognition, which alone interest me in any biography or autobiography.

On the strength of these casual observations of mine Mr. Burgin has concentrated on yet another volume—*Many Memories* (Hutchinson).

I hesitate to say all that passes through my mind in reading this last volume. In other words, I am still not sure that I have got here the real Burgin. I feel that he is still wearing a mask. However, this is to go into too deep waters. It ought to be sufficient that Mr. Burgin does tell us much of his life story, and I particularly enjoy in his book the chapters which describe his experience in a lawyer's office. I have enjoyed also his account of his social life. I love the glimpse of him in which he shows us how he writes his novels. There are still more of his anecdotes and stories which I can but barely tolerate. "Good stories perish in the telling." But in the background there is something of the real Burgin—a very lovable and kindly man; and to me *Many Memories* must remain the best of his volumes of personal history. And dull must he be of soul who does not find in any autobiography something to stimulate and to inspire.

C. K. S.

(*Continued on p.* xii)

I have received the following books :—

FORTY YEARS ON. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Illustrated. 15s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE STORY OF MANKIND. By Hendrik Van Loon. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (*Harrap.*)

THE HEART OF ARABIA: A Record of Travel and Exploration. By H. St. J. B. Philby. Illustrated. In two volumes. 63s. net. (*Constable.*)

MONEY AND FOREIGN EXCHANGE AFTER 1914. By Gustav Cassel. 10s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)

BRITISH NORTH BORNEO: An Account of its History, Resources, and Native Tribes. By Owen Rutter. With an Introduction by the Right Hon. Sir West Ridgeway, G.C.B. Illustrated with photographs and maps. 21s. net. (*Constable.*)

CANNIBAL-LAND: Adventures with a Camera in the New Hebrides. By Martin Johnson. With illustrations from the author's photographs. 12s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)

MADRID: PAST AND PRESENT. By Mrs. Steuart Erskine. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)

BYGONE DAYS IN INDIA. By Douglas Dewar. Illustrated. 18s. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)

SONGS OF FAITH AND DOUBT. By the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy. 2s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

ADVENTURE SQUARE. Poems by Jean Guthrie-Smith. 6s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

A HISTORY OF THE GREAT WAR. By John Buchan. Vol. IV. In four volumes. Each 25s. net. (*Nelson.*)

IN A GRAIN OF SAND. By Yoï Maraini (Yoï Pawlowska). With six drawings by Antonio Maraini. 6s. net. (*W. Collins, Sons & Co.*)

EAST OF SUEZ. By W. Somerset Maugham. 2s. 6d. net. In cloth, 3s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*)

A SHEAF OF GREEK FOLK-SONGS. Gleaned by an Old Philhellene. With an introduction by Countess Evelyn Martinengo Cesaresco. 5s. net. (*Basil Blackwell.*)

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Elliott & Fry

BRITAIN'S NEW PRIME MINISTER—THE RIGHT HON. ANDREW BONAR LAW

The new British Premier was born in Canada sixty-four years ago. He is of Ulster descent, his father, the late Rev. James Law, having been born at Maddypenny. Mr. Bonar Law crossed the Atlantic at the age of twelve, completing his education at the Glasgow High School and entering a Scotch firm of iron merchants. From 1911–15 he was the Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons, but on the formation of the Coalition Ministry he became one of its most distinguished leaders. He retired from active politics early last year, to return a few weeks ago to lead the Conservative party once again in their fight for political freedom In his speech on Monday he said that what he looked forward to in the new Government was a difference of temperament in the way in which it would deal with situations as they arise

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY

On the Week's News.



Nelson's Day at St. Paul's

The Duchess of Sutherland placing a wreath on Nelson's tomb in St. Paul's Cathedral



The Tall Princesses of Roumania

A striking group at the coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania at Alba-Julia



Nelson's Day in Trafalgar Square

One of the many wreaths—from the Torquay Branch of the Navy League

The Passing of the Rump

The country has just passed through one of those weeks in which events march rapidly, crystallizing into actual form out of a period of apparent rest. The week was like water just at the freezing point. The fluid form has passed suddenly into the solid. The basic fact of the week was reduced to its briefest form in *The Pall Mall's* historic poster, "*Coalition Dead.*" One knew that the Conservatives were to meet to vote upon their freedom. That the result could formulate itself with such incisive brevity came almost as a shock, welcome as it was to great masses of those with a political sense. A feeling of relief, almost of happiness, came to many that the decision had at last been made.

Tick, Tack

There is a tendency for an event such as an election to overmaster the popular mind to such an extent that all other subjects take a minor place within the orbit of their consciousness. Its vision becomes short-focussed. But, unfortunately, time does not cease from moving, nor, for instance, does the Turk cease from planning within distant Angora. Nothing remains still. There is no Mary Rose in real life.

The King Passes by

Cold, wintry winds swept over the metropolis during the week-end, bringing down great showers of tawny leaves. The bright intervals were brief. One of these shone upon the passage of the King and the Prince of Wales from the Guards' Chapel to Buckingham Palace on Sunday morning. A sprinkling of the Sunday morning strollers were gathered outside the high railings of the barracks watching the empty yard for signs of activity. The miniature colours were seen resting in readiness—the pipers appeared—noon struck—the doors of the chapel opened, and out stepped the royal party. The guard seemed to materialise rapidly from nowhere in particular. The King, alone bareheaded in the cold air, took the salute. Then at a leisurely pace he and the Prince of Wales walked in simple Sabbath fashion across to the Palace. The King's lieges grew rapidly in number to witness this passage, the royal banner blowing out bravely in the strong wind. One could hear the King's hearty voice as he chatted to his son, raising his hat from time to time in answer to the salutes of the people.



A Lifelike Wax Figure

One of the latest styles of hairdressing at the Hairdressing and Allied Trades Exhibition at the Horticultural Hall, Westminster



An Army Bank Suspends Payment

Reading the notice announcing the suspension outside the premises of Sir C. R. McGrigor, Bart., and Co., Army bankers



The King at the Guards' Chapel

The King and the Prince of Wales on their way to Buckingham Palace on Sunday morning last, after attending the Guards' Church Parade

Oxford—the Student's Life

Part II. of the Oxford Section is included in this issue. It deals more especially with the student side of University life, the alternating life of the bustling motor-cycle and the quiet, studious hours within the historic quads. We have endeavoured to touch upon certain human phases of present-day Oxford. It would, of course, take many numbers to describe fully the great heritage into which the vitalizing stream of youth flows year by year. We trust, however, that these two sections will form an interesting record which many will preserve.

Prehistoric Cabs

It is astonishing that the great capital should still have to suffer the use of ancient, worn-out chariots, many of which should be removed altogether from the public streets. Only last week we suffered a dread journey in one of these vehicles. The seat endeavoured to shoot one forward on to the floor, the windows rattled so that conversation of any kind was impossible. The interior was filled with a hot and acrid-smelling air which heated the surface of the skin in a curious and unpleasant fashion. One felt that if the windows were not down one would actually suffocate. The ancient driver took every byway in order to avoid the challenge of other traffic. You feel that he does not trust his ancient chariot at any corner. One is tempted to make the rough generalisation that the older the driver the older the cab.

An Army Bank Suspension

One of the happenings of the past few days in London has been the suspension of the army banking firm of Sir C. R. McGrigor, Bart., and Co. The failure of this bank means great hardship to numbers of army officers, and to widows of army officers. It is stated that the question of a "compassionate allowance" to officers thus affected is under consideration.

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THE DIES FATALIS OF THE COALITION!

The Fatal Thursday—October 19, 1922



1 p.m. Thursday—The Death of the Coalition Announced Outside the House

After the meeting of the Conservative members at the Carlton Club, and their sweeping condemnation of the Coalition, it was immediately known that that political mixture was completely dead—it could not survive a majority of one hundred. "The Pall Mall Gazette" immediately announced, "Coalition Dead," on its posters



4.30 p.m. Thursday—The Resignation of the Coalition Prime Minister

Following up the adverse vote of the Tories, and the consequent resignation of the Conservative members of the Cabinet, Mr. Lloyd George had audience of the King, and tendered his resignation. The poster compositors in those few hours worked overtime. Londoners as they ran had to watch the poster for the changing political position



The Fateful Meeting of Conservative Members at the Carlton Club—The Members Arriving

The crowd outside the Carlton Club on the day of the meeting was excited and expectant. As the members arrived they were subjected to a heavy fire from the small army of photographers assembled outside the severe portals of the club. Great numbers of police were present, some of them armed with revolvers—an unusual sight for the London police. Inside the club the meeting was overwhelmingly in favour of a break-away from the Coalition. The great majority of the members voted accordingly—and the Coalition dissolved. A few hours later came the news of Mr. Lloyd George's resignation

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The DEATH of the COALITION, and the RE-BIRTH



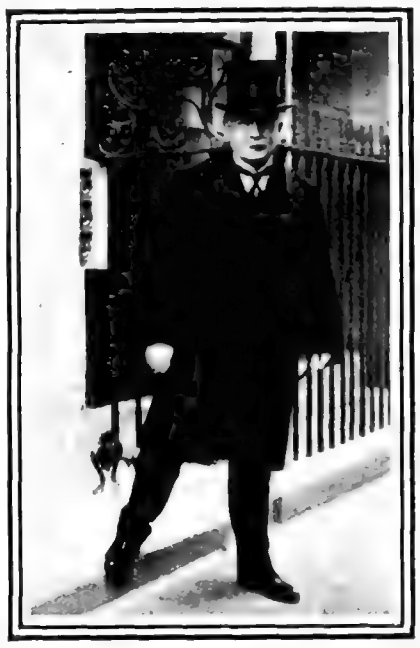
Mr. Chamberlain's First Defence of Coalition Policy, October 13, at Birmingham

Delivering his speech before the Carlton Club meeting at the Midland Conservative Club. He put up a fairly reasoned defence of the Coalition's European tactics



Mr. Lloyd George Travels to Manchester and Makes Unsatisfactory Speech, October 14

Mr. Lloyd George followed Mr. Austen Chamberlain into the Midlands, but failed altogether to deliver the speech which even at this point might have saved the Coalition



From Downing Street to Buckingham Palace—the First Visit to the King

After the decisive vote at the Carlton Club, Mr. Lloyd George decided on instant action. He left Downing Street for the Palace at 4 p.m., three hours after the hostile vote



A Guildhall Interlude—the Prem as a Private Citizen after his r signation

The rapid change of circumstances did prevent Mr. Lloyd George from fulfilling public engagement at the Guildhall the day, where he congratulated the Prin

THE STIRRING WEEK

A Diary of Events

October 14. **Manchester.** Mr. Lloyd George criticises his critics, at the Reform Club.

October 18. Sir R. Sanders—Under-Secretary for War—resigns.

October 19. **Carlton Club.** 1. p.m. Hostile decision by Conservative Members of Parliament.

Buckingham Palace. 4.15 p.m. The Prime Minister resigns.

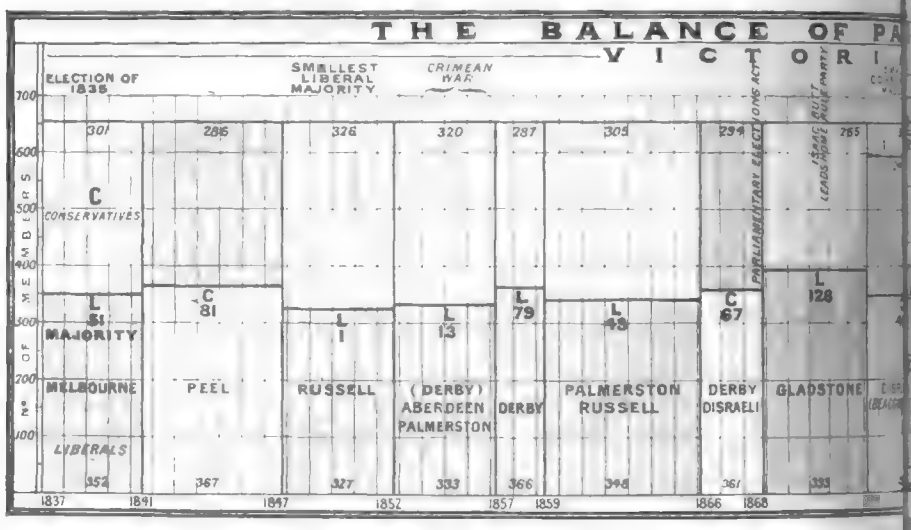
Mr. Bonar Law later summoned to form a Cabinet.

October 20. Mr. Lloyd George at Guildhall luncheon to Prince of Wales.

Mr. Lloyd George takes his "sword" to Leeds.

October 23. **Hotel Cecil.** Mr. Bonar Law acclaimed Leader of Unionist Party. Accepts position of Prime Minister from the King.

October 24. Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet formed.



The Position of the Great Political Parties in the Ho

The above chart shows the various Governments and Parliaments during the reigns of Q Victoria, Edward VII., and our present King. The balance of power has been fairly evenly preser during this long period between Conservatives and Liberals; the general rule in the past has been t at each election the Opposition comes into power and the previous Government goes into the ness." This is what politicians and psychologists call the "swing of the pendulum." The rise



A New Minister

Lord Salisbury is Lord President of the Council and Deputy Leader of the Lords in the new Cabinet. He has previously held office in Conservative Governments



The Ex-Lord High Chancellor

It was largely through the advice of Lord Birkenhead that Mr. Chamberlain took up his firm position. Lord Birkenhead, too, is going into the "wilderness"



Sir Hamar Greenwood

The ex-Irish Secretary, about whose salary disturbing questions were being put in the House. These are now settled by Mr. Lloyd George's resignation



Sir W. Joynson-Hicks

A prominent Conservative member whose name was canvassed in connection with the formation of the new Cabinet. He is an influential member

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e CONSERVATIVE PARTY under MR. BONAR LAW.



Emotional Journey to Leeds—Flashlight Scene at Bedford Station

ndications of Mr. Lloyd George's new es bearings were revealed during his le to Leeds, where he addressed York- e Liberals with a personal defence



"The Sword is in My Hand"—The Second Visit to Buckingham Palace

An impression of the ex-Prime Minister emerging from Downing Street to pay his official farewell visit to the King at Buckingham Palace



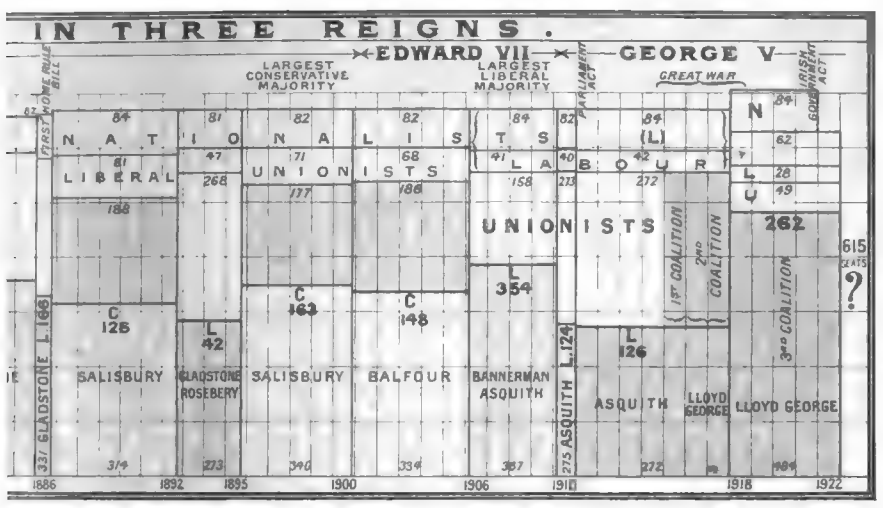
Mr. Bonar Law is Chosen as Conservative Leader at the Hotel Cecil on October 23

Mr. Bonar Law was enthusiastically received when he appeared at the Conservative meeting to choose a leader. He foreshadowed moderate aims suitable to the times



"I am now one of the Unemployed"—After the Coalition Break-up

It was with considerable relish that Mr. Lloyd George informed callers that he was no longer Premier, and as soon as the Secretariate packed up he left for the links



the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Victoria

of the Irish Nationalists since the seventies of the last century introduced a new note into use, which was further accentuated by the development of the Labour party since the 1906 elec- It is interesting to note that the Russell Government ran a period of five years on a Liberal ty of one! On the other hand, during the years 1852-59 (after the Crimean War), there was ly a Tory Government working only by the aid of the Liberal majority!

MR. BONAR LAW'S MINISTRY

Prime Minister and First Lord of the Treasury
Mr. BONAR LAW
Lord President of the Council and Deputy Leader of the House of Lords - - LORD SALISBURY
Lord Chancellor - - - - VISCOUNT CAVE
Chancellor of the Exchequer - Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN
Secretary of State for Home Affairs
Mr. W. C. BRIDGEMAN
Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs and Leader of the House of Lords - - MARQUIS CURZON
Secretary of State for the Colonies
DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE
Secretary of State for India - - VISCOUNT PEEL
Secretary of State for War - - - LORD DERBY
First Lord of the Admiralty - Mr. L. C. M. S. AMERY
President of the Board of Trade Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME
Minister of Health - - Sir A. GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN
Minister of Agriculture and Fisheries Sir R. A. SANDERS
Secretary for Scotland - - - VISCOUNT NOVAR
Attorney-General - - Mr. DOUGLAS HOGG, K.C.
Lord Advocate - The Hon. WILLIAM WATSON, K.C.
President of the Board of Trade
The Hon. E. F. L. WOOD



Dr. T. J. Macnamara

ure career of this ex-schoolmaster, so long has been in office, will be with interest. He is expected to come Governor of Hong-Kong



Lord and Lady Curzon

Lord Curzon is remaining at the Foreign Office in Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet. His conduct of the later stages of the Near Eastern situation has given great satisfaction



One of the Coalition's Leaders

It is expected that Captain "Freddie" Guest will help his leader to guide the dwindling "Centre Party" into the "wilderness" of Opposition

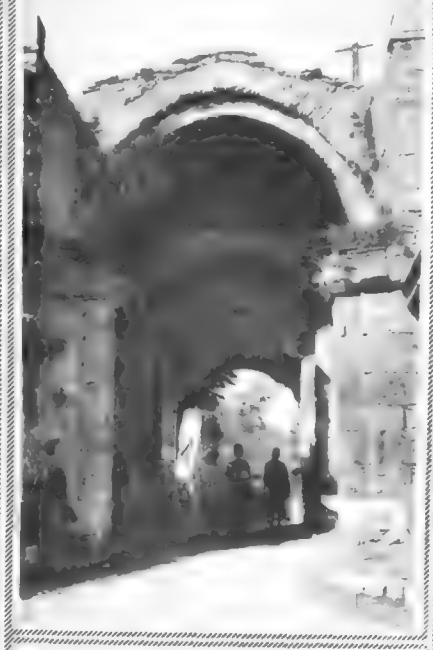


Sir Montague Barlow

A member who was in office under Mr. Lloyd George, but who is now a strong supporter of Mr. Bonar Law. He is interested in Labour questions

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IN CONSTANTINOPLE TO-DAY: *The Lot of the Refugees.*



The Adrianople Gate in Stamboul

The real Turkish quarter of Constantinople decked with flags in honour of the Kemalist victories

Russia on the Bosphorus.

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL

"The Sphere's" Special Correspondent



A Small Group on Board the "Empress of India"

All British citizens were advised to leave Constantinople. It is significant that very few availed themselves of the opportunity



Greeks on the "King Alexander"

Legally a British ship, this vessel is owned by a Greek, and never touches a British port

CONSTANTINOPLE, October 18.

Mr. Editor, it would nearly break your heart; it has almost broken mine. This little Russia on the Bosphorus. . . . What will become of all these refugees when Kemal comes to occupy the city of his dreams no one can tell. The Russians all fear that they will be expelled. Then will arise the question: Where to go? The question, indeed, is already being asked.

"Where *can* we go?" the Russians say.

The answer is a shrug—a bitter, hopeless smile. Even if other countries would allow them in, they have no money to enable them to get away. But no one wants them. They are under suspicion—social outcasts, beyond the pale.

Everywhere one goes in Constantinople one sees these refugees. The Rue de Pera might almost be a Russian street. So might each dirty little tributary that flows into this thoroughfare. Russian signs on the majority of shops, Russian restaurants, Russian placards on the walls, and the language spoken is for the most part Russian too. Russian ex-officers are pedlars by the pavement's edge—matches and soap, and hairpins and combs, and heaven knows what else. . . .



Refugees on the Galata Wharf

The problem of the Greek refugees in Turkey is already becoming a serious one

Listen, Mr. Editor, and I will tell you something else.

In the Y.M.C.A., sitting at a table in the corner of the solders' dining-room, there is each day a former Russian general of artillery. He still wears uniform—he has no other clothes. He manages to live by painting soldiers' portraits at thirty piastres each. Tenpence! Portraits in water colours! General—soldiers—Y.M.C.A. . . .

A former colonel, old and lame and ill, stood begging near Galata Bridge. Certainly he had half-a-dozen coloured post-cards on a tray, but nobody took one away. Folks dropped their coins or dirty notes into the colonel's hand, and then passed on their way. A beggar. . . .

I saw another ragged ex-officer. A poor, hungry-looking devil, who wore the Russian George's Cross and British D.S.O. upon his sunken breast. A hero shuffling through a jostling crowd. . . .

The man who washes my clothes is also an ex-officer of a famous regiment. As a laundryman he is a failure; my linen is abominably done. But for the life of me I cannot tell him that. Rather I feel that I should make apology for sending him to washing-tubs and ironing-boards. In fact, I have

(Continued on a later page)



The "Empress of India" with the 2nd Grenadiers on Board

A picture taken off Chanak. Later the Guards went on to Constantinople



Some of the Turkish Soldiers Outside the Mosque

This old mosque was formerly a Greek church. Wonderful mosaics of Christ are still to be seen in the building



The Mosaic Mosque (Kahrie) in Stamboul

This is now being guarded by Turkish troops. Part of the building, indeed, is really a small barracks to-day. An officer's tent is to be seen on the right

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The CORONATION of the KING and QUEEN of ROUMANIA.

At Alba-Julia in Transylvania—October 15, 1922



THE KING AND QUEEN UNDER THE ROYAL CANOPY AFTER THE CORONATION

On October 15 King Ferdinand and Queen Marie of Roumania were crowned at Alba-Julia in Transylvania, the newly acquired territory. The coronation ceremony was carried out just outside the cloister of the New Cathedral; a canopy of gold and purple, raised on six halberds, had been erected before the gateway. Here the King and Queen were surrounded by Roumanian officers and by their court and the corps diplomatique. The King of Roumania's crown was of iron, from Turkish guns captured at Plevna, and the Queen's of gold; Queen Marie was crowned by the King after he had placed his own crown on his head. When the newly-crowned monarchs turned back through the cloister the canopy was borne over their heads by Roumanian officers

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Elliott & Fry.

The late Admiral Sir A. de Horsey

The doyen of the Naval Service, the senior admiral on the retired list and the oldest. He was promoted Admiral in 1885. He was ninety-six years of age



Elliott & Fry

The late Judge Jackson

Of the Lord Mayor's and City of London Court, who has just died at the age of sixty-nine. He was called to the Bar in 1884 and assistant judge in 1900



The late Marquis of Breadalbane

Who has just died in the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow. He left Dalmeny to attend a railway meeting, but became ill in the train



The late Lord Walter Gordon-Lennox

Formerly private secretary to the late Lord Salisbury when Prime Minister, and afterwards Treasurer of the Household, who has just died

THE STRANGER

(A Once Familiar Figure in Oxford)

Down the grey street with sudden gust and flurry
The March wind laughs aloud;
Out from the West across the evening hurry
Cloud upon changing cloud.

From out the shadows, through the dusk wind-shaken,
Triumphantly there streams
Such wanton airs as linger when we waken
From music heard in dreams.

An old man, bent and shrinking from the weather,
In garments frayed and thin,
Pipes on two whistles bound with string together,
Two tapered flutes of tin.

Wild as each gust his wagging beard dishevels,
There flutters swift and free
A tune that might have rung for shepherd revels
In far off Thessaly.

But no one heeds him, for all thoughts are centred
On day's dull round alone;
And unobserved, as he the city entered,
So he departs—unknown.

Perchance brown upland where the wheat is springing,
Some bouldered beach foam-flung,
Sees him lay by his pipe and take to singing
In some soft-vowelled tongue.

Or the high stars to-night, wind-bright, will glisten
O'er scented woodlands dim,
Where strange shy things creep out to lie and listen,
And soft eyes shine on him.

I know not. He is gone. We did not hearken.
Our city care-beset,
The earth we weight and bind, the sky we darken,
He leaves without regret.

Only I know that like a fountain falling,
In silver cadence shed,
His flutes in one glad heart are calling, calling—
The Old Gods are not dead.

BRYCE MCMASTER.



Lafayette

The late Sir William Meyer

High Commissioner for India, who was taken ill in the street. At the time of his death he was on his way home from the India Office



Elliott & Fry

Brigadier-General F. G. Lucas

A well-known Indian army officer. He had a long and distinguished career on the Frontier, and took part in the Tirah Expedition of 1897-8



Colonel St. John Mildmay

A Crimean veteran, who has just died at Gloucester Street at the age of eighty-six. He served in the Crimea and on the North-West Frontier



Lafayette

The late Sir James Galloway

An eminent physician, who has just died in a London nursing home. He was senior physician and lecturer at Charing Cross Hospital

Amongst the week's obituary the name of the Marquis of Breadalbane stands out prominently. He was the son of Captain Campbell of the 1st Royal Regiment. On the death of the 5th Earl and 2nd Marquis of Breadalbane, Captain Campbell claimed the estate of his distant kinsman. Despite another claimant's opposition, he succeeded to the title, to be followed shortly after by his son, who was then a minor.

The death of Sir W. S. Meyer, the High Commissioner for India, occurred under particularly tragic circumstances. He was returning from the India Office, when he suddenly collapsed in the street, dying a short while afterwards in Westminster Hospital. He had been connected with Indian affairs since 1881, the year of his arrival in Madras. His appointment as High Commissioner was made in October, 1920.

The "EVE" Ladies' Golf Foursomes at Ranelagh.



The Last Sixteen in the Ladies' Foursomes Competition Promoted by "Eve" at Ranelagh

Seated from left to right are: Miss D. Chambers, Mrs. Macbeth, Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Hetherington (semi-finalists), Miss Winn and Mrs. Gavin (runners-up), Miss Rogers and Miss Fowler (winners), Mrs. Raymond Cooper, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. C. F. Richardson, Mrs. F. W. Brown, Mrs. Neilson and Mrs. Bamber (semi-finalists), Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Lodge



Exclusive SPHERE *pictures by H. V. Clow, Oxford Street*

A Group of Some of the Ladies who Participated in the "Eve" Ladies' Foursomes Last Week

The Autumn Ladies' Foursomes promoted by "Eve" at Ranelagh concluded on October 20. The two pictures we reproduce here were taken during the course of the competition. In the lower picture are seen the following: Seated (from left to right)—Lady Carisbrooke (who presented the prizes), Mrs. Partridge, Miss Winn, Mrs. Gavin (Canadian champion), Miss Lobbett (on ground), Miss Gilroy, Miss Rogers (Burnham), Miss Fowler (Captain of Somerset), Miss Helme (Golf Editor of "Eve"), Miss Raymond Cooper, Mrs. Crane, Mrs. C. F. Richardson, Mrs. F. W. Brown, Mrs. Neilson, Mrs. Bamber, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Lodge; standing at back are the Hon. Mrs. Beresford, Mrs. Knight, Mrs. Hetherington, Mrs. McNair, Mrs. Macbeth, Miss D. Chambers, Miss Downes, Miss Ryan (the tennis champion—above), Mrs. F. Walker-Leigh (above), Mrs Derlacher, Miss Gourley, Mrs. P. Clark, Miss J. Stocker, Mrs. Crispin, Mrs. Warmington, Mrs. Kellar Frost, Mrs. Deane, Mrs. Fowler, Mrs. Rabbidge, Miss Rabbidge, Mrs. Granger Harrison, Miss Fargus, Mrs. Myer, Mrs. Greener, Miss L. Jones, Mrs. Willock-Pollen, and Mrs. Crawford

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The Lesser Aqueduct

Which is in better repair than the Great Aqueduct

Both these views are from a collection published in Geneva dealing with the Smryna district from photographs by E. Boissonnas

The Aqueducts of Smyrna

The majestic ruins of the aqueducts of Smyrna constitute the principal memorials of the past in that oft-destroyed city. Like many things in the Near East, they are popularly attributed to Alexander the Great, and the belief is so far justified in that Alexander began to restore the city, which had lain in a half-ruined state since its first destruction, by Alyattes of Lydia, about 627 B.C. Owing to the rapidity of the fighting, they have remained unharmed during the recent retreat of the Greek Army.

The great aqueduct of Alexander appears to be in the main of Roman construction; its massive piers and semicircular arches have the characteristics of the best work of the Imperial epoch. The aqueduct has a triple arcade, like the Pont du Gard; the two lower tiers are steadied by gigantic buttresses, which were not improbably added by the engineers of Marcus Aurelius.

The lesser aqueduct is in better repair than its greater fellow. It has only two arcades, and the arches are, in general, pointed, not rounded. The lower arcade is strengthened by buttresses similar to, but less massive than, those of the great aqueduct. The lesser aqueduct, in its present state, most probably dates to the restoration of Smyrna by Alexios Comnenos; but it may also owe something to the great Othmanli Sultans, Mohammed II. and Suleiman the Magnificent. Both aqueducts are **stately monuments, testifying to bygone greatness and prosperity.**



The Greater Aqueduct near Smyrna, in Asia Minor, Called "Alexander's"

Which was probably built under the Roman Emperor Tiberius and restored by Marcus Aurelius

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The Heseltine Bronzes.



A Classic Figure in Bronze



A Goat (by Riccio) and a Seated Greyhound



Seated Figure of a Boy (Fifteenth Century)

The famous Heseltine collection of bronzes formed by Mr. J. P. Heseltine, the senior trustee of the British Museum, has just been sold by order of the owner to Mr. Alfred Spero of 35, King Street, St. James's, in whose gallery they are now being shown.

The collection consists of some of the finest examples of Italian Renaissance bronzes, of which the more important pieces are well known to collectors and students of Renaissance Art. The seated figure of the boy (reproduced above) is one of the finest pieces in the whole group; it belongs to the late 15th Century, Florentine period, is 18 in. in height, and of exquisite workmanship.

Many of the figures have been exhibited from time to time between 1879 and 1912. In its entirety the collection contains sixty pieces. It is one of the three collections of great value and interest which still remain in Great Britain—the other two being the Wernher and the Beit collections.



A Beautifully-modelled Rhinoceros in the Heseltine Collection

THESE LICENSES : By E. V. Lucas.

I have already said something in THE SPHERE on the question of inns and their names, but the presence on my table of a little pocketable book called bluntly and briefly *Pubs* (Spottiswoode and Ballantyne) leads me to the subject once more. And, after all, why not; for where should we be without those friends of man, the licensed victuallers, every one of whom carries on his beneficent labours beneath a sign? Banish the sign-boards of England and you leave her cold indeed. At least the sign-boards that denote welcome and refreshment; but I shall never forget a certain walk from Chop Yat in Billsdale down to Helmsley on a hot August day many years ago, at a time in the world's history when August days could be hot and Sirius rage. The way was long and very fatiguing, and all our hopes were set on the two promising little letters, "P.H.," engraved on our one-inch ordnance map. And behold, drawing nigh, we saw the sign hanging out, and all our tribulation melted away: only to consolidate with additional mortification on discovering that the P.H. was a P.H. no longer, but had been converted into a Quakers' meeting! Why should Quakers, who are reported to be an unprovocative folk, do these things? For that is not the only sign-board that they have confiscated. There is another at Thakeham in Sussex, The Blue Dragon, I believe it is called, or is it The Blue Lion? Anyway, those wayfarers whose hearts are lifted up as they approach it, will quench no bodily thirst within its portals, whatever spiritual nourishment may await them.

The little book before me, with its abrupt and almost too descriptive title, deals only with inns that are truly inns, the object of the author, or classifier, Mr. G. A. Tomlin, being to divide them into groups, such as Agricultural (The Jolly Farmers, The Plough), Anatomical (The Heart in Hand, The Maid's Head), Astronomical (The Sun in Splendour, The Half Moon), Ecclesiastical (The Good Samaritan, The Adam and Eve), Geographical (The World's End, The Hercules Pillars), and so on. Mr. Tomlin, however, seems to have done no more than arrange; for the names themselves, as for the title of the book, he has had to go to Miss E. P. Harrison. I have not the pleasure of Miss Harrison's acquaintance, but I salute her with respect as probably the only person in the history of literature who has been thanked for permission to call a book *Pubs*. Isaac Disraeli would have rejoiced over the affair.

On looking down the pages of Mr. Tomlin's—no, I will not say pub-lication—Mr. Tomlin's compilation, I am distressed to see how much of my time has been wasted; for England is packed with signs that I have neither seen nor patronised. I have never, for example, seen The Good Samaritan. I should like to drink there, but must fare to Turner Street to do so; and I have no notion where Turner Street is. I have never entered the friendly portals of The Glittering Star (Darlington), The Pyewipe (Lincoln), The Blooming Fuchsia (Ipswich), The Cow and Snuffers (Llandaff), The House of Commons (Cambridge), The Eel's Foot (Theberton), The Old Tippling Philosopher (Caldicot), or The Hark to Lasher—I suspect Lasher of being a foxhound—(Castleton), while the number of strange Arms still awaiting to embrace me is legion. And then there are those which do not allure, for some inn signs are worse than others. Some are nothing short of a mistake, such as The Well and Bucket (Bethnal Green).

The book dispenses information. It tells us that The Fountain at Canterbury is the oldest inn in the country, dating from 1029. The Ostrich at Colnbrook comes next, 1110. The highest inn is The Tan Hill in Swaledale, 1,727 ft. up. I find in the notes derivations that particularly interest me. The Pig and Whistle, for example, would seem to have no necessary connection either with pork or melody, but to preserve the remnants of an ancient expression of piety, "Pige Washail," meaning Salutation to our Lady. The sign of The Ferry, Mr. Tomlin tells us, at Roseneath, was painted by H.R.H. Princess Louise; and this brings us to the question, why are there not more painted signs? You know The Running Footman, in Charles Street, Mayfair, of course. It is the custom now for breweries to own many inns. Everyone passing through Surrey and Sussex must have been struck by the number of inns in Surrey belonging to the Friary Brewery, with their red and black and gold trade mark, and in Sussex by the cheerful coat of green and white which the firm of Smithers give their tied houses. Well, brewers are rich. Why should they not have picture sign-boards? The world is full of artists who would be only too glad to supply them. Now and then one finds a good new painted sign; but how rarely, and what pleasure it produces! What splendid signs Mr. James Pryde—to name him only—would paint! Nor is there any indignity in bending art to this purpose, for the inn is a sacred spot, and great hands have conspired to spread its fame—Old Crome with The Two Sawyers, which I saw last year in the Crome Exhibition at Norwich; Morland, again and again; David Cox (The Loggerheads at Llanveris); even Walter Crane, of whom one does not think primarily as a convivialist (The Fox and Pelican at Grayshott). All students should paint one sign at least, as diploma work, to be paid for in kind.

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THE CENTENARY OF BRAZILIAN INDEPENDENCE 1822—1922.

Scenes in the Brazilian Capital—Rio de Janeiro



The Cathedral and the Inglesa do Carmo

Two churches adjacent to each other. Rio has many great churches and many convents, all possessing tall spires of every conceivable style and design



The Pao de Assucar The Sugar Loaf at Rio de Janeiro

This is a very well-known landmark towering above the entrance to the wonderful bay of Rio. There is a cable railway which conveys visitors up to the summit, from which a wonderful view of the city and its exhibition can be obtained



Foreign War Vessels Beflagged in the Harbour at Rio

The centenary of Brazilian Independence was celebrated throughout Brazil last month. War vessels from many nations took part in the celebrations, amongst which the "Hood" and the "Repulse" represented Great Britain

Brazil's centenary, celebrated a few weeks ago, was a time of great rejoicing throughout the Republic. Many of the foreign nations sent representatives to Brazil, and vessels from the various fleets took part in the naval manœuvres. The opportunity was also taken by the President to open the British Pavilion for the Centenary Exhibition at Rio



The Brazilian President

Dr. Epitacio Pessoa, watching the march past of international troops through the streets of Rio de Janeiro



Exclusive drawings by Bryan de Grin

The Rua Ouvidor at Rio

The Rue de la Paix of Brazil, where fashion congregates in the afternoons. It is a very narrow street, and all traffic is stopped after the early morning

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THE TERRITORY GOVERNED by the EMIR AB



A Reception at the Ex-Turkish Headquarters at Amman

A picture taken on the anniversary of the Arab revolt against Turkish rule in Trans-Jordania



Sir Alexander Kennedy and General and Mrs.

Typical sheikhs, with the sheriff of Ma'an in the centre. The old comers over a two-mile



A D.H. 10 Alighting at Amman En Route for Iraq

This station is an important link on the Bagdad airway, across the desert, and is under the control of the Royal Air Force





Changing from Car to Horse and Donkey at a Spring in the Wilderness

The present visit of the Emir Abdullah of Trans-Jordania to this country, where he is staying for a month as the guest of the British Government, lends additional interest to the series of pictures published here. They are all taken in the territory of the Emir Abdullah. The picture given on the left shows one of

A Rocky Tract in the Trans-Jordanian

The travellers here have recourse to the horse or donkey



The Trans-Jordanian Reserve Force, with

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DULLAH BEYOND the JORDAN : *Special Pictures of his Desert Domain.*



Grant with Trans-Jordanian Sheikhs at Petra

gentleman in the foreground, aged eighty-two, offered to race all course and beat them



Water-tanks Destroyed During the War on the Line of the Hejaz Railway

This railway is now open as far as Ma'an, but much remains to be done in repairing war's ravages



Desert Where the Car Cannot Penetrate

as the primitive roads are too rough for motor cars



The Ubiquitous Ford in the Heart of the Desert

Conveying political officers to the local tribes. Notice the condenser and pipe on this car—a "desert Ford" specially equipped



British Officers Inspecting, at El Kerak

huge tracts of scarped and riven limestone where even the modern car can never venture. The picture on the right was taken outside the mess at Amman. The



Types of the Fine Material from which the Force is Officered

Trans-Jordanian force officers are seen with their British inspecting officer and with the Group-Captain, R.A.F., of the Amman station.

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MUSIC of the Week

By FRANCIS TOYE.



MR. BEN WILLIAMS—One of the Carl Rosa Opera Co.'s "finds"



MR. JOHN PERRY—In "The Meistersingers," at Covent Garden

It is a long time since I enjoyed anything so much as Frieda Hempel's first concert at the Queen's Hall. Looking like an enchanting figure on a Viennese chocolate box, this delightful prima donna captured our hearts the moment she appeared on the stage. Nor were we disappointed when she began to sing—a tragi-comedy which has been known to happen before now.

Not everything in her programme (which consisted of songs by Schubert, Schumann, and Brahms) was of equal excellence. I thought that she failed, for instance, in "Die Liebe hat gelogen," the tragedy of which was perhaps too deep for her, and in "Die Forelle," wherein her sense of rhythm seemed to me faulty. Never, however, have I heard "Wohin," or Schumann's "Fruhlingsnacht," or Brahm's "Vergebliches Ständchen" better sung. These, of course, are matters of pure interpretation, and I would not emphasise her interpretative abilities, excellent though they are, as being anything especially remarkable.

Frieda Hempel at Queen's Hall

The outstanding facts about Frieda Hempel are her lovely voice and the skill with which she manages it. Except that she sometimes presses the tone in her top register, I can find no flaw in her singing of any kind. Her breath-control and her diction are both perfect. It may help music-lovers to realise how good is her control when I tell them that she sang the whole of the first phrase of the "Sapphische Ode," complete with *rallentando* and *portomento*, in one breath. As for her diction, I would have liked a few of our amateur professionals to hear her *sing* (in English) "Hark, hark the lark." As this was given as an encore, the words were not on the programme. There was no necessity, for we could hear every one of them. How pleasant and how novel an experience!

The Beauty of the Human Voice

It is difficult to praise a voice *qua* voice. When one has said that it is sweet, lovely, and pure, one has given the highest possible praise—yet the adjectives sound so inadequate, so tame. When a jaded music critic, however, can put his hand on his heart and proclaim that the sheer beauty of tone in "Wie bist du meine Königin" brought tears to his eyes, others may perhaps begin to realise how lovely, how sweet, and how pure Hempel's voice is. One hears so much bad singing that one is apt to forget the emotional potentiality of the human voice. No instrument ever fashioned by man can approach it. I am doubly grateful to Frieda Hempel, first for singing beautifully, second for reminding me how beautiful singing is.

German Songs at Mr. Reimers's Recital

Mr. Paul Reimers, who gave a concert on the same evening at the Æolian Hall, is another quite admirable singer. His voice, to be frank, is nothing remarkable, but he sings so well and with so much intelligence that one forgets the fact. He included in his programme a group of songs from the Heinrich Reimann collection known as "Das Deutsche Lied," and a remarkably good group they made, especially a very lovely and curious old song from Freiburg in the form of a dialogue between a human soul and an angel, which he sang quite perfectly. I liked his Wolf, too, particularly the "Mausfallen-Spruchlein," which requires a considerable sense of humour to make it effective, and "Nimmersatte Liebe." Altogether it was a red-letter day in the calendar of anybody interested in songs and singing.



A Russian Composer in London

M. Gretchaninoff has arrived in London with Madame Makushina, who is interpreting some of the composer's songs on his first appearance in London

Opera at the Regent Theatre

Boughton's opera, *The Immortal Hour*, seems to be a real success at the Regent Theatre. I am delighted to hear it, not only for the sake of English opera in general (which has pitifully few successes to its credit), but on account of the real merits of *The Immortal Hour* in particular. There are, I admit frankly, dreary patches in Mr. Boughton's opera, and for my own taste, at any rate, the atmosphere of Celtic gloom in the first act is somewhat thick. Nevertheless, the music is the genuine article, and the composer has a good sense of stage effect. Some of his tunes are quite beautiful, and his choral writing, especially in the mocking chorus, is original and striking. The performance on the first night was fair to moderate, but it has, I hear, improved considerably since. *The Immortal Hour* is an ideal entertainment for those who wish to be relieved for a couple of hours from the preoccupations and anxieties of every-day life. Here they will find a dream-world peopled with curious phantoms, animated by elusive motives, perplexed by strange problems. Yet, paradoxically, the humanity of it all appealed to me. Who among us has not longed for or regretted his *Immortal Hour* of perfect happiness?



Stage Photo Co.

Miss José Collins Singing her "Mirror Song"

At the Gaiety Theatre Miss Collins has a part which allows her ample scope for her musical abilities. She has many tuneful numbers to sing; it is stated that she intends to appear at some future date in grand opera

Carl Rosa at Covent Garden

The other operatic performances now being given in London by the Carl Rosa Company fill me alternately with hope and despair. Sometimes (as in the playing by the orchestra of the prelude of the third act of *Tannhäuser*) they sink very low indeed. At other times (as in the singing of Maud Neilson in *Rigoletto*) they attain to a something more than adequate level of accomplishment. The public seems unable or unwilling to discriminate between the two extremes. Who, I wonder, is responsible for the silly tradition that seems to be prevalent nowadays in all performances of opera in English of "hushing" any attempts at applause? I am not thinking of the Wagnerian operas, in which applause, of course, should be reserved to the end of each act, but of the Verdi and Puccini operas. Italian opera requires applause as much as does musical comedy. It is built for it, so to speak. The height of absurdity was reached when public enthusiasm was checked in this way after "La Donna è mobile." Verdi must have turned in his grave. He wrote this song especially to provoke applause. Not only that. All the eminent tenors of the world have several variants of the final phrase, specially designed for a multitude of encores. I do not think that there is any other country in the world where such foolishness would be tolerated.

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TWO HAPPY SINGERS OF THE DAY.

Well Known in Gilbert and Sullivan Opera



"I practise my songs for an hour or so every day"

Miss Helen Gilliland at the piano in her pretty home in Blandford Street. She is the wife of Lieut.-Colonel L. H. Nelles



Together in the Park—Two Well-known Stars

Mrs. Thirlwall Philipson (Miss Nellie Briercliffe) at the door of her car with Miss Helen Gilliland



"I am a great lover of nature and human nature. I can spend hours in the company of my little babeen"

An impression of Miss Helen Gilliland (Mrs. Nelles) with her little daughter, Judy. This picture will be welcomed by all who know her in many a Gilbert and Sullivan rôle



"I learn a new part very quickly"

A new study of Miss Helen Gilliland taken, with the accompanying pictures, specially for "The Sphere"

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MANCHESTER'S ART GALLERY ACQUIRES A

Beautiful Record of Old Chelsea, by Walter Greaves.



"Chelsea Regatta"—A Reproduction of the Picture by Walter Greaves, Now in the Manchester City Art Gallery

Manchester is fortunate in having acquired for its City Art Gallery a delightful record of Old Chelsea, by Mr. Walter Greaves. Readers of THE SPHERE will recollect that some little time ago we published a reproduction of Mr. Greaves's "Hammersmith Bridge on Boat-Race Day," a picture which showed a great crowd of vehicles and spectators on the Suspension Bridge. Mr. Greaves's reputation has been steadily growing during the past few years. Quite apart, of course, from its purely artistic qualities, such a painting of Chelsea on Regatta Day has a deep interest for all lovers of Old London; the picture was painted before the grim cast-iron Embankment period. The making of these stern modern river walls has swept much of the picturesque away from riverside life. It was in 1873 that the modern Chelsea Embankment was opened. Here, however, with the kindly aid of Mr. Greaves, we may see once again the cheery picturesque frontage of Old Chelsea, with its gable-ended brick houses and its many coloured ramparts, bastioned with ancient timbers. A particularly delightful feature of the view is the old Adam and Eve public-house; there were three balconies to this ancient drinking-house, the host of which at the time was a Mr. Wood. All three balconies are shown crowded with gesticulating spectators. On the wall, close at hand, are boards advertising *The World*, *Sporting Life*, *London Journal*, and *The Weekly Times*. A little farther on is a building bearing the words, "Old London Wharf, J. Johnson, coal merchant." Mr. Johnson's initials appear on the four big barges drawn up on the bank of the river. From one of them are a couple of men firing little bombards; beyond is Allen's lime wharf, and beyond this comes the open embankment with a tree-lined walk.

Athletics in the Royal Air Force : *An Example to the Nation.*

By CAPTAIN F. J. STARR
Ex-Hon. Sec. B.E.F. Sports Board

During the later stages of the Great War, after Earl Haig had introduced games into the training of the British Expeditionary Force in France, Major F. Coulon, then Inspector of Army Physical Training, India, evolved a system of "standardised athletics," which found instant favour with the British and native troops. This system had the crudities of a war-time measure, but it probably inspired a more perfect scheme which recently has been produced by the Royal Air Force with the object, apparently, of attracting all the younger members of that force to athleticism.

The R.A.F. Athletic Association is but little more than two years old, yet in the second year of its existence more than 3,000 competitors took part in the competition for the King's Trophy, the only prize of the R.A.F. Athletic Meeting. Air Vice-Marshal Salmond, then president of the Association, spoke with pleasure of "the enthusiasm for the honour of the R.A.F. (displayed by competitors), which must in the end have a beneficial effect on the general efficiency of the Royal Air Force."

Vice-Marshal Salmond on that occasion spoke of men. The new president of the Association, Air Vice-Marshal J. F. A. Higgins, has remembered that the boy is father to the man, for he has presented a challenge trophy—since christened the "Higgins Shield"—to be competed for by the thousands of boys in the Royal Air Force, under conditions which are distinctly novel.

How the Air Force Trains its Boys

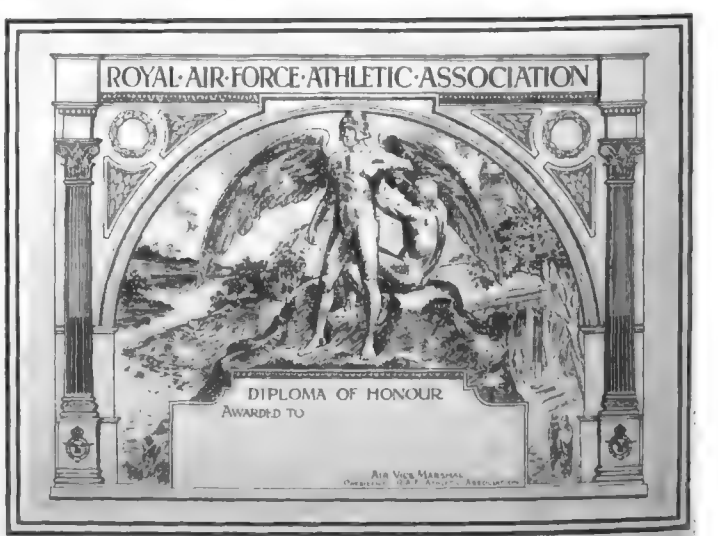
The shield can be won only by a unit of approximately fifty boys, of whom 80 per cent. at least must compete. The competing units need not meet; in fact, do not meet. All the scheme demands is that competitors shall attain to a certain set athletic standard. To the boy who qualifies in one event an athletic diploma is presented; two diplomas carry a medal in their train. The team which during the year gains the highest percentage of athletic medals will hold the challenge shield for the ensuing twelve months. Diplomas, medals, and shield are the only prizes, for there is no "pot-hunting" in the Royal Air Force.

In seeking to increase the efficiency of his own force, Air Vice-Marshal Higgins probably has "builded better than he knew." Already the team principle, which was introduced at the first Air Force athletic meeting, has been adopted by the Imperial services. The standard competitions should appeal to a larger circle. They might be modified to suit the university, the public school, the preparatory school, and the elementary school. They afford a better test of the athletic standard of an entire unit—club, school, regiment, county, or even nation—than does the meeting of a few selected "gladiators" at Stamford Bridge or Antwerp.

Already, at its launching, the R.A.F. Boys' Standard Athletic Championship has created an enthusiasm among the "air-boys" which can hardly be imagined—an enthusiasm almost impossible to men of maturer years. Pride of body with these youngsters is becoming a cult. If a similar enthusiasm could be aroused in all the youth of the kingdom, we should be relieved, at least, from "C 3" and "decadent" reproaches, even if we did not regain our athletic ascendancy at the Olympic Games of 1924.

Event.	Under 15 Years.	Under 16 Years.	Under 17 Years.	Under 18 Years.	Under 19 Years.
100 yards - -	12⅘ sec.	12⅖ sec.	12 sec.	11⅘ sec.	11⅗ sec.
220 yards - -	29 sec.	28⅘ sec.	27⅗ sec.	26⅗ sec.	26 sec.
440 yards - -	70 sec.	66 sec.	63⅗ sec.	62⅗ sec.	60 sec.
880 yards - -	2 m. 47 s.	2 m. 41 s.	2 m. 35 s.	2 m. 30 s.	2 m. 26 s.
Mile - - -	6 m. 15 s.	6 m.	5 m. 50 s.	5 m. 40 s.	5 m. 20 s.
Putting 12-lb. shot.	18 feet	21 feet	24 feet	27 feet	30 feet
120 yards hurdles (3 feet).	22 sec.	21 sec.	19⅘ sec.	19 sec.	18⅘ sec.
High jump -	3 ft. 6 in.	3 ft. 10 in.	4 ft. 2 in.	4 ft. 6 in.	4 ft. 8 in.
Long jump -	12 ft. 6 in.	13 ft. 6 in.	14 ft. 6 in.	16 feet	16 ft. 6 in.

The Athletic Standards (so far only tentative) Set Up by the Royal Air Force



Exclusive to THE SPHERE

Diploma Awarded to Boys who Succeed in Passing One of the Standard Athletic Tests

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OXFORD IN 1922 : PART II.



THE MODERN GIRL STUDENT IN THE STREETS OF OXFORD—A NEW PHASE OF UNIVERSITY LIFE

From a drawing in colour by W. Smithson Broadhead, Oxford, 1922

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OXFORD IN 1922 : Personalities at the University.

Camera Portraits by Walter Benington.



Professor G. G. A. Murray, LL.D., D.Litt.

Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford and a Trustee of the British Museum

Professor Gilbert Murray is known not only in Oxford but throughout the whole of literary Britain for his translations of the Greek tragedies and his writings on Greek literature and philosophy. Professor Murray, on leaving the Merchant Taylors' School, went up to St. John's College, Oxford. He has been Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford since 1908; he is a trustee of the British Museum and a vice-chairman of the executive of the League of Nations Union.

Sir Charles Oman, the Coalition Unionist member for Oxford University, is a distinguished historian. He has made a particular study of modern European history.





Sir C. W. Oman, M.P., One of Oxford's Members

Chichele Professor of Modern History since 1905, and Coalition Unionist member for Oxford since 1919. A Fellow of All Souls. His "History of the Peninsular War" is his best-known book

Professor Sir C. S. Sherrington

Waynflete Professor of Physiology and President of the Royal Society

Professor Sir Charles Sherrington is one of the most distinguished of British scientists. In addition to his work at Oxford as Waynflete Professor, he is the President of the Royal Society, and this year's President of the British Academy. His researches have been of the greatest importance, and have been recognised by many foreign universities. He has made special study of the brain and nervous system.

Professor Sir Paul Vinogradoff is a most interesting personality at Oxford. He was born in Russia, but after having experienced the methods of the Russian bureaucracy, he left his native land for England, where he soon attained eminence as a jurist. He was elected to the Corpus Chair of Jurisprudence in 1903.



Mr. J. F. Stenning, C.B., C.B.E., Senior Proctor

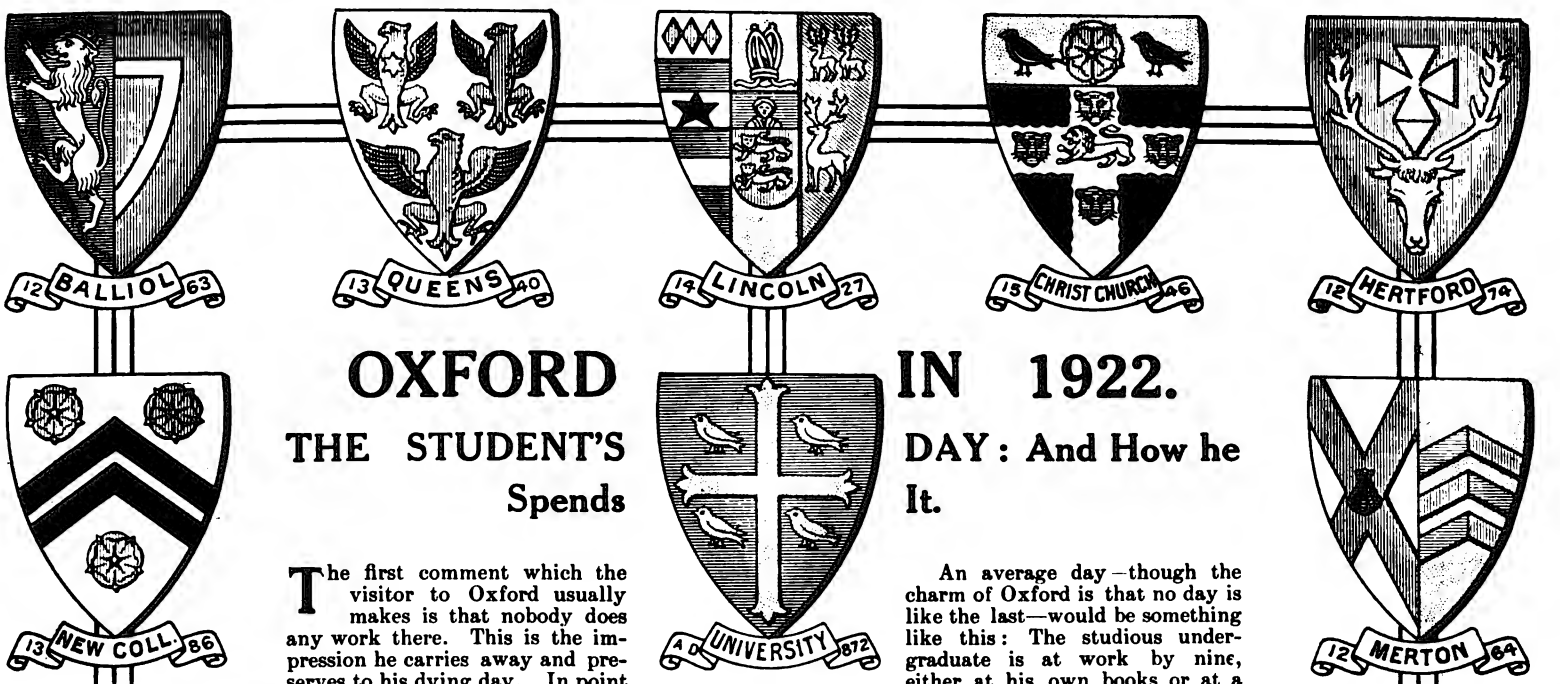
Mr. Stenning is University Lecturer in Aramaic. He is also Fellow, Tutor, Dean, and Librarian of Wadham College, and Secretary to the Curators of the University Chest



Professor Sir Paul Vinogradoff, LL.D.

Corpus Professor of Jurisprudence at Oxford since 1903. He left Russia after having come into conflict with the bureaucratic authorities, and came direct to England

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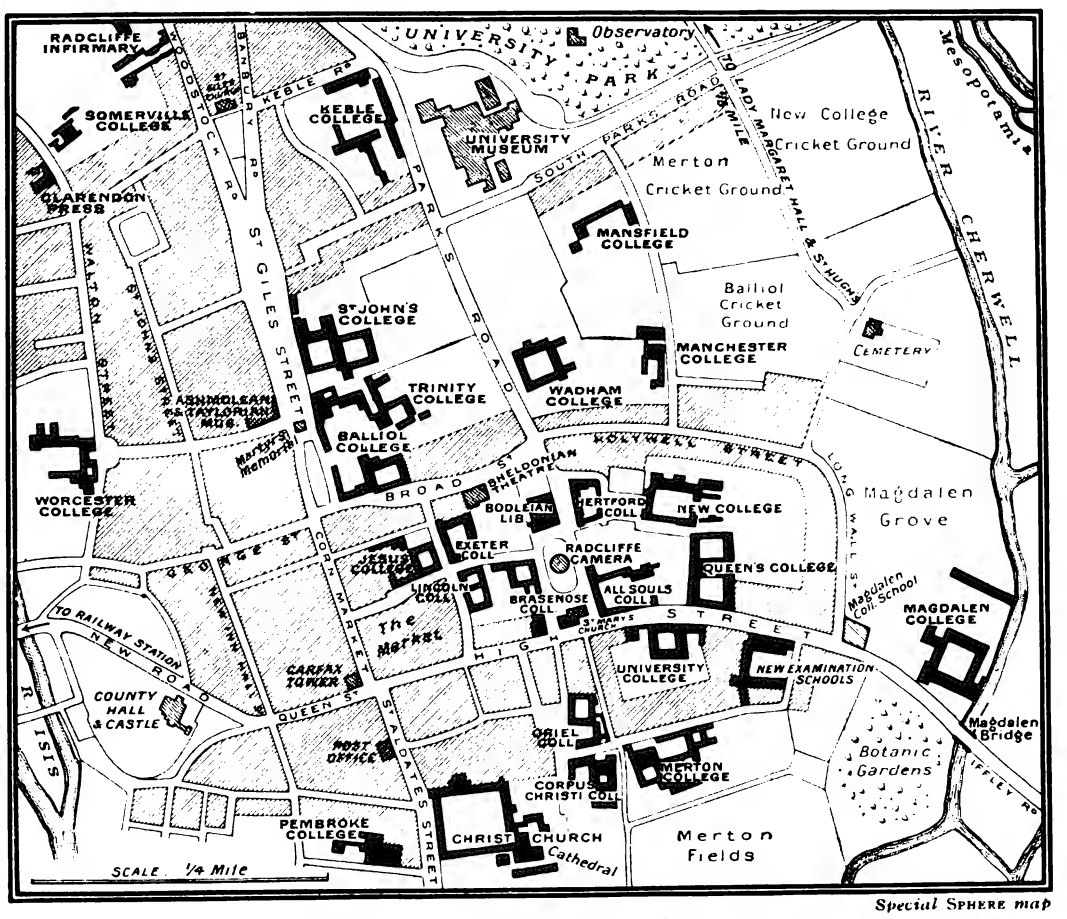
OXFORD IN 1922.

THE STUDENT'S DAY: And How he Spends It.

The first comment which the visitor to Oxford usually makes is that nobody does any work there. This is the impression he carries away and preserves to his dying day. In point of fact, however, it is untrue. In spite of the fact that the cafés are crowded in the morning, the roads and river crowded in the afternoon, and the cinemas crowded in the evening, a considerable quantity of work is got through in the course of the term. The business magnate or the professional man, running up from the City for a hard-earned two days, sees the streets thronged each afternoon with pleasure-seekers. *He* is accustomed to working in the afternoon. Therefore he says no work is done in Oxford. But a comprehensive peep into the colleges and "digs" at ten o'clock the same evening might give him a different impression. And another at midnight would really startle him a little. Late hours are the rule rather than the exception, and there is more than a drop of midnight oil mixed in with the wassail.

An average day—though the charm of Oxford is that no day is like the last—would be something like this: The studious undergraduate is at work by nine, either at his own books or at a lecture, or paying the weekly visit to his tutor. Morning is passed at work—with a possible interval for light refreshment at the Cadena—and the work may include business of a less academic nature, such as a meeting, a visit to the printers in connection with some college or university society, etc. Work ceases at one o'clock, and the afternoon is free for exercise and pleasure. After lunch there is a rush for the football field, the hockey ground, the running track, or the river. The less athletic go off on their bicycles or afoot into the country round, or wander through the streets shopping and looking at the bookshops. The musicians may practise their instruments at home or in the Holywell music room, and a select body of enthusiasts has very likely assembled for country or Morris dancing, or, if it is a Friday, for court and ballet dancing in St. Giles's Parish Room.

(*Continued on p.* 100)



Special SPHERE *map*

A Plan of the City and University of Oxford, Showing the Main University Buildings

Many of the colleges are clustered between the High and Broad Street, with the Bodleian and the Radcliffe Camera roughly at the centre, although some of the colleges—Magdalen, Christ Church, Worcester, and others—are at some little distance from this main group. Somerville, Lady Margaret Hall, St. Hugh's, and St. Hilda's, the women's colleges, lie away from the mass of men's colleges

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OXFORD IN 1922: PICTURES of SOMERVILLE COLEG



Women Students at Work in the Library of Somerville

A long, spacious gallery with sky-lights and side-lights where the more earnest students spend a great part of their time



A Group in the Senior Common Room at Somerville

Some members of the college staff at tea in their own common room



A Party of Women on the River

Somerville possesses its "rowing bloods" much in the same way as the men's colleges, although their rowing powers are not so formidable, perhaps. This little party is having a quiet paddle—perhaps the last of the season

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

Its History and Present Activities

Few ideals are surpassed in the space of a lifetime by their own realisation. Yet those who can remember the pioneer work in women's education at Oxford nearly fifty years ago are bound to admit that the early dreams have been eclipsed by the present reality.

Change has made almost unrecognisable the old manor house, wisteria-covered, discreetly remote, from which has grown the present Somerville College. Opened as Somerville Hall in 1879, it has expanded into the spacious buildings which now enclose on two sides the wide tree-shaded lawn.

Three distinguished women have guided that quiet progress from manor house to college. Miss Shaw-Lefevre, the first Principal, conquered by her tact and charm the hostility of Ruskin to women's education, and turned him into a life-long friend of Somerville. In 1890 she was succeeded by



Undergraduettes in the Fo Gard

One of the quiet spots where the wom wander under the of their



A Portion of the Spacious Dining-hall

Where the "undergraduettes" dine each evening under the kindly eyes of the women dons seated at the High Table at the end of the hall



Miss Emily Penrose, O.B.E., M.A., Principal of Somerville since 1907

Miss Penrose was a student at Somerville herself, taking a first in 1892. She was for a time Professor of Ancient History at Bedford College, and Principal of the Royal Holloway College from 1898-1907. In the latter year she went to Oxford as Principal of Somerville

Go gle

GE—ONE of OXFORD'S FOUR WOMEN'S COLLEGES.



Women Undergraduates in the Junior Common Room

The neutral meeting ground of the various members and groups of the college



The Beautiful Colonnade Overlooking the Spacious Lawn

The women are here seen in the now familiar cap and gown, as painted by our artist on another page of this section



arden at Somerville College

ider in the midst of pleasant surroundings heir college

Miss Maitland, under whose *regime* the extension of the college buildings began. A new wing, designed by Mr. T. Graham Jackson, was added in 1881. The West building, begun in 1885, was opened in 1887 and completed in 1894. In 1890 Miss Forster presented the college with a gymnasium, and three years later the present gate house was built. Another short interval saw the beginning of internal reconstruction, and the hostel replaced an old coach-house in 1897.

Miss Maitland died in 1906. She lived long enough to see the fulfilment of her most cherished dream, the linking up of the straggling college buildings by the erection of a library, in 1904. She is commemorated by the Maitland Hall and buildings, which were opened in 1913.

To the present Principal, Miss Penrose, fell the heavy task of maintaining college life and traditions through the crisis of the Great War. Unprecedented requests were met by rapid decision, which granted to the War Office the use of the

(Continued on a later page)



A Group of the Captains and Committees of Sport

At back—the Misses A. Bull, J. Berwick, E. Welby (debate), V. Crichton (cricket) U. Sharpe (water-polo), and E. Hughes; in front—the Misses M. Dale (rowing), E. Dundas (boat club), E. Bull (united hockey), and M. McAfee (lacrosse)



The Vice-Principal, the Hon. Alice Moore Bruce, M.A.

Miss Bruce is the youngest daughter of the first Baron Aberdare. She is Vice-Principal and Tutor of Somerville. Her father was a prominent statesman in the second half of the last century, and at one time was Vice-President of the Education Board



The Main Entrance to the College

As usual bicycles cluster round the entrance, for the women at Oxford—like their male contemporaries—pedal through the streets to their various lectures and appointments

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OXFORD'S LINK WITH THE STARS.

The University Observatory

STUDENT LIFE AT OXFORD—*continued*

Dancing of all sorts is becoming an increasingly popular recreation in Oxford.

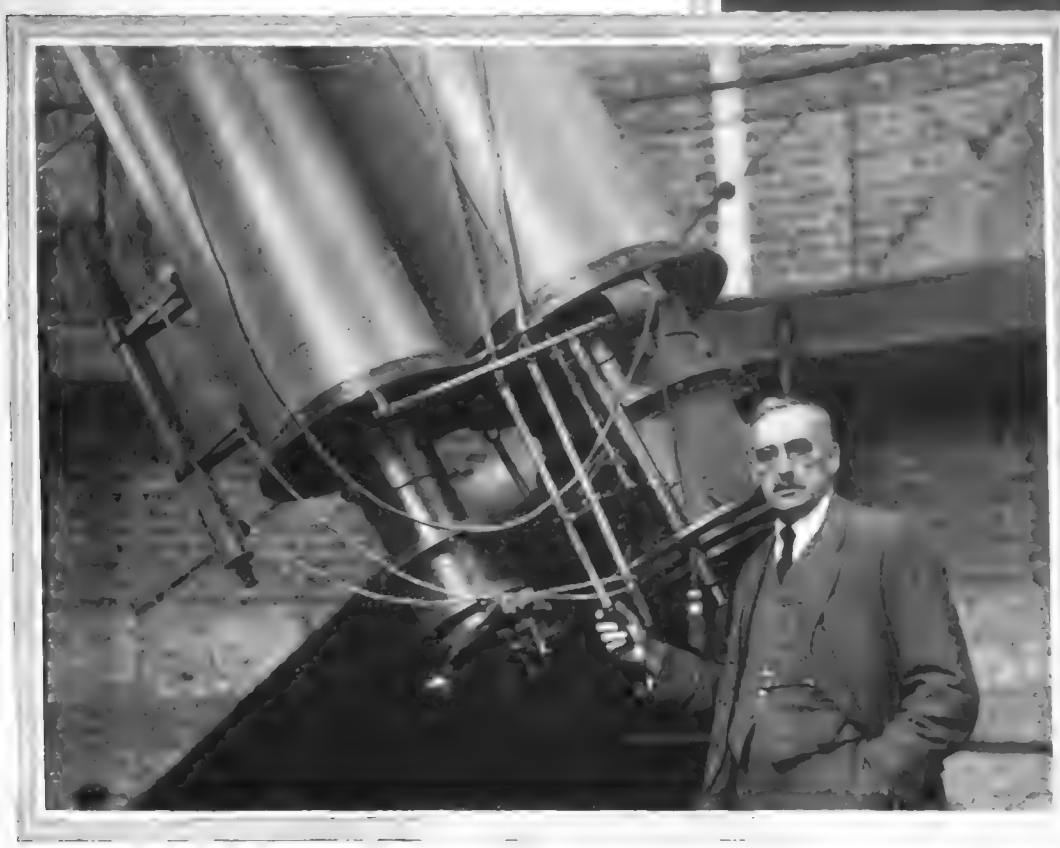
Tea is the great time for entertaining, and the chances are that the undergraduate is either out to tea or holding a little at-home of his own. Now is the time for talk, deep and shallow, and the practising of the social graces. Here is a tasteful little party going on in one of the college rooms—three undergraduates, two undergraduettes, and a female don (more familiarly known as a "dona," but not to be confused with "donah") to chaperon them. Talk ranges lightly and gracefully over certain stock subjects—athletics, the theatre, and the difference between the life of the undergraduate and the life of the undergraduette; add to which a few trenchant sidelights from the chaperon on the difference between the life of the don and the life of the dona, with special reference to dinners, and at half-past five the dona puts on her gloves, which is the conventional sign for the principal lady guest to rise and announce in polite tones: "I think we ought to be going." But next door the intellectuals of the college are assembled in long, low arm-chairs with long, low legs protruding from them, and a shiny pipe in every mouth, discussing philosophy, poetry, and religion. And two doors away a party of footballers, invigorated by exercise, hot bath, and tea, has become vocal round the piano. Ragtime floats out across the mouldering quad.

There may or may not be an hour's work before dinner. Then the bell rings, gowns are donned, hall is entered, a scholar says grace, and dinner begins. After dinner there is talk and coffee in the common-room, and very likely a college meeting, or a meeting at one of the innumerable societies at which undergraduates address and read papers to each other and readjust their ideas. Or there is the Union Debating Society, or a meeting of one of the political clubs, or a pianoforte recital at the Town Hall, at which one of the items is sure to be ruined by "Tom" next door ringing his 101 strokes at five past nine. For there were 101 scholars on the original foundation of the college, and it is his duty to remind you of this every night. But by 10.30 p.m. the ground is clear for work, and it is after that that most of the work is done. But it *is* done—somehow—some of it!



Professor H. H. Turner, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Savilian Professor of Astronomy since 1893. Professor Turner was formerly the chief assistant at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. He was the President of the Royal Astronomical Society in 1903-4, and has been one of the secretaries of the British Association since 1913



Professor A. A. Rambaut, D.Sc., F.R.S.

Radcliffe Observer at Oxford since 1897



The Exterior of the University Observatory in the Parks

The University Observatory, in the Parks, is a younger foundation than the Radcliffe Observatory. The latter was founded in 1772

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THE OXFORD STUDENT OF 1922.



Oxford, the City of Wheels

A scene outside the gateway of Wadham, which is typical of the whole of Oxford. The Oxford undergraduate never walks if he can cycle



The Happy Days of Youth

A merry party of men from Trinity College, Oxford, "demonstrating" in the streets of the town



A Group of Merry Oxford Girl Students



A Reminiscence of the Delights of Summer at Oxford

The Brasenose Eight of 1922 on the towpath during Eights Week



The "Undergraduette's" First Term

An Oxford woman "fresher"—just up at the University—unpacks her books in preparation for the Michaelmas term, which has just opened



The New Buildings of Merton College

Merton, one of the oldest of the Oxford colleges, has recently had some of the newest of buildings added to its ancient courts. The college was originally called the House of Scholars at Merton, and was founded in the year 1264, at Malden in Surrey

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TOM TOWER AND ST. MARY THE VIRGIN AT OXFORD.



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DRAWN BY WALTER E. SPRADBERY

TOM TOWER, CHRIST CHURCH, OVER THE ENTRANCE FROM ST. ALDATE'S INTO THE GREAT QUAD

Tom Quad is the largest quadrangle in Oxford. It was begun by Wolsey, but was never completed. To reach the quad one passes beneath the great Tom Tower, the lower story of which was also built by Wolsey. The bell, "Great Tom," weighed 17,000 lbs., but was recast in 1680, and now weighs over seven tons. "Tom" has rung in Oxford since 1684 without intermission.



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Drawn by Walter E. Spradbery

THE HIGH AT OXFORD—ON THE RIGHT THE CHURCH OF ST. MARY THE VIRGIN

University College is on the left, and on the right are All Saints' Church, Brasenose College, the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, All Souls and Queen's Colleges

The High is perhaps the most important thoroughfare in Oxford. It is bordered on both sides by colleges and by the church of St. Mary the Virgin. This latter at one time was the centre of the academic and ecclesiastical life of the University. Until the building of the Divinity School and the Sheldonian, it was here that all University business was transacted

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THE LITTLE GREBE
and Its
PECULIARITIES.
A British Diving Bird.



The Home of the Dabchick in the Highlands

The little grebe is generally distributed throughout the British Isles. It is found, however, as far north as the Shetlands, and has been found breeding at an elevation of over 2,000 ft.



The Nest of the Dabchick Among the Reeds

The nest is moored to the plants of which it is composed. It resembles in every way a clump of dead and floating aquatic plants washed down among the reeds by the rush of a spate



The Nest of the Dabchick Uncovered, Showing the Eggs

The eggs when first laid are creamy-white in colour, but soon become stained and brown owing to the parent bird plucking fresh plants and covering them, so that the nest retains its original appearance of floating debris



Jan Thomson

The Black-headed Gull on Its Nest



The Young Dabchick Six Hours Old—Almost Life Size

In sending to us these pictures our correspondent writes as follows: "I watched from some distance through a pair of field-glasses the hen bird approach the nest. She took about twenty minutes to make up her mind that all was clear. She then dived twice, each time coming up as if she were merely feeding, but being appreciably nearer the nest. She then took a much longer dive, and I had great difficulty in following her on coming to the surface. The nest appeared unduly high compared with others examined, and the bird sitting on it seemed perched in a much too exposed position, as a road was within a stone's throw of her. However, she hatched one of her four eggs successfully, and probably the other three, if she returned to the nest with the first hatched, as it is hoped she did. Visiting the nest a few days later it was found that one egg had hatched, and the young dabchick, just dry, was endeavouring to follow its mother on what to it must have been a very rough sea"

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile Mandell-Essington at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortege as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is haled as a "long lost heir."*

V.—THE FUNERAL—*continued.*

"My dear boy, I am very, very glad to see you!" said the old gentleman warmly, wringing his hand; and then, turning to Messrs. Brown and Wilson, who were waiting in the background with expectant smiles, he cried, "You were perfectly right! Let me introduce my nephew, Jack Hayward—Mr. Brown—Mr. Wilson."

"We felt sure it was you, Mr. Hayward!" said Mr. Wilson genially.

"Perfectly certain!" added Mr. Brown.

"While I," said the returned wanderer, "felt equally certain that I must be in the presence of two of my uncle's most respected friends."

The gracious charm of this speech clearly produced the most favourable impression, and in presenting the nephew to the next old friend, the elderly gentleman committed himself without hesitation to the statement:

"This is my nephew and heir!"

At this Mr. Essington pricked up his ears, and a feeling of extreme satisfaction stole over him.

"By gad!" he said to himself. "Now this is what I really call a bit of luck!"

His satisfaction was increased when the next old friend turned to the elderly gentleman and said:

"Allow me to congratulate you, Mr. Hayward! Poor Alfred's place will now, I feel sure, be very successfully filled."

"So my uncle's name is Hayward, too, and poor Alfred was obviously the corpse," thought the new nephew. "I've really learned practically all a man of any resource needs to know!"

After a few more introductions and congratulations, uncle and nephew got into one of the carriages, and amidst a chorus of cordial farewells, drove out of the cemetery, this time at a lively trot.

"There is nothing, I hope, Jack, to prevent your taking up your residence with us immediately?" said the uncle.

"Nothing whatever, I assure you!" replied the nephew with great alacrity. To himself, he added, "'With *us*'—that means an aunt. Yes, I think I'm safe to risk it," and thereupon with a solicitous air he inquired, "I trust my aunt is keeping well?"

"Your aunts are both very well, I am glad to say," said the uncle.

"*Both*, by gad!" thought the nephew. "Does this mean bigamy or bachelorhood? I'll have to go easy for a bit."

"Did you leave your luggage at the station?" inquired the uncle.

"Lucky he mentioned it! I'd forgot all about my luggage," thought the nephew, and then he answered, "I have been unfortunate enough to lose my luggage, my dear uncle. I don't know whether you could manage to fit me up with anything for a day or two—could you?"

Mr. Hayward turned in his seat and looked his newly-recovered nephew up and down. His blue eyes were vague as well as mild, the nephew noticed.

"You seem very much the same size as poor Alfred," said he. "If you don't mind using some of his things——"

"Not a bit!" the nephew hastened to assure him. "They will have a kind of sentimental value to me."

And with that he remembered to look very grave, and even paid his departed kinsman the tribute of a sigh.

"I am pleased to notice that you seem very much softened, Jack," his uncle remarked in an appreciative voice.

"Yes, uncle, my heart seems to have moved more into the right place," his nephew replied with a pleasing air of modest confidence. "In fact, my affections are very warm indeed when they really get a chance."

He thought of the lady on the bench and sighed again, and at this second manifestation his uncle was distinctly touched.

"Ah, my poor boy," said he. "You have indeed been a rolling stone for many years; and I fear domestic happiness has not often been your lot!"

"Only very occasionally," replied the new nephew.

As his uncle seemed at this point inclined to fall into a pleasant reverie, he took the opportunity of running hastily over the situation, so far as it had developed.

"I have been a rolling stone for many years," he said to himself. "I have come from abroad, and only just landed in England. My name is Jack Hayward, and my uncle's—dash it, I wonder whether he is Uncle Bob or Uncle Tom, or what. I have two aunts, either forming a small harem, or—more probably—maiden ladies. I am evidently coming into quite a tidy bit of splosh, and I am going to inherit it instead of the defunct Alfred. Since Alfred evidently had a separate establishment, he wasn't my uncle's son, and yet he can hardly have been a more distant relation than myself. I may therefore safely put him down as a fellow nephew. That is really a very useful lot of information to start my new career on. The one thing I should like to know is, what has become of the real heir? Probably the dashed fellow will turn up at the most inconvenient moment—when I'm in the middle of my bath, for choice. However, if I once started worrying about that, the whole pleasure of my inheritance would be spoiled."

Meanwhile the carriage was passing through one quiet road after another, gradually ascending all the while, until it had come into the inland outskirts of the town. At last it turned through a pair of gates with a lodge besides them, and a thick belt of trees extending along the road in each direction, and then the heir found himself going up an avenue, with more tall trees on either hand. The belt of grass between the gravel and the trees was smooth as velvet, a glimpse of garden showed two men at work with rakes, and when the house appeared ahead, it revealed itself as a large Georgian mansion brilliant with Virginia creeper.

"No money spared here, evidently," he said to himself pleasantly. "What a fortunate fellow I am!"

"Well, here you are at the Manor House again, Jack!" said his uncle. "I was just wondering exactly how many years it is since you were last here."

"It seems like twenty!" his nephew exclaimed, with a side glance to see how this figure seemed to strike his relative.

"Ah no, it is hardly that, Jack."

"I didn't mean literally twenty, of course!"

"It must be nearly fifteen, though," said the uncle.

"Yes, that was just what I made it," the nephew agreed.

The carriage drew up and Mr. Hayward senior opened the door.

"How surprised your aunts will be to see you!" he exclaimed.

"Yes," said Mr. Hayward junior as he descended; "it has been quite a day of surprises!"

VI.—THE HEIR.

The front door was opened by an aged butler, frail, silver-haired, and endowed with the most benevolent of smiles.

"Rickett," cried his master gleefully, "here is Mr. Jack come home again! He has all sorts of adventures to tell us, Rickett. He has been at sea for years, and at the mines, and I don't know what else! He is rather changed, but I should know him again anywhere, wouldn't you, Rickett?"

"That I would, sir!" said the aged butler, smiling more benevolently than ever as he respectfully took the hand which the heir extended. "You are welcome home again, Mr. Jack!"

"So that's the sort of fellow I am!" said the heir to himself, resolving instantly to act up to his character now that he knew what it was.

He had given his right hand before he realised his own nature, but his left was still in reserve, and with this he slapped the old retainer so heartily on his back that he made him totter.

"Yo, ho, old Rickett!" cried he. "Let's look at you, mate! Yes, the same sporting old fellow! By Jove, I feel quite inclined to pipe an eye, uncle!"

"It is splendid to see him in such spirits, isn't it, Rickett?" cried Mr. Hayward.

"Ye-es, sir, splendid," murmured Rickett a trifle breathlessly, as he recovered his balance.

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"And now, where are your aunts? Ah, here they come! My dear sisters, here is Jack Hayward home again! Jack, this is your Aunt Julia, and here is your Aunt Mary."

Aunt Julia was evidently the elder of the ladies; spare and erect, with an unsympathetic mouth, and spectacles that glinted (her nephew thought) rather coldly. Her manner also struck him as lacking the extreme enthusiasm he felt he had the right to expect.

"How are you, John?" she said. "I am glad to see you."

"My dear aunt!" he cried, "you will permit me, won't you?" And with that he imprinted on her thin cheeks a resounding salute.

"I am just delighted to see you, Jack!" cried Aunt Mary, coming forward in her turn and falling into her nephew's arms, as though they were the very things she had wanted to fall into.

"This is the aunt for me!" he thought. Nor did he keep his enthusiasm to himself.

"You have been hugged before, Aunt Mary!" cried he; and was rewarded with a delightful blush.

Aunt Mary looked somewhere in the neighbourhood of fifty. Like Aunt Julia, her hair was plainly done and her dress sedate, but eyes as kindly as her brother's, only much brighter, had no spectacles to chill their glance; she was rather plump than thin; and, instead of severity having come with years, a little air of girlishness still remained.

"What a fine, tall fellow he has grown, Theodore!" she exclaimed, and there was no lack of enthusiasm in Aunt Mary's manner.

As the happy family party went into the drawing-room for tea, the returned wanderer reviewed the situation afresh.

"So he is Uncle Theodore," he said to himself, "and these are evidently not his wives. I am a frank and hearty sailor lad, and Aunt Mary loves me already; but I am afraid Aunt Julia is going to be unworthy of such a nephew."

From the material point of view, his inheritance struck him as exceedingly satisfactory. The hall had fluted pillars and an air of Georgian dignity, and the drawing-room, though a trifle old-fashioned for his spirited taste, was large and lofty and comfortable, with three long windows looking out to a charming garden ringed with high, autumnal trees.

"Now, Jack," said his uncle, when they had settled themselves in easy chairs, and Aunt Julia was pouring out the tea, "we want to hear your adventures."

"Certainly, sir!" cried Jack, striking a nautical note at once with a slap of his thigh. "Which would you like to hear first?"

"It had better be something seasonable, John," said Aunt Julia.

"Shiver my timbers, it shall be what you please!" quoth her nephew with a seaman's joviality.

Aunt Julia's cold eyes rested for a moment on his fashionable apparel, and then surveyed the deep black of her brother and sister.

"The occasion is one of mourning," she observed.

With a happy mixture of heartiness and sentiment, her nephew replied:

"Bless you, Auntie, our Alfred's safely aloft by this time. He won't mind, not him!"

"I was not referring to *his* feelings, John," said Aunt Julia with some severity. "There are certain decencies to be observed by us."

"Well, Aunt, I'm observing one of them," said he, with his smiling eye fixed on her faded charms, "and a rare tight lass she is!"

Few people could resist Mr. Essington's geniality when he really let it loose, so to speak; but Aunt Julia was clearly one of the few. She sat up, stiff and shocked, and Aunt Mary hurriedly interposed.

"I think we can trust Jack to tell us a nice, quiet, suitable adventure," said she. "Personally, I always love a sea story!"

Mr. Essington hurriedly endeavoured to recall his excursions into nautical literature. Unfortunately this had not been his favourite branch of fiction, and his choice of incidents was limited.

"Shall it be rounding the Horn?" he asked.

"Was that very exciting?" asked Aunt Mary with an eager air.

The gallant sailor's daring seemed to be blended with some prudence.

"Have you ever been at sea in a tempest?" he inquired, looking round his audience.

All three assured him that they had never enjoyed such an experience, and with a sigh of relief he said to himself, "Then we all start fair!"

"In that case," he began with a dramatic air, "I can safely say you never saw anything so exciting in your lives as the scene I shall now endeavour to depict. Imagine waves 150 feet high!"

Mr. Hayward had been sitting quite silent, with his mild blue eyes intently and (Mr. Essington fully believed) admiringly fixed on his nephew. Now he suddenly exclaimed:—

"150 feet high, Jack?"

"150 feet, sir," his nephew repeated firmly.

Uncle Theodore began to shake his head.

"149, anyhow!" said Mr. Essington hurriedly.

"I have lately been reading about waves in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*."

Mr. Essington was far too astute to permit statistics to be quoted against him. Hastily, but quite courteously, he interrupted.

"Ah, I know how the books measure them, but I mean 150 feet including the foam at the top. As no doubt you know, sir, the Pacific is extremely frothy. I measured them by the masts, which were 151 feet high and just showed over the edge."

"Do you mean to tell me your masts were 151 feet high?" asked Mr. Hayward, still with the same disconcertingly statistical expression.

"The dashed fellow seems to know the *Encyclopædia* by heart!" said Mr. Essington to himself, but the voice in which he answered was both persuasive and assured.

"To be strictly accurate, sir, only one of them was. We had a special extension attached to the—er—well, what landlubbers call the hind mast," and with this succinct explanation he hurried on with his tale, though it now suffered a little from the shadow of the *Encyclopædia*. "So furious was the typhoon that we actually broached our beam ends twice! 'All's over, Jack!' said the skipper. 'Not so,' said I, ''tis avast that does it!' And it did it, Aunt Mary, it did it! Next day we were safe in Rio——." He caught his uncle's statistical eye hardening again, and hastily amended his narrative, "I mean next week!" The eye still seemed a trifle sceptical. "Or was it next month? When one has been through so much one sometimes forgets the minor details. Were you ever in Rio, uncle?"

"No," said Mr. Hayward, a little vaguely. "No, I was never in Rio."

Mr. Essington would have liked to asked him whether he had ever looked it up, but decided it was safer to vary his reminiscent vein. Folding his arms, he gazed up at the ceiling with a far-off smile.

"Ah, the girls of Rio!" he sighed.

Aunt Julia sat up rather more stiffly than before.

"Can I give you some more tea, John?" she inquired.

"No thankee, no thankee," murmured the wanderer, still gazing at the ceiling reminiscently. "I married three of them!"

"Three!" exclaimed the audience.

"And two in Cadiz, and another in Singapore. Ah, those were times!"

"You *married* them, John?" repeated Aunt Julia in a low, strained voice. "*All* of them?"

"Well," smiled her nephew, "I mean, of course, in a simple seaman's fashion. A wife in every port, you know, and generally two or three. They were sailor's knots, easily untied. You simply had to pull one end. But how we loved while it lasted!"

("And if that doesn't settle Aunt Julia and my statistical uncle, I'm dashed!" he said to himself.)

For a minute or two apparently it had settled them. There was an awkward pause, and then, in a hesitating voice, Mr. Hayward suggested:

"Perhaps your aunts would enjoy hearing about your mining experiences better."

The adventurer began to frown. He had an idea that a miner was usually a gentleman with a red flannel shirt and bent brows. Unfortunately, that was the only idea that visited him. He began very carefully.

"Criky!" said he. "That was a job, that was!"

His critical sense was not quite so well satisfied with this beginning as with his seafaring reminiscences (which struck him as not unusually improbable and decidedly well told). "Do miners say 'Criky?'" he asked himself, and glanced apprehensively at Uncle Theodore. But evidently that gentleman's encyclopædic researches had not yet reached the subject of mining. As he remained quite quiescent, Mr. Essington's courage revived, and he continued.

"It was in the old Raw Hill High Level that I started in." ("I am almost sure I have shares in a mine something like that," he said to himself.) "We worked it in shifts, old Ben Bolt and me; him with the bucket, me with the spade. Yes, it was a stiff job, that was!"

He paused and frowned again, his audience hanging on his words. The frown continued, and so did the pause.

"What the deuce else happens in a mine?" he asked himself anxiously. "I think I had much better get back to sea; so long as I keep off figures, Uncle Theodore seems harmless enough."

The pause ended at last, and the frown faded into another reminiscent smile.

"Well, well! Those were rough days and not fitted for your ears, my dear aunts. But, talking about voyages——"

"Oh, but we want to hear a little more about Australia!" cried Aunt Mary.

"Australia!" thought he. "Now I know where I am!" and with some confidence he began again.

"Kangaroo hunts were our chief amusement—and, of course, we went to the Melbourne races!" he added with a flash of inspiration.

"I think, John," suggested Aunt Julia, "that your Aunt Mary desired to hear about your work."

(*Continued on a later page*)



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"He had given his right hand before he realised his own nature, but his left was still in reserve, and with this he slapped the old retainer so heartily on the back that he made him totter"

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Marjorie.

Studying the frocks at the various Parades of Fashion has been a favourite occupation with women during the past month. The fashions are really very wonderful, but there comes a time when the average brain can grasp no more, and a sense of bewilderment prevails. Those who are in this state must remember that many of the *outré* and extreme modes will never be worn by the well-dressed Englishwoman; rather will she select the graceful affairs of which only a limited number are shown to the general public, the others being reserved for the various firms' special clients.

The Sheath Frock

There is no doubt about it that the long, straight, and not exaggerated waist-line will pursue the even tenor of its way, while the skirt will vary in length to suit the individuality of the wearer. Panne is regarded with the greatest favour as a fabricating medium for evening dresses, and no matter the colour, it is frequently embroidered with crystal and silver beads and bugles. An excellent substitute for this lovely material is velvet, but, of course, it is not quite as soft. An innovation where sheath frocks are concerned, especially those that are draped across the front, is a flat embroidered panel, which begins at the shoulders and terminates in a train which lightly rests on the ground for a few inches. Apparently the material is held in position with silken ropes weighted with tassels. Nearly all the dresses have the line broken on the hips, either by draperies or panels of pleats caught with silken cords or a cluster of flowers.

The Charm of Simplicity

There is something wonderfully attractive about the little frocks of taffetas with skirts and plain corsages. A very pretty affair was expressed in periwinkle-blue taffetas, the bodice innocent of all decoration, while the skirt was strewn with periwinkles fashioned of ribbon, the waved hem being finished with a narrow edging of lace. Another dress of a similar character was carried out in duchesse satin of an exquisite parchment *nuance*; it was enriched with roses and true-lovers'-knots embroidered in blue and pink silk, seed pearls, and silver galon.

The Three-piece Suit

The three-piece suit is on the crest of the wave, and for town wear has eclipsed the *tailleur*. It is never seen to greater advantage than when expressed in Kasha, which is neither a duvetyn nor a ratine, but unites in itself the best qualities of these materials. The upper portion of the dress is made of medieval silk, the belt and bretelles being of Kasha; the coats which accompany them are collared with fur, and flow from the neck to the hem. By the way, a feature is made by a notable dressmaker of chemise frocks of black Kasha, embroidered in fur colours to match the owner's fur wrap. For instance, brown embroidery accompanies a Kolinsky coat, and grey embroidery a moleskin one.



A Wig for Evening Wear

It has been designed and carried out in snow-white silk by that notable artist in hair, Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W.

Not Zenana, but Stitched Satin

Dressing-gowns, or perhaps it would be more correct to call them boudoir wrappers, have never been more lovely. For those who can afford them there are stitched satin affairs—make no mistake, it is not zenana; the stitching is all done by hand, and there are large spaces left blank, an ingenious idea that is marvellously effective. There are two other new materials being used for these wrappers, lamé imprime and lamé repoussé; the former is a soft metal tissue with a multi-coloured *chene* design printed thereon, while the latter is all one colour, shimmers with every movement of the wearer, and in the distance looks like respoussé metal.

The Waistcoat Cape

The waistcoat cape will be seen everywhere in a variety of materials. For travelling it is made of tweed, and looks well when the waistcoat is of suède. In the more decorative affairs carried out in duvetyn or Kasha the waistcoat is of a bright lacquer-red shade trimmed with embroidery, the picture completed with a high collar of fur. Some of these capes have evidently been inspired by the time-honoured dolman, while inspiration has been sought from the Inverness for others. Sometimes the waistcoat is omitted, and quite long coats accompany these capes, which may or may not be provided with long sleeves.

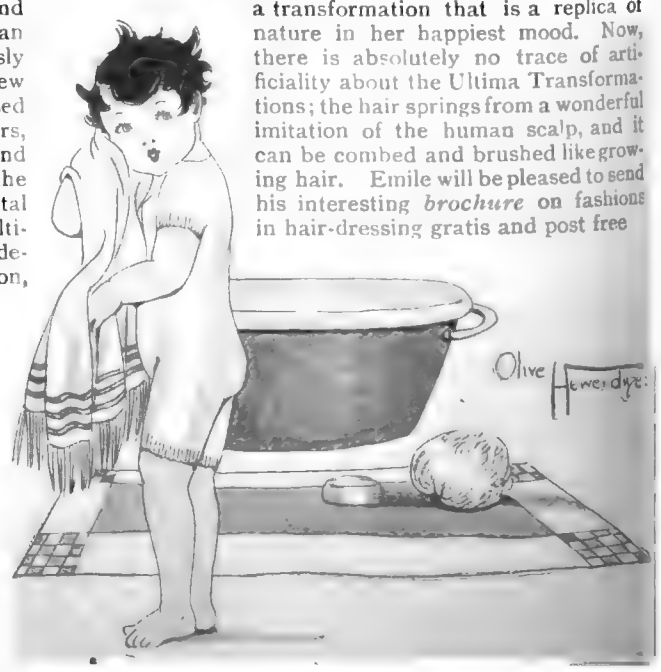
Pure Wool Underwear

There is already a mild epidemic of chills and their attendant ills; hence women who desire to combat the trouble successfuily must see to it that their families as well as themselves wear pure wool underwear. It is the greatest of all foes to influenza and pulmonary troubles of all kinds. Therefore no apology is necessary for drawing attention to Wolsey, a pure wool underwear, which is the finest possible safeguard against all winter ills. Its excellent shaping ensures correctness of fit, which in turn means better "set" and appearance for the outer garments, while its unshrinkable finish means the retention of its original size after long wear and repeated washings. The manufacturers being directly responsible for every Wolsey garment, from spinning the raw wool to the finished product, they are in a position to vouch for its excellence. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that every garment, no matter whether it be for a man, woman, or child, bears the well-known Wolsey head trade-mark. This excellent underwear is sold by all outfitters and drapers of repute.

The Vogue for Silken Wigs

It may be that the vogue for frocks of the early Victorian era is responsible for the cordial welcome that the leaders of fashion have accorded the silken wig, in the creation of which M. Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W., is a past master. Of course, it is merely a passing fancy, but it shows that everything in hair fashions is ever mirrored in these *salons*. Women who have a reputation to maintain for being perfectly turned out know that it is impossible to be so unless they have a transformation that is a replica of nature in her happiest mood. Now, there is absolutely no trace of artificiality about the Ultima Transformations; the hair springs from a wonderful imitation of the human scalp, and it can be combed and brushed like growing hair. Emile will be pleased to send his interesting *brochure* on fashions in hair-dressing gratis and post free





A Wolsey nightie for the older generation and a Wolsey combination for the small personage who has just had his bath

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SIXTEENTH INTERNATIONAL

MOTOR EXHIBITION

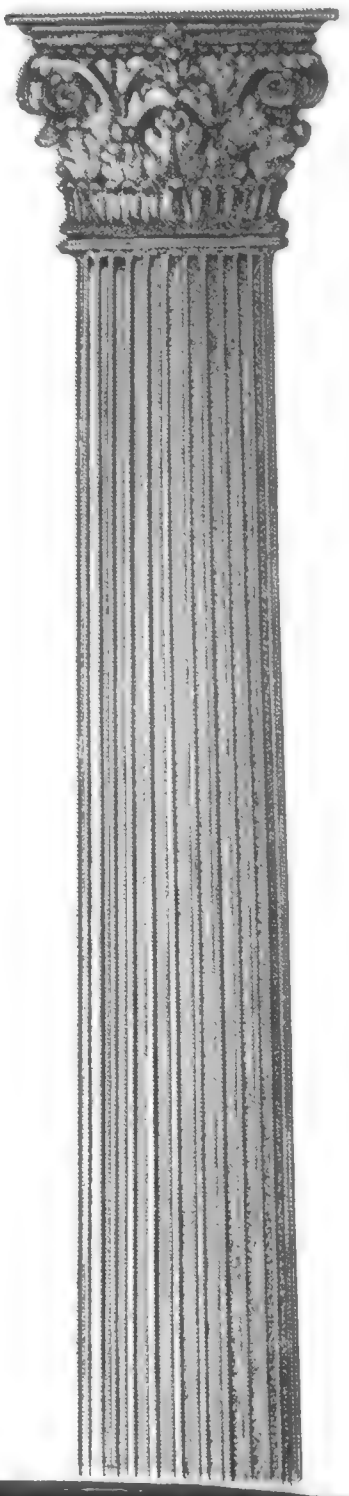
AT OLYMPIA & WHITE CITY, NOV. 3–11, 1922.

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Chassis, completely equipped	£500	Chassis, completely equipped	£700
4 Seater Touring Car -	£660	5 Seater Touring Car -	£950
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OLYMPIA

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ROVER

"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

STAND No. 282 OLYMPIA NOV. 3-11

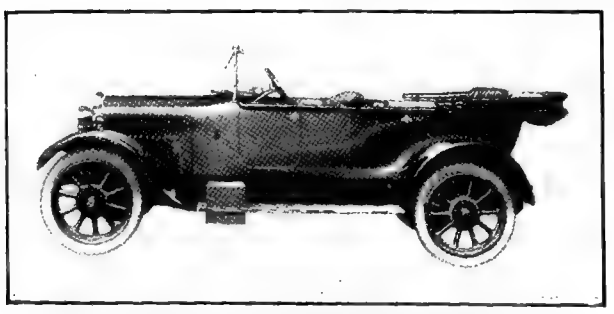
THE Car that set the fashion to the World, and still to-day the leader of its class, the ROVER has gained a commanding ascendancy that is only achieved by conspicuous superiority.

The "man in the street" appreciates the ROVER for its distinction of line and elegance of finish—the owner of the car values his ROVER for its comfort in service and absolute dependability. It is a car that takes all seasons as they come, a car that proves its superiority under all conditions.

The 12-h.p. ROVER Four-Seater Touring Car illustrated, has many improvements introduced for 1923, the most interesting of which is that a new engine developing considerably more horse-power is fitted, giving greater liveliness and more speed to the car. The lubrication of the engine has been altered to pressure feed. With a Hood and Side-curtains opening with the doors, the car may be rapidly transformed into an all-weather model. The following standard equipment is worthy of special note: Two Horns, Luggage Grid with straps, Spring Gaiters, Two Floor Mats, Clock, Speedometer, Dash Light, Force Gun Lubricator, etc.

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THE MOTOR EXHIBITION OF 1922.

A Review of the Olympia and White City Shows. By R. P. Hearne

The views given in the border of this page include Byland Abbey, the Minster and Potter's gates at Lincoln, Loch Lubnaig and St. Mary's in the Yarrow Valley, and a gateway at Arundel.

1922

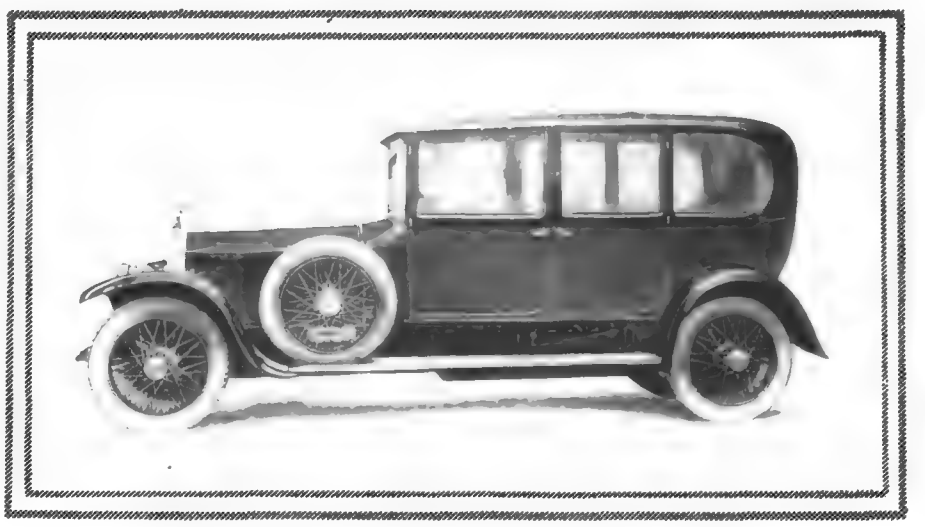

Byland

Once again the London motor show is held under two roofs, as, despite the best efforts of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, it has not been possible to get the extensions at Olympia ready in time. Undismayed by the bad times the world has gone through, the motor industry refuses to shrink to the dimensions which would allow all the exhibits to be housed in Olympia. Too much fuss has been made of the disadvantages of a dual show, but the real trouble with the White City display previously was that the building was not so well heated as Olympia. As regards accessibility from most parts of London, the White City scores over Olympia, and I believe that this year quite as many people will visit the one show as the other. Certain it is that the display at White City will be as interesting as that at Olympia, and it is equally certain that no more exhibits could be crowded into Olympia. It is a matter of pride, and not of grumbling, that the world trade in motors has centred so much in London as to make it necessary to utilise two great buildings to house the show. Our confidence in the stability of this industry has been well justified in the past years of storm and stress, and we may now look forward to a happier time for that fuller development of road transport which can no longer be kept back. A visit to the Olympia and White City Shows will give ample proof of the power and vitality of the motor movement


Arundel

Rolls-Royce

In the ordinary way of events the Rolls-Royce exhibit would attract undiminished attention, for the name has so become a household word for supreme quality that a visit to the show would not be complete without an inspection of the Rolls-Royce stand. It has been the policy of Messrs. Rolls-Royce not to display the details of their chassis, but visitors have been content to study the beautiful outlines of the complete cars, which show how the chassis can be adapted to take sumptuous bodies of every description, from the open touring car de luxe to the magnificent enclosed carriage. This year the news of a new Rolls-Royce model will cause people to flock even more eagerly to the Rolls-Royce stand, and although they will not see the new chassis there, some reference to it must be made in this article, as otherwise our review of the new cars for 1923 would be incomplete. The latest Rolls-Royce is rated at 21·6-h.p., though it is nominally called a Twenty. The engine is of six cylinders, and it has overhead valves. Engine, clutch, and gear-box form a unit very skilfully designed. In the design of the engine itself there is much of interest for the expert, and whilst there are many differences from the larger model, one can still find strong evidence of "Rolls-Royce practice." Every detail has been considered with that extreme care which accounts for the phenomenal success of the Rolls-Royce. Coupled with this scientific yet artistic designing, we have equal care in the choice of materials and in the workmanship, which latter feature is really exquisite. Space does not allow me to touch on the many excellent features of this car, and I must return to them on another occasion. It has to be borne in mind that the 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce remains the masterpiece of the firm, and will remain as indispensable as ever to its patrons. The larger chassis is essential for large car bodies requiring that range of speed, power, and general performance which are associated with the Rolls-Royce, and have made it the last word in luxurious motoring. At the show one can see several superb examples of the complete 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce, which in their proportions, design, and equipment prove that the larger chassis is indispensable.

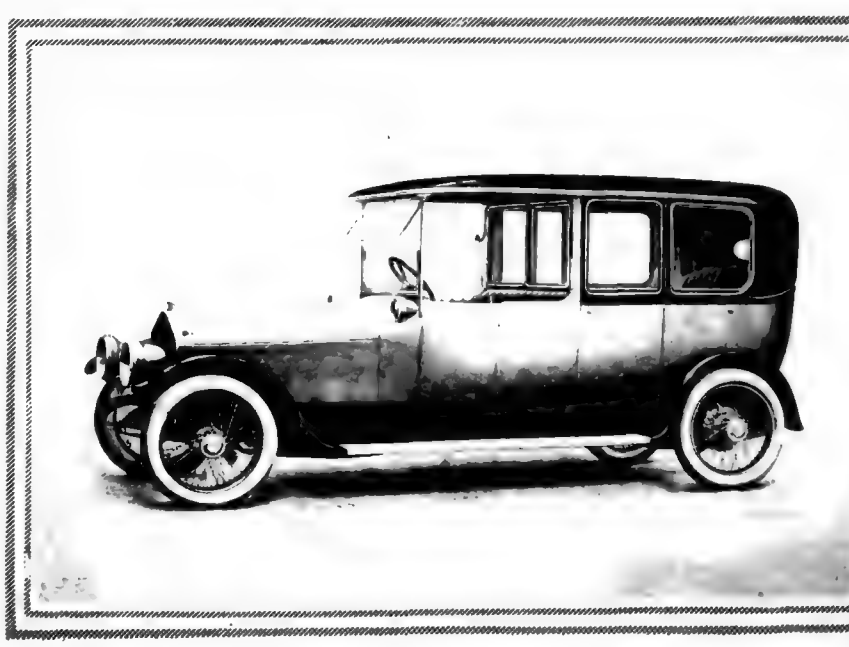

The Rolls-Royce Enclosed Drive Limousine


Lincoln


St. Mary's

Wolseley

There is very sound reasoning behind the business policy of Messrs. Wolseley Motors, Ltd. Possessed of great manufacturing facilities, they set out to meet the requirements of the vast majority of motorists, and this is done while avoiding the extremes of making one type of car to suit every need, or of turning out a multiplicity of types. Six models are being manufactured for 1923, comprising the small two-cylinder Seven, three models of four-cylinder, viz., the Ten, the Fourteen, and the Fifteen, and two six-cylinder models, the Twenty and the 24–30-h.p. A most comprehensive range of standard bodies is being fitted to these models. It will be seen that several new types of carriages are being added to the previous list, an entirely new model, the Fourteen, being introduced. The Wolseley Seven, introduced last year, has its design practically unaltered. The two-cylinder engine operates so effectively as to compare with the high-grade running of the more expensive models. Accessibility has been carefully studied, rendering it easy to make any necessary adjustments. The engine is water-cooled, and the comparatively large dimensions of the cylinders permit of ample water passages, thus avoiding the restrictions to which very small cylinders are so liable. The body provides ample accommodation for two adults. The Wolseley Ten is claimed to be the outstanding success of 1922 in the Light Car class. The experience gained with this model on Brooklands track has suggested a number of minor improvements. The Two-seater in outward appearance resembles the 1922 model, but the


The New Wolseley "Twenty" Landaulette


Lubnaig

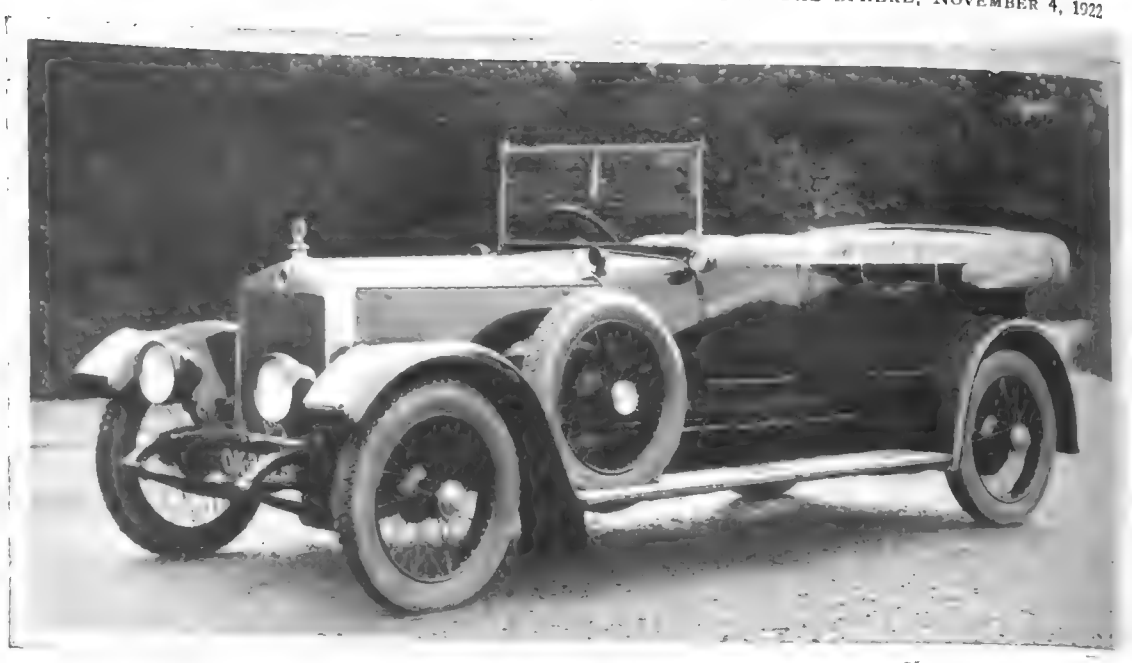

Lincoln

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body panels are more gracefully curved, thus enhancing the smart lines of the car, and allowing appreciable increase in the leg-room of the driving seat. The Light Four-seater has been developed from the torpedo listed last year, but is in many respects an entirely new design. The wheel-base has been increased by 6 in., and the track is wider than the torpedo. The engine is similar to that of the two-seater, but the gearing is suitably modified to deal with the loads to be carried. The body is arranged to seat four, and has ample room for both front and rear passengers. All-weather side curtains, opening with both front and rear doors, are fitted as standard. The Two-seater Coupé, which has proved so suitable for professional purposes or for use as a small town carriage, is being made as previously in two types. The Sporting and Speed models, Wolseleys, are comparatively recent productions. The record-breaking feats of the Wolseley Ten at Brooklands created a demand for a standard car of similar type for competition work, and three models are being listed to meet requirements.

Lanchester

There is never-failing joy for the lover of fine cars when he examines the Lanchester exhibit. In a world which to-day contains so much of shoddy workmanship and cheap and tawdry productions, the Lanchester cars are examples of high-grade and artistic effort which shows how good these qualities are. The main exhibit is a 40-h.p. six-cylinder three-quarter landaulette, painted a delicate shade of drab suède and upholstered in morocco leather to match. It is a five-seater all-enclosed car, with a V-shaped wind-screen. The internal fittings are of a most luxurious type. A particularly interesting feature of Lanchester bodywork is the method adopted for the attachment of the body



The 1923 Model of the 40-h.p. Six-cylinder Lanchester Touring Car



The New 40-50-h.p. Six Cylinder Napier with D-front Landaulette Body

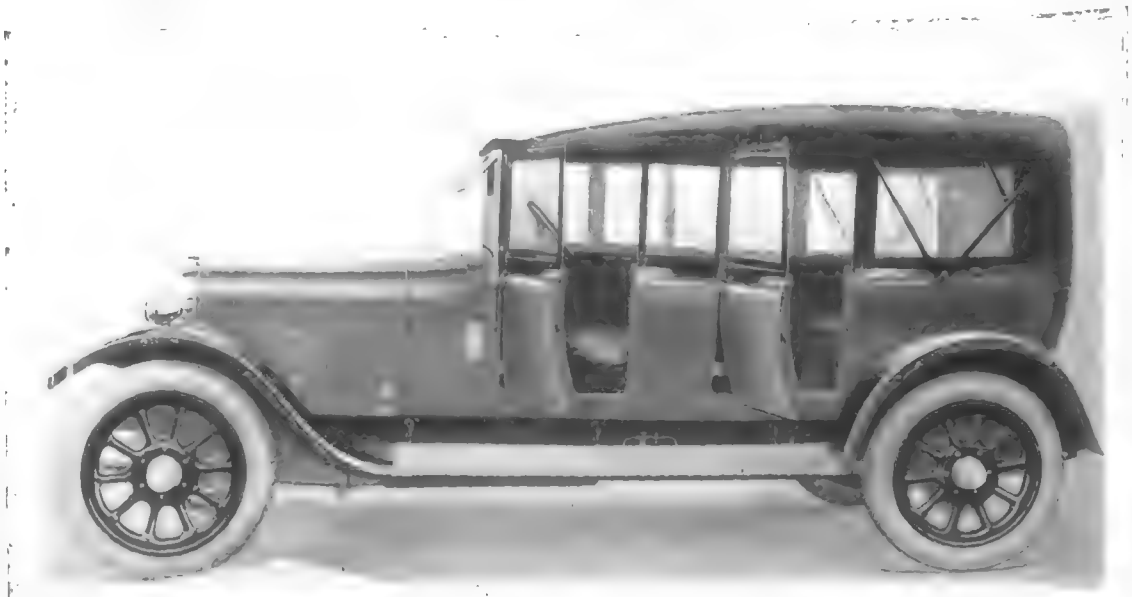
to the chassis. The body is secured at four points by sockets enclosing indiarubber buffers. This method, whilst being quite safe, has many other advantages; it eliminates the transmission of road shocks to the body, and in conjunction with the suspension of the chassis, makes for very smooth riding. It also has the effect of eliminating many sources of body rattle. The Lanchester Motor Company pride themselves on their bodywork, and with every reason, for their coach-building works are on a par with the chassis. Another magnificent model is the beautiful touring car. The engine is 40 h.p., and the chassis is identical with that of the landaulette. This car also seats five. Finally we come to examine the 40-h.p. six-cylinder Lanchester chassis. At once the visitor is impressed by the simplicity of design and exceedingly fine workmanship. Beyond question it is one of the finest examples of British handicraft ever staged. To be sure there is little change from last year. A somewhat higher radiator is fitted, and a thermostat water control is added to regulate the temperature of the water to suit all climates. Overhead valves are, as before, a feature, and the celebrated Lanchester epicyclic silent change-speed gear is as good a feature as ever.

Napier

The advantages of enterprise in deciding upon a bold policy with regard to post-war cars is well exemplified in the case of the Napier. Very soon after the war Messrs. Napier and Son were able to launch a wholly new model of their famous six-cylinder car. This design took the motoring world by storm, for it was a distinct jump forward from the prevailing ideas. The design as a whole was a work of genius in that it embodied so many improvements learned from the lessons of the war. It will be remembered that Messrs. Napier during the war produced a most remarkable aero-engine, which for efficiency, endurance, and lightness in relation to engine power quickly made a name for itself. In the new Napier car we had the same qualities brought out, and when one saw the new chassis, the only question that could be put was, "Will this car behave as well as it should, having regard to its numerous special features?" The question need not have been asked, as if one bore in mind the wholesome habit of the leading British motor manufacturers, it would be understood that no new model is offered to the public until it has been thoroughly tested. Messrs. Napier made no gamble on their new model. They offered a car in which they had every confidence. Having attained this standard of achievement, Messrs. Napier have very wisely made only small modifications in their car for 1923. They are concentrating on the production of the famous 40–50-h.p. model. But one important innovation is that, where required, the chassis can now be had with a longer wheel-base, thus giving a bigger choice in variety of bodywork. The real point of interest, however, is that a substantial modification in price has been effected. Napier's can be seen in a variety of splendid models, and their exhibit is one of the most interesting in the show.

Sunbeam

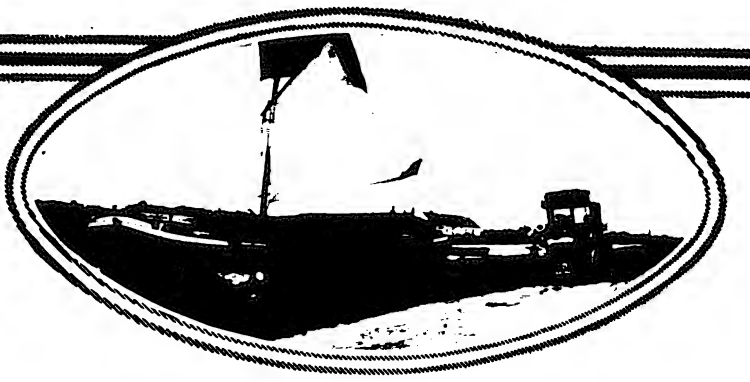
No more attractive exhibit will be found than that provided by the Sunbeam Motor Car Company. This firm by its enterprise has created a widespread public interest in its cars, and the vehicles well merit the close inspection which is accorded them. As a typical example of Sunbeam practice, we can take the 14-h.p. four-cylinder chassis. This has an engine of 72 bore by 120 stroke (Treasury rating 13·8 h.p.). The main features are pump water circulation, forced lubrication, Thomson Bennett magneto ignition (battery as an alternative if required), Claudel Hobson carburetter, three forward speeds, right-hand change, single-plate clutch, helical bevel final drive, steel artillery wheels, Rotax dynamo lighting and electric starting set. Such are the bare details. We need to see the whole car, and better still, test it, to realise the quality. There is a touring car with four-seater touring body by makers, painted Dreadnought grey, upholstered in dark blue real leather, which shows what the complete car looks like, and a splendid production it is. Another model is the 16–40-h.p. four-cylinder Sunbeam. Its details are: Engine, 80 bore by 150 stroke (Treasury rating, 15·9), pump-water circulation, forced lubrication, Thomson Bennett magneto ignition, Claudel Hobson carburetter, four speeds forward, right-hand change, and leather cone clutch. This chassis carries a superb five-seater touring body by makers. The 16–40-h.p. four-cylinder with all-weather type body, four-seater, bodywork painted Dreadnought grey upholstered antique leather, is one of the finest creations ever seen on any road. Then we have the 24–60-h.p. six-cylinder Sunbeam. It can be seen with a limousine-landaulette body, seating five persons inside and two on the driving seat, painted dark blue and upholstered in cloth; it is truly magnificent in every respect, and merits the most careful inspection.



Detachable All-weather Curtain Equipment

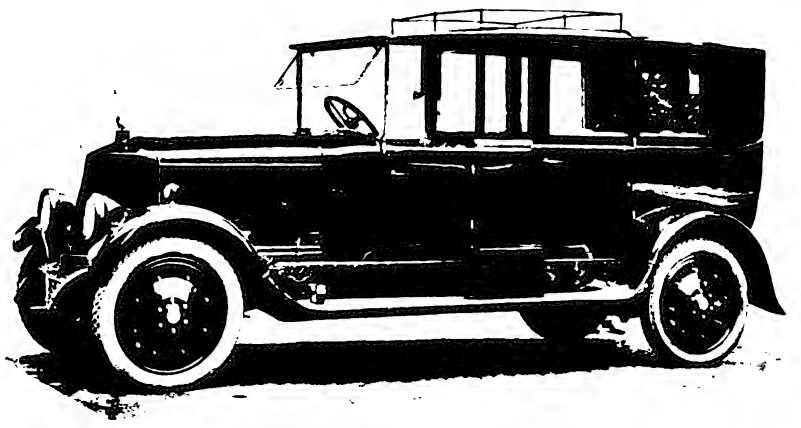
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Armstrong-Siddeley

A well-merited success has attended the enterprise of Messrs. Armstrong-Siddeley in their post-war programme. It will be remembered that this firm was one of the first to launch a new model of a high-grade car at a moderate price after hostilities had ceased, and the progress of this policy can be noted at this year's show. Five excellent examples are staged, three of the 30-h.p. chassis type and two of the 18-h.p. The latter are identical in design with the car which this summer was submitted to a 10,000 miles test of reliability and low running costs by the R.A.C. The total distance



The New Armstrong-Siddeley 30-h.p. Landaulette

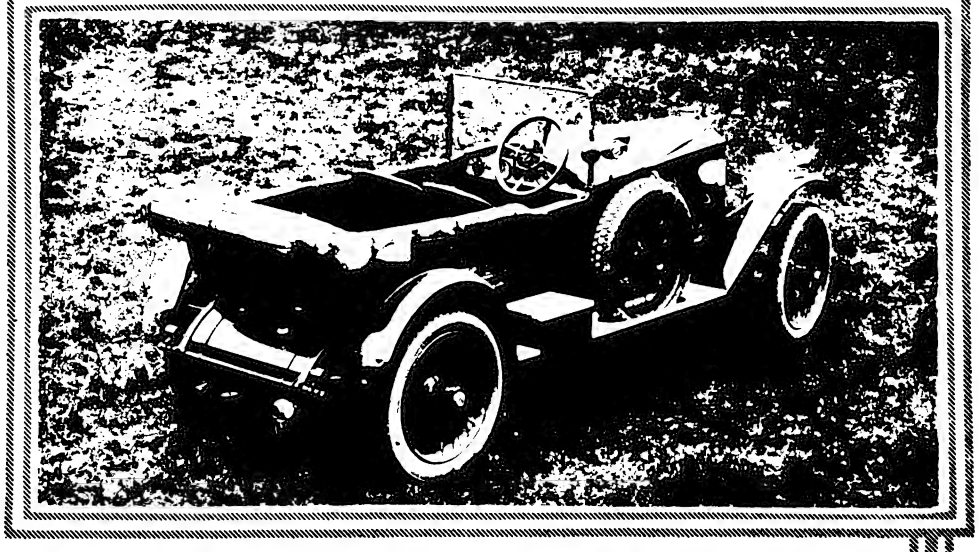
was covered in twenty-three days by running day and night, with a fuel consumption of 24·64 m.p.g. and on the same set of tyres. Coupling this remarkable achievement with the fact that Armstrong-Siddeley cars are now sold at prices lower than before the war, we see how wide and forceful is the appeal made by this exhibit. An item of special attraction is the 30-h.p. model with a saloon body, built to the order of the Duke of York. This splendid car is finished in royal colours and upholstered in blue cloth. Another highly interesting exhibit is a 30-h.p. chassis with an enclosed landaulette body having interior drive. Three passengers can be taken on the rear seat, two on comfortable auxiliary seats and one alongside the driver. A third chassis of this type has a town saloon body of excellent design. It is a seven-seated car, and encloses all the occupants, but the rear compartment is shut off by a glass division behind the driving seat. The price, with complete equipment, is £1,050, which represents wonderful value. There is an alternative type of saloon, wherein all the occupants are in one compartment. This can be fitted to the 30-h.p. model, and a somewhat smaller variety can be had on an 18-h.p. chassis. This body seats two or three adults on the rear seat and two on the front seat, the latter being adjustable. It has the four doors which are a feature of all bodies fitted to Armstrong-Siddeley cars, the position of the gear and brake levers permitting a wide door and full access to the driver's seat from the off-side. Yet another attractive vehicle is the 18-h.p. car with a wide open touring body seating five people. In the new chassis few alterations have been found necessary. The two models have similar specifications and bear a close family resemblance.

Vauxhall

Whilst every item of the Vauxhall exhibit demands close attention, it is natural that special interest will attach to the new 23–60-h.p. (O.D. type) Vauxhall, which has many distinguishing features. The engine is of four cylinders, 95 mm. by 140 mm., with overhead valves, operated by push rods. The maximum power developed is about 60 b.h.p. A special feature is the high power available at low engine speeds, which results in a remarkably quick get-away with exceptionally rapid acceleration. A notable refinement in running is obtained by the functioning, brought to the highest pitch by the action of the Lanchester harmonic balancer, a device which balances the secondary forces and for which in ordinary four-cylindered engines there is no automatic set-off. The 23–60-h.p. Vauxhall engine is claimed to run as smoothly as the best six-cylindered engine; and as engine vibration is eliminated, so is the body-drumming which it causes. This advantage being added to those of greater economy and simplicity, and longer body space, renders the new model very attractive. Other new features to be found in the engine are the Vauxhall-designed "hot spot," claimed to be far more efficient than the usual crude device, and the thermostat. Several advantages follow from these innovations. The car can be driven immediately the engine is started, even in cold weather; at all times the most efficient running temperature is ensured; and a cooling capacity is obtained that is equal to the severest conditions met with in hot climates. The 14-h.p. (M type) Vauxhall, first shown last year, is now in regular production. It is designed to be a really comfortable four-seated car of Vauxhall grade that shall meet the demand for economising both in first cost and running expense. Prominent features are exceptional power for its size, very good acceleration, light weight, and a top-gear capacity that renders it particularly easy to drive, as there is seldom need to change gear. The engine is of four cylinders, 75-mm. bore by 130-mm. stroke, with cast aluminium pistons, side valves, and detachable aluminium cylinder head. The combustion chamber is of a shape specially designed to promote petrol economy at all throttle openings. The 30–98-h.p. (O.E. type) Vauxhall comes out this year with an overhead valve engine of slightly smaller cubic capacity than that of the side-valve engine, but of greater power development.

Arrol-Johnston

For sterling quality in design and workmanship the Arrol-Johnston has long enjoyed an enviable reputation, and the models for 1923 look in every way to be worthy upholders of the firm's traditions. First mention may be made of the 15·9-h.p. Type "D" car, with open flush-sided touring body to accommodate five persons, including driver. This most serviceable car is listed at £550 complete, delivered at works. The specification includes Cape cart hood with all-weather curtains to open with doors, D fronted folding glass wind screen, detachable wheels, C.A.V. starting and lighting equipment, electric horn, speedometer, spare wheel with tyre. On the same chassis can be had coach-built Arrol-Johnston all-weather bodies to accommodate four persons. These are very well equipped, and designed for the hardest work. There is also to be noted a smart 15·9-h.p. Type "D" car, with special Arrol-Johnston saloon body, to accommodate four persons. This is a most attractive vehicle at a moderate price. Dealing with the mechanical features of the Arrol-Johnston, we note that the engine has four cylinders, cast *en bloc*, with detachable head. Lubrication is forced feed to all bearings. Cooling is provided by pump circulation through waterways of exceptionally large area. Both foot and hand brakes are compensating and are of the internal expanding type, operating in drums carried on the rear wheels. Special gaiters impervious to water and dirt are fitted to both front and rear springs.



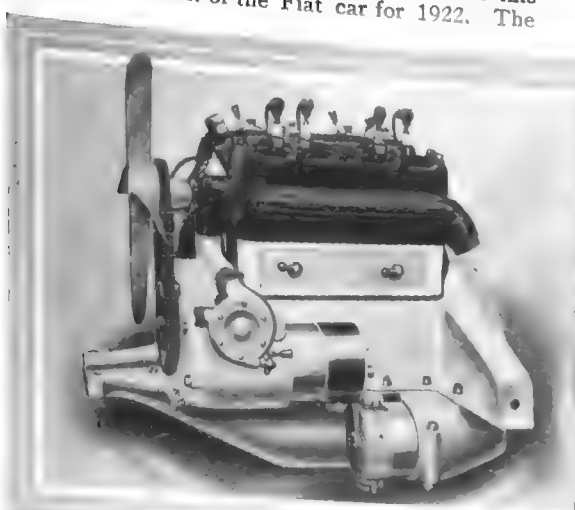
The 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall with Velox Body



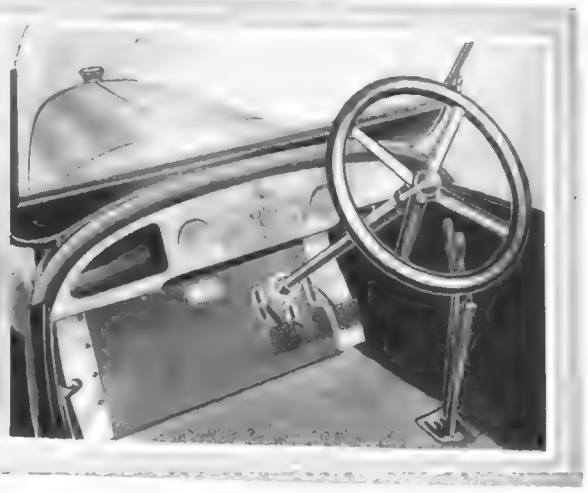
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Fiat

No car has earned a bigger reputation internationally than the Fiat, and this has been largely due to the phenomenal successes which these famous cars have achieved in the racing world. To win a big motor race to-day is indeed to prove high qualities of strength, endurance, and efficiency in engine and chassis; but for one firm to win in one year three classic events—such as the French Grand Prix, the Italian Grand Prix, and the Italian Light Car Grand Prix—is an astounding feat. Yet this stands to the credit of the Fiat car for 1922. The



Engine of the 10-15-h.p. Fiat



The Neat Control Board of the 10-15-h.p. Fiat

critic may say that racing car design has nothing to do with ordinary car production. He is incorrect. We have got right away, however, from the old-time "racing monster," though even that was a most useful vehicle in teaching us lessons. But the engines of the Fiats which won the big events of 1922 differ little in size from the motors which are to be found in the 10–15-h.p. sold to the public. And, after all is said, the engine is the main feature of every car. It is not to be imagined, however, that the Fiat engine in the Fiat car is an untamed monster. In effect, it is a most docile and obedient motor, which gives evidence of its good breeding by its high efficiency. A very remarkable range of models are now staged under the Fiat brand. We have the 10–15, the 15–20 four-cylinder, and the 20–30 six-cylinder models, giving a variety of power plant which meet all requirements. These chassis can be had with notably smart touring and sports bodies, and also as de luxe models, with the most sumptuous saloon, coupé, and limousine and landaulette bodies. Considerable reductions in prices have been made in many cases, and the value offered is remarkable.

Daimler and B.S.A.

At the time of going to press with this Supplement I have been unable to include in it official details of the new models of the Daimler and B.S.A. cars, as the directors of the Daimler Company have an important announcement of policy to make just before the opening of the show. I hope to be able to give some details of this announcement in another part of the paper.

A.C.

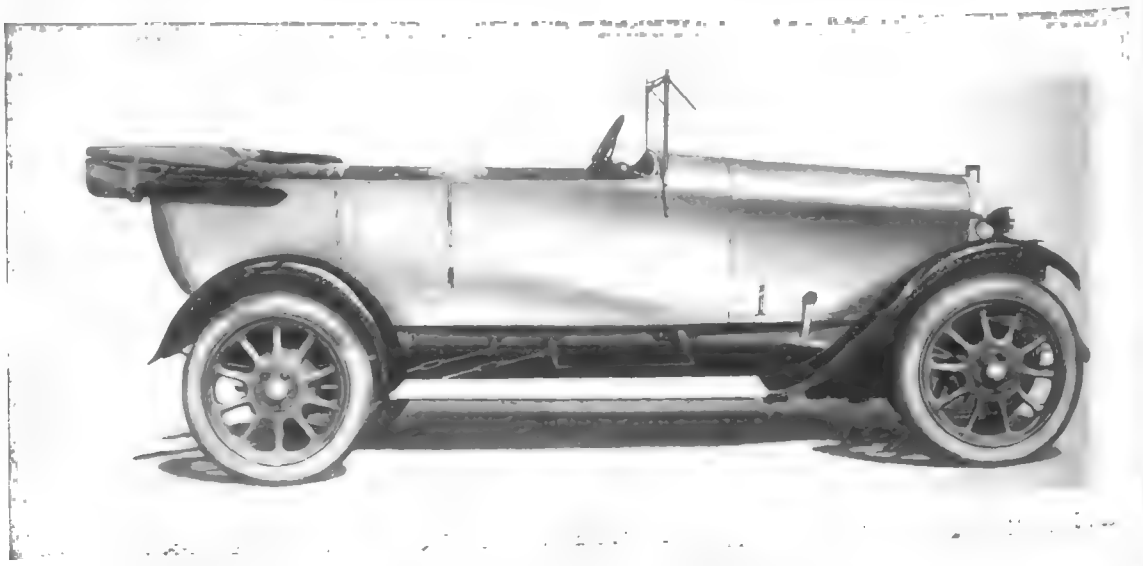
So energetically have the A.C. cars proclaimed their merits by records and achievements on road and track that they will be amongst the most sought-after exhibits in the show. There is to be seen the wonderful 16-h.p. six-cylinder A.C. chassis. Chief details are: Water pump circulation, engine lubrication by forced feed pump circulation, magneto or dynamo ignition, three forward speeds, single plate clutch, worm drive, steel disc wheels, and excellent equipment, including electric lighting and starting set. There is a very attractive model, the 16-h.p. six-cylinder four-seater "Royal" A.C. car. It seats four passengers in comfort. Painted grey, and upholstered in blue antique real leather, and fittings heavily nickel plated, it is as smart a car as can be seen. Another fine production is the 12-h.p. four-cylinder chassis. This can be seen with two-seater and sports bodies. There is also an exceedingly smart 12-h.p. coupé, and the two-seater "Empire" A.C., listed at £395. The genius of Mr. S. F. Edge is well reflected in these cars. Mr. Edge has returned to the motor trade because he is personally convinced that reduction of running costs per mile is the royal road to an immense business. Through buying and using a large number of light cars, he found the A.C. more nearly conformed to his ideal than any other; and now that the shareholders of the company have put him into the position to see his ideals carried into fruition, he has further developed the car in remarkable fashion.

Lorraine

A car which needs no introduction to experienced motorists is the Lorraine, the sole concession for which in the United Kingdom is held by Messrs. Eustace Watkins, 91, New Bond Street. The Lorraine 15–22-h.p. "Six" is a very fine example of the powerful and luxurious type of car, in which smooth running, speed, and good pulling power are outstanding features. At the same time the Lorraine is an economical car, for its first cost is moderate, and its running costs are also on the right side. Notable reductions in prices for 1923 have been introduced, which should give this fine car a wider *clientèle*. For example, the standard touring car, a very handsome and well-equipped model, is now listed at £775 complete, and considering its power and quality this is a fine example of value. The special four-seater at £815 has many refinements in its equipment, which account for the extra cost, and the complete car is uncommonly good looking. In addition, there are the four-seater coupé at £975, and the landaulette at £1,075, which, when all their points are taken into consideration, must be regarded as attractive propositions. The chassis in all its details of design and workmanship is up to the very high standard so long associated with this car; and the bodywork which has been placed on the chassis has been most carefully planned to give the service which one expects from a high-grade car. The Lorraine in its various forms makes strong appeal to the owner-driver particularly. Special features of this car are its light steering and easy clutch. It also has remarkable acceleration and quite an unusual top-gear performance.

Straker-Squire

It is safe to say that one of the most attractive cars at the show this year will be the new 10–12-h.p. Straker-Squire. Expert motorists appreciate the superfine qualities of this brand of car over a long term of years, and they will be anxious to examine the latest model. It is a most attractive proposition. It has an overhead valve, four-cylinder engine of notably clean design. An unusual feature in so small a car is the four-speed gear-box. The new model has been thoroughly tested on road and track, and with four-seated body fully loaded has lapped Brooklands at 55 m.p.h., and ascended the test hill in 15 sec. Amongst its constructional features are detachable cylinder head, aluminium pistons of patented design, clutch housing and gear-box to form a unit, right-hand control mounted on an extension of the gear-box, internal expanding brakes mounted side by side on the back wheels, and extra long semi-elliptic springs. A pressure-gun system of chassis lubrication is provided. Thermo-syphon water circulation, forced lubrication, H.T. magneto ignition, Zenith carburetter, Smith self-starter and lighting set, four forward speeds, cone clutch, spiral bevel drive, pressed steel detachable wheels, four-seater body, hood, and divided screen, are other items of the specification. In every respect it is a thoroughbred small car. The 15–20-h.p. four-cylinder four-seater Straker-Squire has thermo-syphon circulation, splash lubrication, H.T. magneto ignition, Zenith carburetter, four forward speeds, metal disc clutch, spiral bevel drive, wire detachable wheels, C.A.V. self starter and lighting set. This is a splendid example of the open car. Another fine exhibit is the 15–20-h.p. chassis, with saloon body painted royal carriage blue and upholstered in Bedford cord. Then we come to the famous 24–90-h.p. six-cylinder model, shown as a two-seater with double dickey. The engine measures 80 by 130 mm. Pump water circulation, forced lubrication, H.T. magneto ignition, S.U. carburetter, four forward speeds, metal disc clutch, spiral bevel drive, detachable wire wheels, Lucas self starter and lighting set, are the main features of this wonderful six-cylinder car, which for speed, smooth running, and general excellence enjoys an enviable reputation.



The New 10-12-h.p. Straker-Squire

General Motors

So extensive is the range of cars controlled by Messrs. General Motors that the space at Olympia is quite inadequate for displaying a comprehensive range. The firm has therefore held a preliminary show of its own with a view to giving us some idea of the wonderful collection of vehicles which they can muster. When it is borne in mind that they have been able to array some fifty models, it is obvious that they find space at Olympia very cramped, as here they can only exhibit four. However, these four are interesting examples. Take, for instance, the 21·7-h.p. four-cylinder Chevrolet five-seater touring car, listed at £235. Its features include cooling by pump and fan, pump and splash lubrication, autolite ignition, starting and lighting system, Zenith carburetter, three forward speeds, central control, leather cone clutch, spiral bevel rear axle, wood artillery wheels, demountable rims, and cord tyres. Next is to be noted the 18·88-h.p. six-cylinder Oakland five-seater touring car. Cooling is by pump and fan. Forced feed lubrication, Remy ignition starting and lighting system, Marvell carburetter, three forward speeds, central control, leather cone clutch, spiral bevel rear axle, wood artillery wheels, and demountable rims are the chief mechanical items. The 18·2-h.p. four-cylinder Buick five-seater touring car bears a name which is known all over the world. This car has many special features, and it sells complete at the remarkable price of £365. A more powerful model is the 27·3-h.p. six-cylinder Buick five-seater special touring car Majestic. This is a particularly interesting example of the most up-to-date American practice in big-car design.

Stoneleigh

Built under the supervision of Messrs. Armstrong Siddeley, the Stoneleigh car is a vehicle with many novel features. It affords comfortable accommodation for three adults, with enclosed space for luggage, and its price and running cost are exceedingly moderate. The chasssis has a two-cylinder 9-h.p. air-cooled engine. The cylinders are arranged V fashion on the crank-case, and are thoroughly cooled by air which enters the bonnet space through a dummy radiator at the front. A pump system of lubrication, battery ignition, Claudel-Hobson carburetter, three-speed and reverse gear-box with central control, single-plate clutch, spiral bevel final drive, detachable disc wheels, quarter elliptic springs, and 28 by 3 in. tyres are the main items of an attractive chassis specification. An electric-lighting equipment is included. Besides the open-bodied car, which has frosted aluminium panelling and bonnet, and a folding hood to enclose the whole of the seating accommodation, two types of closed cars are shown, one a saloon with fixed top, and the other a coupé. All are well finished and equipped considering the low prices asked for them, viz., £185 for the open car, £235 the saloon, and £250 the coupé, the chassis being £150.

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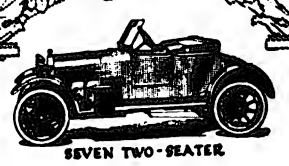
By appointment to *H.M. Queen Alexandra.*

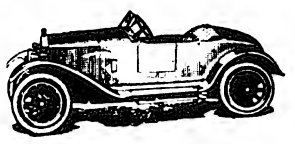
WOLSELEY

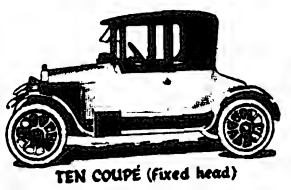
In buying a WOLSELEY you are helping British Industry.

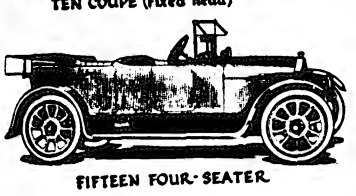
Under existing circumstances this is a very urgent and patriotic reason. But there are also many other reasons which will appeal to the discriminating purchaser:

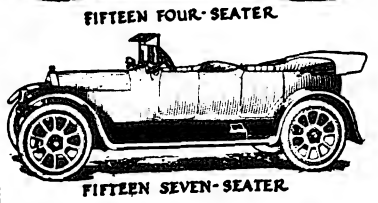
1. *The Reputation and strong position of the makers are unrivalled.*
2. *There is a Wolseley model to suit every pocket and any requirement.*
3. *Every model has been thoroughly tested and perfected.*
4. *Thousands of satisfied users enthusiastically recommend them.*
5. *They are backed by the finest factory organization in Europe.*
6. *A very substantial guarantee is given, which is generously interpreted. (Ask* ***any*** *Wolseley owner.)*
7. *The Wolseley Service System is unequalled by any other makers of high-grade cars.*
8. *There are Service Stations carrying stocks of spares in all the principal centres.*
9. *In every important town there is a Wolseley Dealer ready to assist you in every way.*
10. *All these advantages are offered at prices which mean better value to the public than ever offered before.*

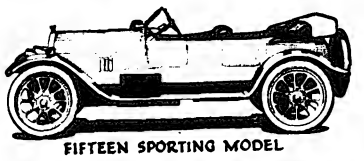

SEVEN TWO-SEATER

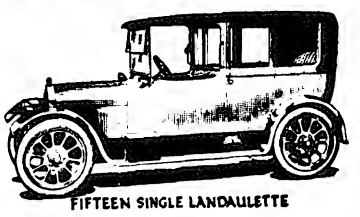

TEN SPORTING MODEL

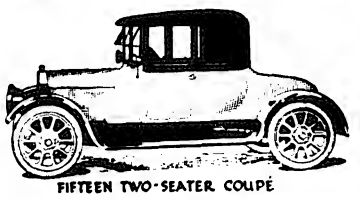

TEN COUPÉ (Fixed head)

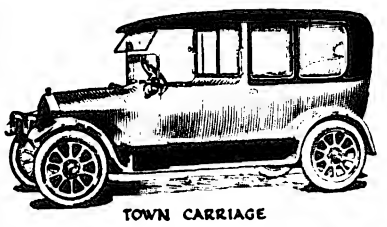

FIFTEEN FOUR-SEATER

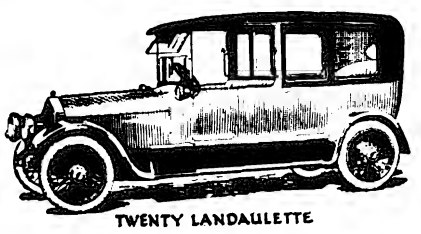

FIFTEEN SEVEN-SEATER

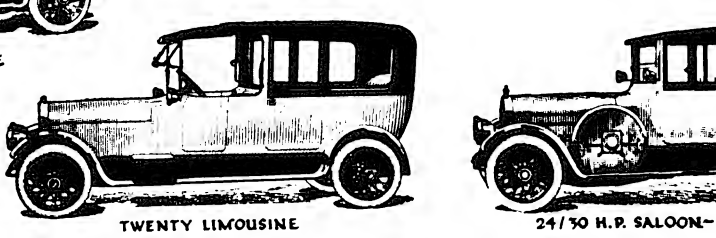

FIFTEEN SPORTING MODEL


FIFTEEN SINGLE LANDAULETTE

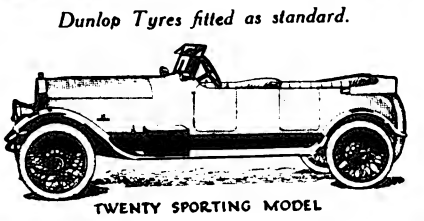

FIFTEEN TWO-SEATER COUPÉ

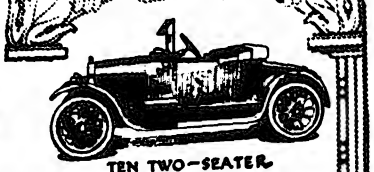

TOWN CARRIAGE

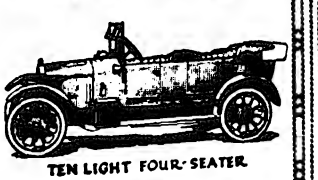

TWENTY LANDAULETTE

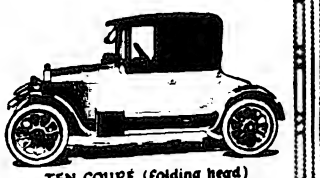

TWENTY LIMOUSINE

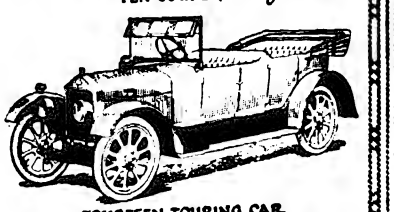
24/30 H.P. SALOON-LIMOUSINE

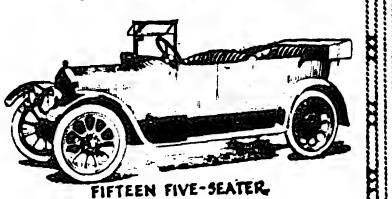

TWENTY SPORTING MODEL

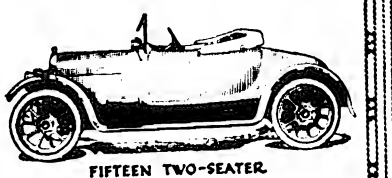

TEN TWO-SEATER

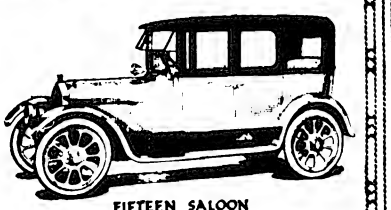

TEN LIGHT FOUR-SEATER

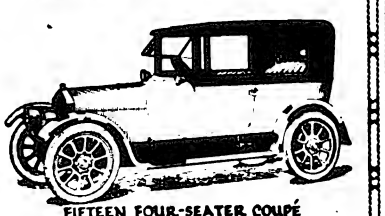

TEN COUPÉ (Folding head)

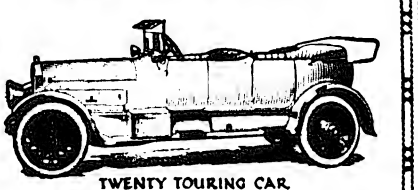

FOURTEEN TOURING CAR

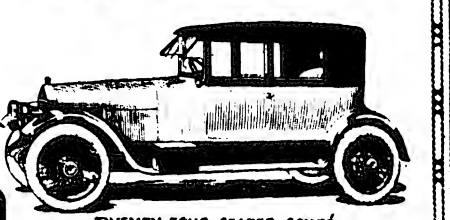

FIFTEEN FIVE-SEATER


FIFTEEN TWO-SEATER


FIFTEEN SALOON


FIFTEEN FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ


TWENTY TOURING CAR


TWENTY FOUR-SEATER COUPÉ

FIVE of these famous MODELS ARE BEING SHOWN ON

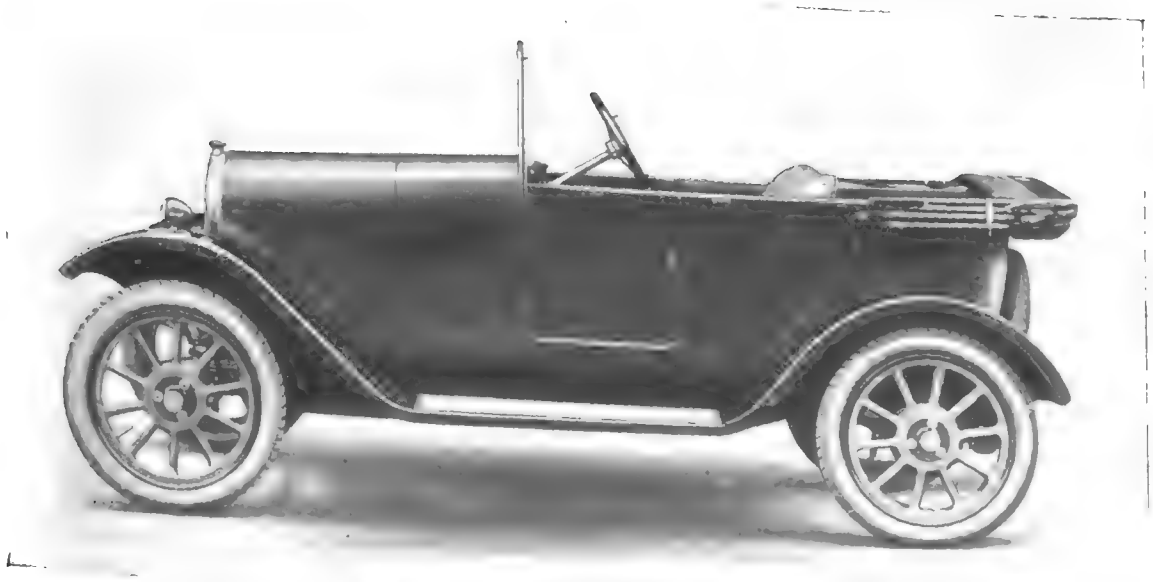
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WOLSELEY HOUSE PICCADILLY
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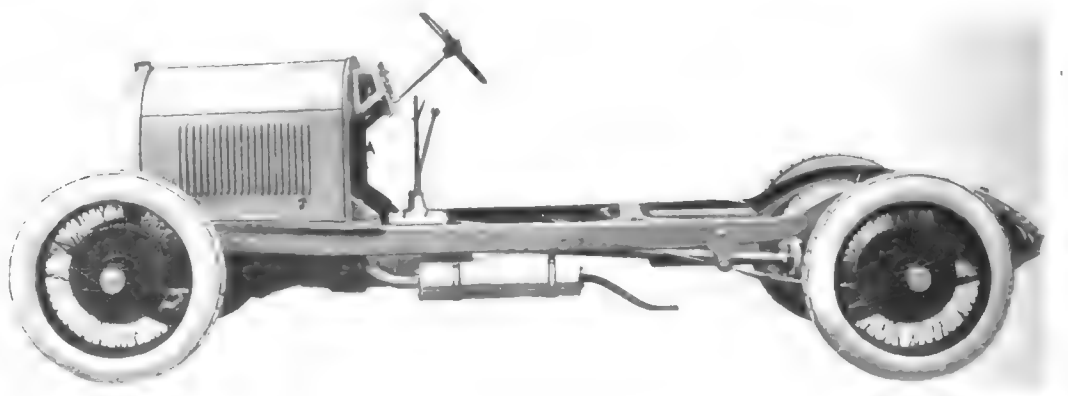
The New 8-h.p. Humber Light Car

Austin

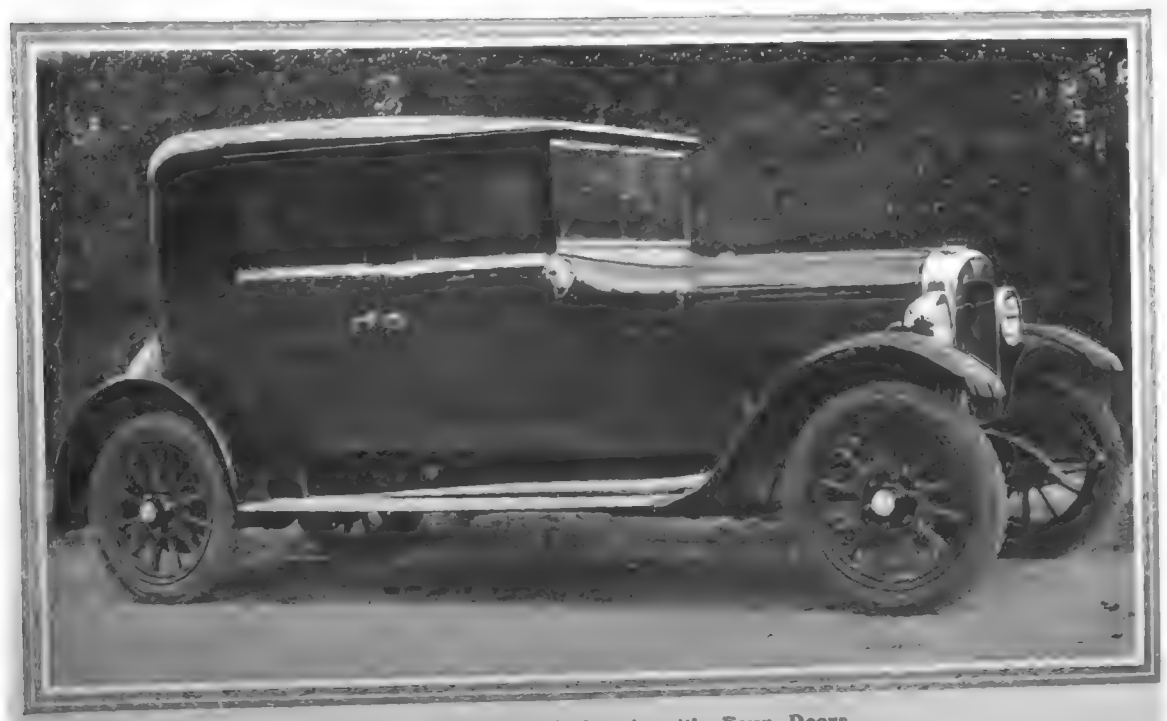
Motorists will heartily welcome the return of the Austin car to Olympia, and very attractive indeed is the new programme which the Austin Motor Company will lay before its clients this year. Substantial price reductions were announced some time ago, and further concessions in the way of more generous equipment have now been made. For example, with the exception of the standard Austin "Twelve" two-to-four and four-seater models, every car has cord tyres, spring gaiters, clock, and luggage carrier, and may be had in a choice of colours. The Austin "Twelve" special and the Austin "Twenty" touring cars have rear screens in addition to the usual features of electric lighting and starter, five lamps and electric horn, speedometer, side curtains where necessary, and full tool kit. As regards alterations in design, nothing has been called for beyond minor modifications. The design of the Austin "Twelve" is similar to that of the Austin "Twenty." The engine in each case is of the four-cylinder monobloc type, with detachable head, cooling is by pump circulation, and lubrication by gear-wheel pump forcing oil through the hollow crankshaft. The Austin "Seven" will attract general interest. It has been designed to compete with the motor-cycle combination, but gives far greater comfort and reliability while preserving the same ease of handling and good speed. The cost of running is estimated at slightly over 1d. per mile. This wonderful little car has a four-cylinder water-cooled engine with detachable head. Ignition is by magneto, cooling on the thermo-syphon system, and oil circulation is by pump. The clutch is of the single-plate type; there are three speeds, and the rear axle is semi-floating. Springing is exceptionally good, and interchangeable brakes are fitted on every wheel. The two bucket seats for driver and passenger are of ample size, and there is room for three children in the rear seat, or the space can be used to carry a fair quantity of luggage.

Hotchkiss

Amongst one of the most interesting vehicles in the show is the Hotchkiss, staged by the London and Parisian Motor Company. The model on view is an example of motor engineering at its best, and as such it deserves special study. This car has an R.A.C. rating of 15·9 h.p. The engine has a bore of 80 mm. and a stroke of 120 mm. It is a monobloc casting, with four point suspension, detachable cylinder head and side valves, and it gives 48-h.p. at 3,000 revolutions. It is as neat and symmetrical an engine as one can find anywhere, and the workmanship is superb. Engine lubrication is forced feed from a pump in the crank-case. Chassis lubrication is by hand pump on the "Enots" principle. The change speed has central control, with four speeds. A notable feature is the brakes on all four wheels, actuated by pedal, and by hand lever on the rear wheels only. The long semi-elliptic springs ensure most comfortable travel. Altogether this chassis is a highly distinctive and excellent piece of work, and we know by experience that the good impression created by the appearance of the Hotchkiss is amply borne out in actual usage on the road. The complete car is comfortable, reliable, fast, and powerful on the hills, and its four brake system gives wonderful deceleration, which is an essential quality with a car having such a powerful engine as the Hotchkiss. The London and Parisian Motor Company are also agents for that beautiful car, the Delage.



Chassis of the 15·9-h.p. Hotchkiss



The Austin "Twenty" Coupé, with Four Doors

Humber

The sound and straightforward policy followed by Messrs. Humber has proved its correctness during all the changing fortunes of the motor trade. This year we find the Humber holding a better position than ever, despite the increased competition on all sides. One has but to glance at the stand of this old-established firm to see in what a thorough manner they cater for the motorist. The programme includes the 11·4-h.p. two-seater with double dickey seat, 11·4-h.p. four-seater Tourer, 11·4-h.p. Coupé with double dickey seat, 11·4-h.p. Saloon, 11·4-h.p. All-weather, 15·9-h.p. five-seater Tourer, 15·9-h.p. Saloon de Luxe, 15·9-h.p. Saloon-landaulette, and last and latest, the new 8-h.p. Light Car, listed at £275. There is not space in which to show all these models, but the three chassis types are represented. Both the 11·4-h.p. and 15·9-h.p. chassis retain the same general principles as last year, but numerous improvements have been effected. Both engines have been brought up to a very high state of efficency, and possess exceptionally smooth-running qualities and a greater reserve of power. The 11·4 chassis wheel base has been extended by 3½ in. This affords improved springing generally and better accommodation. In the case of the 11·4-h.p. engine, the four side exhaust valves have been retained, but the four inlet valves have been placed in the detachable cylinder head. In the 15·9 engine the valve gear has been rearranged, similarly to the new 11·4-h.p. model. The new 8-h.p. Light Car has a four-cylinder engine. Three forward speeds and reverse are fitted. The steering is of the worm and wheel type. Springs are semi-elliptic to rear and quarter-elliptic to front. In regard to the coachwork and upholstery, they comprise all the features of the Humber quality. The seating accommodation is for two, with a detachable seat in the back for two children. This seat can be removed as desired, leaving the whole space available for luggage, which is completely enclosed and protected by the hood in wet weather. Altogether, this is one of the best of the new eights.

Swift

Amongst the cars of moderate power the products of the Swift Company have always held a high place. Their staunch construction and smart appearance have for long been outstanding features. For 1923 we find a highly interesting programme prepared, which indicates that this old-established firm means to hold its own. The exhibits comprise a new-type 10-h.p. chassis, a new-type 10-h.p. two and four-seater family car, and a new-type 10-h.p. two-seater with dickey. There are also a 12-h.p. two and three-seater and a 12-h.p. four-seater. It will be seen that considerable improvement has been made in the 10-h.p. type. The alterations in the larger model consist chiefly of minor refinements in the bodywork and controls. Dealing with the new 10-h.p. Swift, we find that it has a four-cylinder 60-mm. by 97-mm. engine, leather-faced cone clutch, three-speed gear-box, and quarter-elliptic springing front and rear. The new "Twelve" has a four-cylinder monobloc engine, 69-mm. bore by 130-mm. stroke. Lubrication is by gear-driven pump, and the magneto, which, like the carburetter, is very accessible, is driven by chain. The main features of both chassis follow similar lines, with the exception that the larger model is equipped with a four-speed gear-box. Other details of the 12-h.p. are side-by-side valves, forced lubrication, Watford magneto, Zenith carburetter, Rotax lighting and starting equipment, leather cone clutch, four-speed separate gear-box with right-hand control, spiral bevel drive, semi-elliptic springs front and rear, and artillery detachable wheels. The new Swift prices are: 10-h.p. two-seater and two and four-seater, £275; 12-h.p. two and three-seater, £485; 12-h.p. four-seater, £495. Considering the fine workmanship and material and the smart designs and good performances of these cars, they constitute wonderful value for money.

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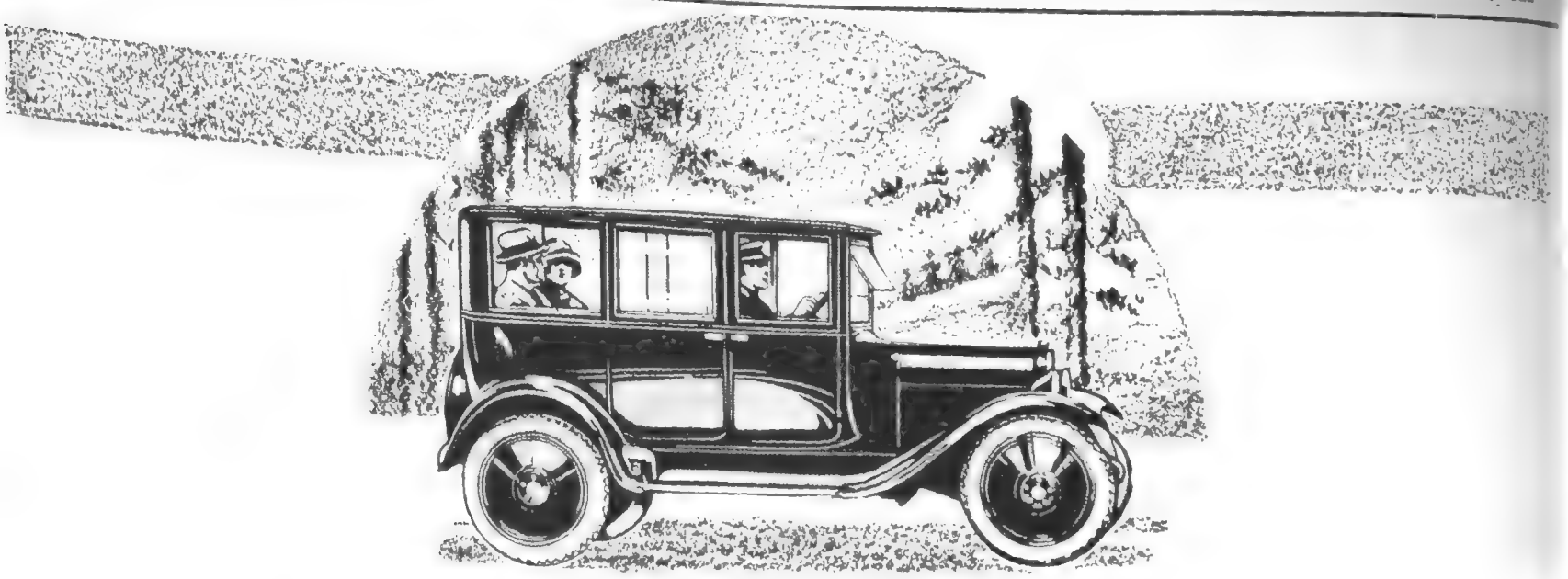
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A Straker-Squire for £425!

REMARKABLE value for money is offered in the new 10-12 h.p. Straker-Squire, which has all the attributes of superior design, quality and workmanship that have made the Straker-Squire famous.

The standard four-seater with full load has lapped Brooklands at 55 m.p.h., and climbed the test hill in 15 seconds.

Write for full details of this remarkable car to-day.

See it on Stand 259 at Olympia.

NEW MODELS AND REDUCED PRICES.

10-12 h.p. 2-seater, with dickey complete	£425
10-12 h.p. 4-seater ,,	£450
15-20 h.p. Chassis	£540
15-20 h.p. 2 or 4-seater, complete	£725
24-80 h.p. 6-cyl. Chassis	£1150
24-80 h.p. 6-cyl., 2 or 4-seater complete	£1450

BRIEF SPECIFICATION.

4-Cylinder engine, 65 × 110 mm., R.A.C. rating 10·4 h.p., overhead valves. Detachable head. Thermo syphon cooling. Forced lubrication. Magneto ignition. Inverted cone clutch. Four speeds and reverse. Right-hand change. Spiral bevel drive. Internal expanding brakes, long semi-elliptic springs front and rear. Steel detachable wheels. 710 × 90 non-skid tyres; 9-ft. wheelbase, 3 ft. 10 in. track. Smith's electric starting and lighting, double windscreen, hood, leather upholstery, clock, speedometer, electric horn, grease gun lubrication, petrol gauge, etc.

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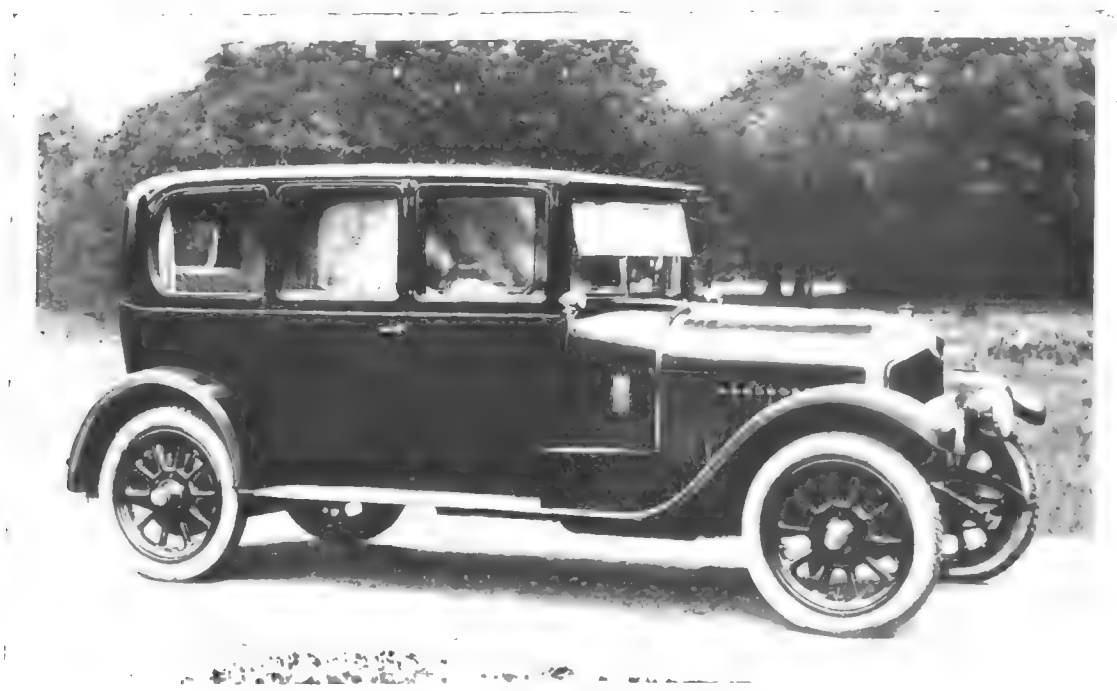
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Standard

In its class no car holds a sounder reputation than the 11-h.p. Standard, and this year the vehicle is more attractive than ever, for combined with many modifications and refinements we find an important reduction in price. The modifications are mainly found in the bodywork, as save for the slight lengthening of the wheel-base the chassis remains unaltered. The engine has a bore and stroke of 75 by 110 mm., giving it a cubic capacity of 1,950 c.c. Overhead push-rod operated valves, entirely enclosed and automatically lubricated, are fitted. This highly efficient engine develops a power far beyond its rating, and thus it is quite ample for the four–five passenger bodies with which the chassis is supplied as alternatives to a two-seater with a two-seated dickey. Other chass s features are the dry single-plate clutch and worm-driven back axle. A full electric-lighting and engine-starting equipment is provided. There is a high-pressure system of grease lubrication, eliminating grease cups. As regards improvement in the bodywork of the all-weather four-seater, we find that the body is appreciably roomier than hitherto. Some 5 in. have been added to the leg room of the back seats, and the front part of the body is slightly wider. The upholstery of the rear seat has been increased in width and comfort. The two-seater and "Special" models incorporate as far as possible the various improvements referred to. In addition, the back upholstery of the two-seated dickey has been so improved that the passenger comfort afforded by this seat is now equal to that of the front seat, and the body has been slightly varied in outline, giving it a still more pleasing appearance without detracting from the roominess and convenience of the superseded design. The reduced prices which now apply to the foregoing models are: Four-seater, £450; two-seater, £450. The considerable reductions thus represented have been rendered possible by increased output, improved methods of manufacture, lower costs of material, and lower wages. Both of these all-weather models are supplied with a special equipment at slightly higher inclusive prices, viz., two-seaters, £510, and four-seaters, £510. Besides the all-weather models, two types of saloon bodies have been standardised.

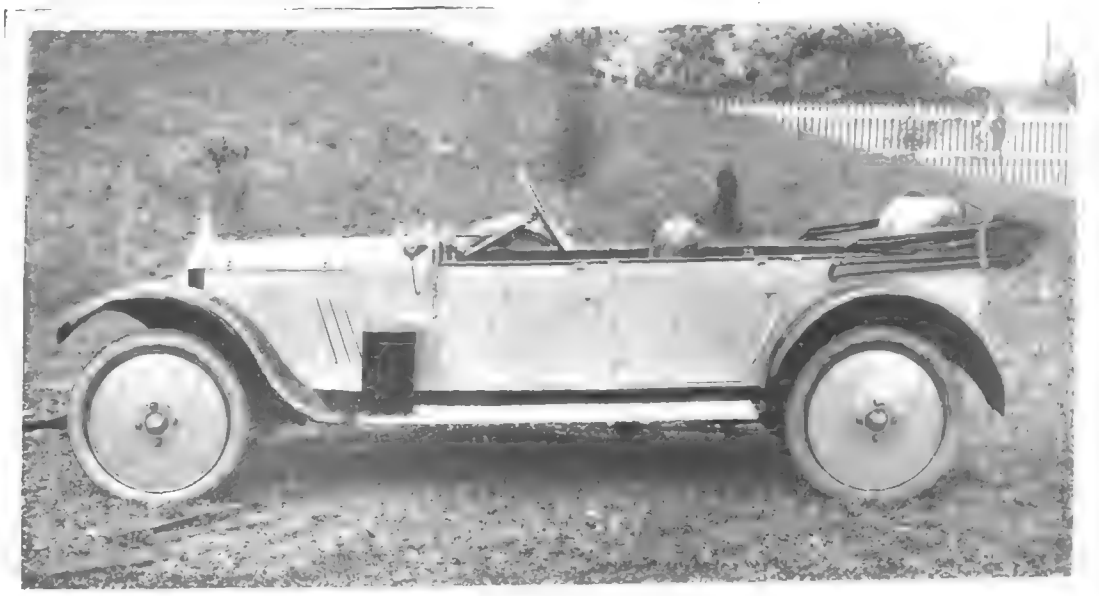
Crossley

We can always rely on Messrs. Crossley Motors providing a most interesting programme, and this year they have surpassed all previous efforts. Two new models are listed in addition to the famous car, which has made such a name for itself in recent years. The latest success for the 19·6 Crossley is that the Prince of Wales has placed an order for a vehicle of this type. As regards the 1923 model, the specification remains practically as before, but the makers have added refinements



The 19·6-h.p. Five-seater Crossley Saloon

where possible. Turning now to the new 12–14-h.p. Crossley, listed complete at £475, we find a response to the demand for an economical yet efficient four-seater touring car possessing high-grade qualities. This new Crossley model, it is claimed, has a speed of over fifty miles an hour, with a fuel consumption in the neighbourhood of thirty miles to the gallon. The car will take any ordinary hill on top gear. The clutch is unusually smooth, and the four-cylinder engine is silent, and possesses a fine reserve of power. Four or two-seated bodies are fitted, and at the price of £475 for the complete car, with electric starter and lighting set, and all-weather side curtains, the car is a wonderful bargain. I am asked to state that magneto ignition is now fitted without extra charge. Yet another new model listed is the 20–70-h.p. Crossley sports model, but owing to lack of space it cannot be staged at Olympia. This Crossley sports model is sold with a guaranteed speed of seventy-five miles per hour on Brooklands track. Price, with four-seated body, is £875; two-seated body, £845. As a smart, efficient, and lively car on the best lines, this model should be highly attractive to the sporting motorist. The Crossley exhibits at Olympia include a handsome 19·6-h.p. Crossley standard five-seater touring car, with antique brown leather upholstery. There is another fine model with special interior-drive—four-seater cabriolet built to the order of the Prince of Wales. A 19·6-h.p. sectioned engine; the 12–14-h.p. Crossley four-seater touring car, with leather upholstery and all-weather side curtains to open with doors; and a 12–14-h.p. Crossley two-seater with dickey, make up an exhibit which will leave a lasting impression on the mind of the discriminating motorist.



The New 8-h.p Standard Four-seater

Cadillac

One of the first American cars on the British market, the Cadillac has established itself so firmly in the good will of our motorists that it goes on from season to season as a matter of course. There is strong reason for the confidence which is placed in the Cadillac, as from the outset the makers have worked to a very high standard, and they have always been enterprising in carrying out new developments. Another reason for the popularity of the Cadillac in this country is that it is handled by a most progressive firm, Messrs. F. S. Bennett. I append the main items in this year's show programme. First there is the 31·25 Cadillac 8-cylinder V type chassis. It has an engine of 3¼-in. bore by 5½-in. stroke. Unit engine and transmission, three points suspension, detachable cylinder heads; water forced circulation for cooling; fan driven by silent cha off camshaft; lubrication, automatic pressure fe by gear pumps; Cadillac Delco ignition; Cadill carburetter designed specially for the engin thermostat control for mixture; multiple disc, d plate type clutch, and Cadillac lighting and se starting are the principal details of this high distinctive chassis. As examples of complete ca we have the Cadillac standard phæton, seating fo passengers; it is painted Cadillac green and strip cream white. Upholstered in brightly finish black leather, it has large pockets fitted in t doors, wide robe rail, and adjustable foot res The side curtains are kept in a compartment the rear of the front seat. This is a most com fortable car capable of doing a wide variety of worl Also to be noted is the Cadillac standard seda seating five passengers. It is upholstered in th finest mohair velours, top and head lining in colou to harmonise with material of seat cushions an back. This again is a luxurious car, well planned an equipped, and yet very moderate in price. The there is the sumptuous Cadillac Imperial limousin with seating accommodation for seven person When the car is chauffeur-driven the front com partment is entirely separate from the rear by a gla partition, which can be opened or closed. This is particularly fine specimen of the modern big car.

Talbot-Darracq

No cars have aroused more public interest of la years than the Talbot-Darracq, for the manu facturers of these vehicles have adopted a bold an progressive policy. Phenomenal success in on contest after another have shown the staunchnes of the cars, and now the Darracq come forwar with an important all-round reduction of price Even during that critical period which followed th conclusion of the Great War, the Darracq Compan boldly produced a model, priced at £750, whic showed their enterprise in this direction. As regard the wonderful successes which have been wo by Talbot-Darracq cars on the track and on th road, I need only mention that out of five Interna tional races, Talbot-Darracqs scored five wins three of them first, second, and third, the other tw first and second and first and third. These event were: Grand Prix des Voiturettes (1921), firs second, and third; 200-Mile Race, Brooklands, firs second, and third; International T.T. Race, firs and second; 200-Mile Race, Brooklands, first an third; Grand Prix des Voiturettes (1922), firs second, and third; and in the famous Scottis Trials, 1922, two silver medals for non-stop an reliability, and award for meritorious team perform ance. Of first interest amongst the exhibits is th 8–18-h.p. four-cylinder Talbot-Darracq car. This ha an engine of 57 mm. bore by 95 mm. stroke; wate circulation by pump; lubrication by pump in sump Delco ignition, Zenith carburetter; three-speed forward, central change. Complete with two-seate body, this wonderful little car is listed at £27 The 12–32-h.p. four cylinder Talbot-Darracq car i the next model. The price complete with de lux touring body is £525. This is a very fine exampl of the modern medium-sized car, fitted with a engine which is capable of a wide variety of work The all-weather model of this car costs £625, and i one of the best examples of this form of vehicle The 18–36-h.p. four-cylinder Talbot-Darracq car i next on the list. Price, complete, £625. A ver fine proposition indeed. The 28–70-h.p. eight cylinder Talbot-Darracq car will make appeal to th man who wants a really powerful car, capable o carrying the most sumptuous bodywork, and ye giving that speed and range of action which we expect in a car of this type.

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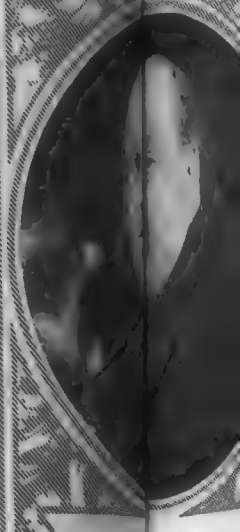
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MR. FRANK LANCHESTER—A member of the famous Lanchester family, which has done such splendid work for British engineering



MR. CLAUDE JOHNSON—First Secretary of the R.A.C., and one of the founders of the Rolls-Royce firm



SIR ARTHUR STANLEY—Chairma... the ho... Club and a... enthu... for the develop... transport



MR. A. BROWN—A past President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders
MR. E. M. C. INSTONE—Associated with Daimler cars since 1896



MR. A. J. McCORMACK, C.B.E.—Managing Director of Wolseley Motors, Ltd., and associated with motor engineering since the pioneer days



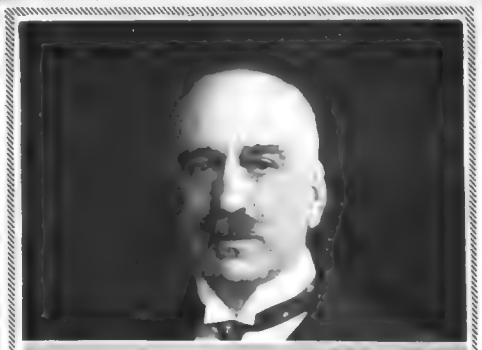


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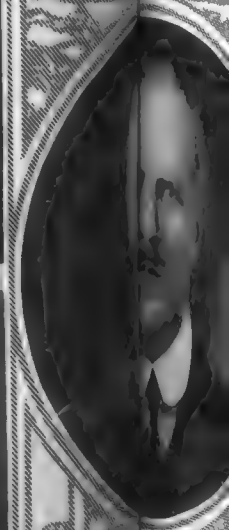


MR. S. STRAKER—Past President of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders
COLONEL WARWICK WRIGHT, D.S.O.—A successful competitor in many big races





MR. J. K. STARLEY—Assistant Managing Director of the Rover Motor Co.
MR. LESLIE WALTON—Chairman & Jt. Man. Dir. of the Vauxhall Motor Company



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MOVEMENT OF GREAT BRITAIN.



LEY—Chairman of Club, and a most the development of nsport



MR. E. MANVILLE, M.P.—Chairman of the Daimler Company, and Member of Parliament for Coventry



SIR W. M. LEITS, K.B.E.—A pioneer motorist, and Managing Director of Crossley Motors, Ltd.



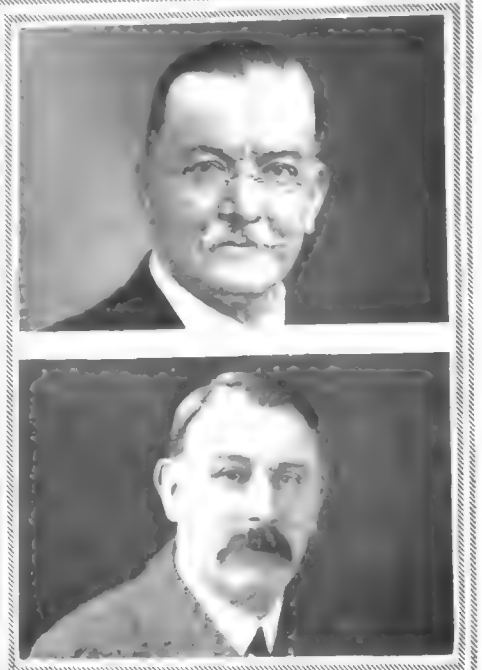
SIR HERBERT AUSTIN, K.B.E., M.P. Builder of motor cars since 1896, and founder of the Austin Motor Company



of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and rector of Humbers, Ltd., a car owner since follower of motoring



MR. H. T. VANE, C.B.E., Managing Director of D. Napier and Son, Ltd., makers of cars and aero engines



MR. A. L. WILSON—A pioneer cyclist, motor cyclist, and [illegible]
MR. T. C. PELLINGER—Managing Director of Arrol Johnston, Ltd.



COOKE—
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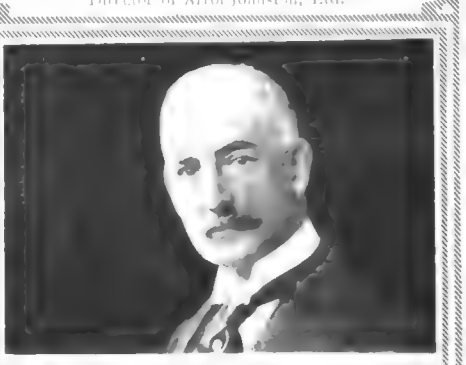


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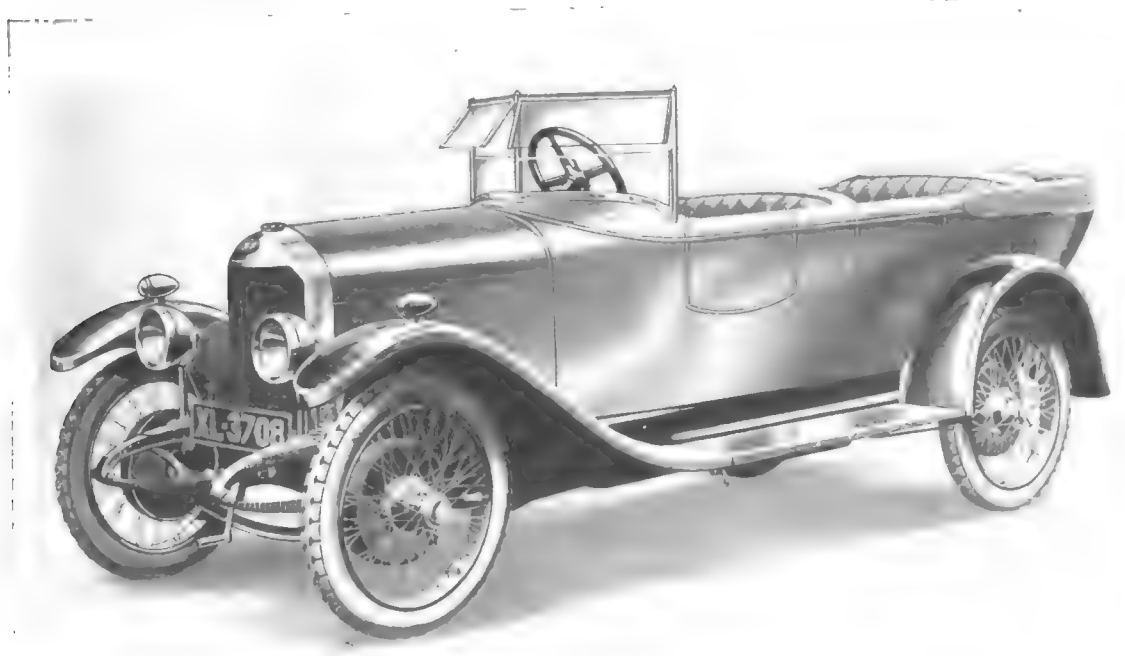
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Rover

Remarkable and well deserved success has been attained by Rover cars this year, for this company has the happy knack of knowing what the public wants. For next season a still more attractive programme has been proposed, and very generous reductions in prices have been made. For example, the 1923 model of the 8-h.p. Rover two-seater, including all-weather side curtains opening with door, is listed at £180, as compared with £220 without side curtains. I append the prices of the 12-h.p. cars last year and the new prices fixed for them for 1923. 12-h.p. chassis, old price, £495; new price, £415: Two-seater car, reduced from £625 to £525: Four-seater car, from £650 to £550: 12-h.p. with coupé body, fixed top, from £750 to £650: 12-h.p. with coupé body, drop head type, from £800 to £675: 12-h.p. with saloon body, from £900 to £775. With the touring car is included in the price a hood with side curtains opening with the doors, thus transforming the car into practically an all-weather model. Many detail improvements are included in both cars, the most interesting being that the lubrication of the 12-h.p. engine has been altered to pressure feed. In addition to the 8-h.p. two-seater, the Rover Company is making an 8-h.p. car with a four-seater body to hold two children or one adult on the rear seats. Alternately, the rear seats are easily adjustable to accommodate a considerable amount of luggage. The price of this model is £190. In addition, they are supplying an 8-h.p. model de luxe, with black leather upholstery, painted any colour to order, and fitted with best fibre floor mat, speedometer, and eight-day clock, at £20 extra, bringing the total for the two-seater to £200 and the four-seater to £210. With regard to the chassis of the Rover cars, I need not go into lengthy details at this juncture, as few cars are better known. The 12-h.p. is designed upon straightforward and well-proved lines, and for reliability it cannot be beaten. High-grade material and workmanship make it a car which will give long and satisfactory service and always look good. At its power and price, no safer car can be put into the hands of the public. As to the little 8-h.p. car, it is a most praiseworthy model, which has filled a great need in the light car class. At its new price it is an example of economical production which will set even American engineers thinking. Needless to say, the 8-h.p. Rover is not of the wear-out-quickly and throw-away order. It is a soundly finished proposition which will give good results, and the economy of its operation is in keeping with its low first cost. In the new models, with four-seater and de luxe bodies it opens out new fields of utility, and I can safely predict a great popularity for them in 1923.



The 13-50-h.p. D.F.P. "Gaillon" Type Touring Car

D.F.P.

Some highly interesting exhibits are staged by Messrs. Bentley and Bentley, Ltd., sole concessionnaires for D.F.P. cars, vehicles which are so well known to connoisseurs. The new model of the 13–50-h.p. chassis D.F.P. has a four-cylinder engine, 70 bore by 130 stroke, thermo-syphon circulation, Cozette carburetter, four speeds, right-hand change, plate clutch, spiral bevel final drive, fully compensated brakes on all four wheels. The engine is remarkably powerful, and the standard chassis is capable of speeds up to 70 m.p.h., with equivalent power in hill climbing. The four wheel brakes are a special feature, and most commendable. The engine and gear-box are in one unit, of extremely clean and neat design, and being mounted direct on the main frame, no undershield is required. The new design of pressed steel banjo type axle is worthy of note. This, with a new design of semi-elliptic springing, provides a car which is claimed to hold the road at speed and in cornering in a remarkable manner. The 12–40-h.p. model shows few changes since last year. We next come to the 10–12-h.p. four-cylinder D.F.P. chassis. This chassis, introduced last year, has now been improved by the fitting of right-hand change. The engine is exceptionally powerful for its size, and the whole chassis is a most attractive design, which should give a very good account of itself. Messrs. D.F.P. have now introduced a new 9·5-h.p. Voiturette. This has a water-cooled engine, 62 bore by 91 stroke (Treasury rating, 10-h.p.), overhead valves with push rods, thermo-syphon circulation, magneto ignition, cone clutch, and three speeds. The gear-box is in a unit construction with the crank case. The axle is of the pressed steel "banjo" type with bevel drive. It is fitted complete with electric lighting and starting. The body is of neat design, with plenty of room for two in front and a comfortable seat for one behind, and the hood is arranged to cover all three seats. Complete, ready for the road, it will be marketed at £275, and is capable of a good turn of speed.

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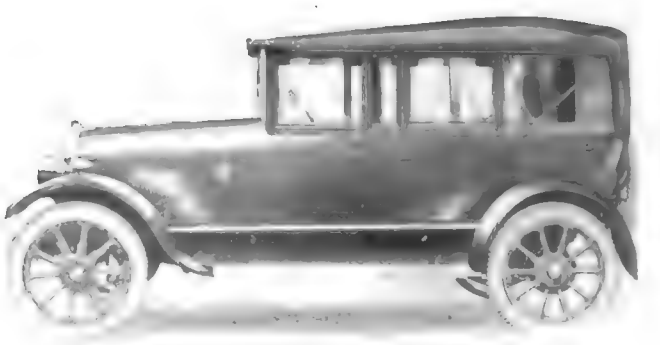
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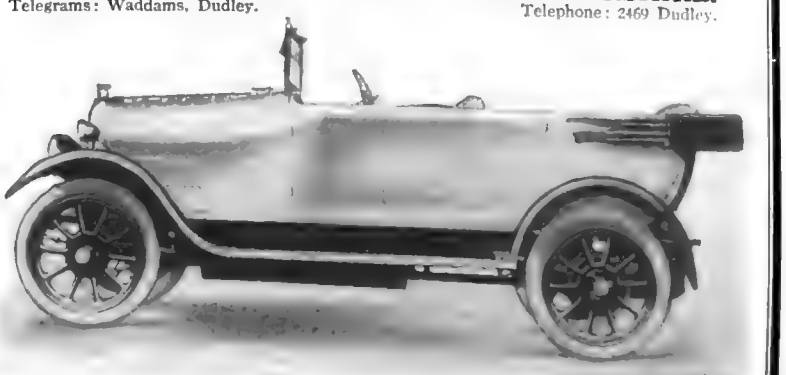
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Albert

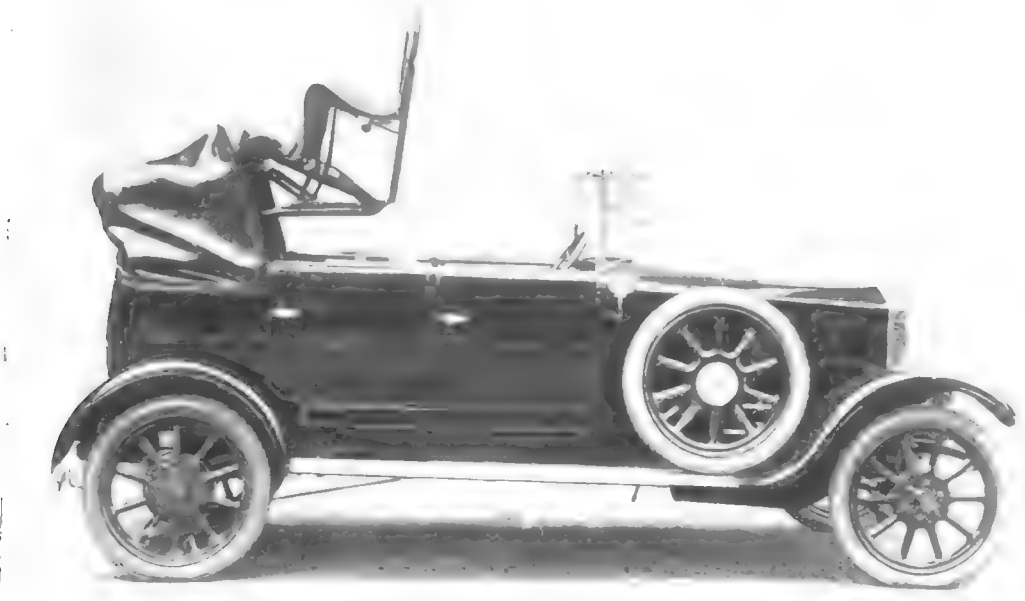
A well-designed car placed upon the market in an enterprising manner, the Albert has quickly made a name for itself. The Service Motor Company have prepared a still more interesting programme for 1923, as, in addition to the popular 11·9-h.p. Albert, there is listed a new 13·9 Albert and a light car known as the Gwynne Eight. As the last named has many points of novelty, it may be dealt with first. The four-cylinder engine of this little car has overhead valves, lubrication is by pressure, and cooling is by thermo-syphon. The whole engine is a very neat piece of designing, and accessibility has been well studied. In every essential we have here a delightful miniature car, and the sturdy appearance of the chassis is praiseworthy, as it has been obtained without any excess of weight. The body designed for this car will take three adults or two adults and two children. Strong claims are put forward for the economical running of this little car; and, as well by its handsome appearance as by its sound construction, it should make wide appeal. As regards the new 13·9-h.p. Albert, we find it follows in the main the well-tested lines of the popular 11·9. It has a four-cylinder engine with a very well-thought-out valve system of the overhead type. There are detail differences between the two models, but each is a very good specimen of the up-to-date car.

Bean

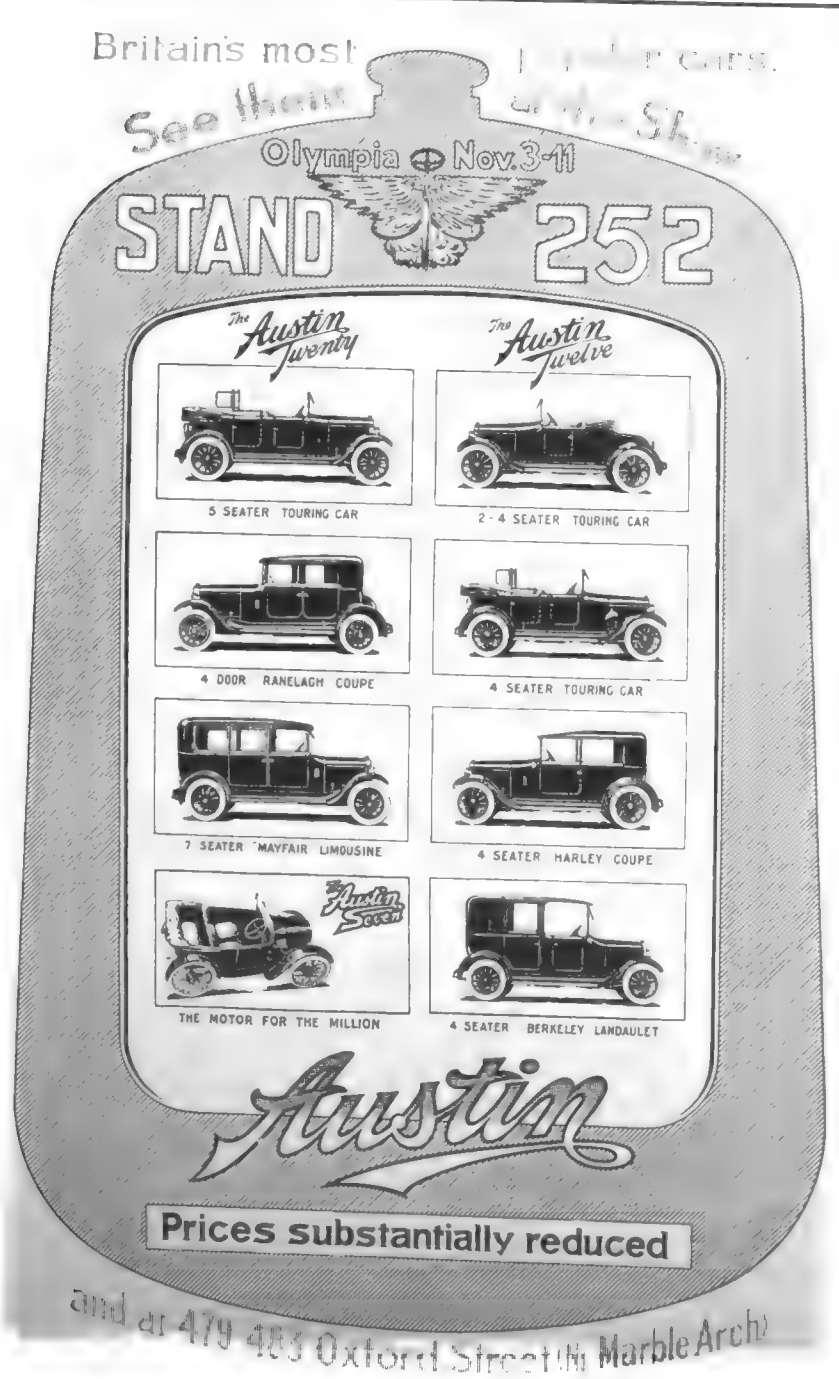
So successful has the 11·9-h.p. Bean chassis proved that one is not surprised to see it retained with but a few modifications for 1923. Three new models of coachwork are introduced, however. An important addition to the open two and four-seater models is the standardization of all-weather side curtains. These curtains provide large lights, and are so designed that they open with the doors, whilst on the four-seater model an ingenious arrangement of the rear curtains enables them to be folded forward to form a rear wind-screen when the car is used with the hood folded. The new models are a two-seater all-weather coupé, a four-seater all-weather coupé, and a two-seater brougham. Common to both coupés are frameless windows, leather upholstery, and a loose pile carpet. As in the case of the two-seater coupé, a "V" wind-screen, leather upholstery, and a roomy dickey seat are incorporated in the brougham, whilst the equipment is augmented by the use of an interior roof light. In the chassis the most obvious innovation is the introduction of a four-speed gear-box, which is now offered as an alternative to the three-speed. The three-speed gear-box as used up to date has proved to be so satisfactory that its production will be continued during 1923. The choice of three or four-speed gear-box applies in particular to the open touring models. A new type of silencer has recently been adopted which muffles the sound of the exhaust to a greater extent than formerly without impairing the efficiency of the engine by back pressure. This capable chassis, combined with very pleasing and comfortable coachwork, renders the Bean cars deservedly popular.

Ruston-Hornsby

The cars made by Messrs. Ruston and Hornsby, Lincoln, are noted for their reliability and sound construction. The firm's programme for 1923 is indicated by the Olympia exhibits, which is made up of one Ruston "Fifteen" with standard touring body, one Ruston "Fifteen" with all-weather body, one Ruston "Sixteen" with standard touring body, one Ruston "Twenty" with standard touring body, one Ruston Unit for standard touring car. The Ruston "Fifteen" family car is the model already familiar on the road. It has proved eminently suitable for the family man desirous of taking up five passengers in a most comfortable manner. The well-known Dorman engine gives all reasonable speeds for touring purposes. The Ruston "Fifteen" with all-weather body has a chassis similar to the previous model. The Ruston "Sixteen" all-season car is one of the new Ruston models now being exhibited for the first time. The chassis has engine, clutch, and gear-box built up as a unit. The engine has full pressure oil system throughout, pressure being provided by a novel type of pump, which can be withdrawn as a unit with its filters and fittings from the crank-case top. Accessibility has been carried further than ever before. The engine develops 19-b.h.p. at 1,000 r.p.m., and has a maximum of 40 b.h.p. The engine, gear-box, and back axle are replenished with lubricant from a one gallon oil container, with automatic filtering device. Apart from the larger bore of engine and other variations in dimensions, the Ruston "Twenty" all-season car follows closely on the lines of the "Sixteen" model.

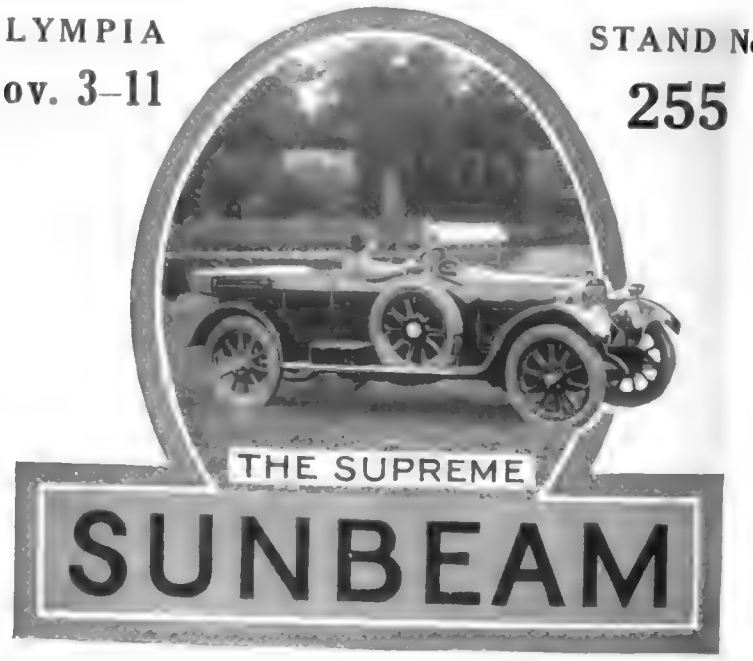


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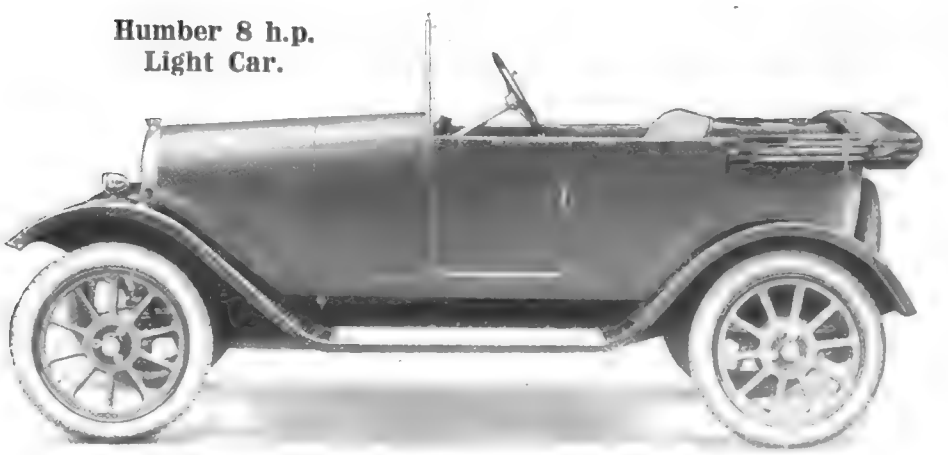
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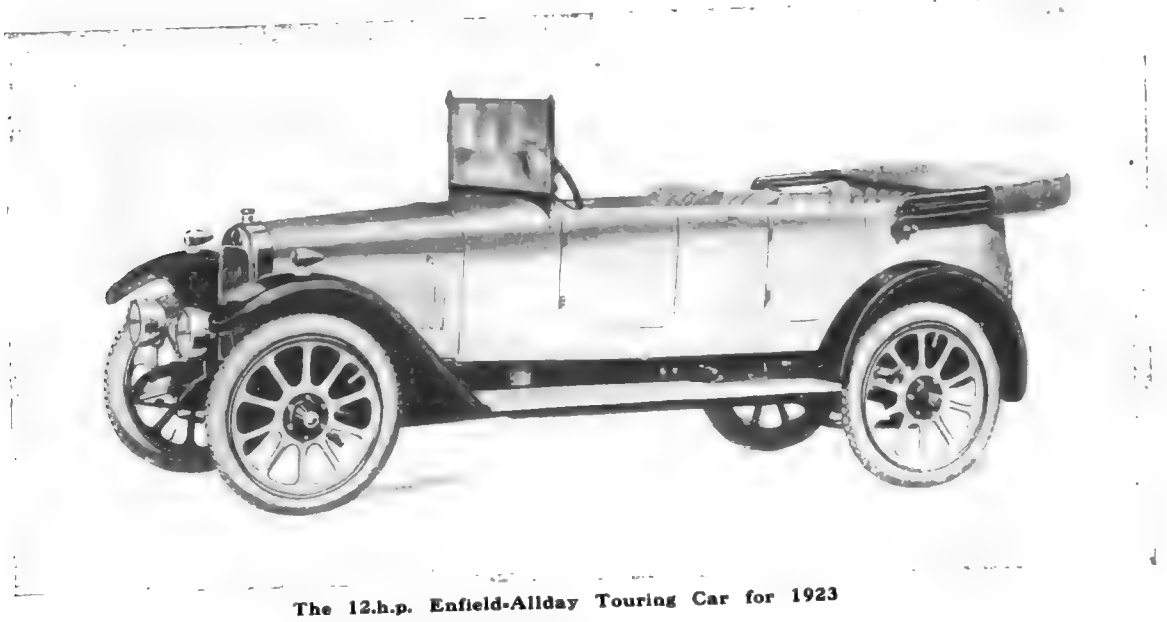
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Minerva

Romantic interest attaches to the exhibit of the Minerva car. Recently the firm celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary, the business having been founded in Antwerp in 1897. Originally devoted to bicycle manufacture, the company later took up the production of motor-cycles, and then of cars. When at the height of its success the Minerva Company was exposed to the full force of the war, and German guns and looters left little undamaged. But with great courage the Minerva Company set about reconstruction, and by the end of 1918 the works were re-equipped, and by 1919 car production was commenced, the Minerva being the first Belgian car to appear on the market after the war. Here in bare outline are some of the facts, which will draw a strong sentimental interest to the Minerva cars exhibited here this year. An examination of the cars themselves will show how enterprising this firm has been on the technical side also. Before the war the Minerva Company had adopted the Knight sleeve-valve engine, and had made a great success of it, the Minerva cars so fitted being noted for their silent and smooth running. In the new models we find many points to attract attention, apart from the special design of engine. The whole construction is on clean, up-to-date, and efficient lines, and the models show how well the Minerva Company caters for a large section of motorists. Of bodywork this company has always made a strong feature, and the latest range of cars are at once handsome and serviceable to a degree which is uncommon. In every respect the Minerva programme is one of outstanding merit. The new models are the 15-h.p. and 20-h.p. four-cylinders, and the 20-h.p. and 30-h.p. six-cylinders. Touring, all-weather, and saloon limousine or landaulette bodies are fitted.



The 12.h.p. Enfield-Allday Touring Car for 1923

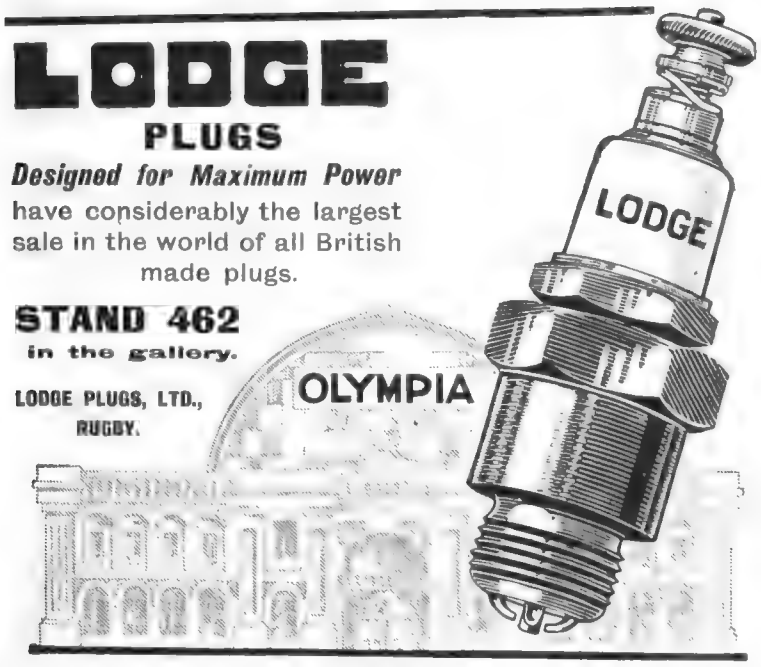
Enfield-Allday

Very thorough testing has been given to the Enfield-Allday models during the past season, and the makers come forward for 1923 with a well-planned programme. It is not surprising to learn that their successful 10-h.p. standard and sports models, modified in certain details only, will be retained. They are supplemented by a larger car of entirely new design, rated at 12 h.p. A range of bodies capable of meeting all requirements will be available for the various chassis. The new 12 h.p. is a most interesting production. The engine has a bore and stroke of 69 by 117·5 mm., with a balanced three-bearing crankshaft and forced feed lubrication. The four-speed gear-box, which has right-hand change, is in unit with the engine. Spiral bevel rear axle, cantilever springing at rear, and semi-elliptic in front are other features. The Ferodo-lined brakes operate on the rear wheels. The equipment, which will be included as standard on all the touring cars, both 10 h.p. and 12 h.p., will include lighting set and starter, speedometer, electric horn, side curtains which open and close with the doors, special one-man hood, double wind-screen, adjustable front seats, and a very complete kit of tools. The Enfield-Allday engine is powerful, silent, and notably smooth running, and the whole design of the car is one calculated to give efficient service. The new "Twelve," by its greater power, should be a particularly useful car for a wide variety of requirements.

Dodge

The attraction at the exhibit of Dodge cars will be two entirely new types of body construction—the business coupé and the business sedan. This construction enables the makers to put these cars on the market at a very remarkable figure. The prices are: business coupé, £395 complete; business sedan, £465 complete. The latest type of Dodge Brothers' five-seater touring car is marketed at £350. There is also a five-seater saloon *de luxe* at £545 complete. From framework to window mouldings, the body of the new business coupé is built entirely of steel, and this car is claimed to be the first all-steel closed car ever marketed. The design renders it specially suitable for every requirement of commercial travel. The upholstery is of leather, and the seat is wide and comfortable. There is ample locker accommodation for carrying luggage, samples, etc. The equipment includes a heater, window lifts, wind-screen cleaner, and Yale door lock. The sedan is constructed entirely of steel with the exception of the top and back quarter. It is specially designed as an all-round closed car to withstand rough usage, but comfort has in no way been sacrificed to secure this end. It incorporates many novel features. Four unusually wide doors are hung on forged hinges mounted in steel pillars. Window regulators, door pockets, exhaust heater, weather strip above door, windows at door sills, roof light, silk blinds, are other features. A special point about this car is that the upholstery is easily removed from the rear compartment, giving ample space for luggage or bulky goods of any sort. As regards the chassis, it has a four-cylinder engine with "L" head, and it is listed at 17–24-h.p. Pump and splash lubrication, pump cooling, magneto ignition, three-speed gear, and electric starting and lighting are amongst its features.

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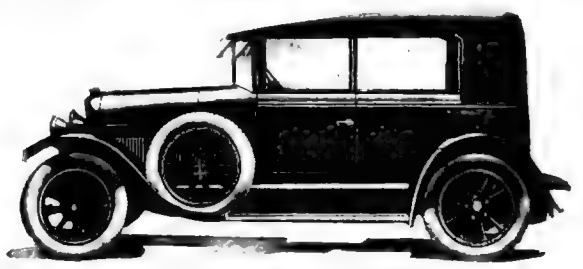
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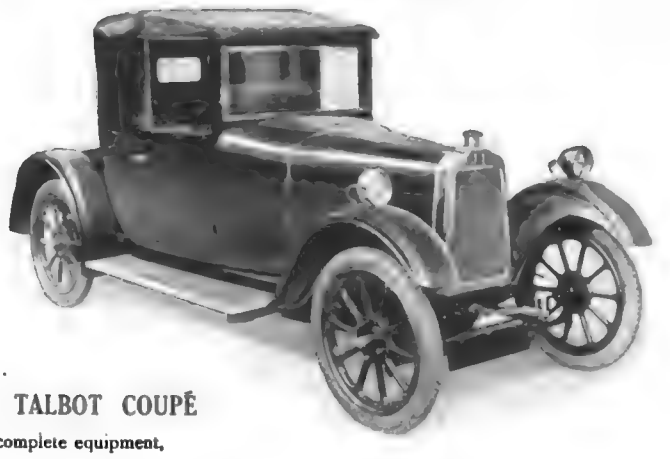
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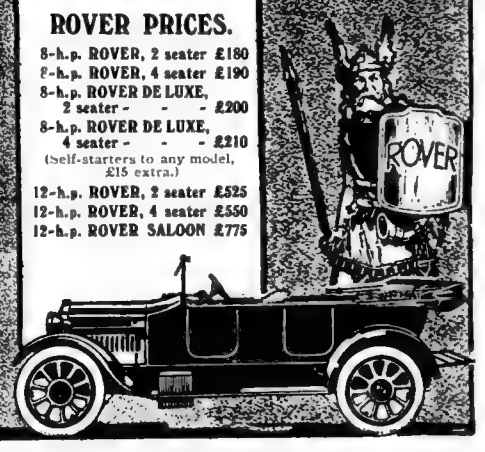
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(Self-starters to any model, £15 extra.)	
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Hands

Uncommon interest attaches to the new car placed on the market by Messrs. the G. W. Hands Motor Company, Barn Street, Birmingham. Mr. Hands can claim with justice to be one of the pioneers of the light car, and he has already given ample proof of his skill in this class of motor engineering. His latest production is the 10–20-h.p. four-cylinder Hands car, and a very nice piece of work it is. The engine is 63 mm. bore by 100 mm. stroke (Treasury rating 9·8-h.p.). Its main features are thermo-syphon water circulation, forced lubrication, Rotax-Remy battery ignition, Claudel-Hobson carburetter, three-forward speeds,



Mr. G. W. Hands, a Pioneer of the Light Car

central control, fabric cone clutch, spiral bevel final drive, Michelin steel disc wheels, and Rotax dynamo lighting and electric starting set. This very well designed chassis can be seen with a smart two-seater body with double dickey, painted autoblue, and upholstered in real leather. The price complete with speedometer, clock, spring gaiters, spare wheel and tyre, is 260 guineas. The 10–20 h.p. Hands four-seater is painted service grey, and upholstered in real leather. The price complete with speedometer, clock, spring gaiters, spare wheel and tyre, is 280 guineas. There is also a very smart 10–20-h.p. Hands coupé, seating two inside and two in the dickey. It is painted royal blue, upholstered with Bedford cord and leather. Its price complete with speedometer, clock, spring gaiters, spare wheel and tyre, is 330 guineas. Considering the value given in chassis and body these cars represent a very tempting proposition.

Overland

The Willys-Overland cars come before the public with many detail improvements for 1923. Notable as well for their sound qualities as for their moderate prices, these cars make wide appeal. The chassis has an efficient four-cylinder engine, rated at 18 h.p., and designed on well proved lines. This chassis can take a wide variety of bodies. In the two and four-seater models we can observe many improvements making for greater comfort and efficiency. For example, metal-framed celluloid side panels of rigid construction have been introduced, the front lights serving as side screens when the hood is folded. On the four-seater the side panels are stored in a cupboard in the back of the front seats, whilst on the two-seater they are kept in a special locker. The front windscreen conforms to the curved line of the scuttle. The petrol tank filler is under the front floorboards, and access to it is by means of a trap-door, it being now unnecessary to disturb the passenger when replenishing the tank. Increased comfort is provided by the seat springs. The appearance of the car has been much improved by a lower hood and neat side panels, which allow a good interior lighting for practically the whole length of the body. The same improvements are found on the two-seater, the dickey seat of which is reached by opening up the two-piece lid, one portion of which hinges forward and the other backward. Three-ring in place of two-ring pistons are standardised, and an accessible adjustment is provided to ensure the more uniform engagement of the rear brakes. The prices of Willys-Overland cars are as follows: Standard chassis, £230; standard touring car, £268; sedan, £295; British built all-weather touring car, £365; chassis, £255; British built two-three-seater with double dickey, £350; chassis, £255; three-quarter landaulet, £495; chassis, £255; all-weather model with Gwynne head, £465.

Dunlop Tyres

A most welcome contribution to motoring economy has been made by the Dunlop Rubber Company by their decision to make big price reductions in tyres, etc. The Dunlop tyres of Cord construction are now actually below pre-war prices of canvas tyres, whilst tube prices are practically 50 per cent. below pre-war. All other grades of tyres—for cycles, motor-cycles, and commercial vehicles—are reduced in varying proportions. These price reductions are only one indication of Dunlop enterprise for 1923. This is a complete break-away from the canvas tyres. In future all Dunlops will be of the cord pattern. The new pattern Dunlop Cord tyre supplements the already famous Magnum Cord tyre. It is similar in appearance to the Dunlop straight-side tyre, which has been on the market for some time. The new-tread design is claimed to be a particularly efficient non-skid, of great durability and both clean and silent. Another new tyre, known as the Dunlop Clipper Cord, is of the ribbed pattern, and whilst selling at a lower price than the Dunlop Cord, it remains a first-grade tyre in every essential. Dunlop tubes, the quality of which is so well known, are now made on the "curled" principle to the correct shape of the tyre, thus ensuring fitting and absence of creasing or stretching. In motor-cycle tyres, a Cord cover is introduced with a distinctive tread pattern, which promises to be both fast and safe. The well-known grades of Dunlop rubber studded motor-cycle tyres are still listed. For commercial vehicles, a most comprehensive range is being marketed, including, in addition to standard solid tyres, giant singles in both standard and super-cushion qualities, and giant pneumatics of the straight-side tyre.

Lodge

Ignition is one of the most important problems connected with the petrol motor, and we owe much to firms like Messrs. Lodge for the many troubles they have removed from our way. This firm is always on the alert to render good service. A very useful little tool to enable sparking plug points to be set to the correct gap is presented. The makers of the Lodge plugs have always endeavoured to impress upon motorists the importance of the plug gaps being correct. An examination of the full range of Lodge plugs will assist car owners to solve ignition troubles. The show visitor can have demonstrated the advantages of the Lodge Priming plug, which combines the well-known Standard Lodge plug with a priming tap, enabling petrol to be injected into the cylinders at the most effective point to facilitate starting in cold weather. The new Lodge Spark-Gap Terminal, introduced with the object of providing, at a reasonable price, a spark gap fitting for engines which are prone to misfiring, can also be seen.

ENFIELD-ALLDAY

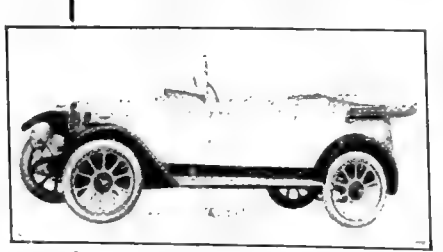
"The Car that is different"

IN every essential feature of modern car design the Enfield-Allday is much more than a light car. In design, construction, power, equipment, and reliability it compares with cars of higher rating and higher cost.

It is this "little more" that makes the Enfield-Allday so desirable a car. Costing no more than an ordinary light car, both to buy and run, it has that extra reserve of power, superior coachwork, and little refinements that make "all the difference" to an owner-driver's full enjoyment of his car.

DURING 1922 the Enfield-Allday has won many premier awards for beauty of design in Club Rallies, and in Speed Trials two noteworthy achievements stand out to its credit, notably in the 200-miles Race at Brooklands a Standard Sports Model finished fourth, winning a Gold Medal, and averaging a speed of 76–86 m.p.h., and again in the Isle of Man 1,500 c.c. Race it was the only All-British Car to finish.

The 12 h.p. Model introduced for 1923, deliveries of which will commence in January, is a still further advance in design and value. With a Four-Speed Gear-Box, increased Wheel-base and track, re-designed dashboard and special all-weather features it is a car worth waiting for.



10/20 h.p. Four-Seater has been reduced to £450, 10.20 h.p. Two-Seater reduced to £445, 10.30 h.p. Sports to £475, 12 h.p. Four-Five Seater £450, 12 h.p. Two-Seater £445, also Saloon Coupe Landaulette and All-Weather Models.

Catalogues from

ENFIELD-ALLDAY MOTORS LTD.

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STAND 292 OLYMPIA

Cadillac Establishes Sales Record in 1922

EVEN in 1922, a bad sales year, the superiority of the Cadillac, despite the depression, was evidenced by the fact that more sales were effected the world over than in any previous year. Nevertheless, despite this phenomenal demand, the price of the car (Type 61) has been again reduced.

Owing to the large number of types of General Motors' products it has been found impossible to stage them all to advantage at Olympia. A special exhibition will therefore be run concurrently at 1, Thurloe Place, S.W.

STAND No. 256 OLYMPIA

or at Special Exhibition

Model 61.	Chassis	£995
Model 61.	5-seater Phaeton	£1145
Model 61.	5-seater Saloon	£1485
Model 61.	7-seater Imperial Limousine	£1645

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CADILLAC

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HANDS

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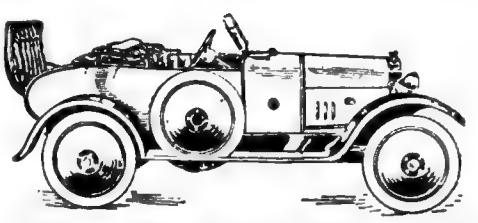
to express its vast superiority—

To appreciate it you must consider the splendid specification and very complete equipment, examine the car in detail, and see for yourself what the Hands Light Car will do on roads you know. We shall be very pleased to give you any demonstration you like.

Consider, also, that in spite of a more powerful engine, the use of real leather upholstery, and the supplying of clock and speedometer, the price is actually lower than it was.

10-20 h.p., 2-seater, 3 speeds, Rotax starter and electric lighting, spare wheel and full equipment.

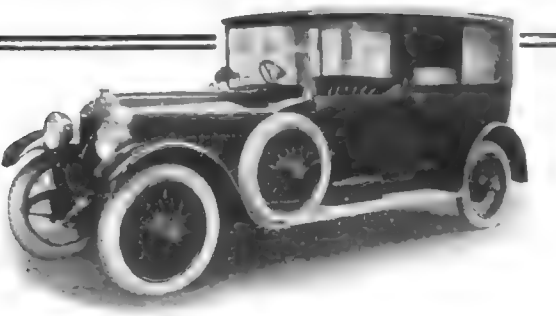
260 Gns. COMPLETE



4-Seater - - **280 Gns.**
Coupé (11·22 h.p.) **330 Gns.**
Order now. Deliveries in rotation.

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Stand No. 64 White City.



Chassis.		Standard Coachwork—All-Weather.		Touring Cars.	
15 h.p. 4-cyl.	£590	15 h.p. 4-cyl.	£940	15 h.p. 4-cyl.	£840
20 h.p. 4-cyl.	£740	Landaulettes.		20 h.p. 4-cyl.	£1065
20 h.p. 6-cyl.	£850	20 h.p. 4-cyl.	£1235	20 h.p. 6-cyl.	£1175
30 h.p. 6-cyl.	£990	20 h.p. 6-cyl.	£1345	30 h.p. 6-cyl.	£1315
		30 h.p. 6-cyl.	£1485		

All fitted with the famous Minerva sleeve valve engine.

All 6-cylinder models have four-wheel brakes.



Stand 275
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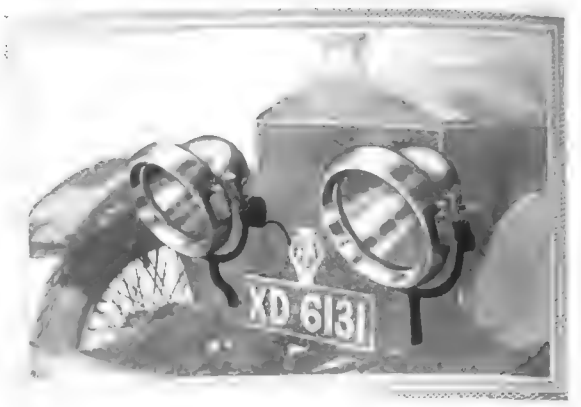
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The 11-h.p. Hillman Car for 1923

Hillman

IN the light-car class the Hillman models hold a very high reputation, and for next season they are likely to be still more prominent in public favour, thanks to the enterprising programme mapped out



The Duco Headlight Dippers for Eliminating Glare

by the Hillman Motor Car Company. Two new models make their appearance, namely, the 11-h.p. Hillman-Allweather two-seater, listed at £430, and the Hillman-Allweather four-seater at £450. The firm will continue to market a two-seater coupé at £495 and a four-seater coupé at £530, but these are not to be seen at the show. The Hillman chassis is a very fine engineering production. It has a four-cylinder motor with detachable head, and it develops 25-h.p. at 2,500 revolutions. The lubrication, gear-box, and transmission have many special features, but indeed the whole chassis is on a very high level of design and workmanship. Allied to the efficient chassis is very smart and comfortable coach-work, which renders the Hillman models excellent miniatures of up-to-date large cars. The bodies are designed on scientific lines which give strength with lightness. At the same time comfort and artistic appearance are well studied. From the practical motoring point of view the bodies leave nothing to be desired. They can be quickly changed from the closed to the open position, or *vice versâ*, and in each case they afford most comfortable accommodation. There is a windscreen of square design, and the hood construction is a Hillman patent self-locking device easily operated. The equipment of the entire car is up to a very high standard, and it renders the Hillman a most delightful and desirable vehicle. The seating acommodation is very well arranged.

Brown Brothers

As usual with Messrs. Brown Brothers, their exhibit can only give a faint idea of the immense variety of goods they stock, and yet so wide is their exhibit that I can only give a partial list of the contents. Picking out a few items, we have the Duco grease-retaining leaf spring gaiters, which ensure continuous lubrication of the leaf springs. Internal grease pockets and lubricating channels feed the grease between the laminations of the springs, and in addition to preventing the ingress of grit and wet, ensure sufficient working of the springs, providing comfortable riding. Duco electric-driven tyre pumps for the garage; electric and acetylene head, side, and tail lamps; valve stem lubricators, motor clocks and watches; and the Beckenham tyre pumps are other good things. The Gabriel rebound snubbers are useful for correcting car side-sway and preventing shocks and bounce. Their action steadies the springs. The Duco headlight dippers successfully overcome the glare difficulty hitherto experienced in night-driving. They positively prevent dazzle by projecting the light rays below the eye level of car drivers and pedestrians, at the same time retaining the full light-giving powers of the lamps for the driver's own direction. The Duco headlight dippers are simple contrivances and adaptable to any bracket. No measurements are needed; each set is supplied complete, ready to fit the car.

OLYMPIA STAND 266

The Opportunity!

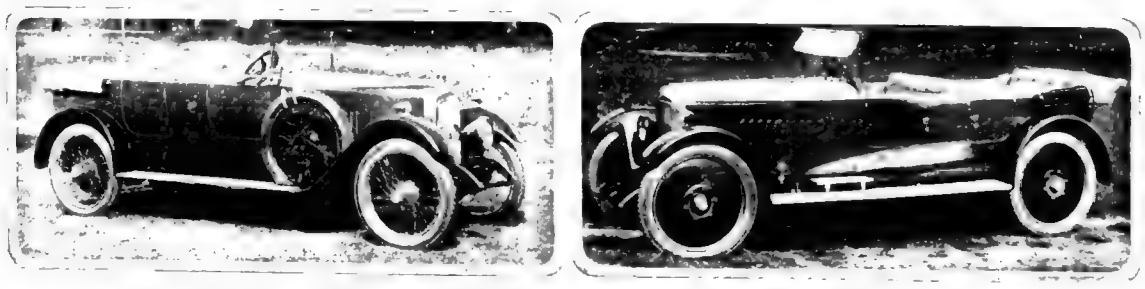
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at the new prices

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Your order is expected at Stand 266! We are confident that Olympia will demonstrate what wonderful quality-for-price the Vauxhall cars offer you.

23–60 h.p. chassis - £695	30–98 h.p. Velox four-seater	14 h.p. chassis - - £420
Kington five-seater - £895	sporting car, £1195	Princeton four-seater - £595



The 23-60 h.p. Vauxhall-Kington car (left) is known everywhere for its fine appearance. Observe how closely the 14-h.p. Vauxhall-Princeton car (right) resembles it.

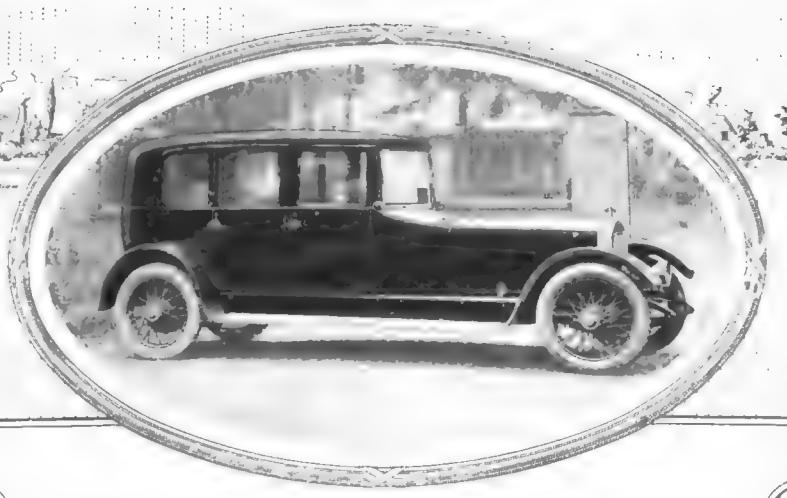
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Vauxhall

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fitting the leaf springs of your car with

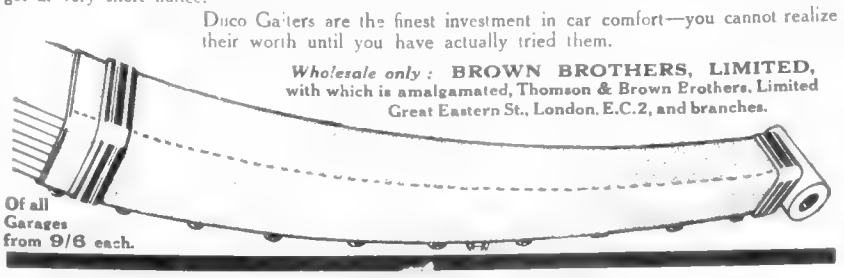
DUCO GREASE-RETAINING LEAF SPRING GAITERS

Do not wait until the bad weather is here—protect and lubricate the springs NOW. Duco Gaiters obviate rust and provide perpetual lubrication.

Run your car into the garage to day—maybe your garage man will have a set of Duco Gaiters in stock, just the size you need; if not, then get him to take the measurements—a set can be got at very short notice.

Duco Gaiters are the finest investment in car comfort—you cannot realize their worth until you have actually tried them.

Wholesale only: **BROWN BROTHERS, LIMITED,** with which is amalgamated, Thomson & Brown Brothers, Limited Great Eastern St., London, E.C.2, and branches.



Of all Garages from 9/6 each.

Have you seen the new Hillman?



1923 MODELS.

11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Two-Seater	£430
11 h.p. Hillman All-Weather Four-Seater	£450
11 h.p. Hillman Coupé Two-Seater -	£495
11 h.p. Hillman Coupé Four-Seater -	£530

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Hillman

The Electrical Equipment of your Car

is as important as the selection of the car itself

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The new C.A.V. Dynamotor.
Improved range of C.A.V. Dynamos and Starters.
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The New C.A.V. accessories.

To obtain the fullest enjoyment from Motoring your Electrical Equipment

must be C.A.V

STAND 460 OLYMPIA

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From an Original Water Colour by G. S. Shepherd, now in the London Museum

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DRAWN BY EDOUARD MATANIA

THE FASCIST VICTORY IN ITALY—THE POPULARITY OF THE KING

"The Sphere" has just received from M. Edouard Matania, its special artist in Italy, this picture of the Fascists marching towards Rome. Wearing their black shirts, war medals, and a varied headdress, including war-time steel helmets, they marched along with military precision. Whenever the columns reached a monument they placed upon it a national flag, and cheered King Victor Emanuel to the echo. At the same time they burnt Socialist pictures and portraits taken from the offices of local 'Red' newspapers. Signor Mussolini, whose portrait is given on another page, is now forming a Fascist Ministry in Rome.

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY on the week's news.



The City Swordbearer Reading the Proclamation Calling a New Parliament



Sir Claude Schuster Receiving in the House of Lords the Proclamation, which came by Special Messenger from Sandringham



The Proclamation Signed by the King Dissolving Parliament

"Oh, hark to the winds of October"

One certainly heard the tramp of the battalions of winter during the latter days of October. The winds howled through the forests and swept the blood-red leaves away with quite an old-fashioned vigour. They whistled round the steeples of London and swept through the wide portals of the new Waterloo Station, making one feel as if one was on the hurricane deck of a steamer. And yet October has its glories and excellences all its own. Mr. A. A. Milne has had some wise words to say on this matter.

A week ago I grieved for the dying summer. I wondered how I could possibly bear the waiting—the eight long months till May. . . . But now, suddenly, I am reconciled to autumn. I see quite clearly that all good things must come to an end. The summer has been splendid, but it has lasted long enough. . . .

Now I can see other things—crisp and sparkling days, long, pleasant evenings, cheery fires. Good work shall be done this winter. Life shall be lived well. The end of the summer is not the end of the world. Here's to October.

All along the Thames Valley, the great bluffs by Windsor, Cliveden, Cookham, and beyond, were in splendid raiment, and as evening came the scene was beautiful indeed.

Another Wind

During these self-same days another wind blew strongly into many a hole and corner. It swept into the parlours of Downing Street, hustling furniture into pantechnicons and many a private paper into the bulky portfolios of the Secretariat. Lord Grey felt it blowing upon his cheek—this fresher wind. If it sweeps away the thousand-and-one sinecures — the people who do nothing for something in so many walks of life just at present—it will have done well by this sea-girt isle.



The Ex-Prime Minister's New Home

No. 86, Vincent Square, the residence of Sir Edward Grigg, has been taken, furnished, for a short time by Mr. Lloyd George. It is quite an interesting house. Our readers will recollect that we illustrated the interior when it was resplendent with the decoration and furniture of the then Mrs. George Noble. The porch has recently been reconstructed



Three Studies in Political Expression

The ex-Prime Minister since the Greek debacle which brought about the late Coalition's downfall

Change

"Is Mr. Lloyd George's face changing?" someone asked me the other day. "Oh! don't be so foolish," one instantly replied; and yet, when one looks at the many photographs of the ex-Premier which embellish the daily press—and especially the Rothermere press, a newly found battalion of friends—one does notice a difference of aspect. Many men have strongly marked periods, and we all know that the end does come to a chapter, and with those of strong temperamental character it is quite possible that some outward expression becomes evident.

Old London Bridge

I am glad to see that the arch of old London Bridge is not to be destroyed altogether, as it was feared for many months past. The money has been found for the removal by the owners of the Adelaide Buildings site, and by Messrs. McAlpine, the contractors, who are constructing the British Empire Exhibition buildings at Wembley. The arch is to be removed thither, and is, I am told, to become a permanent feature at Wembley. Buildings very often suffer some loss by removal, but it is better thus, and the thanks of all lovers of London's wondrous history will go out to the donors of the moneys which have rescued this fragment of London's ancient bridge.

Soviet Art

The art aspect of Soviet propaganda in Russia is the subject of a very informative article in *The Architects' Journal*. Mr. Huntly Carter tells us of the extraordinary display of cartoons of every kind with which the Soviet authorities have endeavoured to impress the mind and emotions of the Russian townsfolk and peasants. Both are illiterate, and here we have evidence of education in such a hurry as never before known

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Princess Dagmar
Of Denmark is now to marry, after waiting several years for the King's sanction, Mr. Forgen Castenskjald, a civilian

the past tense. The full glory of propaganda is no longer over the wide Russian land. By all accounts Russia is very poor, and therefore its propaganda ardour is abating. A good deal of the old efforts of Communist propaganda remain, but they are in tatters. No longer do amazing statistical and scientific cartoons, that were once the glory of the station platforms, catch the eye of the peasant and worker and form their minds for them. No longer do the travelling cinemas, libraries, and lecture halls perambulate the country printing and publishing, distributing papers, pamphlets, leaflets, and books, and exhibiting a wealth of educational pictures. Pre-revolution isolation has once more settled in the villages. The libraries are closed, newspapers are suspended, lecturers come not, propaganda has fled, and all the fine cultural work that it once did is fast becoming a memory and a dream.

Blackpool's Ban

An interesting question of art and morals has been raised by the refusal of the Blackpool Town Council to exhibit the Hon. John



Sir Philip Lloyd Graeme, M.P.
New President of the Board of Trade, with his wife and child

—the people were to be taught by poster if they could not, or would not, read books.

Even the engines had something to tell you, and something to show you in the way of large portraits of Karl Marx and Lenin literally hung round their necks. In the waiting-rooms were immense frescoes representing some of the most desperate scenes of the Revolution, with the workers always on top.

The article concludes thus:—

It will be observed that the foregoing is written in



Luck Falls where it Will
Cheques were presented last week to the winners in the great Sporting Ballot organised for the benefit of the Red Cross Society. Left to right: Sir Basil Mayhew, General H. Champagne, Sir Arthur Stanley, presenting cheques to the first prize winner, Mr. G. Pollard; Miss Katherine Jane Cover, winner of £500; Mr. A. H. Edwards, winner of £250; and Mrs. Jahme, winner of £500

Mr. Hutton's words. The revolution appears to have been accomplished with a comparatively small amount of bloodshed, most of the big towns acquiescing in the turnover of power to the massed Fascisti. A few small encounters with Socialists occurred. It is interesting to note, by the way, that the ex-Prime Minister's picture of the profound calm which he saw brooding over Europe was, within almost a matter of hours, rudely disturbed by this Italian revolution.



The French Players in London
M. de Max of the Comédie Francaise is now playing at the Coliseum

Collier's "Clytemnestra." It seems an excess of zeal to object to this picture because of its somewhat bloodthirsty subject matter. This great Greek tragedy is portrayed in no sensuous fashion. "Clytemnestra" is represented as an amazon, rather masculine type. The picture is of great interest from an archæological point of view. The artist has reproduced the bold designs of Mykenæ on the skirt, and the slanting sides of the doorway and other features of early Greek art and architecture are embodied in the composition.

The Fascist Victory

The attention of readers is called to the article on Fascismo, by Edward Hutton, on another page of this issue. This article was written some ten or fourteen days ago by Mr. Hutton, who has been touring Italy on behalf of THE SPHERE. It will be read with special interest in view of the developments which have followed fast upon



"Clytemnestra"
The Hon. John Colliers's picture, banned by Blackpool's Town Council.

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THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN : *On September 21, 1922.*



The Misty Vision as Seen from Christmas Island



The Corona as Seen at Stanthorpe, Queensland

We are now able to put before our readers two pictures of the recent solar eclipse—that of September 21. Unfortunately, the expedition led by Messrs. Jones and Melotte to Christmas Island had no luck. Clouds blew up and hid all definition. The actual appearance of the sky at the time of the eclipse is shown in the above picture. On the other hand, excellent conditions prevailed in Australia. The picture given above (on the right) comes from Queensland. Good results were obtained at Wallal, West Australia. A characteristic corona was displayed, with one streamer of 3,000,000 miles in length. Dr. A. C. Crommelin, writing in "Nature," says: "The corona is said to have had four long streamers, one extending to three solar diameters, which is more than the average, though by no means a record. Prof. Chant reports that the shadow bands were photographed. Prof. Kerr Grant, of Adelaide University, made measures at Cordillo by the photo-electric cell of the relative brightness of the sun and the corona. The results, with this very sensitive instrument, should be more trustworthy than previous determinations. The next two total eclipses (1923, September, and 1925, January) are visible in the United States; 1926, January, in Sumatra, etc.; and 1927, in England and Norway."

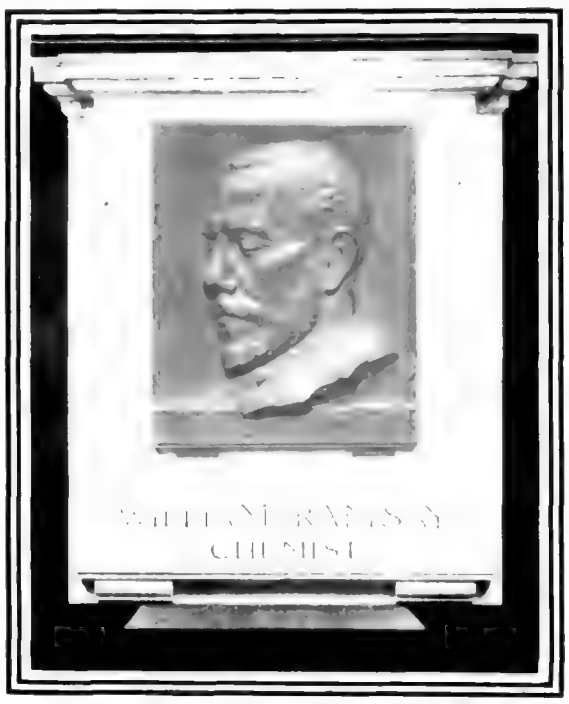
Memorial to Sir William Ramsay : *Unveiled in Westminster Abbey, Friday, November 3.*

RAMSAY—A 20th CENTURY ALCHEMIST.

When the Prince of Wales unveils, on November 3, the memorial tablet placed in Westminster Abbey to remind future generations of the greatness of William Ramsay, the chemist, he will be performing the final act in a great memorial which has been in progress since 1917. The memorial has received the success which it deserved, and a larger sum of money has been thus raised for scientific objects than ever before for any scientific memorial. Donations totalling £57,000 have come in from all over the world—donations ranging from one shilling to large sums of £5,000.

But an even more striking form of memorial has been provided by the action of a number of Dominion and Foreign Governments, which have founded Research Fellowships, tenable in any of the Universities of this country, by carefully selected and highly-trained young chemists coming from the countries founding such Fellowships. Already there are in this country Ramsay Fellows from America, Holland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Switzerland, Japan, while there have been, or will shortly be, also Fellows from France, Italy, Spain, Greece, Canada.

In addition, there are the British Fellows and a Glasgow Fellow, whose Fellowships are provided from the general fund. In this way the scientific thought of Great Britain and that of the chief centres of scientific activity abroad are linked together in a union which cannot fail to be of advantage to all.



The Memorial to Sir William Ramsay in Westminster Abbey

Of modern men of science, Ramsay was, perhaps, the best known—the one whose amazing discoveries focussed upon him the attention and admiration of the public generally. Ramsay was no recluse, shutting himself up in a secluded laboratory, and making discoveries which were meaningless to all save a very few. He was a great human personality welcoming all and sundry, moving freely in society, and yet meanwhile making a number of discoveries, any one of which would have brought fame and distinction. He was the twentieth century alchemist; he transmuted one element into another, forming helium from radium, and so fulfilled the dream of his medieval predecessors of centuries ago. Helium was unknown until Ramsay isolated it in the atmosphere; to-day it has a commercial importance, for great quantities of it are being made in the United States for filling airships.

Probably Ramsay's best-known discovery was when, in collaboration with the late Lord Rayleigh, he discovered not only helium, but also argon, neon, krypton, and xenon in common air.

There can be no doubt that the name of William Ramsay will be handed down to the generations yet unborn as that of the dauntless experimenter, the successful chemical explorer of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.



Valentine

Aboyne Castle, Purchased by an Aberdeen Draper

The handsome castellated mansion, formerly owned by the Marquis of Huntly, has now been purchased by Mr. J. Mearns, a prosperous draper of Aberdeen. The house is of varying dates, the latest portions having been constructed in the nineteenth century



Yaxley, an Historic Suffolk Seat, Destroyed by Fire

Yaxley Hall, near Eye, Suffolk, belonging to Lord Henniker and leased to Sir George Makgill, was gutted by fire last week. The hall dated back before the Domesday survey, and contained some famous heraldic stained glass windows and other historic fixtures, all of which were destroyed

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"We need tranquillity and stability at home and abroad."

—The Prime Minister at Glasgow



Ballywillan Old Churchyard, where Many Law Graves are to be Seen



Mr. A. Bonar Law with his Son



"We intend to bring the Cabinet Secretariat in its present form to an end"

Said Mr. Bonar Law at Glasgow, where he was received at the Royal Exchange by noted Glasgow citizens



"I shall not spare myself. I shall do my best"



Mr. Bonar Law with his Son-in-Law, General Sir Frederick Sykes, Outside the Foreign Office



Mr. Bonar Law Speaking at St. Andrews Hall, Glasgow

Mr. Bonar Law's father, the late Rev. James Law, was a native of Ulster, having been born at Maddybenny, his elder brother, Dr. W. K. Law, being in practice at Coleraine. Mr. Law's father emigrated to Canada and became a minister attached to the Presbyterian Church in New Brunswick. Mr. Bonar Law was born in Canada, and crossed the Atlantic at the age of twelve to complete his education at the High School, Glasgow, afterwards entering the firm of Messrs. William Kidston and Sons, iron merchants, and a few years later becoming a partner in the firm of Messrs. William Jacks and Co.

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GOOD-BYE TO DOWNING STREET.



Two Interested Spectators of the Removal Operations at No. 10



The Table at which Mr. Lloyd George Presided

The famous Cabinet room at No. 10



Megan's last Public Appearance with her Father as Coalition Prime Minister

The Departure of Mr. Lloyd George, his Family, and Secretariat from No. 10

Mr. Lloyd George and his family left Downing Street last week for 86, Vincent Square, Westminster. The departure from office of a Prime Minister is always marked in this somewhat drastic manner, by an immediate vacating of No. 10. Furniture vans from various well-known firms rolled into the quiet little street, and into them went the personal belongings and furniture of the ex-Prime Minister. The family quietly took their departure for their new temporarily engaged home in Vincent Square. The Secretariat packed up their voluminous papers and left in their own way. The removal operations at one moment were watched by Sir Robert Horne and Sir L. Worthington-Evans, a little snapshot of whom appears on this page. Opposite appears a little group showing Miss Lloyd George—or "Megan," as she was popularly known during her father's brilliant "Conference" period—at the opening of the new P.L.A. building. It was her last public appearance with her father during his term of office as Coalition Prime Minister. Dr. Macnamara also figures in the little group.



Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd George Leaving Downing Street Last Week

The quiet-looking portal, with its eighteenth-century fanlight above, has opened to many a strange and interesting gathering during Mr. Lloyd George's tenure of office. Stirring and even stormy scenes have been witnessed beneath the iron lamp with its little surmounting crown, and in the pillared chamber, designed by the architect, William Wilkins, who also did work in connection with Downing College, many an important meeting, conducted in the new manner, has taken place.

This famous house has been the residence of the First Lord of the Treasury, during his term of office, since 1735. The First Lord is, of course, nearly always the Prime Minister. The street was named after Sir George Downing, whose grandson founded Downing College. The first Prime Minister to reside in Downing Street was the famous Sir Robert Walpole. All his successors have followed this practice with the exception of Lord Melbourne, Sir Robert Peel, and Lord Salisbury. Next door to No. 10 lives the Chancellor of the Exchequer and at No. 12 is the office of the Government Whips. Nelson and Wellington once met at No. 14.



Mr. Lloyd George Superintending the Removal Operations at Downing Street



No. 18, Abingdon Street, which Mr. Lloyd George has Taken as Political Headquarters

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A WEEK OF SPEECHES : *Two Scenes in Different Camps.*



The Ex-Premier and the Ex-Lord Chancellor Together at the Colchester Oyster Feast

The situation which has lifted the ex-Lord Chancellor from the Woolsack and yet binds him still to the ex-Premier's side is intensely fascinating to students of contemporary politics. Lord Birkenhead said: "I, who have sat with Mr. Lloyd George in his Cabinet—and I am speaking now not of his record as a war Minister, but as a peace Minister—say his own personal contributions to the crises of the last four years and to the remedies which have been found for those crises far exceeded those made by any one of the colleagues that sat round him at the Cabinet table." Mr. Lloyd George maintained that the same doctor was necessary for the convalescence as for the illness. "The trouble with a patient did not end the moment the temperature was normal, and certainly not when it was sub-normal. He had got to be nursed and cared for for a long time afterwards, and there were periods of great anxiety until he was completely recovered." On the staircase are seen the ex-Premier, Lord Birkenhead, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans, and the Mayor of Colchester (Councillor Wasey Chopping)



Mr. Reginald McKenna (a Former Chancellor of the Exchequer) in the City: "We Need a Period of Real Peace"

Mr. Reginald McKenna, former Chancellor of the Exchequer and a prominent Liberal, spoke last week in support of the new Conservative Cabinet at the City of London meeting. The Hon. Herbert C. Gibb was in the chair. Mr. McKenna said: "The nation is labouring under the burden of an oppressive taxation which stifles enterprise, exhausts the reserve of capital, and hinders our natural trade development. In this state of our national affairs we must seek a remedy for the evils which afflict us. We need a period of real peace. . . . The leaders of the Labour party have announced a programme of capital levy and a war on private enterprise. Anyone who is familiar with the actual organisation of British trade and industry can, I believe, hardly fail to come to the conclusion that a capital levy would be a wholly impracticable, wasteful, and even destructive method of raising money for the service of the State"

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The Earl and Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery and their Family

Lord Herbert, The Hon. David, the Hon. Anthony, and Lady Patricia Herbert

THE BALL AT WILTON HOUSE

For Lord Pembroke's Daughter.



Bassano

The Countess of Pembroke

The clever and attractive hostess of last week's ball



The Façade of Wilton House

Seen from the lawns beloved by Sir Philip Sidney. There are coats-of-arms to right and left of the doorway. Above are three beautiful oriel windows and more carven arms. Surmounting the fretted parapet is a bell and clock turret. The cedars of Wilton are famous

In the historic halls of Wilton, renowned for its connection with Sidney, the poet, a brilliant ball was held last week to celebrate the coming out of Lady Patricia Herbert, the daughter of the Earl and Countess of Pembroke. The Prince of Wales, who rendered the ball of special note by his presence, motored over from his hunting-box at Easton Grey, which he has taken for the season. There was a house party of over forty people, the total number of the guests being about 300. They included the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland, the Marquis and Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, the Marquis of Anglesey, the Marquis of Waterford, the Earl of Bective, Viscount and Viscountess Maidstone, Viscountess Cranborne, Lady Mary Scott, Lady Mary Hope, Lady Rachel Cavendish, Lady Margaret Lindsay, Lady Patricia Ward, Lady Alexandra Curzon, Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, Viscount Encombe, Viscount Knebworth, Lord David Cecil, Lord Dalmeny, Lord William Scott, the Hon. Ivo Grenfell, the Hon. Mrs. Cyril Ward and Miss Peggy Ward.

The ballroom, with its great painted ceiling, presented a splendid picture to the eye, and the famous Van Dycks did not fail to attract the notice of the guests. A rarer treasure still of Wilton, which never fails to interest the historically-minded visitor, is the famous diptych of Richard II. Members of the house party also inspected the splendid cedars and other rare trees for which the grounds of Wilton are famous. It was here that the wondrous Sir Philip Sidney strolled with his fair sister, the then Countess of Pembroke, for whom he wrote the famous "Arcadia."



The Ballroom at Wilton

Which was the scene last week of a brilliant ball



Haines

The late Mr. George Cadbury

The creator of Bournville, a model village for workers. The chief proprietor of "The Daily News," and the chairman of Cadbury Bros., Ltd. Died on October 24, aged eighty-three



Elliott & Fry

The late Dr. Cargill Gilston Knott

General Secretary of the Royal Society of Edinburgh. He wrote the biography of Professor P. G. Tait and various works on physics. Died on October 26, aged sixty-six



The late Sir William Pickles Hartley

Like Mr. George Cadbury, he was the builder of a model village. A great jam manufacturer who devoted a third of his fortune, while living, to religious and philanthropic causes. Died on October 25



Haines

The late Father Bernard Vaughan

A distinguished priest of the Roman Catholic Church, associated with the Farm Street Chapel, London. Wrote and preached on social subjects, including "The Workers' Right to Live." Died on October 31

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ROUMANIA'S EQUESTRIENNE QUEEN.

The Review of the Troops After the Coronation of the King and Queen at Alba-Julia, the Ancient Roman Capital of Dacia



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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA IN MILITARY UNIFORM AT BUCHAREST

After the coronation of the King and Queen of Roumania, Queen Marie took part in the march past of the troops, mounted on her favourite charger and dressed in military uniform. The comparative quietude of the Alba-Julia greeting of the newly-crowned sovereigns is best explained by the fact that this small town is in one of the centres of the Hungarian population of the newly-acquired province of Transylvania. In Bucharest, the Roumanian capital, their reception was overwhelming

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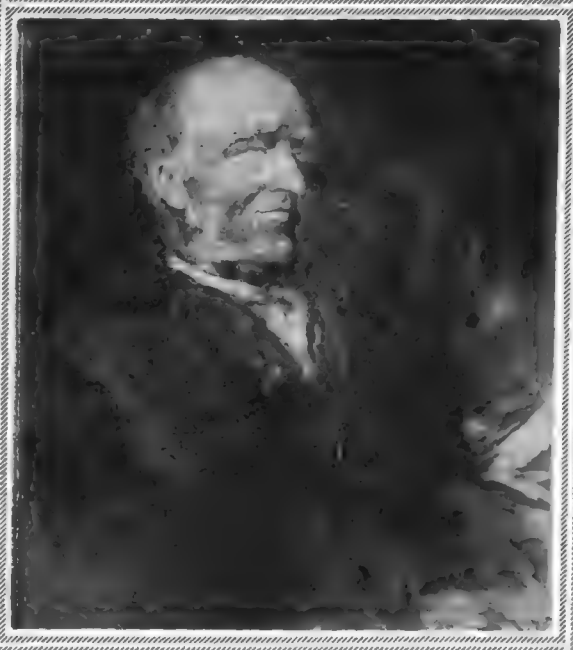
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THE HUGHES CENTENARY AT UFFINGTON AND RUGBY

Where the Author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays" was Born and Went to School



The Font at Uffington at which Thomas Hughes was Baptised



The Portrait of Hughes at Oxford

Which now hangs in the hall of Oriel College



The White Horse—150 ft. Long

Cut into the hillside near Wantage in Berkshire



The Old Entrance to Hughes's Church at Uffington in Berkshire

TOM HUGHES AT RUGBY

On October 20, the centenary of the birth of Thomas Hughes, the author of the immortal "Tom Brown," SPHERE representatives visited the places at Uffington and Rugby, where Hughes was born and went to school, and took the pictures we reproduce here. At Uffington the surroundings amongst which both Hughes and "Tom Brown" were born are materially unaltered. The White Horse still shows from afar its whitened outlines to travellers. Uffington Church remains much the same as it was a hundred years ago.

At Rugby may still be seen the tower where "Tom Brown" and East, when playing fives, lost so many balls through hitting high up on it. Getting a hammer and nails, they drove them into the walls and climbed the tower to recover their lost balls. Then up on the tower "Tom Brown" (in this case Hughes himself) scratched his name on the hand of the clock, either with his knife or a nail. This name may still be seen on the old clock hand, now preserved on the walls at Rugby School. The portrait of Hughes reproduced above is from the original painting in Oriel College at Oxford, where Hughes was an undergraduate after leaving Rugby.

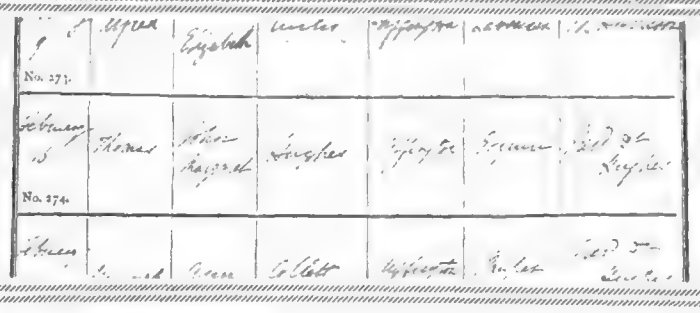
TOM BROWN'S LAST MATCH

"'I am surprised to see Arthur in the eleven,' said the master, as they stood together in front of the dense crowd, now closing in round the ground.

"'Well, I'm not sure that he ought to be in for his play,' said Tom, 'but I couldn't help putting him in. It will do him so much good, and you can't think what I owe him.'

"The master smiled. The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly; only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels prouder than when he got the three best prizes at hearing Tom's shout of joy, 'Well played, young 'un!'

"But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down—it is too much."—*From "Tom Brown's Schooldays."*



The Record of the Baptism of Thomas Hughes

In the register of the Uffington parish church the date is February 16, 1823



The Entrance to Rugby School

Where Hughes and "Tom Brown" were both schoolboys



Hughes's Name Carved on the Dining-table at Rugby

This table is now dismantled and the top boards nailed to the wall of a narrow passage



The Name Scratched on the Clock Hand at Rugby

Where Hughes scratched his name whilst scaling for lost fives balls



The Hughes Statue at Rugby

Erected to the author of the immortal "Tom Brown" at his own school

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FRANCE'S EXHIBITION:

A Record of a Great Effort which we should Follow—and Excel.



An Indo-Chinese Temple Erected at Marseilles

A wonderfully faithful reproduction of the Angkor Vat in Annam. In the background a general view of the buildings of the Marseilles Exposition of 1922



The Angkor Vat at Marseilles—The Great Indo-Chinese Temple Reproduced in France

The French Colonial Exposition at Marseilles (which comes to an end in the middle of November) is a wonderful example of what post-war France is capable. The exposition is a summary for stay-at-home Frenchman of what the French colonial empire consists. For this purpose the most elaborate buildings have been constructed—reproductions of famous Indo-Chinese temples and dwelling-places, reconstructions of market scenes, representations of dances by the fascinating little Cambodian girls from Indo-China—in short, an almost complete epitome of life in the French East. The picture inset above shows a troupe of tiny dancers from Cambodia in their quaint costume and headdress. It now remains for England to do something on similar lines to France. What will England do in 1923?

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MODERN PORTRAITURE by a WOMAN ARTIST.



Three Examples of the Work of Mrs. E. Granger-Taylor which have been Exhibited at the Grosvenor Galleries

A special room was devoted to the work of Mrs. Granger-Taylor at these galleries, and her interesting portraits attracted considerable attention. Her art is a subtle and delicate one, as the three portraits we reproduce here show. Her handling of sunlight effects in pastel is peculiarly successful

FASCISMO. By Edward Hutton.

Every foreigner—and more especially, perhaps, an Englishman travelling in Italy at this time—must feel that he is face to face with something new, in Western Europe, at any rate. This something new is *Fascismo*.

What is *Fascismo?*

It would seem to be a political movement which, while preaching and practising an extreme nationalism, has for its object, more particularly at the moment, the destruction of parliamentary government and the establishment in its place of its own dictatorship.

The great political movements which we have seen in Western Europe during the last few hundred years have invariably had for their object the strengthening or establishment of parliamentary government against some irresponsible power such as that of a king or an olegarchy. At first sight, at any rate, *Fascismo* would seem to have boxed the compass. Not that it seeks to strengthen the Crown. On the contrary, its leadera have asserted on many occasions that the Crown is indifferent to them and their cause. They would as soon, if need be, establish a Republican form of government. And it is obvious that should the *Fascisti* prove victorious with their present ideas, they would establish a dictatorship under which the Crown would occupy but a formal place.

But the most extraordinary fact in regard to *Fascismo* is that the movement has run through the country like wildfire, and swept into its enthusiasm perhaps a very large majority of the young men, for the most part of the middle classes, though of late the youth of the *popolo* seem to some extent ready to join in. It is an amazing spectacle to see the youth of a Western European *bourgeoisie* enthusiastically joining a vast armed organisation to dictate to, and thus to overwhelm, humiliate, and overthrow the parliamentary system, and it can perhaps only be explained by recalling the long history of Italy, where since the fall of the medieval communes illegitimacy of power has been not only common but practically ubiquitous.

Fascismo has a strong family likeness to Bolshevism. It is equally insolent towards, and intolerant of, Parliament; and, in fact, it is in its essence—and this is its best excuse—a reaction from Bolshevism. One remembers the anarchical acts of the Italian Socialists and Bolshevists in the months immediately following the peace.

No one in those days was ever sure when he started out on a journey whether he would arrive or not, whether some sudden declaration of a strike, for some quite paltry reason, would not leave him half-a-day's journey from his destination. Nor did he know when he sat down to dinner whether the light would not be cut off by another strike before the end, or whether he would not have to grope his way home through lightless streets if he were dining out. No one knew when letters would or would not arrive, or whether goods would arrive at all. For finally the workmen, as will be remembered, seized the factories and turned the masters into the street.

Well, all this became an *infernal nuisance*.

It was out of this *infernal nuisance* that *Fascismo* sprung, fully armed. And I cannot help thinking that it is the memory of that infernal nuisance that has largely filled its ranks and given it the large toleration it has received till now.

At the same time, "enough is as good as a feast," and all of us who have loved Italy and have believed in her future must hope that *Fascismo*, having now accomplished its purpose of "restoring discipline," by means however questionable in themselves, will be content to subside into a due and proper place, to support the Government of the country, and to learn to ensure the discipline it has preached to others, for the most part inferior in education, wealth, and opportunity to its own followers, and to obey instead of dictating. For should it persist and succeed in overthrowing Parliament, what new form can it hope successfully to impose on distracted Italy? Such a question would seem to answer itself, unless indeed the times we live are in truth the beginning of the Great Evening.



Signor Benito Mussolini

The co-founder and moving spirit in "Fascismo." Former Socialist and director of the Socialist journal, "L'Avanti," he abandoned his party, and with D'Annunzio demanded Italian intervention in the war. He fought as a private soldier in the Bersaglieri, and was wounded. He firmly believes that Italy must free herself from the menace of Bolshevism

ITALIA FARA DA SE

"It is not an Italian interest to contribute to the maintenance of the British Army. On the contrary, it is an Italian interest to collaborate in its demolition."

—Signor Mussolini, in the *Popolo d'Italia*.

Spesso del soccorso la ricordanza
è corta.
Cosi minaccia, col ingrato stiletto,
L'Italia — appena del lstrico risorta—

Il Samaritan' — scordato Caporetto.
C. D.

TRANSLATION

ITALY WILL SUFFICE FOR HERSELF

(*The maxim of Mazzini, etc.*)

Often the remembrance of succour is short,
So, with ungrateful dagger, does Italy—
Hardly risen from the pavement—
Menace the (good) Samaritan — Caporetto being out of mind.

—*From "The Morning Post."*

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The Revolt Against Communism in Italy.



A Group of Roman Fascisti During the September Annual Celebrations in Rome

The Fascist organisation of Italy, under the inspiration of D'Annunzio, the soldier poet, has swept the length and breadth of Italy. The movement began as the direct reply to the challenges and excesses of the Italian Communists. It is now a solid formation which includes within its ranks the greater proportion of the middle-class youth of the country. So strong has Fascist activity been of late that wholesale resignations of Socialists in municipal offices have been taking place in Italy. The Fascist organisation not only wages unceasing war against Communism, but where Communist violence takes place, a Fascist reprisal inevitably follows within a very few days



A Group of Italian Pilots Enrolled Within the Ranks of the Fascisti Paraded in Rome

The Fascist organisation is modelled on true military lines. In its ranks are pilots, cavalry, telegraphists, who each wear a distinctive uniform. On September 20 last a great patriotic demonstration was held in Rome. The Fascist sections paraded through the streets in uniform and carrying their banners, and each man with his stout staff in hand. A few days ago they massed at Naples

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MUSIC of the Week

By

FRANCIS TOYE.



MISS S. FISHER—The Canadian soprano, recently in London



MISS OLIVE TOWNEND—Singing with the Carl Rosa Company

I wonder if many of my readers are in the habit of attending the Chamber Concerts in the National Gallery on Tuesday afternoons. If not, I strongly advise them to adopt it. Dropping in almost by chance last week, I had a most pleasant experience. For the first time, I think, in London I lighted on a public performance of music that was practically devoid of formality. To be frank, I, in common with several other people, sat on the floor, and there, surrounded by the ultra-modern colours of the Italian primitives, listened to four students play quartets by Beethoven and Haydn.

I will not pretend for one moment that theirs was a perfect performance. It was not. But it was good enough, and I doubt if any of us ever enjoyed better the lovely theme and variations which has since been adopted by the Austrians as their National Anthem, and by the Anglican Church as one of their most popular hymns. After all, the environment in which music is played has much to do with one's enjoyment of it. The modern concert, with its row after row of formal seats filled with row after row of formal people, provides the worst possible environment for music, especially for chamber music. Such music, as its name indicates, was meant to be played in a private room with all the inevitable concomitants—a certain intimacy, a certain comfort, a certain *sans gêne*. All these chamber music has lost under modern conditions. The merit of the National Gallery concerts is that they recapture them in part at least. There are, it is true, the formal seats and the formal people, but there are also people who stand, people who walk about, even people, as already indicated, who sit about. And the setting is such that with very little imagination one can picture oneself in some great house in Vienna or Prague listening to the music under much the same conditions as those which witnessed its birth. I think Beethoven and Haydn would have liked these unpretentious concerts. I know I do.

British Musicians Abroad

There is no doubt that English music and musicians are slowly winning recognition in Europe. Adila Fuchisi and Jelly d'Aranyi, who, if not technically English by birth, wholly belong to the English musical movement, had an extremely successful concert in Paris the other day. Adrian Boult is conducting the Munich Orchestra in a programme of English works on November 18, whereat Miss Arkandy, who has herself won success after success at the Munich Opera House, is singing. Most important of all, perhaps, Eugene Goossens has been asked by the "Melos" Society in Berlin to conduct an orchestral programme which includes "The Planets," "The Eternal Rhythm," and some pieces by Delius.

I consider this last concert the most important of all, because the scheme of the "Melos" Society includes at least two other concerts; one (of modern French music), which is to be conducted by Ansermet, of Russian Ballet renown, the other is to be conducted by Koussevitski. All this is of the greatest possible advantage to English music, which, under such conditions, falls into its proper place as one of the important and constituent parts of contemporary European music. There is all the difference in the world between such an event and an odd concert given by some musical Odysseus wandering round Europe and financing his own enterprises on the depreciation of the mark and the franc. There have been such Odysseys—too many of them—and they have by no means always been productive of good. After all, there is no guarantee that Odysseus is recognised as a king, or even a chieftain, in his own country. Not every Odysseus is an Adrian Boult; not every singer is an Arkandy. Not every English composer has the success which fell to the lot of Arthur Bliss at Salzburg. We want English music and musicians to be heard abroad. But only the best of both.



Exclusive SPHERE portrait by C. Vandyk

Mr. Booth Hitchen at Covent Garden

Singing with the Carl Rosa Opera Company. Here he is seen as the Cobbler in the "Meistersingers"



At the Vienna Opera House

A scene from the "Josefs Legende" of Richard Strauss, presented at the Vienna Staats Oper—Joseph with Potiphar's wife

Gretchaninov's Recital

Gretchaninov, the well-know Russian composer, gave a recital of his own songs at the Wigmore Hall, he himself playing the piano and Tatiana Makushina singing. The hall was filled (very largely by Russians), and there were bouquets and a wreath, all the paraphernalia, in short, of success and celebrity. Foreign artists and musicians always seem to score heavily in this kind of way. By some means that I do not profess to understand, they import into their concerts a more enthusiastic atmosphere than our people manage to produce. Theirs should be the credit. But all this has little or nothing to do with the intrinsic value of their music.

Take Gretchaninov's, for instance. He seems to me a respectable composer who knows his job. He knows how to write effectively and even, at times, charmingly for the voice. He is unpretentious, and he has not been led astray by the modern craze for undue complexity in vocal line and accompaniment. He has even written one or two very good songs. When this has been said, however, there is little else to say. His programme consisted of six groups of songs, of which I liked the last by far the best. They consisted of selections from a collection of Nursery Rhymes, set in a manner which reminded me of Moussorgski with his face washed. The other five, on the contrary, were even more like Tchaikowski. They are, to my mind, very definitely of the superior ballad order. And imitations of this somewhat inferior kind of superiority fail to fill me with enthusiasm.

The Case for British Composers

After all, let us be frank. We have half-a-dozen composers in this country whose talents and whose originality certainly surpass those of Gretchaninov's. Elgar is by far greater, and among the younger men one need only name Bax and Bliss and Holst and Vaughan-Williams to make the fact abundantly clear. All these men have something definite of their own to say. Which is just what I, at any rate, feel Gretchaninov has not. Yet they seem to find difficulty in filling a concert hall for their recitals. Partly, perhaps, it is their own fault. Not only has the best kind of English music held itself far too aloof from the normal musical life of the average man, but there seems to be a definite disinclination to satisfy the normal musical requirements of the day. Take songs, for instance. How many of the songs of our best composers lie within the technical competence of the amateur? Even if the singer can sing them, the accompanist cannot play the accompaniment. It cannot be expected, of course, that composers should always or even principally write easy music. But if they want to capture the real affections of the public they should do so a little more frequently. Perhaps they do not so want. In that case foreign composers will continue to bear off the palm. The only way to beat him is to give the public something that will turn its affection for the exotic into a love for something that is definitely its own. That is what Arthur Sullivan did.

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ROSITA FORBES

Painted by a Distinguished Belgian Artist, Alfred Jonniaux

Some Special Pictures taken in the Artist's Studio in Yeoman's Row



Rosita Forbes (Mrs. Arthur McGrath)

In the dress of of a Libyan Bedouin. From the painting by A. Jonniaux



The Artist, with Madame Jonniaux, his Charming Wife

Madame Jonniaux's portrait, painted by her husband and exhibited at the R.A., hangs on the wall to the left



M. Alfred Jonniaux in his Studio

Rosita Forbes, the well-known explorer, whose portrait is given here, has just been painted by a clever Belgian portraitist. She is now on her way to the Near East, where she will renew her acquaintanceship with many interesting personalities of the Arab world of Egypt and Syria. Her new book, "Quest," the story of Anne, three men, and some Arabs, has just been published by the House of Cassell. It deals with many aspects of life in the New Syria of to-day

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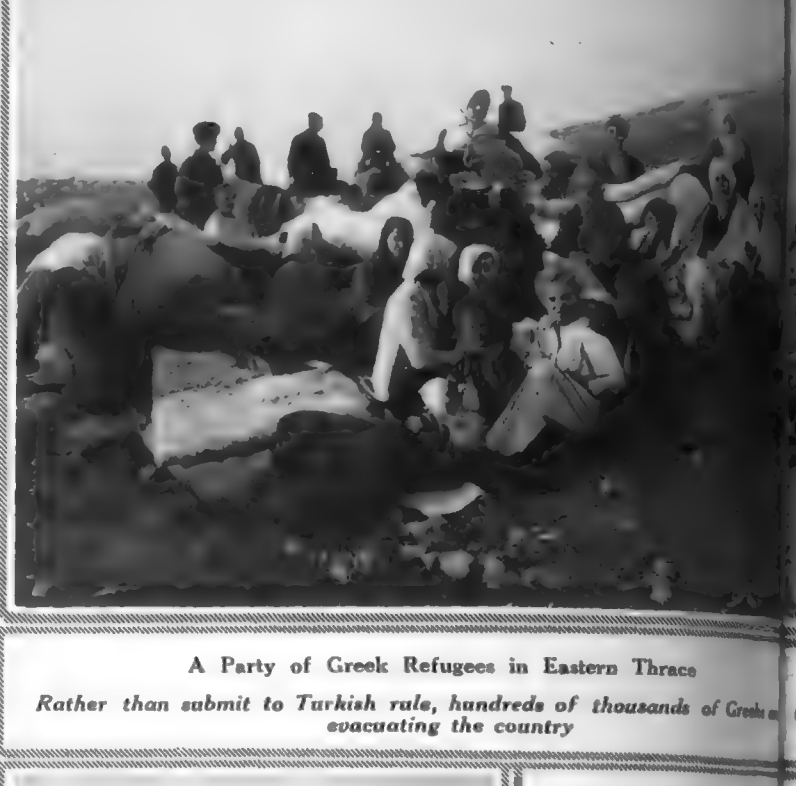
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WITH the BRITISH TROOPS AROUND CONSTANTINOPLE



Colonel Robert McDouall, C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O.

Commanding the 1st Buffs in the Biyuk-Chamliya area



A Party of Greek Refugees in Eastern Thrace

Rather than submit to Turkish rule, hundreds of thousands of Greeks a evacuating the country



Two Typical Kemalist Gendarmes on their little Turkish Ponies

(*Pictures and Notes from Scotland Liddell, "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in the Near East*)

CONSTANTINOPLE.

One of the many questions to be discussed at the forthcoming Conference to settle the Near East question will be that of the "Capitulations," *i.e.*, the extra-territorial rights of foreigners in the Ottoman Empire to be judged by their own courts and their own judges, and to be exempt from certain taxes.

British and foreign communities in Constantinople recognise that there should be some modification of the financial restrictions imposed by the Capitulations, but are nervous lest their right to trial by their own judges and according to their own laws be taken away.

Judge Linton Thorp (whose picture I took here in his robes) was educated at University College, th



His Honour Judge Linton Thorp

The British judge who tries British nationals in Constantinople



A Merry Party of the Buffs—One of the Oldest of British Regim

Most of the men are wearing steel helmets. The conference ende factorily, but nothing has been left to chance in the matter of prepa

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PLE, and the GREEK EVACUATION of THRACE.



The Buffs' Guard Within the British Lines at Chamliya

ing to the rocky nature of the land, the engineers have had to carry out much blasting to a'd the men in the making of stout trenches

niversity of London. e was called to the ar at Lincoln's Inn in 06, and prior to the War ractised at the Bar in ondon. During the War e served in France and acedonia, and was wounded Serbia. After the Armis- ce he was in Egypt, and in ovember, 1921, was trans- rred to Constantinople. dge Linton Thorp is a ajor, R.G.A. Res. of fficers.

The view from the Buffs mp which I send you is e of the finest in the orld. Below one lie Bey- bey, Cozcoundjouk, and, the left, Scutari. Across e waters of the Bos- orus lie Ortakeuy, Dolma chtche (the Sultan's lace), and, on the left, onstantinople and Stam- ul. At night when the hts are lit the view is onderful. Lights in the lley, lights from the ships at lie out in the Bos- orus, and lights from the posite shore.



Greek Soldiers Removing One of their Heavy Guns in Eastern Thrace



Colonel R. McDouall with Colonel Power, D.S.O.

The colonel of the 1st Buffs with his second-in-command



The Buffs' Camp at Chamliya, Showing a Fine View

view from the camp is one of the finest in the world. The stretch of water in the view is a distant glimpse of the Bosphorus



A Kemalist Sentry on Duty Thirty Yards from the British Lines

A picture taken at Chanak, on the fringe of the neutral zone

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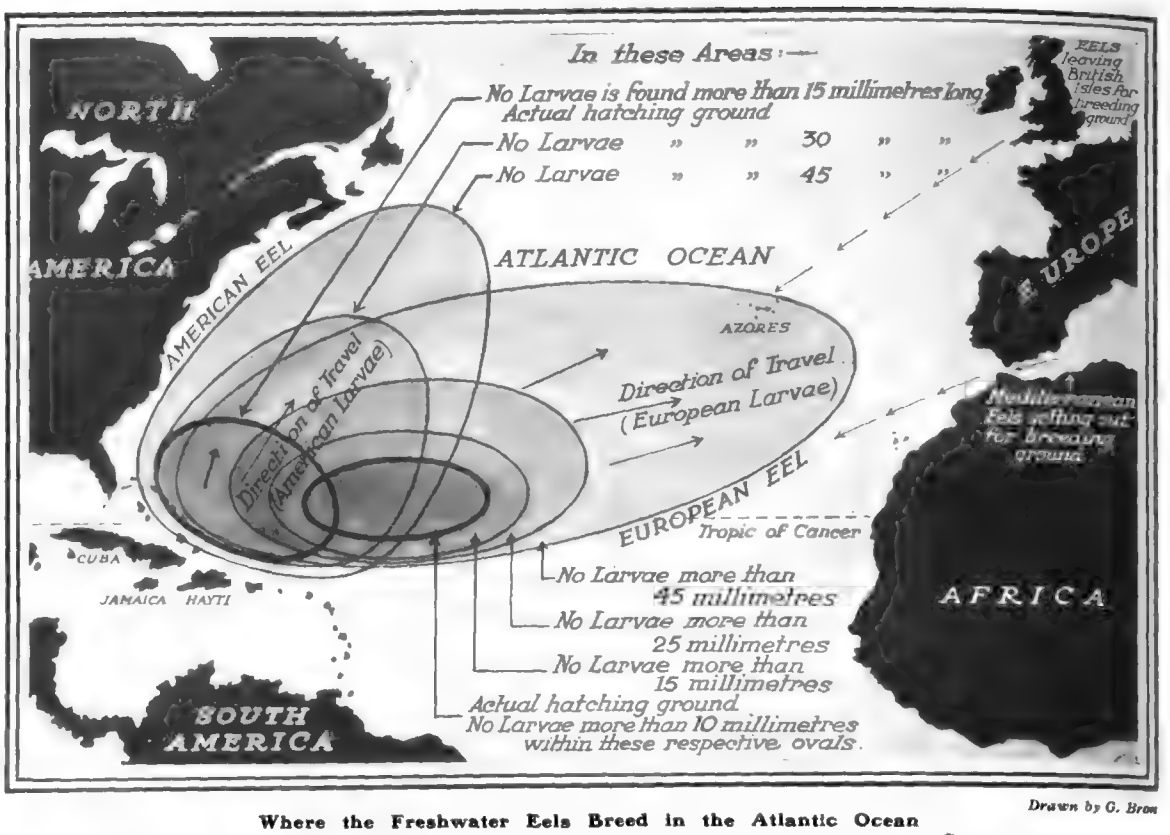
SOLVING the AGE-LONG RIDDLE of the EEL.

Where it Breeds in the Atlantic



To Solve the Riddle

Dr. Johannes Smidt, the Danish Scientist, who has started off for the mid-Atlantic on the research vessel, "Dana," to solve the problem of the life and death of the eel



Where the Freshwater Eels Breed in the Atlantic Ocean — *Drawn by G. Brom*

The announcement by Dr. J. Smidt, at the recent British Association meeting at Hull, after two years' research in deep seas, is the first information we have of the actual locality of the breeding ground of the eels. That the eels went to sea to spawn has been known for a long time, but the precise locality of the breeding ground had not been discovered. We are indebted to Mr. C. Tate Regan, the Keeper of *Zoology* in the British Museum, for the placing of the boundaries of the area as shown in the above map. It is a little to the west of the West India Islands, and the Tropic of Cancer runs through the centre of it. There are two kinds of freshwater eels, the European (*Anguilla*) and the American (*A. Chrysypa*); both kinds leave their marshes or rivers at least once in their lifetime, and swim accross the Atlantic to this spot, where the eggs are hatched out as little fish (*Leptocephali*), They begin almost at once to move towards their future homes—one breed to America the other to Europe, growing and developing as they proceed. It was not at first supposed that the breeding grounds of the two kinds would overlap, as the eels were not found together either in Europe or America.

The *Leptocephali*, or glass fishes, are so unlike eels that they were formerly thought to be a distinct species. They are flat, ribbon-like creatures about 3 in. long, curiously deep in body, scaleless and transparent, with small heads. They do *not* appear to feed in the sea, and they gradually shrink both in length and in depth, and become round in body, when they are known as glass eels. In this state they make their way up rivers in such numbers that the water is often thick with them, remaining to live for several years before descending in their turn to spawn in the ocean.

The SADDEST HOUSE in FRANCE.

Josephine's Home at Malmaison. By E. V. LUCAS.

ONE should go to Malmaison only on a very fine day, for it is the saddest house in France, and the road to it, from Paris, runs through the dreariest of suburbs and the untidiest outskirts that a great city can have. You know those insubstantial inadequate cottages, unfinished villas and neglected factories, among cabbages and hoardings, that the French specialize in; well, you see them most of the way. And the way is chiefly *pavé*, too!

Not only is Malmaison sad, it is also the loneliest house I was ever in, or the house which most suggests loneliness. It is, in perfection, the house which a man furnishes and equips for a woman to whom he can no longer give love but to whom he is prepared to give everything else; the house, in perfection, in which a woman hopes against hope for a return of the old affection. True kindness would prompt such men (and perhaps does prompt them, but they lack the courage to comply) to cut the knot; false kindness makes them lavish money on Malmaisons.

Not that Malmaison was always like that. When Napoleon built it for the fascinating widow of the unfortunate Vicomte de Beauharnais, he adored her; but he must very soon have come to realize his mistake—certainly not, poor creature, without assistance from her, for her extravagances became almost insane, and her frivolity was never too consistent with the position of First Consul's wife, to say nothing, later, of that of an Empress. It was, however, neither foolishness nor wastefulness that brought about her downfall: it was her inability, in the French phrase, to "put into the world" a little Napoleon. She had borne Beauharnais a son, but she could not oblige the Emperor in the same way, and he was implacable. And so, in 1809, came the divorce, and in the stables you may see the famous coach, the "Opal," immensely high and swaying, in which (with the letter N on the panels) the unhappy lady was driven back to Malmaison after the decree. What a journey—and what a house to come back to after it! For the rest of her exile, which amounted in fact to disgrace, she was to see at every turn nothing but evidences of her lost place and splendour, nothing but the letter N wherever she looked.

For although it was nominally Josephine's house, Napoleon is everywhere, in monograms, in portraiture and in symbol. Even the garden is dominated by a gigantic marble head of the overman. Even the rooms which are called Josephine's and were appropriated to her, are Napoleon's in fact. But if she could easily have too much of his assertive inventive personality, we cannot; and, to me, the Napoleonic museum which occupies a big upper room is the most interesting part of the chateau. One comes very near the great little man in this room, and once again—as at the Invalides, at the Carnavalet, at Fontainebleau—is in a position to appreciate his thoroughness and ingenuity. The high quality of workmanship on which he insisted is apparent on every hand, particularly in his campaign accessories, his sets of toilet articles, his table necessaries, his writing case, his candle case. Everything was made to fold into the smallest possible space. And he thought of everything—even a silk screen, light green in hue, with a weighted top, which could be suspended from the mantelpiece of whatever room he was in to protect him from a fire that was too hot or too brilliant. And on a hook hangs one of the gold watches which the illustrious Louis Abraham Breguet built for him.

Nothing could make the house anything but sad. Its French formality is sad; the custodians at the gate, surrounded by picture postcards, the gravel approach, the inhumanity of the garden—all are sad. And then the memories, the lifelessness, the furniture not used, the books (Napoleon's own, returned to their old shelves by generous collectors) not opened, the fascinating folding desk in the library not written at, the rich noble curtains not drawn, Josephine's harp for ever silent.

Josephine's harp! Any one who has been to the Musée Grevin, Paris's wax-work exhibition, knows that harp, or its facsimile, standing in the large group called a Soirée at Malmaison. This tableau was arranged by Frédéric Masson, the historian of the Napoleonic era, who once, in effigy, was seated in a corner surveying his handiwork but has latterly disappeared, either because he was disintegrating or (do I dare suggest it?) because his figure was needed for reincarnation as somebody else, a more immediate hero or villain of the day. Anyway, it had gone when I was in the Musée Grevin a few months ago. Well, that representation of the hall of Malmaison is, to my mind, almost a justification of wax-works, so capable is it of suggesting the actual scene and revivifying the past. But at the chateau itself, Josephine's harp is, with Napoleon's card table, in the music *salon;* and looking upon that lovely mute instrument one seems to be nearer its ill-starred player. One realizes too what a loss the dignity and charm of drawing-rooms suffered when the harp became obsolete. And, also, what a loss to women with beautiful arms.

Poor Josephine died in 1814. A year later her lord, master and repudiator was again at Malmaison, for five days, a captive, on his way from Waterloo to St. Helena. Five bitterer days probably no man ever spent. And now St. Helena has come to Malmaison, for in one of the rooms, brought from Longwood, is the bed he died on, with Ary Scheffer's painting of the scene over it. Time's revenges, Time's symmetrical irony, if you like!

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BEAUTY AND WIT IN SOCIETY.

Four Interesting Portraits of Women prominent in London Society



Lafayette

One of the Season's Débutantes

Miss Zita Jungman, the daughter of Mrs. Richard Guinness, who was one of the débutantes during the summer season



Hay Wrightson

Married to Lord Knutsford's Nephew

Mrs. Abel Smith (née Miss Monica Ross), who was married to Mr. L. R. Abel Smith (late Grenadier Guards) in August. The marriage ceremony took place at the Embassy Church in Paris



Hay Wrightson

Mrs. Lorna Palmer-Howard (née Miss Lorna Baldwin

Daughter of Mr. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., the New Chancellor of the Exchequer, and wife of the Hon. A. J. Palmer-Howard, to whom she was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, some weeks ago



C. Vandyk

Mrs. Mortimer Hancock with her Hunting Leopard, Sheba

Mrs. Hancock is the wife of Colonel Hancock of the Royal Fusiliers. Sheba was captured in Somaliland during Colonel and Mrs. Hancock's tour of that country with the Governor; the leopard was brought down from the interior swung from the saddle of a fast-trotting camel, with a young tawny eagle for travelling companion. She is now mascot to the 2nd Battalion Royal Fusiliers, who have just returned from the Indian Frontier and Aden. Mrs. Hancock is the daughter of Mr. G. G. Battle of Virginia, who is Attorney-General for New York

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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent" Meanwhile Mandell-Essington at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortege as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is haled as a "long lost heir." He is taken into the bosom of the family, and treated with high honours.*

VII.—THE EVENING.

MR. ESSINGTON found himself facing Aunt Mary across an oval dining table, with Mr. Hayward and Aunt Julia at the ends, and a massive bowl of chrysanthemums upon a dark blue satin table centre in the middle. The room was high and dark and a trifle solemn, the dishes were decidedly substantial, behind the chairs Rickett and a grave assistant maid moved like decorous automata; there was, in short, an atmosphere of solid, dignified, old-fashioned prosperity that weighed a little heavily on the spirited visitor.

In consequence of Aunt Mary having gone to her brother and pleaded her nephew's cause before Aunt Julia had time to express her views, he was being indulged with a small and somewhat dilute whisky and soda (mixed by Rickett—evidently no adept), but the chances of getting his tumbler replenished he perceived to be small. There were no wine-glasses, either on the table or the sideboard, which seemed to forbid the remotest hope of port, and he had the gravest suspicions that his elder aunt would insist on having his mysterious malady medically confirmed before she permitted even the small whisky another night.

For a gentleman who had been accustomed to his pint of champagne upon a very moderate excuse, who never dined without his glass of port, and who considered that a prudent person should draw the line at a fourth whisky and soda, but might use his discretion up to that limit, the prospect of this regimen was disheartening. It was not, he said to himself, that he was in the bad sense bibulous, but he believed devoutly in neglecting no aid to happiness the world provides; and while at all times he abhorred restraint, his spirit kicked against it now with a vehemence incredible to those who had never enjoyed his present exaltation.

"They could see me at my very best by the mere drawing of a cork; while the drawing of a couple would give them the night of their lives," he thought. "It is quite remarkable how people throw away their chances. I wonder if there is anybody else in this neighbourhood who would make better use of an heir? It is well worth making some inquiry."

At this stage in his reflections, however, a counter-balancing factor occurred to him; it occurred, in fact, forcibly. This factor wore a black beard and carried a shrewd Scotch head upon a pair of very broad and muscular shoulders.

"By gad, I'd nearly forgotten my friend Lumsden!" he said to himself; "the confounded fellow is sure to have been to the police. If I show my face in the streets I shall be nabbed to a certainty. No, there's nothing for it but making the best of this billet."

Whatever the shortcomings of Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, his worst enemies could never deny him the virtues of good humour and a singular adaptability to changing circumstances. Throwing off his brief discontent, he sipped his allowance of liquor with the philosophical determination to make it last as long as possible, exchanged an affectionate smile with his Aunt Mary, and with renewed enthusiasm set about combining the rôles of rollicking sea dog and member of a family suffering under a recent bereavement.

Thus, raising his glass with a grave air, he delivered the well-phrased sentiment:

"To Alfred in port, hoping his voyage has been a record run!"

Aunt Julia looked merely startled, but by this time he had resigned himself to the lack of that lady's appreciation. Aunt Mary and Uncle Theodore, however, though perhaps a trifle surprised at first, seemed to him distinctly pleased with this sentiment, once they had grasped the allegory. In his present enviable state of mind, very little encouragement went a very long way with Mr. Essington, and a few minutes later he tried again, this time bowing across the table to Aunt Mary.

"To the lass a sailor loves; and may they all love the right one, like me!"

This was such a pronounced success (Aunt Mary remained pink for the rest of dinner) that he even ventured to address a similar little compliment to his other aunt. He took considerable pains over it, and flattered himself that the beginning was irreproachable, though the end unfortunately will never be known.

"To the chaste lady whose blessings ——" he began, but was interrupted ruthlessly.

"John!" she said sharply, "if you venture to make fun of *me*, I shall leave the table!"

"Make fun?" exclaimed her nephew in a scandalized voice. "My dear aunt, reverence is the only emotion ——"

"That will do," said she, and for a short time there was a somewhat strained silence.

These memoirs have been compiled in vain if they leave the impression that Mr. Essington was a gentleman easily discouraged. But there were undoubtedly moments when he was less exuberant than usual; and this was one of them. It was not that he felt depressed, but he did feel distinctly disappointed, and under the circumstances he judged it on the whole more discreet to refrain from sentiments in the meanwhile, and confine his conversation to regaling the company with a few more of his experiences afloat.

It was then that the happy idea occurred to him of partaking in a voyage of exploration to the Arctic regions. This was a subject of which he happened to have read one or two very interesting accounts not long before, and having first discovered that his uncle was unacquainted with these works, he was able to account satisfactorily for two long and arduous years of his adventurous life. As, however, his experience may be found rather more accurately narrated in the volumes in question, it is unnecessary to retail his conversation here. It is enough to say that it impressed at least two of his audience very favourably indeed with his hardihood, devotion to duty, and acquaintance with the habits of polar bears.

In spite of this success, he felt sensibly relieved when dinner was over, and the ladies had left the room. It is true that his worst suspicions had been confirmed; there was neither port, nor even any lesser wine. But he still had some excellent cigars left in his case, and he could not doubt that though his newly-found uncle might keep his cellar locked, he would surely be ready to replenish a cigar case.

Mr. Hayward seemed, after the ladies' departure, to be a little at a loss what to do under these unusual circumstances.

"As we drink no wine, Jack," he began, "I think there is not much object in remaining at table."

"None, sir," sighed his nephew.

"I myself usually return to my microscope. If you care to—er—look through it ——"

"I would not dream of disturbing your studies!" the nephew assured him.

Mr. Hayward was evidently relieved.

"In that case your aunts will be very pleased ——"

He broke off and eyed the cigar case which his nephew had just taken from his breast pocket.

"I regret to say, Jack, that neither your Aunt Julia nor I care for smoking inside the house. In the morning you are quite at liberty to smoke in the garden—preferably at the further side of it, since some of the windows will probably be open; but I am afraid you cannot smoke here."

Mr. Essington had seldom been seen to greater advantage. He merely sighed again, bowed gracefully to his fate, and retired to the drawing-room. There for the better part of an hour he continued to exhibit the most amiable, and even docile spirit; and at last, with a polite apology, announced that he had letters of considerable importance to write, and begged to be excused.

"You will find writing materials in the small morning-room," said Aunt Julia.

"But there is no fire there, Julia!" cried her sister.

"I should hardly think that anyone who has spent two years in the Arctic regions will find it cold on a mild October night in the South of England," replied Aunt Julia, and there seemed to her nephew to be a note of irony in her voice.

"Certainly not," he assured her. "Bless you, Auntie, I'm toughened up, I can tell you!"

She looked at him inscrutably. All she said was:

"We retire to bed at ten o'clock. I hope you will not remain up much longer than that."

"Half an hour at most," said he, "and you can trust me to turn out all the lights."

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He bade them an affectionate good-night, stepped out into the hall, and looked warily about him.

"I wish I had thought of asking Aunt Mary to take me round the house before dinner and show me all the dear, well-remembered rooms," he said to himself. "Hang me if I know what's behind one of these dashed doors."

Treading stealthily, he tried one door and found it was a Georgian dummy, placed in the wall for symmetry. His second attempt landed him in the library, where he discovered Uncle Theodore engrossed with his microscope. Having explained that he had ventured in to say good-night, and extracted the useful information that Mr. Hayward also retired at ten, he resumed his explorations, and at the next attempt found what was evidently the small morning-room. It was a formal, cheerless apartment, but as Mr. Essingson's programme did not include the least intention of spending the rest of the evening there, he closed the door again and tip-toed down a passage opening off the further end of the hall. And there at last he got his first agreeable surprise.

"A billiard-room, by gad!" he said to himself. "I begin to think there might have been some hope for Uncle Theodore if he had only had the luck to meet me a little earlier in his career."

The room was in darkness save for the illumination from the open door. He slipped quietly in, lifted the corner of the linen cover, and felt the cushions.

"A trifle hard, but quite playable," he said to himself, and with that he tip-toed back again.

He took out his watch, and saw that it was now a quarter to ten. And then he returned to the small morning-room and rang the bell.

Some ten minutes later Rickett softly closed the morning-room door behind him and re-crossed the hall, his smile more benignant than ever.

"There's really no resisting Mr. Jack and them sailor ways of his!" he said to himself. "It's not risking much, and—bless him!—boys will be boys."

On the stroke of ten the ladies in their turn crossed the hall. Their first halting place was the library, where they roused their brother from his microscopic studies; their second was their virginal apartments. A minute or two later Mr. Hayward closed the door of his own bedroom, and only their nephew was left downstairs, closeted with his correspondence.

Quarter of an hour thereafter, the door of the small morning-room opened very quietly indeed, a tall figure in evening clothes, walking delicately, passed across the hall and faded into the obscurity of the passage beyond, and finally the billiard-room door gently opened, and was as gently shut again.

Five minutes later the cover was off the table, all the lights were blazing, and the balls were clicking pleasantly; while over the table bent Mr. Essington, a cue in his skilful hands and a cigar between his lips. And on the mantelshelf stood a yellowish tumbler.

"It is wonderful what a little tact will do!" he said to himself complacently. "I think on the whole this may prove quite a tolerable situation."

VIII.—THE OTHER HEIR.

"Well, here we are at Southbourne!" said Mr. Palmer, looking out of the carriage window at the rows of houses which had begun to replace the autumnal countryside through which they had been running. "And there's the blank sea shining like as if it was to welcome you home, Bill!"

Mr. Palmer was dressed in a brand new suit of clothes, with brown boots that squeaked a little and an equally new bowler hat. Not having been accustomed to wear this last article, he was a trifle uncomfortable under it, tilting it at intervals now over his nose and now on to the back of his head in search of the happy angle. Otherwise, as this poetical outburst proved, he was in the highest spirits.

Mr. William Dent was also arrayed in a new outfit for the occasion, which included a flash waistcoat, a grey felt hat, and boots that did not squeak. Though a little nervous, he also was in capital spirits, as he showed by rebuking his friend quite genially.

"Who are you speaking to, Bob?" he asked. "There's no one called Bill in this carriage!"

"Strike me yellow if that wasn't a damn silly mistake!" laughed Mr. Palmer. "But it shows you've got your wits about you, Jack! Jack—Jack—Jack! Now I've got it into my head!"

The train rolled into the station, and the two friends got out and glanced round at the crowd on the platform.

"Wouldn't these folks sit up and stare if they knew that Mr. Hayward's long-lost heir was walking about among 'em?" remarked Mr. Palmer.

"Bosh!" said his sophisticated friend. "We're not in a backwoods township now. Most of these people probably never heard of old Hayward."

On the whole, Mr. Palmer felt satisfied with his pupil's spirit and nerve now that the crisis was actually at hand, but he still thought it well to give him every encouragement.

"They'll hear of his heir once he gets loose with the cash, anyhow!" he said. "Oh, Jack, my boy, you're a lucky fellow, you are!"

The pair secured a cab and started their operations by driving to a modest hotel recommended by one of the commercial gentlemen at their last hostelry. Mr. Palmer had been in favour of an immediate and dramatic appearance at The Manor House, but Mr. Dent had insisted on the quiet hotel as a preliminary step. Then, after making a few inquiries to see how the land lay, they could decide whether to break the news by a modest and manly letter sent to apprise Mr. Hayward, senior, of his good fortune in recovering his heir, or else drive up to the house straight away. On further reflection Mr. Palmer agreed that at all events no harm would be done by taking this precaution, and accordingly a couple of very affable gentlemen presented themselves at the "Dog and Fox," announcing their names as Messrs. Palmer and Hayward, and demanding a high tea forthwith.

"This lady looks a likely sort to know about folks in this here town," said Mr. Palmer aside to his friend, indicating the buxom manageress.

Accordingly the two gentlemen, while waiting for their tea, entered into friendly conversation with the lady, and presently Mr. Palmer inquired:

"Know anyone of the name of Hayward in this place?"

"What! Old Mr. Hayward of the Manor House?" asked the manageress.

"That's him," said Mr. Palmer with a wink at Mr. Hayward, junior.

"When I heard your friend's name I wondered if he could be any relation."

"Oh, yes, they are relations right enough!" smiled Mr. Palmer.

The manageress looked with much interest at Mr. Hayward, junior.

"Then you'll be a relation of the new heir too," said she.

"The new heir!" exclaimed the two gentlemen simultaneously.

Seeing how interested they appeared to be, she went on with much animation.

"Oh, then you haven't heard? A lot of people are talking about it already. It has made quite a sensation, I can tell you!"

"What has?" inquired the elder gentleman, and the younger looked, if possible, still more curious.

"Why, old Mr. Hayward was burying his nephew this very afternoon. A poor, sickly gentleman he was, and no money couldn't preserve his life, though being old Mr. Hayward's heir—that's to say, till he died—doctors was got down from London ——"

"Yes, yes, I know all about him," interrupted Mr. Hayward, junior. "But what about this other heir?"

"Well," said the manageress, becoming very dramatic indeed, "they gave him a fine funeral; expense being no object—as you know as well as me, being a relation, and my brother-in-law's own cousin being the undertaker. Mr. Tomlinson his name is ——"

"What! the heir's?" exclaimed Mr. Hayward, junior.

The lady laughed pleasantly.

"The undertaker's! And a great many funerals ——"

"Suppose we skip the funeral, Miss," suggested the elder gentleman. "What happened next?"

"It was at the funeral it happened!" she cried. "Hardly was this poor Mr. Alfred in his grave when up walks a tall, handsome gentleman—and mind you, Mr. Tomlinson saw it all happen himself! He was in here not half-an-hour ago for a small Scotch, so I got it straight from his own lips!"

"And about the handsome gentleman, Miss; who was he?" demanded the elder visitor, speaking quietly, but with something in his eye that brought the lady to the point at last.

"The old gentleman's missing heir! 'I'm Jack Hayward, your long lost nephew!' says he; like that, right out before them all. Mr. Tomlinson heard his very words, and he says you could have knocked the old gentleman down with a feather, he was that surprised! Wasn't it like a story book?"

Both gentlemen appeared to be considerably affected by this picturesque version of the long lost heir's reappearance. For a moment they stared at one another, too amazed for comment. Mr. Palmer was the first to recover from what, the lady afterwards said, seemed quite like a shock.

"Just like a story book!" he agreed. "I never heard on such a fancy yarn before"; an assertion which he confirmed by a very emphatic oath.

Mr. Hayward, junior, said nothing, but he looked, if possible, even more interested.

"I suppose old Mr. Hayward recognised the handsome gentleman right off?" said Mr. Palmer in a moment.

"Well, you see, he hadn't seen him not since he was a little boy. But very rejoiced he looked, I'm told, and started introducing him to all his friends; and then off they drove in a carriage together to the Manor House."

"So this new heir is there now?" asked Mr. Hayward.

"Oh, I suppose so. But, of course, nobody saw anything of them after they drove away, and there hasn't been time to hear anything more yet. Will you be calling at the Manor House, sir? You'll see him for yourself then."

"Oh, yes, we'll be calling there soon!" replied Mr. Palmer, his voice quite hearty again now. "Won't we, Jack?"

The manageress looked surprised.

"What, are you Mr. Jack Hayward too?" she exclaimed. "Well, I declare that's funny!"

The two gentlemen exchanged a glance, and for some reason the younger one seemed ill-pleased. His friend laughed and explained.

"No, no; he's not really Jack. Joseph is his name, but I just call him Jack for short sometimes."

"And I'm only a distant relation; hardly a relation at all, properly speaking," said the other hurriedly.

"Your tea is ready, sir," announced the waiter.

"My God, I'm blanked if I'm going to wait for tea!" whispered Mr. Joseph Hayward, as they turned away from the desk.

Mr. Palmer seized his arm with an iron grip.

"Don't be a damn fool!" he muttered. "If we *don't* wait, we'll give the whole blank show away!"

(To be continued)

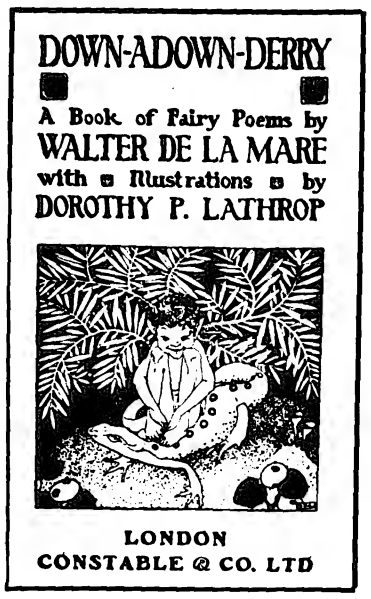


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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

"'To the lass a sailor loves; and may they all love the right one, like me!'"

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The Title-page of Mr. Walter de la Mare's New Book

A LITERARY LETTER : *Books for Christmas.*

LONDON, October 30, 1922.

The rush of Christmas books is upon us, and I give first place to the two poets who seem to me to possess the greatest lyrical gift of any of the men poets at the present time—Mr. de la Mare and Mr. Housman. I welcome in particular a beautiful volume by Mr. Walter de la Mare. *Down-Adown-Derry* is the title, and Constables are the publishers. It is a book of fairy poems, many of which the admirers of Mr. de la Mare have already read in *Songs of Childhood*, but there is in this volume the additional distinction of illustrations by Miss Dorothy P. Lathrop. Not since Stevenson wrote his *Child's Garden of Verses* has there been any volume of quite the same quality adapted for children, and Mr. de la Mare is a far finer lyric poet than Stevenson.

The other volume which will be given away, I imagine, very widely for a Christmas present is from a veteran hand, a writer whose restraint as a poet is amazing when one considers the enormous success which accrued to *A Shropshire Lad* which A. E. Housman published twenty-seven years ago. Twenty-seven years is a long time for a writer who has won fame to abstain from the printed page, but this Mr. Housman has done, and now, in 1922, he issues *Last Poems* (Grant Richards), a volume of captivating verse, with lines that remain in the memory—and this is not a characteristic of most of our very modern poetry.

If you want to realise how bad much modern poetry may be you will read a volume called *Shorter Lyrics of the Twentieth Century*, selected by W. H. Davies (The Poetry Bookshop). It is one of the innumerable anthologies which are usually distinguished by leaving out the very best poets—some because they won't go in, others because your anthologist is rarely a very sound critic of poetry. One reason, indeed, will be found in a frank statement by Mr. Davies that "the worst poets have charged the highest fees for the use of their work." This is rather rough on some of the men and women who have contributed to Mr. Davies's anthology. It is obvious that the very bad poets are glad to see their verse printed in these abundant volumes, which presumably pay the publisher mainly because they cost so little in authors' fees.

Another volume of simple children's verse which I commend as a Christmas present for the young is *The Bower Book* (Daniel O'Conner), which consists of simple poems for boys and girls, edited by Letty and Ursula Littlewood. This consists of the well-known favourites, "The Pied Piper of Hamelin," "We are Seven," Tennyson's "Brook," and a multitude of well-known poems—and others not so well known. There are some good coloured illustrations by Honor C. Appleton.

The firm of Partridge have issued a good book for the children in *The Lucie Attwell Annual*. Everyone who knows Lucie Attwell's drawings realises how good they are, and in this volume many are reproduced in colour, and the writing is excellent. Here is, in fact, an ideal book for a child of seven or eight years of age.

From the Bodley Head I have received *Canadian Fairy Tales*, by Cyrus Macmillan, the illustrations by Marcia Lane Foster. Professor Macmillan has gathered these tales from Indian sources, and they will make a particular appeal to all who know something of the charm and mystery of the Canadian forest.

Another book for younger children is *Three Naughty Children*, by Orlo Williams, illustrated by J. R. Monsell (Duckworth). If I am able to judge, ten to fourteen are the ages in which young people will find a thrill in the adventures of these children, so well presented alike in picture and in word.

Mr. Thornton Butterworth's contribution to this type of Christmas literature includes another volume of his "Royal Road Library," which phrase covers a generous effort to contradict the assumption that there is no royal road to learning. *The Pond*, by Carl Ewald, illustrated by Warwick Reynolds. will certainly give plenty of pleasant instruction to those who desire to know what goes on around and in a pond. Not only the water spider and the water lily but the birds which most love to live near fresh water are minutely presented.

The Flame Flower, by Phyllis Saunders, illustrated by Hilda T. Miller, is another pleasant book I have received from Mr. Butterworth, and it is a capital children's story.

There are very special reasons why my readers should purchase for a Christmas present to themselves or to their friends a copy of the facsimile reprint of Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, just issued by Cecil Palmer (Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London). All the profits of the book go to a most deserving charity, a fund for publishers' and booksellers' assistants when they fall on bad times. The book, in fact, has been produced by the committee of the National Book Trade Provident Institution. It has a critical introduction by G. K. Chesterton, who so brilliantly keeps alive the Dickens tradition for a younger generation, and a preface by B. W. Matz, who tells the story—than which no man is more qualified to do than the editor of *The Dickensian*—of the circumstances under which Dickens wrote the book.

As for *A Christmas Carol*, it is beyond all praise in my eyes. I have read it, as you have, a score of times, and its charm never flags. There is a charm also in the first edition of any classic. It is good to see a book when it has become famous as its author first saw it. Happy the man who can possess such treasures. I have *The Chimes* and *The Cricket on the Hearth*, but a copy of the first edition of the *Carol* which I have just handled cost its possessor £40. Well, here in this facsimile is the next best thing. It is true the cover has been "copied" from a faded volume. The real book is of a richer and darker crimson, and the plates by Leech lack some of the bloom in colouring of a real "first." But the little volume is well intentioned, is a pleasant way of reading a great little story—and it is for a charity, which is an abundant plea for its publication and for its wide distribution.

But you may obtain all the Christmas stories of Charles Dickens in one handsome volume, with eleven illustrations in colour by Spencer Baird Nichols. This is a very handsome volume issued by Mr. Jonathan Cape. It contains *The Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Haunted Man*—in fact, all of Dickens's well-known Christmas stories—in a delightful form.

Mr. Jonathan Cape also has sent me four volumes in a beautiful series of children's books entitled "The Twin Series." It is a record of the everyday life of boys and girls of different countries, and we are told that over half a million copies of these books have already been sold in the United States and Canada. There is every reason why they should be popular here, for they are daintily produced books in which some measure of instruction is conveyed in a vivacious form. We have *The Scotch Twins*, *The Irish Twins*, *The Cave Twins*, and *The Eskimo Twins*. *The Cave Twins* is an ingenious effort to produce child life in the prehistoric period, and this volume should be the most popular of the four. The author of these books is Lucy Fitch Perkins.

Some of us recall Miss Constance Smedley as a clever novelist, and as the leading spirit of the Lyceum Club, for women. They will welcome her in *The Armfield's Animal Book*, by Constance Smedley Armfield, with illustrations in colour by Maxwell Armfield—which recalls that this talented lady has changed her name, and is now Mrs. Armfield, living, I think, in California. *The Armfield's Animal Book* is a quaint treasury of stories about various animals, including the turtle, the grasshopper, the camel, the eagle, and the raven. There is a great variety of animal life in this beautifully illustrated volume, which is published by Mr. Duckworth. Mr. Duckworth also gives us *Picture Stories for Children*, by Irmangarde Eberle.

Yet another Christmas book is *Song Devices and Jingles*, by Eleanor Smith (George C. Harrap), in which various children's songs are given with the music, and enriched by charming illustrations.

It is twenty-seven years ago since I received the first book by Mr. H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells's achievement since the production of *The Time Machine* in the year 1895 has been a wonderful one. I have more than fifty volumes by him on my shelves, most of them in first editions and autographed. How much some of us enjoyed Mr. Wells in those days! His application of his scientific knowledge to the art of fiction was most invigorating, even if it was somewhat saddening. The last of the Victorians was surely William Morris with *The Earthly Paradise*, and in his socialist pamphlets treating of a wonderful world filled with charm, romance, and idealism. Mr. Wells may be said to be the first writer of a new epoch, and its romance was grimly matter-of-fact. The inventions which he foreshadowed—and he more than any other writer was alive to the wonderful achievements of the air service—were not calculated to make the world a more lovely place in which to dwell. His first book, *The Time Machine*, which carried us into an age quite unlike that of William Morris—into an age in which all the humans had deteriorated and half the human race had burrowed under the ground—showed a wonderful imagination, but did not add to the calm of life.

I am moved to recall Mr. Wells's earlier efforts, his scientific stories, because he has moved far afield since those days into all kinds of philosophical disquisitions into which I rarely follow him with sympathy. There was just a suspicion in my mind that he had returned to his old love in *No. 87*, by Harrington Hext (Thornton Butterworth). I was for a moment half-persuaded that this book was by him, it is so full of his scientific interests. *No. 87* is in any case a thrilling story, in which a man of science invents a wonderful flying machine, and is enabled by its aid to strike down, one after another, all the public men with whom he is in disagreement—a rather drastic method of treating political opponents. I was, however, convinced that the book was not by Mr. Wells, because I noticed that the author uses the verb "to voice" many times; and although that verb has classical literature to justify it, it is not a word which your modern master of style is given to use, and in any case the author has not in the least his master's gifts of style even though he has successfully utilised his method. I got Mr. Wells on the brain because several American reviewers—and the book is already a success in that country—were sure it was by the author of *The Time Machine*. In a letter to me that writer emphatically contradicts the assertion. The book does indeed contain a considerable number of thrills, and reminds one at many points of those stories by Mr. H. G. Wells in which I delighted in those far-off days. I think it probable that *No. 87* will secure a great success.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE CRIMSON CIRCLE. By Edgar Wallace. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
THE BLACK GANG. By "Sapper." 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
CARNAC. By Gilbert Parker. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
THE HONEYCOMBERS. By Janet Laing. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
SQUARE DEAL SANDERSON. By Charles Alden Seltzer. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)
MERTON OF THE MOVIES. By Harry Leon Wilson. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Lane.*)
THE ADVENTURES OF A TROPICAL TRAMP. By Harry L. Foster. 12s. 6d. net. (*John Lane.*)
OUT OF THE DARKNESS. By Charles J. Dutton. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Lane.*)
ODDS AND ENDS OF A LEARNED CLERK. By Arthur Eckersley. 5s. net. (*John Lane.*)
THE AUTHOR OF BELTRAFFIO, etc. By Henry James. 7s. 6d. net. (*Macmillan.*)
THE LESSON OF THE MASTER, etc. By Henry James. 7s. 6d. net. (*Macmillan.*)
ALBERT BALLIN. By Bernard Huldermann. 12s. net. (*Cassell.*)

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"The Last Waltz," at the Gaiety Theatre.

A Tuneful Musical Comedy of the Viennese Order



"You have played a dangerous game, but you have won"

So says Prince Paul (Mr. Bertram Wallis) to the kneeling Vera (Miss José Collins). Mr. Bertram Wallis acts with great force in this scene



The Brave Young English Officer, Lieutenant Merrington (Mr. Kingsley Lark), Rescues Vera from the Drunken Attentions of Prince Paul



Yvonne Park

Little Babuschka (Miss Vesta Sylva) Acts Cleverley the Part of the Amusing Little Daughter of the Countess Alexandrowna



Stage Photo Co.

The Countess Alexandrowna (Miss Amy Augarde) Surrounded by her Three Daughters, all of whom are Loved Equally by Baron Mekowitch (Mr. Billy Leonard)

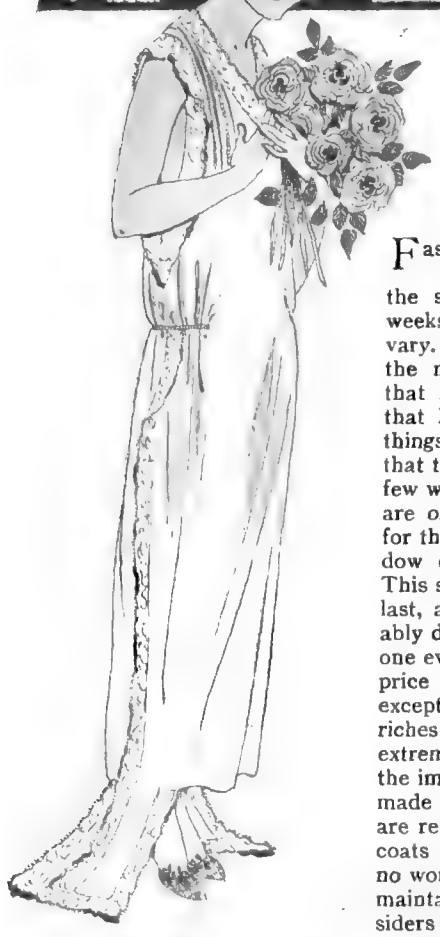
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THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By MARJORIE



A Fashionable Nightdress

Of crêpe de chine, trimmed with lace and hemstitching. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Fashions have crystallised, and there will be little change in the silhouette during the ensuing weeks; it is the details that will vary. It is extremely interesting at the moment to notice the modes that have been accepted, and those that have passed into the limbo of things forgotten, although it may be that they only saw the light of day a few weeks ago. Persian lamb coats are on the crest of the wave, and for the time being have cast a shadow over those of seal-musquash. This state of affairs is not likely to last, as there is something remarkably decorative about the latter. No one even considers sable coats, their price rendering them prohibitive except to those endowed with the riches of Crœsus. Mink coats are extremely fashionable, and owing to the immense strides that have been made in the treatment of the skins, are remarkably beautiful. Kolinsky coats also have their votaries, while no woman who has a reputation to maintain for being well dressed considers her wardrobe complete without a moleskin wrap.

Rare and Beautiful Furs

It is always interesting to study rare and beautiful furs, hence everyone must write to the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., for their book illustrating the same. From its pages an admirable idea of the styles may be obtained; it is not, however, until one sees the original garments that one realises the beauty of the skins and the artistic skill that has been brought to bear in their working. A fact that cannot be too widely disseminated is that the prices that prevail are extremely moderate, and it is one of those erroneous impressions that cannot be too strongly combated, that the prices are high. However, "Impostors in Fancy Dress" never enter these portals, and as only the best skins are used, unique value is obtained, the garments wearing indefinitely. Now, for £8 10s. there are dyed-blue wolf stoles with mounted animal head and tail lined with rich crêpe de chine, while red fox animal stoles are from £18 10s. By the way, there are white lapin decorative coatees for evening wear for the *débutante*, some of them being enriched with silk fringe and seal lapin.

The House-coat

The house-coat has become a very important occupant of the wardrobe. For morning wear a wool coat does duty for the same, but for bridge and afternoon wear there are adorable affairs of velvet enriched with embroidery. They often take the form of a loose jacket, and for chilly mortals are interlined with wadding. Handsome brocade is employed for their creation. They are often accompanied by a waistcoat, reinforced with a high collar.

Draped Skirts

In the domain of evening gowns there is a decided feeling for draped skirts accompanied by rather long corsages. Frequently black velvet skirts have corsages of jet, while when coloured velvet is used the corsages are of net, embroidered with opalescent and crystal beads. The vogue for the brocade evening dress with a certain amount of fulness over the hips that can be regulated by a draw-string still continues; an innovation is a little tissue vest that fastens on one side. This enables the frock to be slipped on over the head without disarranging the hair. Sometimes tunics of net are added to the skirts of these dresses, when *motifs* of the brocade are appliqued thereon.

Hats of Duvetyn and Felt

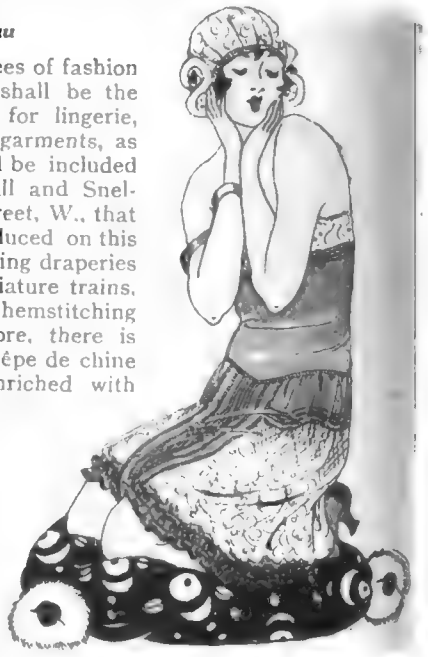
There is little trimming on the hats this year, line being all-important. Those of duvetyn have been accepted by the leaders of fashion. Some of the hats of this material are in shape not unlike those worn by "M. Beaucaire," the brims piped with a contrasting colour. Draped turbans have ribbons on one side, while those of the mushroom character are hand-painted. From Paris come some delightful felt hats that are so soft that they suggest velvet; the notable milliners on this side of the Channel are "shaping" them to suit the prospective wearer, and then trimming them with a pin.

Hat and Bag to Match

Another point to remember is that the hat and bag should match—if not in material, then in colour. A pretty idea is a neat toque of multi-coloured metal brocade with quartered crown and fur brim; it sets well down on the head, so that the strongest wind is powerless to dislodge it, the vanity bags being of brocade, which introduces a telling touch of colour to what might otherwise be a sombre toilette. And in this connection it may be just as well to mention that women will wear bunches of artificial flowers with their fur coats, taking care that they shall harmonise with the brocade of the hat. These flowers will be perfumed, not with their own scent but with the wearer's favourite. It is quite easy to do this oneself by saturating a little cotton-wool in the perfume and wrapping it round the stalks.

Lingerie for the Trousseau

Among the most peremptory decrees of fashion this season is that crêpe de chine shall be the fabricating medium *par excellence* for lingerie, and that at least one set of satin garments, as well as those of the finest lawn, shall be included in a trousseau. It was at Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., that the pale coral-pink nightdress reproduced on this page was sketched; note the soft falling draperies at the sides, which terminate in miniature trains, and are outlined with lace—fine hemstitching increases their charm. Furthermore, there is much to be said in favour of the crêpe de chine nightdresses with scalloped neck enriched with embroidery for 29s. 6d., while there are other nightdresses, entirely made by hand, for 39s. 6d. Attention must likewise be drawn to the cami-knickers illustrated; they are of a delicate shade of pink crêpe de chine, and are trimmed with silk lace, fagot stitching, and tucks, and are to be obtained for 84s. For chilly mortals and invalids this firm is making nunsveiling and crêpe de chine nightdresses with high necks and long sleeves. By the way, they will be pleased to send a selection of their lingerie on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.



Crêpe de Chine Cami-Knicker

Ornamented with silk lace and fagot stitching. At Marshall and Snelgrove's



A Graceful Tea-frock

Of pink and silver brocade, the draperies caught with bead buckles. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Graceful Tea-frocks

Women who realise the importance of being well dressed on all occasions always go to Marshall and Snelgrove, Vere Street and Oxford Street, for their tea-frocks and *négligées*. To-day they are making a feature of maternity gowns of soft satin beauté, supplemented with handkerchief sleeves of lace, and the price of these is only £5; they will be sent on approval, and are obtainable in all fashionable colours, dark as well as light. Illustrated on this page is a simple tea-frock of pink and silver brocade, the draperies being held in position with bead buckles, and the price is £5 19s. 6d. Ever so delightful for winter evenings are the chiffon velvet tea-frocks for 6½ guineas, while those of georgette are 4½ guineas. For the benefit of those who are unable to visit these *salons*, this firm has prepared a catalogue, which will be sent on application. And as evening wraps for the *débutante* are of topical interest, everyone must visit the department where these are located. There are cloaks of velveteen with the modish berthe, pleated collar, lined throughout with silk, for 8½ guineas, and there are others of the same fabric with petal collars. It is here that the very last words in winter sports outfits may be studied. There is a splendid assortment of woollen jersey coats and wraps, to say nothing of the practical skirts of proofed fabrics.

Olive Edwards

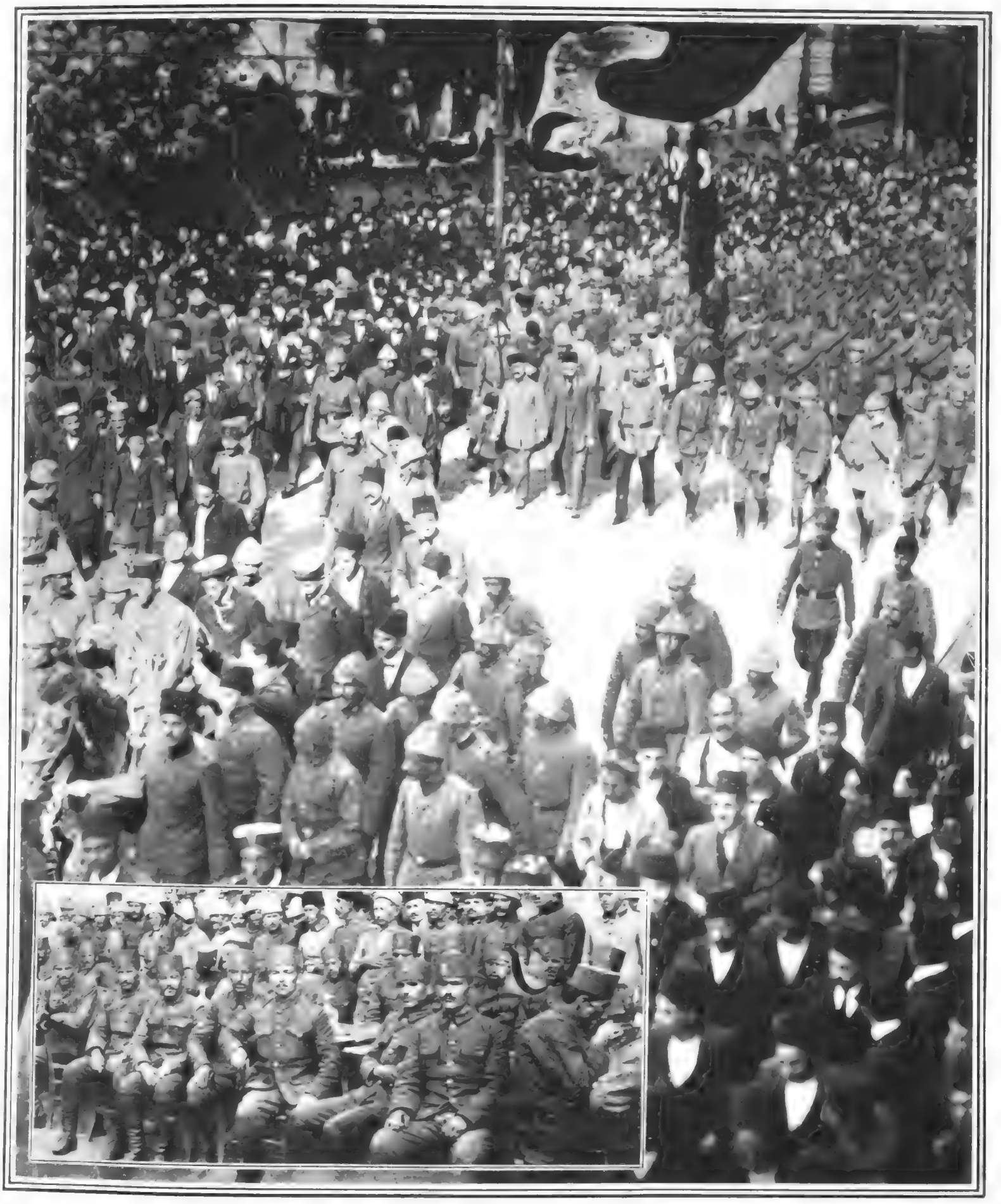
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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Volume XCI. No. 1190. **Price One Shilling.** **Postage** {Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d.} **London, November 11, 1922.**



THE GRAVE SITUATION AT CONSTANTINOPLE—A TURKISH GENDARMERIE DEMONSTRATION

Every opportunity to demonstrate before the Allies has been seized upon during the past week or so in Constantinople. Here is a party of gendarmerie, arrived from Asia Minor, being escorted through the city to take up its work in Eastern Thrace. On these occasions it has been unsafe to be seen in the streets without a fez. The picture inset gives a close-up view of some of the gendarmerie in the procession. Mr. Scotland Liddell, our special commissioner in Constantinople, urges that the city must not be evacuated for a considerable time. The city has never been so quiet and orderly as during the recent Allied régime—the result of an efficent police

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A COMMENTARY OF THE WEEK.

REMEMBRANCE WEEK

November 11, 1918
November 11, 1922



Holborn's War Memorial

To the Royal Fusiliers. Unveiled last Saturday by the ex-Lord Mayor



At Mill Hill's Memorial

The Prince of Wales was only able to attend in his car owing to the accident to his ankle. The Mill Hill War Memorial to the Middlesex Regiment was unveiled by Lieutenant-General Sir Ivor Maxse, who deputised for the Prince, and who is here seen talking to him



The Poppies of Flanders

Field-Marshal Lord Haig arranging with Captain W. G. Wilcox the details of Poppy Day—November 11

Mr. Lloyd George, recovered from a sick bed, made a slashing onslaught upon the Prime Minister's position, to be met with a disarming candour and simplicity of statement from Mr. Bonar Law. Mr. Asquith put forward with measured periods the position of the Independent Liberals, and told us very effectively the causes which had brought about the end of the Coalition. Some there be who would like to forget the Greeks and the Turks. Labour was very restless under the condition in which she found herself during the week-end. The effort to get the Soviet Government to ratify the Urquhart concession revealed by *The Morning Post*, in order that the position of Labour here might be made more easy, cannot have proved helpful.

Origin of a New Party Name

Many readers, doubtless, have been puzzled over the origin of the new party name of National Liberal. The explanation is very well given in *The Manchester Guardian* of last week; I venture to quote it here.

I do not suppose that they mean it, but the Coalition Liberals have caused a great deal of confusion by calling themselves "National Liberals," and still more confusion by taking up their headquarters at 18, Abingdon Street, the Liberal quarters being 21, Abingdon Street, three doors away. The description, "National Liberals," adopted nearly a year ago, causes a confusion with the National Liberal Federation. Letters, callers, and telephone calls are constantly falling upon 21, Abingdon Street, the Liberal party headquarters, that are really intended for 18, Abingdon Street. I should not be surprised if rather awkward facts came to the knowledge of 21, Abingdon Street, quite innocently on both sides, owing to this confusion. Meanwhile the name of "National Liberal" has not taken on. I am told (I have not noticed the point closely myself) that in Mr. Lloyd George's speeches he still refers to his personal followers as "Coalition" Liberals, but however that may be, the "National Liberal" headquarters still figure in the telephone book just issued as "Coalition Liberal Central Office." No doubt the Coalition Liberals would like to lose the word Coalition, but they are not finding it so easy to lose it. There are other denominations which require explanation. Not everyone could state definitely the exact platform of the National Democratic Party, of which there were ten in the late Coalition.

Autumn by the River

Though the weather proved very variable — snow, frost, wind, rain, and sunshine succeeding one on the other in rapid succession—the countryside succeeded in looking very attractive with its dark tree trunks against copper and yellow leaves. Along the river a multitude of patient fishermen were out, with their long bamboo fishing rods rising and falling, but catching little. Science is the thing on Thames-side. Several spartan crews were out on the glistening stream, including several crews of girl rowers, their coloured handkerchief head-dresses providing bright spots of colour in the dusk of the afternoon as their boat sped past.

THE SIGHING OF THE LEAVES

Armistice Day, 1922

Gold of the autumn leaves! Golden above,
The sunshine brings
A trail of wondrous light that floats to rest
On whisp'ring laurel bush and russet mound. . . .
A robin sings! Soft cadences of sound
That rise and fall—attuned to the faint sigh
Of leaves once gold, now brown, that fallen lie. . . .
Far from the throbbing of the city's heart,
A robin sings.

Gold of the autumn leaves! The sun is veil'd;
A grey mist flings
O'er tree-robed hill, her mantle—'tis the hour
For silence—for remembrance! Nature grieves,
And weeping, speeds to earth her golden leaves,
While laurels mourn. . . . *An Unknown Warrior sleeps!*
Ah, laurel bough, symbol of Fame, that keeps
Thy leaves unshed—*requiem o'er russet mounds,*
A robin sings.

IRENE E. OSBORNE.



At the Cenotaph—In Memory of the 53rd Division

Among the several brief ceremonies at the Cenotaph last week, Brigadier-General S. F. Mott, C.B., placed a wreath on the Cenotaph inmemory of the fallen of the 53rd Division Club, and the members of the division who were present stood silently for a short time before the memorial



London Fascisti Remember "The Unknown Warrior"

Black-shirted and bare-headed, a detachment of Fascisti marched through Lon the Unknown Warrior's grave on Saturday last, Italy's Armistice Day. They the Cenotaph on the way. They are here seen saluting outside the Abbey minute whilst their wreath was placed on the Unknown Warrior's grav

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Miles & Kaye

New Sheriff for 1922

Mr. Sheriff S. H. M. Killick, J.P.



Miles & Kaye

The New Lord Mayor of London

Alderman S. C. Moore in mayoral robes



Miles & Kaye

New Sheriff for 1922

Mr. Sheriff J. E. K. Studd, M.A.

Coming Winter Sports

Those among our sporting readers who are contemplating a winter holiday in Switzerland should not fail to see the next issue of THE SPHERE. It will contain a host of pictures illustrating the chief winter sports centres, with much useful information for the sportsman seeking to choose among the big list of possible winter resorts. How high do you wish to go? You can see the elevation above sea-level of the principal stations at a glance on the special diagram prepared for the Winter Sports Section.



Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's Picture of the Guildhall

This picture, completed after a considerable lapse of time, has now been formally taken over by the City authorities. The picture shows the Coronation Banquet in 1911. The above illustration includes the ex-Lord Mayor, Mr. S. J. Solomon, Sir Alfred Temple, Lady Strong, and Lady Baddeley. The picture is now on exhibition at the Suffolk Street Galleries

The Oxford Section Success

The Oxford section, recently published in two parts in THE SPHERE, aroused great interest in all circles in the University city and in many far-distant points where 'Varsity life is of particular interest. *The Oxford Magazine* commented as follows on the first part:—

Oxford was conspicuous in last week's issue of THE SPHERE, which contains several pages of general description, and of photographs of eminent persons in the University. For once at least the senior members find themselves accorded a prominence which a president of the boat club or a football team might envy. We hope (and indeed believe) that the public will receive a favourable impression of the University from these photographs!

Conrad and Marlowe

The theatre has been full of interest to the student of the drama this past week-end. The production of Mr. Conrad's play was, of course, a matter of moment to a very wide audience. The production proved once again that the method of the novelist does not work upon the stage. One critic mentioned the triumph of "atmosphere" that Mr. Conrad achieved at the Ambassadors. The atmospheric influences were there undoubtedly. One felt them the moment one entered the theatre, and the sense of gloom did not rise throughout the evening. Then on Sunday evening, at Daly's Theatre, there was a dashing performance of Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, by the Phœnix, under the auspices of the Incorporated Stage Society. Mr. Baliol Holloway made a splendidly murderous Jew—about a thousand people were poisoned or strangled before the evening was over—brilliantly supported by Mr. Ernest Thesiger as his Turkish servant. The John the Baptist appearance of Mr. Thesiger contrasted oddly with the diabolical nature of Ithamore, but he and the Jew gave us all a merry evening. The audience was a brilliant one.

The Ottomites Again

The latest news from the Near East renders it possible that the Ottomites may still further disturb the profound calm which Mr. Lloyd George perceived brooding over Europe. It may be that the Kemalists' Government is foolish enough to imagine that the readjustment of Parliament will seriously cripple our power abroad. It would be well for them to re-read the history of Rhodes and the Roman Senate. The islanders made the mistake of thinking Rome powerless, and regretted the mistake for many a year. The situation in Constantinople is like a tinder box, writes our correspondent. There are roughly 400,000 Christians in Constantinople at the present time, and they fear reprisals. "We must not leave Constantinople yet," he writes.



Autumn Fashions

A sartorial study at the opening meet of the Hertfordshire Foxhounds at Luton Hoo



Autumn Fashions

An impression of one of the competitors during the Southern Angling Society's fishing contest on Southend Pier last week

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General View of a Fascist Demonstration in Rome

FASCISMO TRIUMPHANT.

A Personal Impression by Edward Hutton, who has Just Returned from Italy

Well, Fascismo has triumphed in Italy, and, as one feared it might do, unfortunately, by what amounts to a *coup d'état*. Mussolino is thus not only Prime Minister but Dictator of Italy, and should he and his Fascismo fail, his Government and his system having shown the way, may be put out in a manner as violent and illegitimate as that by which they obtained power. Let us hope, however, that in this case the consequences of things will not be what one fears they will be.

"I can't make out whether I dislike the Fascisti or rather love them," an Englishman said to me yesterday; "I dislike them as reactionists, but like them as soldiers."

This, I think, is what most Englishmen will feel with regard to this movement, which is above all a triumph of youth—the youth of Italy, which has decided by any and every means to be rid of humbug and corruption and inanity, the stock-in-trade of the average politician on the make, and has in the process endangered, if not destroyed, very precious things, more than it knows.

The dangers are obvious. Mussolini, who for long dominated the Fascisti movement, is now obviously at its mercy. It is running him. It forced him to act as he acted the other day; it forced him to utter the Naples threat to Parliament: "If they will not give us the government, we will take it by force"; it insisted on the march on Rome. Henceforth he is largely at its mercy, and he has got to please the Fascisti, whose leader—*Duce*, they call him—but also whose creature he is.

There can be little doubt that had he been able to have his own way we should have seen a Giolitti–Orlando Government which the Fascisti could have supported. This Government and not the Fascisti, Giolitti and not Mussolini, would have done all the disagreeable but necessary things, and had it fallen in the doing of them it were no great matter; it would have fallen, as any Government falls.

But Mussolini will have to do all the disagreeable but necessary things. And if he falls? . . .

What are these things?

To redeem Italy from the abyss of bankruptcy, to make the railways pay their way, to make the post-telegraph pay its way. Let us stop there.

How is this to be done?

It would seem that it can only be done by dismissing many thousands of employees, and by abolishing the eight-hour day. But these thousands who must be thrown into the street, who must be sacrificed, are largely Fascisti in the making; they contributed to the Mussolini triumph, he is their representative. If or when they are starving, what will they or their friends say; and, more important by far, what will they do?

We have all, in England, believed in Italy; but long before there was an Italy to believe in, we, in England, have always believed in liberty. It is not only the group system which has perished in Italy in the last few days. Something else has perished too. The effect of this will be felt everywhere. Italy—the youth of Italy—have placed what we will call national efficiency, but which they might call Italianità, above democratic liberty. They seem to have hurried on over a threshold upon which, indeed, we stood, into a new world, in which all that seemed most precious in the old is, if not held in contempt, at any rate less valued than—as the long history of England and, indeed, of Europe shows—it should and must be.

E. H.



Carrying a Captured Karl Marx Portrait

Fascisti carrying captured pictures of Karl Marx, Lenin, and Trotsky on their arrival in Rome



The New Fascist Cabinet, with Signor Mussolini at its Head

Signor Mussolini is acting with quick determination. The latest news points to the State Railways becoming private property

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THE Municipal and Parliamentary ELECTIONS.



Electioneering in the Wycombe Division

Lady Torrington explaining the situation to an aged voter. She holds in her hand a copy of the Liberal party's manifesto to the nation



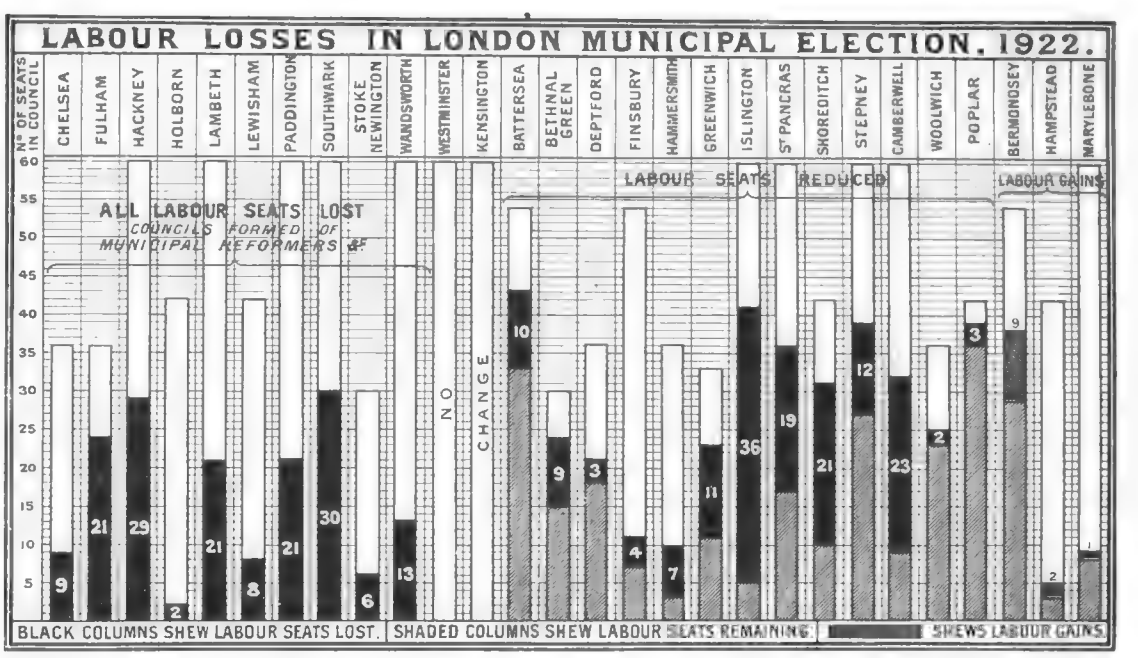
Canvassing on Thames-side—An Unusual Scene at Rotherhithe

Mr. J. Lort-Williams, Conservative candidate for Rotherhithe, puts off in a boat in order to canvass those of his constituents who work upon the waters of Father Thames. He is here seen standing bareheaded in the boat at the foot of one of the riverside stairs



The New Exchequer Chancellor

Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the new Chancellor of the Exchequer, arriving at No. 10, Downing Street



Special SPHERE *diagram*

Diagram Showing the Labour Losses in the London Municipal Elections

The portions shown in black indicate the number of seats lost to Labour during the London municipal elections, just completed. In the first ten districts, shown on the left, all Labour seats have been lost. In others the losses were very heavy. The shaded areas show the remaining Labour seats



Sir John Leigh Busy in Clapham

The Unionist candidate opened a sale of work at St. Phillip's Parochial Hall, Battersea, a few days ago. A little girl is here seen presenting Sir John Leigh with a posy for his coat



Viscount Grey Addressing a Meeting at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester

From left to right the group inc'udes—Sir William Barton, Lady Sheffield, Viscount Grey, Sir A. A. Haworth, Lord Sheffield, Lady Grey, and Lord Emmott. Lord Grey said: "Do not let us have a Government with the motives in foreign affairs of the late Coalition Government"

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PRESENTATION OF A WAR MEMORIAL BANNER



Group of Girl Guides Associated with the Girls' Friendly Society

Assembled with their commandant and officers in the Abbey courtyard to take part in the presentation of the banner

"They died that Freedom still should
In Life, O Friends, as nobly give.



The Reverse of the New Banner

Showing in gold on a green ground the Arms of Edward the Confessor, whose body lies within the Abbey (see also p. 146)

PRESENTATION OF A BANNER TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY BY THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY

Less than half a century has come and gone since the Girls' Friendly Society was founded by Mrs. Townsend in a Hampshire village. In this comparatively short space of time it has spread all over the world. There are few regions throughout the length and breadth of the British Empire, or in the United States of America, in which it is not represented to-day, for the most part by girls between the



Procession of Representatives of the Girls' Friendly Society Passing Through the Cloister

This panorama picture represents only a portion of the procession from the cloisters into the Abbey.

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TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY By the Girls' Friendly Society.

live;
—*Words on the banner, by John Drinkwater.*



The Face of the New Banner

The banner was designed by Mr. N. Comper. It presented a very beautiful appearance in the Abbey procession on Saturday last



The Banner Party, with the Society's President

The Banner party included representatives from all parts of the world. The Hon. Lady Cunliffe, C.B.E., president of the G.F.S., appears in the centre of the group

ages of fourteen and eighteen. The widespread character of the society received a striking demonstration on Saturday afternoon last, when its members thronged Westminster Abbey in order to witness the presentation of a banner by their president, acting on their behalf, to the Dean and Chapter of Westminster. The banner has been provided by the offerings of members of the society from all parts of the world. It will form yet another memorial of the years of the Great War, for the Girls' Friendly Society have made this offering in order to perpetuate the memory of their brothers

(*Continued on a later page*)



Special Sphere *pictures*

f Westminster Abbey to take Part in the Presentation of the Banner on Saturday

arious members wore white or blue veils. Two girls came from each diocese in England and Wales

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Many Tried to See the Wedding, but Few Succeeded

On November 5 the ex-Kaiser was married to Princess Herm'ne von Schoenaich-Carolath with great privacy. Everyone in the neighbourhood, and a great many journalists and camera men, tried to witness something of the ceremony, but nearly all failed. Only one English camera man, of the Central News, succeeded in recording a glimpse of the ex-Kaiser (see centre). Above we see a number of Dutch school-children clambering on a gate in order to catch, if possible, a fleeting view of the ex-Kaiser and his bride

The Little Chapel at Doorn where the Ex-Kaiser was Married

FENCING OF THE WEEK
Royal Navy v. Cambridge University

An attractive fixture took place last Saturday afternoon at Bertrand's Fencing Academy in Hanover Square, when the Royal Navy and Royal Marines opposed the Cambridge University Fencing Club. The former won by two events to one, with a total of fourteen wins to thirteen. They suffered a heavy defeat with the foil, 2—7, gained a narrow victory in the épée bouts by 5—4, and reversed the foil figures with the cutting weapon. The victory was well merited, particularly having regard to the fact that the winning team was below normal strength.

The Light Blues demonstrated a more intimate acquaintanceship with the fundamentals of foil play than did the representatives of the Senior Service, whose fencing, though spirited and vigorous, lacked *finesse*. The exchanges were even practically to the half-way stage, when the score was 2—all; but superior knowledge told its tale, and the remaining five assaults fell without difficulty to Cambridge. Mr. M. Babington-Smith was in excellent form with a full quota of wins, receiving able support from Messrs. R. S. S. Meade and R. Adrian, who were only defeated once. The last-named impressed me as the best foilist of the trio. C.P.O. Howson offered valiant resistance, and was successful twice. In some mediocre play the general failing was lack of stability in footwork and a too frequent tendency to rely on the flèche attack rather than the orthodox lunge.

Undoubtedly the most interesting event was that of the épée; attractive not so much by the quality of the fencing but rather by the versatility displayed by the players. A very exciting contest ended in favour of the Navy, the final encounter deciding the issue. Prior to this the fortunes were partial to the University, whose representatives at the outset faced a deficit of two points. They drew level, won the next two fights, and were thus required to gain the last combat to secure the verdict. Despite advantageous reach and stature, they failed to accomplish this comparatively easy task, for their opponents refused to be discouraged, and proceeded to negotiate this difficult *impasse*. Fencing with admirable tenacity, the Navy extricated themselves, and ultimately triumphed in bringing off the "treble event."

The Naval trio overwhelmed their adversaries with the sabre.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES OF THE WEEK
Ipswich and Peterborough

That scourge so dreaded by farmers, foot-and-mouth disease, is once again in our midst, after the country had enjoyed a brief respite of a few clear months. It is somewhat singular that no sooner is there any talk in stock-breeding circles of exporting some of our world-famous pedigree livestock than there is an outbreak of this disease, with the consequent result that the ports of all the world are closed against us once more. Let us hope that the drastic regulations of the Ministry of Agriculture may have the desired effect of confining the outbreak to narrow limits. Meantime, it is to be hoped that no pains are being spared to carry out scientific research into the origin of this mysterious disease.

Red Poll Cattle Show at Ipswich

The polled cattle of East Anglia made an excellent display at the Autumn Show and Sale held under the auspices of the Red Poll Cattle Society recently at Ipswich. Buyers were present from all parts of the country, and a good trade was experienced. Scottish buyers not only made inroads on the sale through their extensive purchases, but it was to Scotland that a good proportion of the highest priced animals went. Top price of the day was 200 guineas, paid by Lieut.-Colonel C. Brook of Dumfries, who took the young bull, Saham Magic Shadow Show. For 165 guineas Colonel Seymour's three-year-old bull, Melton Monk, went to Mr. Scrimgeour. Altogether, some forty-six cows and heifers averaged £60 9s. 9d., and twelve bulls averaged close on £60.

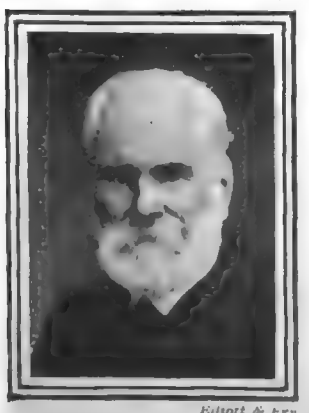
Shire Horses at Peterborough

That the popularity of the Shire horse is far from being on the wane is a self-evident fact, and one easily to be learned from the figures paid at the Annual Show and Sale at Peterborough, which is the great autumn event in the world of Shires. Such prices as 300 guineas for Mr. T. Cambridge's bay filly foal by Newhouse Champion, which went to Mr. R. Crow, speak for themselves. For Shire mares of undeniable breeding good prices were the order of the day; thus, 320 guineas was given by Mr. T. Tonge for Captain H. R. King's mare, Burghfield Glitter, and 115 guineas by Mr. E. Rowell for Mr. Mosely's Sherwood Doris.



A First Prize and Champion Friesian at Bristol

At the South-Western Counties Breeders' Club Show and Sale of British Friesian Cattle at Bristol last week the cow, Froxfield Harp (A. and J. Brown) was awarded first prize and champion



Elliott & Fry

The late Dr. Alexander Crum Brown

Professor of Chemistry in Edinburgh University from 1869 to 1908. He died at Edinburgh on October 28, aged eighty-four. He contributed papers to many learned societies



Elliott & Fry

The late Colonel William Nevill Tufnell, D.L., R.N.

Who has just died, aged eighty-four. He was one of the last surviving officers who served in the Crimean War, and took part in the fighting at Sevastopol and Inkerman



Lafayette

The late Sir James Watson-Stewart, Bart.

A former Lord-Provost of Glasgow. He held many honours in connection with Glasgow and Dumbartonshire. He died in Aberdeenshire on November 3, aged seventy



Elliott & Fry

The late Sir John Johnson Runtz, Kt.

Who died November 4. He was Hon. Treasurer of the Metropolitan Division of the National Union of Conservative Associations, and President of the Corporation of Insurance Brokers



The late Mr. Thomas Nelson Page

Who has just died, aged sixty-nine, was American Ambassador to Italy, 1913-1919. Wrote poems in negro dialect, many novels and essays. His last book was "Italy and the World War"

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THE NEW OCCUPANT OF THE WOOLSACK.



THE RIGHT HON. VISCOUNT CAVE, K.C., G.C.M.G.

The new occupant of the Woolsack, in succession to Lord Birkenhead, is Lord Cave, 1st Viscount. He has been a Lord of Appeal since 1919, Solicitor-General 1915-16, and Home Secretary, 1916-19. He was Recorder of Guildford for many years. He has been much interested in the local life of Surrey, representing the Kingston Division as Unionist member for twelve years. He lives at Wardrobe Court, Richmond, of which Lady Cave has just written very pleasantly in her history of Richmond. This portrait was taken a few days ago by F. W. Thomas

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The ROMAN BATH in the STRAND.

Owing to the possible change in ownership, and consequent endangering of the existence of this unique fragment of Roman London, we give here the results of a special examination of the bath

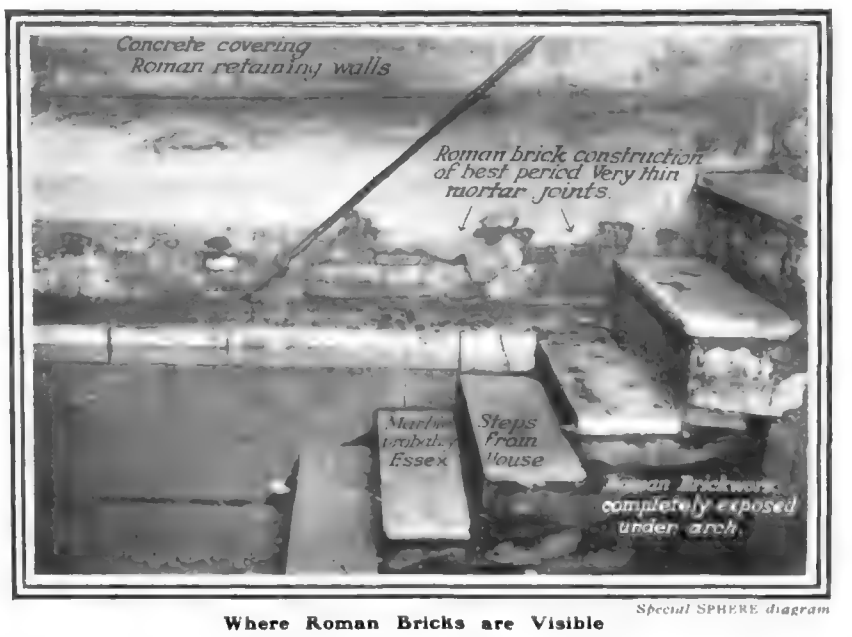
The ruins of Roman London lie for the most part buried beneath the foundations of the modern city, so it is only when building operations are in progress that they are occasionally brought to light. That is, however, not the case with the famous Roman bath in Strand Lane, which still remains in actual use by human beings, after the lapse of perhaps more than eighteen hundred years.

Outside the City Walls

The bath probably owes its partial preservation to the fact that it lies well outside the city walls—more than half-a-mile from Lud's Gate, and well beyond even the late medieval boundary at Temple Bar. There was, therefore, no cogent reason for its destruction or obliteration, and though cleanliness was emphatically not a medieval virtue, it may have continued in use, at any rate intermittently, down to the present day. Elizabeth's ill-fated favourite, Robert Earl of Essex, built close beside it a large marble-lined swimming bath fed by the same spring. Some of the marble slabs from Essex's construction were used in 1893 to reline the Roman bath, thus restoring to it in all probability something of its ancient appearance.

With the bath itself I had been acquainted for many years, having been directed to it, indeed, by Dickens, who tells how David Copperfield used to go thither for a plunge. For the purposes of this article, prolonged visits were made. I was accompanied on one occasion by Signor Fortunino Matania. The presence of that distinguished artist and enthusiast in Roman antiquities proved, as will be seen, of the utmost value in the effort to envisage the probable appearance of the bath in antiquity.

The bath, in its present form, is an apsidal-headed oblong. Absolutely correct measurements are difficult to obtain on account of the modern accretions of cement, but five separate measurements with tape and rule gave a mean of 15 ft. 6½ in. in length, and almost 6 ft. 9 in. of breadth. *In Roman measurement this would be almost precisely* 16 *ft. by* 7 *ft.* (Roman foot = 11·62 English inches nearly.) Apart from every other consideration, the coincidence can hardly be accidental.



Special SPHERE diagram

Where Roman Bricks are Visible

At the side of the Roman bath in the Strand

A Marble Slab

The floor appears to slope considerably from foot to head, but, to my surprise, I found that this was an optical illusion. At the foot the present depth is about 4 ft. 7 in., and at the head nearly 4 ft. 10 in.—so far as could be estimated by soundings down the side—but the difference is probably due to later accretions. About 9 in. below the modern floor level a thin marble slab projects from the foot of the bath, thus indicating the original level. In that case the depth of the bath was probably four Roman feet. It is lined with fine hard red Roman tile-bricks, set in cement, with very close joints. They appear to average about 5 in. in length on face by 2 in. in depth. I think that here and there larger tiles are inserted for "bonding" purposes, but it is possible that in flickering candlelight two closely set tiles may have appeared as one.

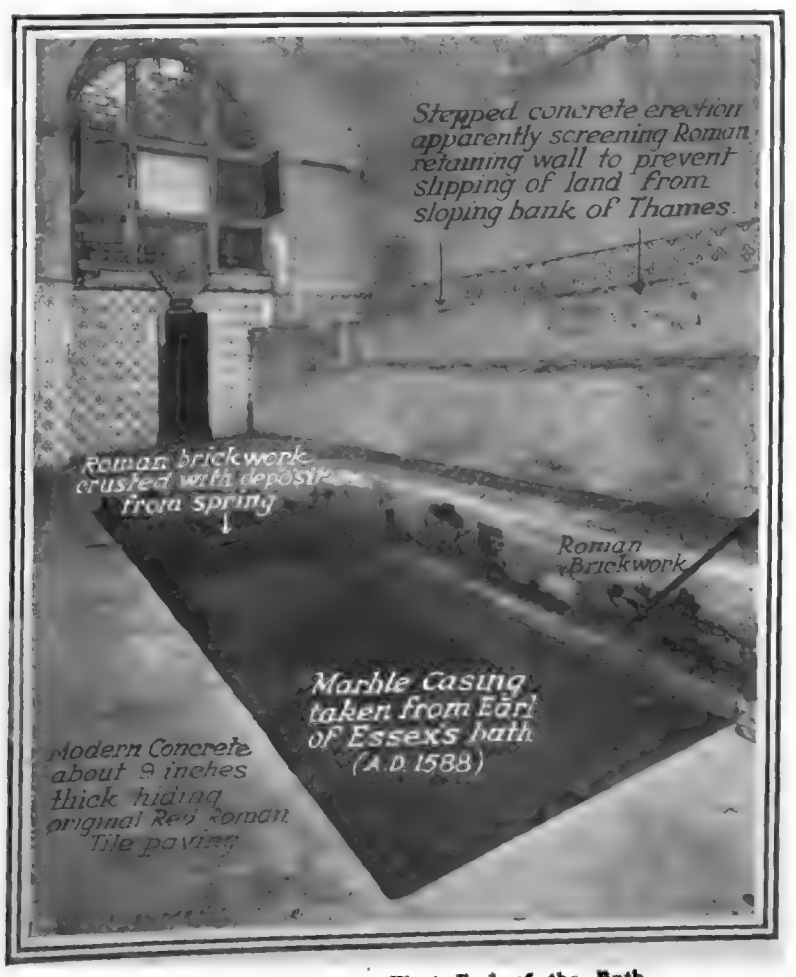
The workmanship is admirable, and though the assignment of it on the inscription to the age of Vespasian is conjecture, it is certainly of the best period of Roman Imperial architecture. Signor Matania agreed in considering it far too good for the third and fourth centuries. It is not a question of durability—Roman workmanship was solid and good to the last—but by the end of the third century, beautiful brickwork, requiring time and skill, had become superseded by concrete of rubble and cement.

Lined With Marble

We agreed that the bath—quite apart from any question of its present condition—was originally lined with marble. It is reasonable to suppose that the bathing establishment of (as seems probable) an elegant villa in the suburbs of the greatest of Romano-British cities would be finished and decorated in the best possible manner. Further, the evidence of the slab which projects from the lower face of the bath is that it was surrounded by a marble pavement. It is not likely that a proprietor who paved his bath-house with marble would leave the bath itself unrevetted.

The primary problem connected with this memorial of a mighty past is, however, not the bath, but the curious stepped erection behind it. Was the bath a cold one, and, by consequence, open to the sky? The

(*Concluded on a later page*)



Looking Towards the West End of the Bath

The bath is covered in with a vaulted roof, the age of which is a matter of great interest to students of Roman London



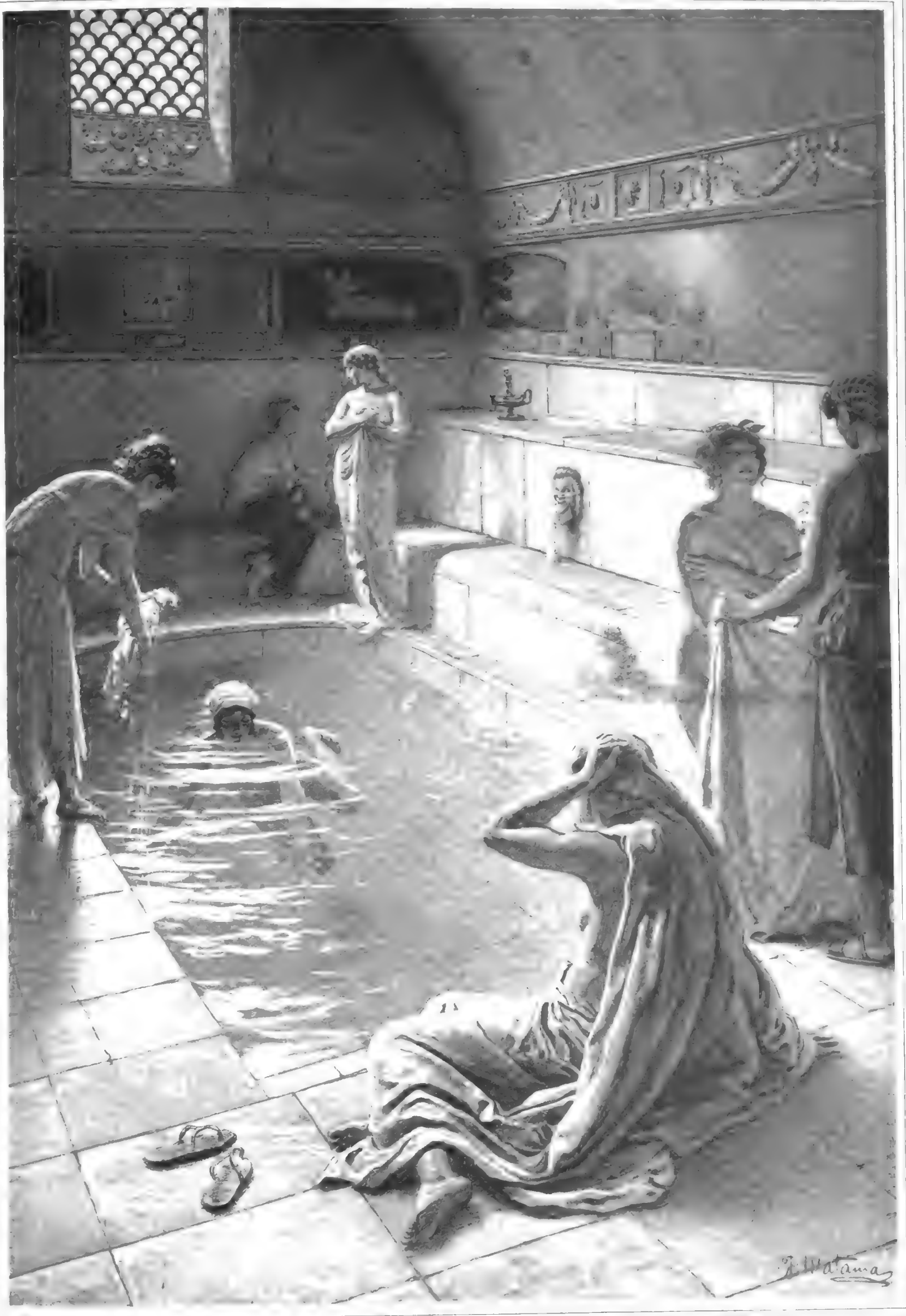
Special SPHERE *diagram*

Position of the Big Marble Slabs

There exists still on the edge of the bath a big marble slab which gives an idea of its original appearance. This slab indicates the probable level of the Roman paving

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THE STRAND BATH RECONSTRUCTED.



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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

THE ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND—IN THE DAYS OF ITS PRIME

Mr. F. Matania, after studying the Roman bath in the Strand, has here reconstructed the scene which the bath in all probability presented when it was used by some wealthy Roman when London was the chief city of Roman England. Water is seen flowing into the bath from a decorative spout. The water, Mr. Matania believes, was warmed before it came into the bath by furnaces beneath the massive stepped erection on the right. (See opposite page for detailed description)

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Performing Animals in Cawnpore United Provinces, India



Chinese Peasants Wearing Umbrella Hats at Hong Kong

From readers of "The Sphere" have come these two interesting little pictures. The one on the left shows monkeys dancing and performing tricks at the bidding of their owners. On the right is a vision of the umbrella headdress of the Chinese. The view was taken at the side of Deepwater Bay, Hong Kong

A LETTER FROM THE EX-CROWN PRINCE.

We are here enabled to publish a new portrait of the ex-Crown Prince—the latest to be taken of him in exile in Holland. The letter was sent to a friend in this country, and refers mainly to his own war book and its publication in England and to the Near East imbroglio.



The Ex-Crown Prince—The Latest Portrait, Taken at Weiringen

His references to A. S. M. Hutchinson's books are also interesting to English readers. The letter itself is as follows:—

From the Ex-Crown Prince Wilhelm

"Dear Mrs.——,—I must thank you most heartily for your kind last letter. It is so nice of you to look after my interests in your country, and trying to adjust the distorted publik opinion regarding myself. Very good idea to have sent the photo to a newspaper; it ought to be published in one of the big papers.

Advancement of France

"What do you say of English policy in the Near East? I feel quite at a loss to understand your leading statesmen. France has scored a great victory over Britain, and I think that is a very serious thing. France is advancing on the same lines as in the time of Napoleon I., and is already the leading over-powerful nation of Europe.

"The 'A and O' of English statesmanship, 'the balance of power in Europe,' does no more exist, and soon England will have to pay the price. I wonder when at last a great man will come forward and will make it clear to the English people that it is in England's own interests to strengthen Germany against France, before it is *too late*.

"A Lovely Book"

"I have been reading a lovely book. *This Freedom*, by Hutchinson. I wonder if you know the author? He wrote also *If Winter Comes*; he must be a great reader of hearts and characters.

"The Major thanks you so much for your kind letters; he was away for eight weeks in Germany.

"Hearty greetings, yours,
(Signed) "WILHELM."

In an earlier letter to the same lady he lamented the fact that the English people "could not see him otherwise than as a caricature."



The Ex-Crown Prince's Mother-in-Law

The Princess Hermine von Schoenaich-Carolath, who married the ex-Kaiser on November 5

The Sultan of Ngaundere and his Kingdom.

An Interesting German-African District Captured During the War

One of the most important places which fell into the hands of the Allies during the conquest of the Cameroons was Ngaundere. This large native town was considered the principal German centre in the colony after the capital, Duala, though it was the scene of no stirring event, being occupied without resistance by the Franco-British column which advanced from Nigeria. The town occupies a position advantageous alike in peace and war, standing as it does on high land at the headwaters of several rivers, some of which flow northward into Lake Chad, one south-westward into the Atlantic, and one, the great Benué, to join the Niger at Lokoja.

Ngaundere, like many other towns in Western Africa, is ruled by a chief of the conquering Fulah race. This people, originally a cattle-breeding tribe from Sokoto, played during the first half of the nineteenth century a part in Nigeria resembling that enacted by the Normans in early medieval Europe. Starting from Sokoto, they swept over the whole of Nigeria from Senegal and Sierra Leone in the west to the Cameroons in the east, founding a number of states, most of which quickly threw off all but a nominal allegiance to the Sultan of Sokoto. One of the greatest of these states was Adamawa (Adamland), founded by a Fulah chief named Adama about 1830. His son, Mohammed Lawl, was visited by Barth in 1851, and the great traveller was able to give a most enthralling description of the country and its rulers. Ngaundere he was not able to visit owing to his speedy dismissal by the suspicious Sultan, but he heard of it as the centre of the conquerors in the district of a tribe called Mbum, whom they were steadily subjugating. The process of disintegration among the conquerors was already pronounced, one at least of the local chiefs being in revolt against Mohammed Lawl.

When Africa was divided up into "spheres of influence," Adamawa was split in two, the western part going to British Nigeria, the eastern, with Ngaundere, to Germany. German colonial rule does not seem to have been appreciated, for it is on record that the Allies were welcomed by the local population. Ngaundere is a large native town, but while the Fulah still furnish the ruling chief, the merchants of the place are largely Hausas, and the poorer inhabitants belong to the surrounding tribe. It would seem that there can be very few Fulah inhabitants, for, judging by the pictures, the Sultan's immediate attendants are Hausas, not Fulahs. The women of the royal harem very obviously belong to the local tribes. This mixture of blood, owing to the practice of marrying among the conquered tribes, was already in Barth's time destroying the distinctive marks of the Fulah. The Sultan of Ngaundere himself appears to be the result of a mixed marriage, his face showing signs of negroid blood, though his physiognomy is still very distinct from those of his attendants.

The towns of Adamawa are more village-like than the cities of Nigeria, such as Kano. The dwellings of the upper classes are usually of crude clay and thatch, while the poorest members of the community are content with a shelter of matting or wickerwork. Withal, there is a considerable amount of barbaric display among the chiefs, as may be seen by the pictures of the Sultan of Ngaundere and the Lamido (town-chief) of Tibati, a place south of Ngaundere. The male attire consists of two or three wide tunics or shirts worn one above another; these shirts are often handsomely worked, and designated by such a fanciful name as "the guinea-fowl," while the dark blue or black ones are called "elephant-shirts." The characteristic female garment is the turkedi (woman-cloth), which is wound round the body. The curious double-toed boots worn by the Sultan are not mentioned by Barth; they may have been adopted after his time in view of the heavy rains in the Cameroons.

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An Interesting Native State in the Cameroons.



The Sultan of N gaundere with his Band and the Ladies of his Harem

The royal band is composed of three musicians playing on dulcimer-like instruments, apparently of split bamboo. The ladies of the Sultan's harem are seen in the background, whilst their lord and master seems intensely proud to display his musical culture



The Lamido of Tibati

"Lamido" means mayor, or town-chief. We here see him progressing sultan-wise, with umbrella held over his head and slaves running beside his gaily caparisoned steed



Natives Rolling Home a Hippopotamus's Head

The spoils of the chase are here being secured by two natives, who have just successfully performed an amputation on a hippopotamus they have killed. The head still retains the physiognomy in a remarkable degree



Street Merchants in N gaundere

A scene in one of the native markets near the capital of the little state, where various commodities are displayed in little bowls for the purchasers to see



The Sultan on his Divan Outside the Palace

The Sultan is a member of the conquering Fulani race. His attendants, however, are mainly Hausas, and the women of the royal harem are members of local tribes

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"I would that I had never seen the sights that I have seen



"Crowds of refugees on the narrow stretch of filthy beach at Rodosto"

GREEK REFUGEES FROM EASTERN THRACE

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL

RODOSTO, SEA OF MARMORA, October 19.

Evening upon the Marmora, with darkness hastening on.

From out the luxury the comfort—of a splendid British ship, I see the calm blue water shine like burnished steel. Before me lies Rodosto, half hidden by the curtains that old Mother Night is drawing close. Soon blackness will descend, and only little pricks of light will pierce the gloom—these and the dull red glow of little fires upon the beach.

Right of the town are green-black hills and clouds of damson bloom. Still further off towards the right the sky is of a heather shade—dark purple merging into heliotrope.

Half-way across the water lie the Isles of Marmora, dark blue and darkening rapidly. There is one solitary evening star.

The air is fresh and cool, and clean. The ship is lying silently at anchor here. No sound comes from the shore, the distance is too far. Peace! . . . Peace! . . .



"Major-General McHardy, C.B., had to climb over refugees' baggage to reach the pier"

"God knows how many weary miles the luggage has been brought. Outside Rodosto I saw women struggling in with heavy loads of goods upon their aching backs. . . . Will there be place on board the rescue ships for refugees and luggage too? Impossible, I think



A Group of Bri

Mr. Scotland Liddell snap this little group at Rodosto includes, from left to right

Google

"seen to-day" : With Scotland Liddell at Rodosto, October, 1922.



"The lucky ones—first come, first served." Those nearest the ship get away first

nd clouds about all my heart and soul and brain in agony! . . . I would that s of a beast I had never seen the sights that I have seen to-day. . . .

The town itself climbs upwards from the sea. A town of squalid, narrow streets and evil-smelling lanes. No rain has fallen, yet the lower streets are wet with filthy mud. . . .

To-day the little town was very full—Greek soldiers and British troops, oxen waggons and donkey carts, pack horses and peasants from all that part of Eastern Thrace that lies for miles and miles beyond the town. Rodosto was crowded, but there was an emptiness about the place. Deserted houses; most of the local Greeks have gone. Deserted side streets; only that crowded thoroughfare that led down to the sea.

"Thalassa! . . . Thalassa!"

Down on the beach. . . .

A narrow stretch of wet, unsanitary ground, edged by the lapping waters of the Marmora. Thousands of refugees with clumsy bales of "valuables" that they have thus far saved. Bedding and blankets stacked amongst the filth. Bundles of every size and shape. Great piles of corn and maize in sacks. Kitchen utensils a chair or two—some rugs.

(Continued on a later page)





...cers at Rodosto ...

...Matthew Fell, Gen. McHardy, ... Monkhouse, and Col. Tre... of the League of Nations.

Mr. Scotland... his little group... from le...

"The cries of suffering babes will rise to heaven above: the Quai d'Orsay is farther off"

"At Rodosto, pity wells up in one's heart and bitter thoughts arise in one's mind. What have these miserables done that they should have to suffer so? What have these little children done? . . . It is all so unjust—so unfair. The cries of suffering babes will rise to heaven above: the Quai d'Orsay is farther off. . . ."

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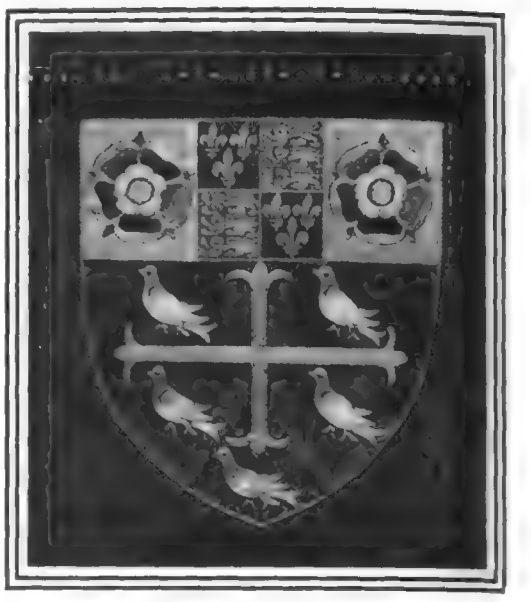
THE NEW BANNER for WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

How it has Been Made at South Kensington



Working on the New Banner at the Royal School of Needlework

The banner presents a wonderfully rich sight to the eye



A Detail of the Banner

Showing the Abbey arms

For some time past cunning hands have been weaving together many a gorgeously coloured thread in the Royal School of Needlework at South Kensington, until there has blossomed forth a most beautiful banner, the full details of which are shown elsewhere in this issue. The work has been carried out at the school on behalf of the Girls' Friendly Society, who have presented the banner to the Abbey. The arms of Westminster Abbey, beautifully woven in fine gold thread, appear on part of the banner. The cross and five martlets of Edward the Confessor are surmounted by the roses and coat of the Tudor foundation. Readers will be interested to note that the Royal School of Art Needlework is now to be known as the Royal School of Needlework.



Working on Special Portions of the Girls' Friendly Society Banner

ON CROSSING THE CHANNEL : *By EDWARD HUTTON.*

I do not think there can be another twenty miles in all Europe—certainly there is not in Western Europe—so crucial as those between Dover and Calais, so crucial in that they separate manners and customs so different, and all that these connote in spiritual and moral energy. We traverse them to-day in a brief hour, and certainly during the last fifteen years or so we have come to regard them, with the establishment of the Entente Cordiale, as a sort of hyphen which connects rather than separates two civilisations that are superficially so different but essentially one. Yet no one can ever have covered these twenty miles without being struck by the extraordinary differences, not only of character in the peoples and buildings, but in the very landscapes to which they lead.

This is no new thing, of course. Julius Cæsar felt it profoundly, and not without fear and misgiving, on the two occasions on which he crossed the Channel; and yet it is probable that in his day the two countries and the two peoples were more alike than they have ever been since.

Nor is it only that we leave an island and enter a continent, or *vice versâ*. That is much, but by no means all. It is that for good or evil the very souls of the two peoples are different, and express themselves differently, not only in language but in their buildings, their houses, their dress too, the landscapes they have made, their fields and woods, their domestic animals, and even their tobacco. Moreover, the smell of the two countries is different. If it were not so you would not know that curious odour of France which reaches you even before you land, and which is a profoundly convincing thing. I do not know what England smells like, but foreigners have tried to tell me. Every Englishman who has crossed the Channel knows what France smells like; it is, perhaps, indescribable, but nothing is more convincing.

The two peoples which the Channel thus separates are the two great political Powers of modern Europe. The immediate future, at any rate, would seem to lie in their hands, and it is for this cause a pity, perhaps, that they are so different. But for every other cause you can think of it is a joy and a delight, and except that, should they quarrel to-day as they have always quarrelled in the past, our very world is in danger (at least, so we are assured), I would not wish one of those differences away.

For they will never understand one another.

As I went into France a few days ago, there was, among others in my compartment in the train, a young married couple. She French, and very pretty, he English, and rather patronising.

They were going to visit her family, and all the way he was fidgety. She was moved by the countryside—her countryside—and every now and then this came out in little exclamations of affection or admiration for it. Not a word said he; but he smiled.

"Then came the sunset—a remarkable and beautiful thing over that low, featureless Picardy.

"The best sunset I've seen this year," he remarked to her.

"Ah," said she; "you see, we are in France."

"Oh," said he quickly, "I think we brought it over with us."

Ungracious? Very. But he became even more Johnsonian before the journey's end.

After Amiens the landscape improves, and has a beauty that no one can miss.

"How lovely it is," said she to him, with the most delightful of accents.

"Oh," he replied, "France is all right. It's the people in it!"

A brutal stroke! Yet there you have it—an essential thing. It is a pity to-day, but there it is; and if I may judge by this delightful couple, it need not be an unhappy dislike. I am sure they loved one another, and what is more to the point, got on splendidly together. After all, she was French and a woman, and he English and a man. I think that is the truth, and I can imagine few things more delightful.

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"SECRETS," AT THE COMEDY: *An Illustrated Souvenir.*



MARY DRESSES FOR THE PARTY

MRS. MARLOWE (Miss Scudamore): Yes . . . and I remember your *beau* who called next afternoon, and how dear mamma disapproved. . . . The handkerchief, Susan? The handkerchief—ah, yes! (*She picks it up from dressing-table.*) Hold the handkerchief so, my love. (*She demonstrates.*)

MARY (*wearing short white gloves*): Yes, mamma.

MRS. MARLOWE: And the bouquet. (*Susan gives Mary a stiff round posy which she has fetched from the bed.*)

Ah, that's the carriage! Papa's just in the nick of time to see you before we go. (*She goes to the door.*)



MISS CHANNING (Miss Louise Hampton) (*with hearty defiance*): There's a man—a *man!* There's a man! My darling, I never thought there was a man in the world worthy of you.

← *On left*

MARLOWE (*his voice shaking with fury*): Eliza Channing, oblige me by leaving the room this instant.

MISS CHANNING: As for you you're a pompous—selfish—overbearing—tyrannical

MARLOWE: Silence!

MISS CHANNING: —Brute!





THE FLIGHT

JOHN (Mr. Leon Quartermaine): Let me think. . . . Yes, that'll put him off the scent finely . . .

MARY (Miss Fay Compton): What, John? (*Standing up*).

JOHN: I'll tell you. . . . Put on your bonnet (*while she puts it on*). I'll give my landlady to understand that I'm going to Scotland.

MARY: Scotland!

JOHN: Yes; and you'll leave a note for your father to the same effect. When he interviews her to-morrow, as he's bound to do, she'll corroborate your statement. That'll head the fellow off.

The play is a triumph for Miss Fay Compton, who portrays the part of Mary in various stages of her life. One sees her first as the young girl about to go to a ball; then as a young wife in America; then in middle age as the wife of a prosperous husband; and, finally, as his aged and still devoted helpmate

Stage Photo Co.

SUSAN GOES INTO HYSTERICS—"STOP THAT NOISE"

MARLOWE (Mr. Hubert Harben): Stop that noise! Stop it, I say!

But Susan (Miss Dorothy Holmes-Gore), swaying to and fro, laughs and shrieks on.

MRS. MARLOWE (*distractedly through the din*): She's got the "highstrikes"—Susan! Susan!

MARLOWE (*shouting*): Stop that *damned* noise!

MRS. MARLOWE (*horrified, covering her ears with her hands*): Oh, William! William! (*Sinks on to ottoman and bursts into tears.*)

MISS CHANNING (*going up to Susan and shaking her*): Pull yourself together, girl! . . .

(*See following pages for further pictures*)

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"SECRETS," at the

A Dramatic Comedy, by Ru



IN THE SHACK, IN ACT II.

In Act II., Mary has run away with John to America. They are attacked by horse thieves while in their log hut in Wyoming

MARY: Jesu, tender shepherd, hear me;
Bless thy little lamb to night.
Through the darkness be thou near me,
Keep me safe till morning light.
"May my sins be all forgiven . . . ."
MARY: My little lamb, you have no sins . . . .
John . . . !



THE DOCTOR'S VISIT TO THE SHACK

DOCTOR (Mr. ————): H'm!

JOHN: Sort of whimpering, you know, doctor. I'd just come MAI
from the cow-pen, and my wife said to me, "Baby's not we
and I took him on my knee, and for about the first ten



THE CHILDREN TEASE THEIR MOTHER

ROBERT: I say, mum, why didn't you tell us about your part in the fight? You made out that you were cuddling and kissing darling baby, duckey Johnny, while all the time you were pitching boiling water . . .

JOHN: Shut up! . . . It's a shame to tease you—and on your birthday, too. But we really can't allow you always to be so modest. Own up! It was you who suggested the boiling water wasn't it? Now own up.

ALL TOGETHER: Own up—own up.

MARY: You absurd children.



THE BREAK WITH MRS. MAINWARING, ACT

CARLTON: You—what are you doing here? (*Swiftly forc*
and seizing her wrists) What have you said? What
you told her? (*savagely, desperately*) What lies?

MRS. MAINWARING (*almost a cry of pain*): John . . .

CARL
MRS.
CARL
MARY

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at OMEDY THEATRE.

f Besier and May Eginton



THE SHAD

I couldn't stop him crying. He always stops crying when I take him——

RY: Or when I do, just the same. I've only to pick him up; and then (*her voice breaks in a sob. John mutely caresses her*) he—he's so quiet and heavy—and sleepy . . .



Stage Photo Co.

RS. MAINWA—TON: What lies?

MAINWARING (*wildly*): Let me go.

—LTON: Answer me, answer me.

Y (*quietly, but with command*): John . . . John . . .



"SHALL I SHOOT?"

JOHN: Yes, dear. (*To Mary*) You'll stay in the bedroom, dear. (*Nods towards the bedroom.*)

MARY: Yes, John, and please give me a revolver.

JOHN (*gets down off chest, handing her one of his*): It's fully loaded.

MARY: If I hear them trying to clear the snow away, shall I shoot?



Bertram Park

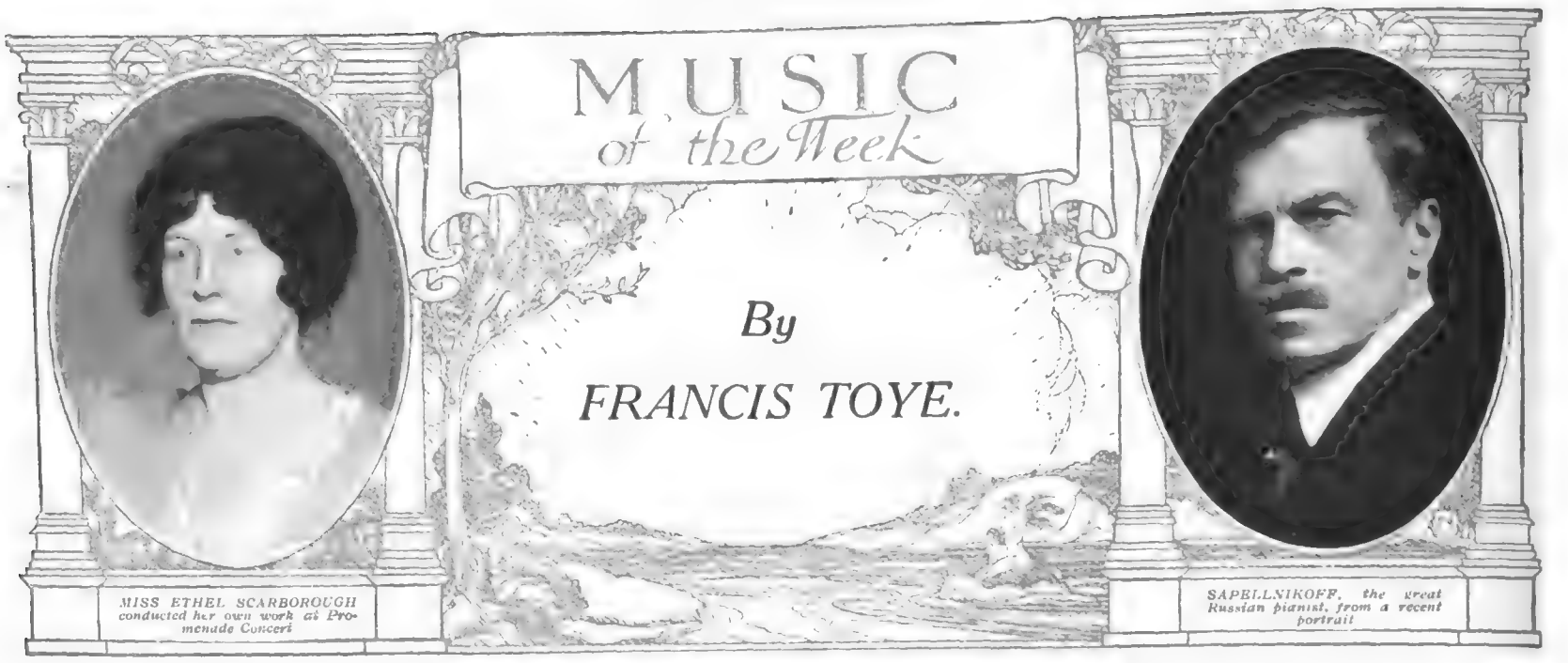
THE EPILOGUE

MARY: The children — they don't quite understand. They're so young and bright and clever. They know so much more than we older people in so many ways. There are some things they don't know as well as we do . . .

Doctor, I seemed to understand my life; for the first time I saw that good and bad and big and small were all bound together by a chain of love, and mattered so little in themselves, and differed so little from each other, because that chain had never once been broken . . . sometimes almost broken—but never quite. . . .

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MISS ETHEL SCARBOROUGH conducted her own work at Promenade Concert

SAPELLNIKOFF, the great Russian pianist, from a recent portrait

On the day on which these lines appear in print there will be played in London an almost totally unfamiliar symphony by a well-nigh forgotten composer. That symphony is known as the "Italian," and the composer is Mendelssohn, once more popular than Richard Strauss, or Scriabine, or Stravinski, or any of the contemporary idols of the market-place.

I am delighted that Sir Henry Wood has included this lovely symphony in his concert at the Queen's Hall. It is a fine piece of music, full of atmosphere and beautifully scored. There is life in it, and colour and imagination. That it should have passed out of the repertory is yet another instance of the futility and irrationality of musical fashions. Plenty of duller and, I venture to think, worse music by older and younger composers is constantly heard. But Mendelssohn has become taboo among the elect. He is dismissed airily as Victorian and commonplace. His bad music—and there is lots of it—is remembered against him and his good music is conveniently and wilfully forgotten. In fact, Mendelssohn has been tied up in a sack labelled "Elijah" and "Songs without words," and dropped at the bottom of the musical well. It is grossly unfair.

Mendelssohn's Genius

I do not write as a Victorian, as a *laudator temporis acti*. Mendelssohn died about forty years before I was born. I do not sympathise with his views on musical æsthetics in general, or his opinions on Mozart's opera *libretti* in particular. I dislike much, perhaps most, of his music, but that is no reason for overlooking the fact that he was a great composer of the second order, possessed of a passion for the cause of music, and a gift for expressing his ideas with a clarity that is in itself a considerable æsthetic virtue. It is this clarity which has saved him. For there are undoubted signs that the long reaction against Mendelssohn and his music has almost, if not quite, come to an end. One of the most fashionable of French composers is said to prefer him to Brahms. I myself have recently heard his scoring praised by an expert with modern tastes as a model of lucidity and effectiveness. Grossly over-praised in his life-time, he has been as grossly over-abused for the last twenty years. All composers have to reckon with these fluctuations of the musical stock exchange. Even Mozart stood below par for quite a while; so did Rossini, mainly because his very existence disproved all the theories of the pundits. Wagner, having soared to an almost unheard-of premium, is slowly falling back to the price of issue. Beethoven himself, the "consols" of the musical market, is now showing what the financial papers call "a tendency to sag." It is all very amusing—and absolutely unimportant. Genius is genius, whether it be fashionable or not. Nor, be it remarked in passing, is it possible for any human being with any certainty to divide music into good and bad, like good and rotten apples. There is no magic test to determine infallibly the worth or worthlessness of a composer. Hence, probably, the vast amount of overstatement on one side or the other. The writer about music, more than anybody else, perhaps, proceeds on the assumption that what is said often enough and loud enough becomes, *ipso facto*, true. The pity is that so many people believe him.

CONCERTS.

November 13.—Queen's Hall, 8 p.m. **Orchestral Concert.**
The works of Arnold Bax, with Harriet Cohen as soloist.

November 16.—Æolian Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Gerald Cooper.**

November 16.—Wigmore Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Isolde Menges.**

November 17.—Æolian Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Adila Fachiri.**

November 18.—Æolian Hall, 3 p.m. **Jean Sterling MacKinlay.**
A costume recital.

"Hark the herald angels sing"

But I would ask any unprejudiced person whether the composer of the "Scotch" and "Italian" symphonies, of the *Melusina*, *Hebrides*, and *Midsummer Night's Dream* overtures, of several organ works and chamber trios, is not a musician to be reckoned with seriously. We will give him all the oratorios, if he likes, and even "Hark the herald angels sing," though most of us would be sorry to lose it. A composer is entitled, however, to be judged by his best work, and I do not see why Mendelssohn should be an exception. Nor do I think that time will deal quite so hardly with his eventual reputation as it is now the fashion to assume. It is even conceivable that some of our present idols may fare worse.



Balokovic with John Ireland

An interesting group, recently taken, of the violinist with the composer

The Balokovic Recital

The Balokovic recital at the Queen's Hall was an interesting and instructive affair. Here is a violinist of the first order, ready and able to play anything in, apparently, any style. I heard him, for instance, play the Vieux temps concerto and John Ireland's second sonato with the composer at the piano. With shut eyes I do not believe that one would have known it to be the same person playing the two works. In the Vieux temps he indulged in an orgy of sentimentality, sliding note into note in the manner beloved of restaurant musicians, and generally displaying all the tricks that are to be found in the bag of a *virtuoso* of talent. In the Ireland everything was changed. The sentimentality had been metamorphosed into poetry; the flashy virtuosity into a supreme technical excellence that only served to interpret the beauty of the music. It was in truth a very fine and remarkable performance of a very fine and remarkable work.

Ireland's Music

The root of the matter, I suppose, is that every musician, consciously or unconsciously, must be influenced by the music that he plays. Vieux temps music—which sounds to me like the bits which Ambroise Thomas might have discarded when composing *Mignon*—brings out all the worst qualities in its interpreter. There is nothing solid in it, nothing sincere. To make it tolerable the violinist must employ any and every meretricious artifice. Indeed, it was probably written for that very purpose.

Ireland's second violin sonata, on the other hand, is the real thing, and makes an appeal to the real musicianship that a player of Balokovic's talent surely possesses. What I like about Ireland's music is that he never shrinks from writing a whole tune. He does not break off in the middle for fear somebody should think him vulgar or commonplace. We are allowed to apprehend his thought instead of merely guessing at it. The slow movement strikes me as particularly successful, and there is plenty of ingenuity in the last for those who lay especial store by that kind of thing. I am glad it has fallen to the lot of an English composer to demonstrate where the finest talents of a distinguished foreign violinist lie. It is not always or even often thus.

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THE YOUNG GIRLHOOD OF BRITAIN.

Some Charming Photographs of Youth and Beauty



Marcus Adams

A Gainsborough Portrait—The Hon. Pamela Smith

Pamela Smith is the younger of Lord and Lady Birkenhead's two girls. Pamela Smith was born in 1914. As pictured here by the photographer, she seems almost as dainty as if painted by a Gainsborough



Marcus Adams

A God-daughter of the Prince of Wales

Edwina, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Drummond. Her father acted as pilot to the Prince of Wales when the latter first went to the Shires



Vandyk

A Scots Mother and her Three Charming Daughters

Mrs. Hamilton Wedderburn, wife of Lieut.-Colonel H. K. Hamilton Wedderburn of the Scots Guards, photographed with her three delightful daughters



Speaight

Mrs. Henry Howard and her Four Daughters

Mrs. Howard is the daughter of the late Willie James and of Mrs. James (now Mrs. Brinton). She married Major H. R. M. Howard, a son of the late Henry Howard, M.P., in 1911. Her daughters are Diana, Pamela, Audrey, and Rosemary

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled.*

VIII.—THE OTHER HEIR—*continued.*

This argument was irresistible, and the pair sat down to tea. When the waiter left, they had the room to themselves, and then at last Mr. Dent, *alias* Hayward, was able to relieve his feelings.

"A blank nice botch you've made of it, Bob Palmer! Leaving things to a blank, blank, silly imbecile like Chimpie Haines—'That was the proper way to do,' wasn't it? Ain't you proud of yourself now?"

Mr. Palmer glanced up from his ham and eggs and gave his friend one single swift look; but that one look was quite enough. It was as though all the evil and all the menace in the world were concentrated in one pair of eyes.

"Go easy, Bill Dent," he said, and his voice was hardly above a whisper.

For some minutes the silence was only broken by the sound of vehement mastication. (Neither gentleman being a very quiet eater.)

"Well," asked Mr. Dent, after the pause had lasted for some minutes, "what have you got to propose now? If you're too mighty sensitive to hear the truth, the least you can do is to suggest something. The next person that comes into this hotel, that woman will tell him what a blank funny start it was, another Mr. Hayward being here. He'll tell someone else, and someone else'll tell Jack, and then where will we be?"

"In London," replied Mr. Palmer laconically.

"Oh, you're going to take the next train back, are you?" asked Mr. Dent ironically. "But what about these rooms we've booked here? It won't look suspicious if we chuck 'em up, just after hearing this yarn, will it? Oh, no, not a bit!"

His friend gave him another swift, unpleasant look.

"Who wasn't even going to wait for tea?"

"I've been thinking it over since, Bob, and it seems to me we're had badly either way. If we scoot at once, we start suspicions right off. If we wait, we'll be caught here."

Bob Palmer shook his head.

"Jack won't hear, not till to-morrow at the soonest," he said. "Are you such a silly fool as to imagine the folks in this pub are going to run right up to old Hayward with a special message saying there's a distant relation of his stopping with them? That's what I meant when I said we'd be in London by the time Jack's told anything about us—and long before it too."

Again there was silence for a space, and then suddenly Mr. Palmer looked up from his plate with a new expression.

"We're a pair of blame fools, Bill!" he cried.

"What is it now?" asked Bill.

"How is Jack to know we ever meant mischief agin him? What's there to worry about even if he does know we're here? He'd know Chimpie tried to finish him off, but how's he going to connect us with it? And 'specially, Bill, he can't possibly know you meant to take his name!"

"But if he hears there's another Jack Hayward here——"

"Why should he think it's you? He'd never dream of such a thing! We're safe enough, Bill, so far as that goes."

With an air of vast relief, he leant back in his chair, thrust his hands into his pockets, and gazed abstractedly up at the fly-paper suspended from the ceiling. For a minute Mr. Dent also wore a much less unhappy expression, and then his face clouded again.

"Even if that's so," said he, "the bottom's out of your game anyhow——"

Mr. Palmer suddenly leant forward again and struck the table with his fist.

"Is it?" he exclaimed.

His friend stared at him, open-mouthed.

"Bill Dent, answer me this! Ain't it rather queer that Chimpie Haines should see a man lying dead enough to take his papers out of his pocket—every blank paper and letter, Bill!—and then that man should jump up, and without our hearing a word about it, should turn up in this here town, on the other side of the blooming world, on the very day we do?"

He stopped abruptly, struck with a fresh thought, and again his fist banged upon the table.

"Jehosaphat! That man didn't come by the same train we did, or he can't have got to the funeral in time. Besides, we'd have spotted him, supposing it was Jack. The next train previous got in more'n three hours before. What was he doing all that while? Why did he only just turn up at the cemetery? Ain't that a bit peculiar, Bill?" He leant across the table, and in a voice charged with suppressed excitement, asked—"Was that man really Jack Hayward?"

Bill Dent's eyes opened wider and wider.

"You mean to say you actually think there's another chap——"

"I mean to say it's damned well worth finding out!"

PART II.

I.—WATCHED.

The Manor House had once been the mansion of a small estate which had ruined several successive families by tempting them to live like gentlemen. Fortunately for Mr. Theodore Hayward, his father (an enthusiastic violinist and the most promising victim of them all) had inadvertently coincided with a resolute endeavour to convert the village of Southbourne into a fashionable seaside resort. While the late Mr. Hayward fiddled, his lawyer sold his estate for him field by field, until one day the astonished squire discovered the last row of villas actually confronting his lodge gates and an income of £7,000 a year annually accruing from the proceeds.

Theodore himself had spent much time and trouble in planting out the villas, till at last, by the time his nephew had returned to enjoy his inheritance, the grounds formed an exclusive Eden quite divorced from the suburb without the pale. The fortunate heir expressed the highest approval of this demesne, and its seclusion appeared to appeal to him particularly. Strolling round the gardens in company with a cigar and his charming Aunt Mary, his spirits rose higher and higher.

"It is delightful to see you so happy, Jack," said she.

By this time they had wandered into a privy path that led gradually towards the border of the grounds, till at last only a paling and a hedge separated it from the road. With quickened steps and a fluttering heart Aunt Mary hastened down this, her nephew hot upon her heels, his arm endeavouring to encircle her waist, his pleasant voice carolling tunefully, but with alarming fervour, "Love was once a little boy, heigho!" In all her virginal life the startled lady had never enjoyed anything like so exciting an experience. It seemed ridiculous to flee before a nephew, and such a nice nephew, too; but if she paused, what would he do next? The sea air seemed to have been so very stimulating.

Meanwhile, beyond the paling, a couple of pedestrians strolling slowly along the road, stopped abruptly, their attention apparently arrested by the melody. Gazing intently through the foliage, they beheld what seemed to be a coy lady pursued by an affectionate gentleman. "Jack!" exclaimed the lady, and at this the two pedestrians with one accord flattened themselves against the paling, seeking eagerly for the largest crevice, and peering through at the couple with marked excitement.

At this moment the affectionate gentleman became aware of the presence of spectators. He, too, stopped short, and after a swift glance at the half-seen figures in the road, addressed his aunt in a different tone.

"Suppose we turn back now?" he suggested. "This path seems to be getting a trifle public."

They turned, and thereupon the watchers moved in the same direction too.

"The devil!" said Mr. Essington to himself; and his aunt knew not whether to feel more relieved or anxious at the remarkable change in his demeanour.

"I hope you are not feeling unwell, Jack?" she inquired in a moment.

His hand was at his brow, nor did he lower it till the path had turned at such an angle to the road that only his back view was presented to the watchers behind the hedge.

"A touch of my old complaint," he sighed. "It comes on very suddenly. I think, Aunt Mary, I had better get back to the house."

Meanwhile, he was swiftly debating the situation. It was complicated by the fact that he had been unable to see the watchers distinctly enough to recognise them. On the other hand, they presumably laboured under the same disadvantage.

"Lumsden evidently suspects I'm here," he argued. "But has he seen enough to venture in and nail me?"

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He looked round on the secluded grounds, and decided that on the whole there was more risk in flight than in lying low.

"I think, Aunt Mary, I had better go to bed," he said wearily.

By this time the kind lady's heart had ceased to flutter, and was filled, instead, with affectionate concern.

"What can I do for you, Jack, dear?" she asked.

He pressed her hand and answered warmly:

"You can come and sit by my bedside, if it won't weary you. Perhaps you might even bring me a glass of port wine. . . .?"

"With an egg in it?" she suggested eagerly.

"No, the egg should be brought separately. They mix better inside. But first of all, I should like to see my Aunt Julia for a few minutes—merely as a matter of respect; and you needn't mention the port to her, by the way."

A few minutes later Aunt Julia entered her nephew's apartment, to find the invalid seated upon his bed with a serious rather than a sickly air.

"What is this I hear about your being ill, John?" she inquired with considerable severity.

"A sympathetic account, I hope," said he. "I have certainly done my best to deserve one."

The lady started violently.

"Do not wink at me, John!" she cried sternly.

Her nephew's expression became gravity itself.

"I only meant to spare your nerves," he explained, "but if you insist upon the naked truth, you shall have it. They are on my track!"

Her voice fell as she gasped, "The—the vendetta?"

"What do you propose to do?"

"My programme is simple. I shall go to bed, and stay there till the coast is clear. If anyone asks for me, you must say that I am ill, and tell them to send up a message. When I get that message, then, my dear, kind aunt, we can lay our heads together again and decide what is best to be done in order to save the honour of the family!"

"Your programme may be simple, John," she replied, "but it is not honest. I am very angry with you indeed for pretending to be ill! I shall take no part in such a plot!"

"Then," he sighed, "perhaps you will be kind enough to ask Aunt Mary to come up and see me. She, at least, has some natural affection."

"I shall do nothing of the kind," she interrupted tartly. "I am not going to allow you to impose upon my sister."

He made a dramatic gesture of despair.

"Farewell, then, to the fair fame of Hayward! You propose to hand me over to my murderers? At least, fetch me a gun!"

"A gun," she cried. "Do you suppose, John, I shall permit you to shoot anybody in this house?"

"Yet you don't mind them shooting me? Ah, woman, woman——"

"Be quiet, John, and don't rant. Of course I shall not allow anybody to attack you here, and if it's absolutely necessary to give some excuse—— And don't wink, John! I shall leave you to your fate if you do it again. If it is absolutely, I say——," she hesitated, and with his most insinuating air he finished her sentence for her.

"Rickett shall find the excuse! A butler of his age with a soul still left to lose would deserve to lose it! That's the very idea."

"It is *not* the idea," she replied coldly. "And I am afraid you are a very immoral young man. However, I shall see what I can do for the credit of the family--much more than for your sake, I may tell you, John!"

She left the room, shutting the door somewhat sharply.

II.—THE WATCHERS.

The buxom manageress of the "Dog and Fox" was disappointed to find that the two wealthy Australians at present touring the old country on pleasure could not spare time for more than a single night in Southbourne. This seemed particularly unfortunate since Mr. Joseph Hayward was actually a kinsman of Mr. Theodore of the Manor House. The latter gentleman would have been delighted to make his relative's acquaintance, the manageress declared with confidence. But the plans of the opulent squatters brooked no delay, and at a tolerably early hour next morning they and their luggage were driven to the station to catch the first train back to town.

As a matter of fact, the two gentlemen actually spent just ten minutes in the station. At the end of that time an early train from London came in, and among the dispersing passengers might have been observed two identical squatters, who put their luggage on to quite a different cab, and were then driven to quite another hotel, at a considerable distance from the last. And here Mr. Joseph Hayward became Mr. William Dent once more, considerably to his own relief.

To their next landlord they explained that they had just come down from town, and proposed to spend a few days enjoying the sea air. Being gentlemen of an ample appetite, they began by sitting down to a second breakfast, and demolished another dish of ham and eggs as completely as their first.

They conversed little over it, and when they did speak, their remarks were brief, businesslike, and, on the part of Mr. Dent, a trifle snappy. Mr. Palmer seemed less irritable, but equally disinclined for the lighter sorts of table talk.

"What I'd like to know is, how do you propose to begin?" said Mr. Dent, in a tone that conveyed with sufficient emphasis his opinion of bunglers, past and prospective.

"And what I'd like," replied Mr. Palmer quietly, but with equal emphasis, "is for you to go to hell, and stay there till you're wanted. That's to say, if you're going on like this."

"It's enough to make one mad, you must allow," growled Mr. Dent.

"What's enough?"

"What has happened."

"But what has happened? Isn't that the very thing we don't know? And where's the use in talking till we've found out?"

"Well," retorted Mr. Dent, "I was only asking how you were to set about finding out."

"I'm going to look."

"Look for what?"

A servant came into the room, and Mr. Palmer lowered his voice and whispered three words across the table. Mr. Dent started, and his reply was audible enough.

"Too blank risky for me!"

"Then stop at home," said Mr. Palmer briefly.

There was a pause, and then Mr. Dent said abruptly:

"If you're going, I might as well, too."

"Then let's stop jawin' about it till we know something more," said Mr. Palmer.

After breakfast the couple sallied forth, with the purpose, they mentioned, of taking a walk into the country. In the course of a consultation which Mr. Palmer had with the landlord as to the pleasantest roads out of the town, the visitor happened to mention the Manor House as a country seat he had heard of, and the landlord very naturally told him which road led past it.

"May as well stroll along that way as any other," said the visitor casually, adjusting his bowler hat at the angle that seemed on the whole least uncomfortable, namely, rather to the back of his head, and pressed hard home.

From the first glimpse of his new guests, the landlord put Mr. Palmer down as a pleasant-spoken gentleman, though a trifle reserved, while Mr. Dent seemed the quietest and sulkiest-looking person he had met for a long time. But when they returned for luncheon, he perceived at once that his first impressions had been premature. The effect of the exercise and the country air had been, indeed, quite remarkable. Mr. Palmer's reserve was altogether gone, and a more affable gent he thought he had seldom met. As for Mr. Dent, all trace of sulkiness had vanished, and instead, he showed himself as a roaring blade, a regular slap-dash, swaggering fellow, in fact.

"Well, Bill," said Mr. Palmer, tucking his napkin into his neck, "I reckon you'll allow my judgment was about right this time!"

"Yes, Bob, I'll do you that justice," Mr. Dent allowed handsomely, "but I'd think still more of your judgment if you'd tell me who that blighter is and what game he thinks he's playing at."

"We'll find that out soon enough," said Mr. Palmer confidently. "The main point is, he isn't the real Jack Hayward, and we've got him as soon as we sets to work on him!"

"But how do you propose to set to work? You've been mighty close about it ever since we saw the chap."

Mr. Palmer took a large mouthful, and chewed it with an extremely thoughtful air.

"The fact is, Bill," said he, when the way was cleared at last for conversation, "I haven't quite made up my mind yet. Of course, we might just walk in and expose him."

He looked at his friend questioningly, and was answered with emphasis.

"I want to know more about the business first, thank you! Who is he? That's what I want to get at."

Mr. Palmer nodded.

"I'm not the one for sticking at trifles as a rule, Bill, as you know. But this blighter's game wants a bit o' watching before we lays down our own cards. How's he learnt Jack Hayward is dead? That's the first puzzler."

"Perhaps he may not know it, but just be risking his not turning up yet awhile."

Bob Palmer shook his wily head.

"We couldn't see very much of him, I'll allow, but the little I did see showed clear enough as how he was a pretty cool hand. He's playing a deep game, Bill, and we've gotter find out what it is."

"And then either make him scoot or squeal," said Bill vindictively.

"That's the size of it, Bill. Oh, we've got the game in our hands right enough, no fears of that. But it means going careful for a bit to begin on; leastways, in *my* judgment."

"And likewise in mine," his friend replied.

(*Continued on a later page*)



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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

"'Suppose we turn back now,' he suggested. 'This path seems to be getting a trifle public'"

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THE WOMAN'S SPHERE.

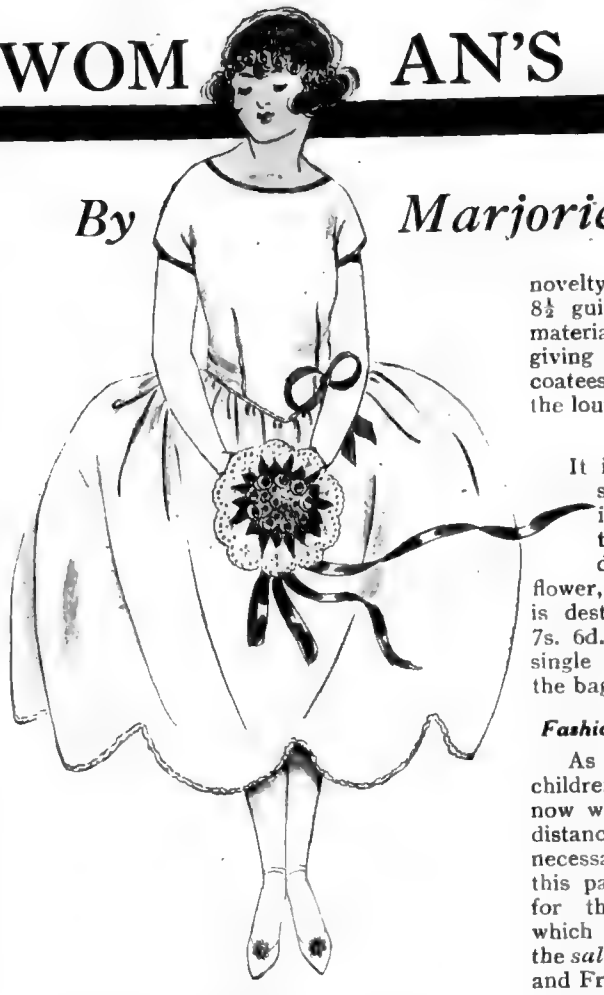
By Marjorie

The wrap-coat occupies a very important rôle in the *répertoire* of the well-dressed woman at this date in the calendar. Never has there been a time when there has been such a host of possibilities to explore in the domain of abbreviated affairs that are really becoming as there are to-day. Those who have to consider pounds, shillings, and pence carefully must turn their attention to those fashioned of caracul cloth. There is nothing at all pretentious about this material; it presents a good appearance to the world and wears remarkably well. Many of the coats carried out in it have a cleverly introduced slanting line from the left shoulder to the right hip, while others have an adjustable collar and fasten down the centre of the front. They are lined with a pretty mercerised fabric, and range in price from £3 to £4. Naturally, caracul cloth is not as soft as fur, so women will be well advised to wear a silk muffler with them, which should be of the same *nuance* as the powder they use. Dead white is too trying to the majority.



A Tunic Suit

Of blue crêpe de chine, trimmed with fagot stitching. At Debenham and Freebody's



A Simple Frock

Of silver-grey taffetas, hemmed with petunia velvet. At Debenham and Freebody's

Versailles Embroidery and Furs

Some of the short coats are made of Versailles embroidery and fur; the colours are so vivid that one soon becomes weary of them. A toll has been levied on velvet and zenana enriched with monkey fur, but these are far more expensive, and demand carefully chosen accessories to accompany them. The fur that seems likely to remain on the crest of the wave indefinitely for decorative purposes is rabbit, it is known by many names, the secret of its success is doubtless due to the clever manner in which it is dyed as well as in the "pulling."

The Long Coat

The long coat is ever graceful, so it is a matter for congratulation that it is now made in such soft fabrics. An interesting model, whose birthplace was Paris, but has now migrated to our own metropolis, is carried out in heavy black crêpe de georgette; it is lined and interlined, and is pleated at the sides, while the Russian influence is noticeable in the "pouched" effect at the waist. *Motifs* of bright crinkled silk outlined with dull jet beads are embroidered thereon, its beauty being increased by a collar—if such it can be called—that rests on the shoulders; this is of snow chinchilla, a band of the same appearing at the hem. Some will inquire what is snow chinchilla. Well, it is "rabbit" dyed to suggest the most costly of all furs. An innovation this season is to have the back of the corsage and sleeves of fur, and the rest of the coat of another material, zenana, for instance. There is a very pretty platinum zenana that looks remarkably well in alliance with nutria.

House Wraps

Everyone is enterested in house-wraps. Mere man does not like to see his womenfolk muffled up; he likes them to be warm and at the same time to present a neat appearance. Therefore, if he be contemplating a Christmas gift, he might antedate it a few weeks, and send a cheque to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., for a chiffon-velvet coatee, lined throughout with white fur. They are made in all the fashionable colours, with modified bell sleeves that are destined to be turned back, when they form cuffs of fur, the width of which can be varied. Frankly, these are no novelty; in the past they were 12½ guineas, now they are 8½ guineas; they are the same quality. Prices of the materials have come down, so Marshall and Snelgrove are giving their customers the benefit of the same. These coatees may appropriately be worn for bridge, lunch, or in the lounge of a fashionable hotel.

Pleasing Trifles

It is difficult to-day to find a woman who does not seek the aid of powder to increase her charm. It is not always easy to carry a powder puff unostentatiously. Marshall and Snelgrove are showing delightful ribbon wristlets on which alights a single flower, at the back of which is secreted a little bag, which is destined to carry the powder puff, and the price is 7s. 6d. Should a Victorian posy be preferred to the single flower, then the price is 12s. 6d., and perhaps the bag is a little better finished.

Fashions for Children

As Christmas, the children's festival, is now within measurable distance, no apology is necessary for illustrating this page with fashions for the little people, which were sketched in the *salons* of Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W. At the top of the page there is a dress for a girl of from fourteen to fifteen years of age. It is of silver-grey taffetas, hemmed with petunia velvet to match the bow at the waist. Fagot stitching trims the blue crêpe de chine suit for the little boy; then on the right is an extremely attractive frock for a little girl. Won't some small personage love it? It is of pink silk net, with picot edge trimmed with blue ribbons and rosebuds. A very demure frock is pictured below on the left, which is very suitable for a girl of from six to eight. The fabricating medium is primrose coloured crêpe de chine strewn with bon-bon pink flowers, an important feature being the large Quaker collar of white georgette. Last, but by no means the least attractive, is the white net frock ornamented with tucks and a blue silk ribbon. Everyone who is unable to visit these *salons* must write for the children's book, as it is a veritable mine of information regarding fashions for the denizens of the nursery.



A Party Frock

Of pink silk net, ornamented with blue ribbons and rosebuds. At Debenham and Freebody's

Prices that Please

Every woman must at the earliest opportunity write to Badcocks, Limited, Queen Street, Oxford, for their catalogue, as the prices of everything are exceptionally moderate, while the garments represent the last words in the story of fashion. For instance, the Isis skirt, primarily destined for sports, which is equally suitable for county wear in general, is 29s. 6d. post free. It is well cut, smartly pleated, and is expressed in soft suiting that wears well. It is obtainable in grey, brown, and black grounds, with checks of lemon, gold, and white. Fur-trimmed coats are from 59s. 11d. to 25 guineas; while well-tailored wool garbardine raincoats are 39s. 6d., and rubber mackintoshes 25s. 6d. Several pages of the excellent catalogue are devoted to millinery and jumpers.



For Miss Six and Miss Three-year Old

(1) Of primrose-coloured crêpe de chine strewn with flowers and finished with a white georgette Quaker collar. (2) Of prettily tucked white net and blue ribbon waist-band. At Debenham and Freebody's

For Travellers

The popularity of Mothersill's Seasick Remedy has so greatly increased during the last few years that, in order to cope with the demand, the Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd., have opened up a branch office and factory at 12, rue Notre Dame des Champs, Paris, in order to ensure a complete supply being maintained. This seasick remedy is an admirable remedy for sea, train, and air sickness.

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AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

ARMISTICE NIGHT IN TRAFALGAR SQUARE—A Huge Crowd Commemorates the Peace Anniversary

In contrast to the reverent hush of the morning, Armistice night, November 11, was given over to merriment. Most of the hotels and big restaurants held dances and special festivities, and in Trafalgar Square a big crowd assembled to commemorate the signing of the Armistice. The scenes witnessed in London were the merriest since the first Armistice night in November, 1918

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Armistice Day, 1922

BOOM! Boom! B-mm! Through the low Gothic portal of an Abbey doorway came the reverberating note of the maroons. Big Ben had just ceased to hammer out the hour with its note of destiny. The congregation had just sung the Contakion for faithful departed when the Great Silence fell. The following thought had been suggested—

In remembrance of those who made the great sacrifice, O God, make us better men and women, and give peace in our time.

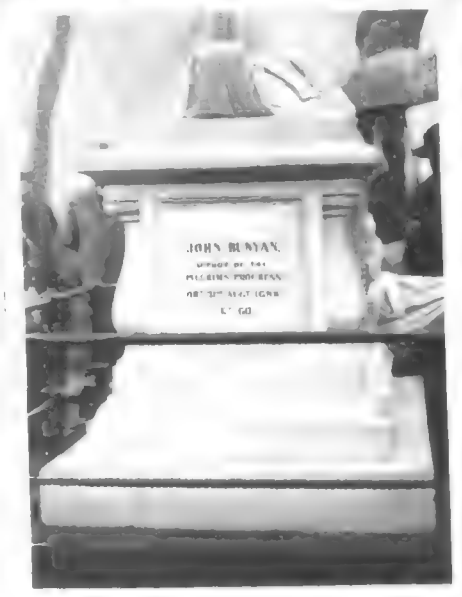
Slowly the two minutes passed, and with a further hymn, clergy and choir passed down to the Unknown Warrior's grave, where a sixteenth-century prayer was pronounced

O Lord, support us all the day long of this troubelous life, until the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the buisy world is hushed, the fever of life is over, and our work done. Then, Lord, in Thy mercy, grant us safe lodgeing, a holy rest, and peace at the last, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Outside, at the Cenotaph, a great crowd had assembled, and quietly awaited the solemn hour. The black bearskins of the Guards showed over the heads of the waiting multitude. The bands played solemn music. The King placed his wreath, the hymn was sung in the open street, the Last Post was sounded, and the ceremony of the Great Silence was over. 'Bus-drivers leapt on to their seats, strapped their aprons around them, drew on their gloves, the engines throbbed and rattled, and all the myriad atoms of London's life were again surging hither and thither.

Guarding the Ramparts

It was by no means a peaceful week-end to the mind of anyone who apprehends the possibilities of the situation in the Balkan area. In many a church prayers were offered up for the prevention of war, and men murmured in coffee-room and club, "We don't want another war." A perfectly true statement. But wars with this country are not sought, they are thrust upon us. May one not be thrust upon us now is quite a correct desire on the part of the private citizen and for a Government. The latter, moreover, have mentally to be prepared for any contingency. They have to guard the ramparts at every point. Their view has to be bigger and longer than that of the ordinary man.



Bunyan's Tomb Rededicated

The tomb of John Bunyan, in Bunhill Fields, has been restored, and last week was rededicated by Mrs. Brown (widow of Dr. John Brown, the outstanding authority on Bunyan). This picture shows visitors looking at the tomb after the ceremony



Gallant Gladeye at the People's Palace

Mrs. S. Shepheard's championship winner at the Metropolitan and Essex Canine Society's Show at the People's Palace, Mile End Road



Women Athletes in the Lord Mayor's Show

One of the most interesting features of this year's show was the inclusion of sections of men and women athletes. These sections were headed by their leaders in the procession, and were loudly cheered all along the route

Autumn Glories

All during these alarms, Nature was serenely casting her autumn mantle to the ground. Some there be who say that this has been no proper autumn; that the lazy leaves have not troubled to turn to full colour. This may be true of certain areas, but the wanderer afoot was able to find a full measure of colour, and that not far from the mile-post in Cornhill. In a lovely shelving hollow all the ground was ablaze with beech mast. All around one were russet and lemon-coloured leaves and masses of bracken of an unnameable delicacy of tone. And all these glories were given to one in solitude. No townsfolk wandered forth:—

No more lovers under the bush
Stretched at their ease

as Mr. Thomas Hardy writes in his new poem, "The Later Autumn." The absence of the suburban Saturday afternoon lover lent a charm to the scene. There was nothing to mar the rose-red sunset until, homeward bound, one encountered the back-firing motor-cyclist blasting his way through the dusk.

Fish from the Thames

In spite of the dead weeds leaves, and so forth, in the river at present, I am told that pike, roach, dace, and other fish have been caught. I am actually informed that at Richmond a few days ago on the occasion of the London Anglers' Competition, 529 fish were captured, weighing 98 lb. 14 oz. The catch was comprised of roach, dace, and gudgeon. I must confess that I am surprised. I have walked along the river frontage time and again, and actually on the particular afternoon of this competition, but I have never had the good fortune to see a single fish of any kind captured. I have seen a great number of men with big bamboo rods, thermos flasks, and a variety of fishing kit and bait, but I have never seen the little quill dip—except once when caught by another man's line.

Serve and Suffer

Several readers have commented on the recent articles on Fascism, in Mr. Edward Hutton, as being ultra-cautious in their exposition of the Fascist movement and its possibilities. Peculiar circumstances demand peculiar means—they are springing back to Parliamentary rule and methods the moment the right point has been gained. In this connection

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Goud-bye to the Mansion House

Sir John Baddeley, the retiring Lord Mayor, looking away his papers in his despatch box

ON THE BIRTH OF HIS SON

By Su Tung-p'o (A.D. 1036–1101)

Families, when a child is born,
Want it to be intelligent.

I, through intelligence,
Having wrecked my whole life,
Only hope the baby will prove
Ignorant and stupid.

Then he will crown a tranquil life
By becoming a Cabinet Minister.

This little gem of Chinese irony is from "A Hundred and Seventy Chinese Poems." Translated by Arthur Waley. (Constable and Co.)



Golfers' Farewell Gift to Sir Henry Thornton

Mr. W. Murray (captain of the Romford Golf Club) presented the silver cigar casket



Lafayette

London's New Lady Mayoress and her Maids of Honour

A picture taken on the evening of Lord Mayor's Day. The maids of honour are Miss Vera Moore, Miss Elsa Venner, Miss Violet Moore, Miss Narcy Townend, Miss Daphne Dowdell, Miss Winifred Newton, Miss Rosemary Smith, Miss Greenaway, and Miss Enid Roll

attention of the reader is drawn to a letter from Rome which appears on another page. In it one obtains a more immediately favourable impression of the movement. The motto, "Give and Suffer," is certainly a stirring one, recalling Garibaldi's famous call to the Romans when he offered them only suffering, privation, and death. The little picture given here of a Fascist woman is of sartorial interest—

The costume has been modelled on the dress of the women in the French Revolution—black silk tight-fitting cap with black tassel, plain black shirt, a broad, long, swathed black waistband, and grey skirt. The women do not carry firearms, but only short truncheons, or, failing these, a smaller log of firewood.

The Wailing Note on Armistice Day

As far as we are aware, only one newspaper—*The Times*—commented on the curious wailing note heard just after the reverberations of the maroons had passed away. Out of the silence came a curiously faint wailing note, which rose to a crescendo and then died away in undulating fashion. It was heard inside Westminster Abbey and away in the heart of the City: in the Stock Exchange building and at South Kensington. It had a strangely appealing note, coming at such a time. In the Abbey it began with the faintest of tones, scarcely audible. What was it?

London's Show

The Lord Mayor's Show this year was not a great success. It lacked colour and beauty. The emblematical cars carrying "maps of overseas dominions failed to impress the waiting ranks of Londoners. The London athletes proved to be the most interesting part of the procession."

London's New Buildings

A special feature of next week's issue will be a pictorial survey of the new London which is arising. The returning native especially will find much useful information within these pages.



Eastern Queen Pageant at the Albert Hall

This royal Chinese costume is 350 years old: it originally belonged to Chao Yong, the Warrior Queen of China. It is to be worn by Miss Pauline Peters at Ypres Ball at the Albert Hall on Nov. 30



The Leader of the Women Fascisti

Maria Christine Rossi, a student of Bologna, who led a party of Fascisti women to Rome. The costume of the women Fascisti has been modelled on that of the women of the French Revolution

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Special SPHERE *picture*

Act I., Scene 3: BEATRICE (Miss Sybil Thorndike): I do entreat you, go not, noble guests; What although tyranny and impious hate stand sheltered by a father's hoary hair?

SHELLEY'S "CENCI" Performed in London.

The Drama of Medieval Italy. Produced by Mr. Lewis Casson

Thirty-six years ago I attended a performance of the tragedy of the *Cenci*, by Percy Bysshe Shelley, at the Grand Theatre, Islington. It was one of Shelley's thwarted ambitions that this tragedy should be performed on the stage, but not until sixty-seven years after it was written was his ambition realised, and then under the auspices of a society which had recently come into being, the Shelley Society. I attended the play with the hon. secretary of that society, Mr. Thomas Wise, the well-known bibliophile, and thirty-six years afterwards we were able to attend together a second performance, one of four matinées which have been inaugurated at the New Theatre by Miss Mary Moore and Miss Sybil Thorndike, in which the latter accomplished actress performed the title part. One recalls that at the earlier performance Mr. Robert Browning and Mr. James Russell Lowell sat side by side in the stalls, but many eminent men and women of that day were in the house. Thirty-six years is a long span, and it will be interesting to know how many people there were in the audience on November 13 who saw the performance in which Miss Alma Murray took the part of Beatrice Cenci and Mr. Hermann Vezin that of Count Francesco Cenci. It is noteworthy, in any case, that the interval is longer than the whole period of Shelley's career.

It is not a great tragedy, although there are great tragic moments. To compare it with the *Œdipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles, the *Medea* of Euripides, and Shakspere's *King Lear*, as do Mr. Alfred Forman and the late Mr. Buxton Forman in their introduction to the printed play, is wide of the mark. Shelley, in selecting the subject, indicated a certain morbidity of mind. But both Hermann Vezin and his later prototype, Mr. Robert Farquharson, lived up to the thrilling episodes of the drama. With the latter, however, there is a lack of the virility that might be presupposed in the horrible father. As to the two Beatrices, Miss Alma Murray had youthfulness on her side in her presentation of the twenty-years-old daughter. Miss Thorndike, however, was superb in the later scenes—the wronged woman at bay. One certainly saw in Miss Thorndike, always an actress of great distinction, a resemblance to the more or less dubious portrait of Beatrice Cenci which we owe to Guido Reni.

One thing is certain, in the progress of the years there has been a great development of artistic scenery, and this is well reflected in the production of the play that we owe to Mr. Lewis Casson. Well, it is a performance which, with all its horrors and the distaste one has for the subject matter, one would not willingly have missed. At both performances, with their long interval of thirty-six years, there were undeniably intervals of tedium. But Shelley is, after all, one of the very greatest of our poets, and in his *Beatrice Cenci* there is an amazing number of incommunicable lines. The vision of Beatrice in her agony is a never-to-be-forgotten memory, and the whole performance was a triumph of stage management.

C. K. S.

Some Interesting Figures in the Political Struggle.

See pp. 164–5 *for Portraits of these Personalities*

Mr. Pringle, the Liberal candidate for the Penistone division of the West Riding, was noted in the long Parliament, 1910–18, as a trenchant debater. Possessed of ample courage, he was always ready to reply to leading ministers and others from whom he differed. By his criticism of the Lloyd George Government during the war he incurred the political animosity of its members and supporters. They were greatly pleased by his severe defeat in Glasgow at the General Election of 1918, and again when he was beaten at a by-election in Manchester. During the last Parliament he had a room at the House of Commons as secretary to the Independent Liberal Party, and his knowledge of Parliamentary practice and his ingenuity were of service in the framing of amendments and questions and the providing of ammunition for the party in debate.

Mr. Ramsay Muir, Liberal candidate for Rochdale, who has been Professor of Modern History, first at the University of Liverpool and later at Manchester, became known in recent years as one of the intellectual leaders of the Liberal movement. Combining political ardour with academic distinction, he has expounded ideas on Liberalism and industry which have been widely accepted, and has otherwise contributed to the moulding of thought in his party. He was one of the framers of the Manchester Liberal policy.

Mr. Douglas Hogg, the new Attorney-General, who was elected for Marylebone without a contest, has never before sat in Parliament. He was chosen for the chief law-officership solely on account of his eminence at the Bar. The son of the founder of the Polytechnic, Mr. Hogg is only fifty. Before he was called to the Bar he had served in the South African War. This is not the first time an Attorney-General has been selected without Parliamentary experience. For instance, Sir Richard Webster (afterwards Lord Alverstone, Lord Chief Justice) was designated to that office before his election in 1885.

Mr. Inskip, who again stood for Central Bristol, succeeded Sir Leslie Scott as Solicitor-General; during his four years in the House of Commons he made his mark as a clear and forcible speaker. His style was better than that of the average lawyer in Parliament. He was an industrious member.

Sir Robert Sanders, who stood again for the Bridgwater division, took a leading part in the revolt of the "Under-Secretaries" against the Coalition. A former master of Devon and Somerset Staghounds, he became a Unionist Whip in the late Government, after he had served during the war in Gallipoli, Egypt, and Palestine and last year he was appointed Under-Secretary for War. He will be quite at home in the post of Minister of Agriculture, to which he was raised, with a seat in the Cabinet, by Mr. Bonar Law. On the back benches he was a recognised authority on agriculture.

Although a considerable number of women went to the poll for the Liberal and Labour parties there were few on the Unionist side. **Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan,** who opposed the former Labour member in North Camberwell, was one of the few. The daughter of Captain the Hon. A. H. F. Fraser (Scots Guards), and the widow of Professor Gwynne-Vaughan, she herself was distinguished in botany, becoming in 1909 head of that department of Birkbeck College. During the war she was Chief Controller of Queen Mary's Army Auxiliary Corps with the armies in France from its formation till September, 1918, when she became Commandant, Women's Royal Air Force. In January, 1920, she returned to her professional post.

Mrs. Coombe-Tennant, National Liberal candidate in the Forest of Dean, was a delegate to the recent Assembly of the League of Nations, and is a fluent speaker. She is a sister-in-law of Dorothy Tennant, whose first husband was Stanley, the explorer, and who was married in 1907 to Mr. Henry Curtis, the surgeon.

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Scenes from SHELLEY'S "CENCI."

Performed at the New Theatre

Forthcoming Performances—November 20, 27, and December 4, at 2.30 p.m.



Mr. R. Farquharson as Count Francesco Cenci and Mr. A. Churchman as Andrea

Here Andrea,
Fill up this goblet with Greek wine. I said
I would not drink this evening, but I must.



Mr. L. Anderson as Giacomo and Miss Thorndike as Beatrice

GIACOMO: My sister, my lost sister
BEATRICE: Lost indeed . . . Yet kiss me



'Tis bold hypocrisy,
For he would gladly celebrate their deaths,
Which I have heard him pray for on his knees;
Great God! That such a father should be mine!



Special Sphere *pictures*

You were not here conspiring?
You said nothing
Of how I might be dungeoned with a madman

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The Armistice Day Tribute to the Belgian Unknown Warrior at the Colonne du Congrès in Brussels

The Belgian Unknown Warrior was finally laid to rest in Brussels on Armistice Day: the body was chosen by a soldier blinded in the war. Amongst the delegates present at the ceremony were General Degoutte and Lord Ypres: on the platform King Albert and Prince Leopold awaited the arrival of the body and marched behind the coffin to the grave dug at the foot of the Column of Congress

THE NEW RISORGIMENTO.

An Appreciation of the Movement for which 2,200 Fascisti have Laid Down their Lives

¶The following account is from the pen of an Italian correspondent writing from Rome. The letter puts in succinct form the chief outstanding facts concerning the origin and development of the Fascist movement. The letter is here quoted by the kind permission of "The Saturday Review."

Fascism says, "Only one right has a Fascist, and that is to accomplish, blindly, his duty towards his country." This is a very different cry from that which in 1919 and 1920 was the only one to be heard throughout Italy—"Take what you can, spit on your flag, and insult the men who saved you from your enemies." It is, perhaps, only those who have lived through the time when a few young men saved Italy from ruin who can appreciate, as it should be appreciated, the heroism of those who had courage enough to stand up against violence, bullying, and cowardly murder—and over 2,200 Fascisti have died in this cause.

In 1920 Italy was in the hands of revolutionaries. The Government had at that time lost all power of controlling this movement. Trains were stopped merely because soldiers who had fought in the war happened to be travelling in them, peasants were blackmailed and threatened with death unless they gave money to the Communist cause, and when they appealed to the Government for help, they were told that it was impossible to send soldiers to watch every farm in the country. Officers and men who had fought in the war were often murdered, and if they wore their medals in public they were brutally insulted. Anyone walking about tidily dressed was liable to be roughly treated, and children threw stones at any child they thought did not belong to the working classes. It seemed as if the dirt of the whole world had risen up to cover with a tide of filth all that was morally and physically clean.

At this moment Mussolini (son of a working man and an ex-Socialist) collected round him a number of enthusiastic ex-combatants of the younger generation and organised, what the Government was quite unable to do, a Patriotic League of Defence. This was the beginning of Fascism. It was then formed of a small minority—in towns often of only twenty men, and in villages of even fewer, who had to fight against hundreds of Communists. From these isolated groups grew larger bodies, for very soon students, older ex-combatants, and peasants joined their ranks. As they became stronger the Fascists closed all Communistic organisations, and from this point the Fascists began to construct, and not to destroy. In this they have been helped by the sympathy of the greater part of the working people, and by the army and police force.

According to the temperament of the country, Fascism has taken on a romantic aspect, and Mussolini, understanding this, has created a great ritual. Before being able to call himself a Fascist a man must serve a year and must show himself worthy of becoming one. No deserter, no man with a police record against him, is allowed to join the Fascists. The body of a Fascist killed whilst dong his duty is carried uncoffined, and with the face uncovered, through the streets to his grave. The sight of these young men, dead and for an ideal, has brought many to join the ranks of those who do not say, to tempt them, "Take and enjoy," but whose stern call is, "Give and suffer." As a military organisation Fascism has adopted the old Roman divisions, but their motto, "I don't care a damn," which may sound somewhat coarse (in Italian it is so—*Me ne frego*), has not been carefully thought out, but has sprung from a natural expression of popular feeling.



Nicolo Maraini, One of the New Fascist Consuls, Entering Rome at the Head of his Troop of 18,000 Fascisti

As a general phenomenon Fascism corresponds to the awakening of the better classes to the importance of politics, in which, for a long time, they had taken very little interest. In this way it renews the movement of the Risorgimento, which was started by a minority belonging to the more cultured classes.

The Fascisti's idea for a future Government is:—

To re-establish a strong central power and at the same time to destroy professional politics.

To inaugurate a collaboration of all classes instead of the fight of class against class, as practised by Socialism.

To submit the interests of individualists and of classes to the general good; that is to say, to drive into the brain of the masses the idea of a hierarchy in which quality counts above quantity.

To reduce the Ministries from about fifteen to five, and to destroy bureaucracy and State monopolies.

The new Fascisti Government will be a Government of Party in so far as regards politics, but in all technical matters the best men will be chosen, whether they belong to the party or not. And above all it will make it clear to each person that he has duties to fulfil.



The New Fascist Premier of Italy

Signor Mussolini, the head of the Fascisti and Premier of Italy, reviewing his legionaries. Marching with him are the Generals de Vecchi, Balbo, and de Bono

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ARMISTICE DAY at the CENOTAPH.



The Prince of Wales and the Duke of York at the Cenotaph

The Prince, leaning heavily on a stick after his accident, has just placed his wreath at the foot of the Cenotaph, and is being followed by his younger brother





The Silent Crowd at the Royal Exchange

Throughout the whole of the country Armistice Day was fittingly commemorated on Saturday by the impressive two-minutes' hush at the Cenotaph and around local war shrines erected to the memory of the fallen. At the Cenotaph the King and members of the Royal Family were present; a huge crowd had gathered here to witness the impressive ceremony, and after the great two-minutes' pause, filed past the Cenotaph to lay their tributes and render their homage to the great dead



The King, Prince of Wales, Duke of York, and Representatives of the Royal Household Standing Bareheaded During the Two-Minutes' Silence

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MUSIC of the Week

By FRANCIS TOYE.



MR. GREGORY STROUD—Bassanio in the "Merchant of Venice," at the Duke of York's



MISS ENA RIESS—As Portia in Adrian Beecham's opera the "Merchant of Venice"

Foulsham & Banfield

The first concert of the Royal Philharmonic Society provided us with a mild scandal in the form of a really bad performance of Ireland's "Symphonic Rhapsody." After all, one does not expect such happenings at a concert of what is regarded as the premier concert-giving society in this country. A conductor may give a poor reading of a work, a soloist may not play his best—such eventualities are, so to say, all in the day's work—but a rendering that is definitely faulty as regards entries and notes seems to me scarcely tolerable.

Especially, I think, when a comparatively new work is in question. How is the public to judge the work? Even the expert finds it difficult enough to distinguish between faulty writing on the part of a composer and a faulty performance of his music. Not one person in ten, in all probability, has ever heard it before; not one in a hundred has seen the score. Now, a performance by the Philharmonic is supposed to be given under the best conditions possible. If a piece of music does not sound well at a Philharmonic Concert it is reasonable to suppose that it never will or can sound well. To set a standard is what societies like the Philharmonic exist for. If their concerts are to be regarded as more or less experimental, like the Promenade Concerts, their main justification seems to me to be removed.

Insufficient Rehearsing of Orchestras

It is not, I believe, fair to blame Albert Coates, whose technical abilities as a conductor are obvious. What he can do with an orchestra was clearly shown in his fine performance of Stravinski's "Song of a Nightingale." It is probably unfair to blame any person in particular. The root of the trouble lies in the whole system of our orchestral concerts. Nowhere else in the world would such a programme have been attempted on two rehearsals—which is the most that anybody but a millionaire or a lunatic can hope for under present conditions. The Stravinski alone requires at least as many, and very few continental or American conductors would undertake it on such a small allowance.

The extraordinary ability of English orchestral players in reading new music is both a blessing and a curse. Without it we should, so far as I can see, hear hardly any orchestral music at all. But, on the other hand, we have grown to rely on it so much that we stand in some danger of forgetting what a really finished performance sounds like. The only solution of the problem is the establishment of permanent orchestras on a regular annual salary. Rehearsals then become part of a normal routine; plenty of time is available for the threshing-out of unfamiliar difficulties. The results obtained by Sir Dan Godfrey at Bournemouth, where the orchestra is run on these lines, are significant of what might be accomplished in London. Shall we ever see anything of the kind? I think so—but not yet. Many people have to learn many lessons before then.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

November 19.—Albert Hall, 3 p.m. **Kreisler.**

November 20.—Queen's Hall, 8 p.m. **London Symphony Orchestra.**

Coates conducts and Austral sings.

November 22.—Wigmore Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Bauer and Others.**

A very remarkable concert.

November 23.—Queen's Hall, 8 p.m. **Royal Philharmonic Society.**

Casals plays.

November 24.—Queen's Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Ethel Leginska.**

Goossens conducts.

November 25.—Queen's Hall, 3 p.m. **Symphony Concert.**

Myra Hess plays.

Maurice Besly's Orchestral Concert.

The appearance of a new conductor is always something of an event. For in the musical hierarchy a conductor ranks just above the executive artist and just below the composer. We have not too many young conductors, and Mr. Maurice Besly is the most promising recruit to their ranks that we have seen for some time. I do not think that he will ever, perhaps, rise to the topmost summits of the art, he does not seem "electric" enough for that, but he has undoubted qualifications. His energy, his power of control, his sense of climax are evident enough. One technical fault he undoubtedly has—he does not hold his head high enough. A conductor who keeps his head bent towards the score is not yet master of his technique. As regard his readings, I thought that the "Enigma" variations, apart from an obvious mistake, were distinctly good. So, for a comparative novice, was the Mozart symphony in E flat. Mozart's music, all things said and done, is the most difficult to conduct, and I thought Mr. Besly did distinctly well with it, especially in the trio of the minuet and the last movement. His accompaniment of the Rachmaninov concerto, too, was something more than adequate. So that there need be no hesitation in describing his concert as a real success. Myra Hess played the piano admirably, as usual; her delicacy of style, however, is perhaps not sufficiently luscious for the somewhat exuberant charms of his concerto. I realise that it is rather vulgar music, but I cannot pretend that I do not like it. The themes are good, and the general effect is distinctly pleasing. After all, greater composers than Rachmaninov have dared to be vulgar before now. One of the features of this concert was the analytical programme. Never can the public have received more for their money, for the contents ranged from a dissertation on English and continental friendships by Edwin Evans to a defence of musical piracy by Vaughan-Williams. It was, however, refreshingly free from sentimental twaddle of the kind that has become distressingly familiar to concert-goers.



Two Studies of Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies *Yvonne Park*

As the Princess Etain in Mr. Rutland Boughton's music-drama, "The Immortal Hour," at the Regent Theatre, King's Cross

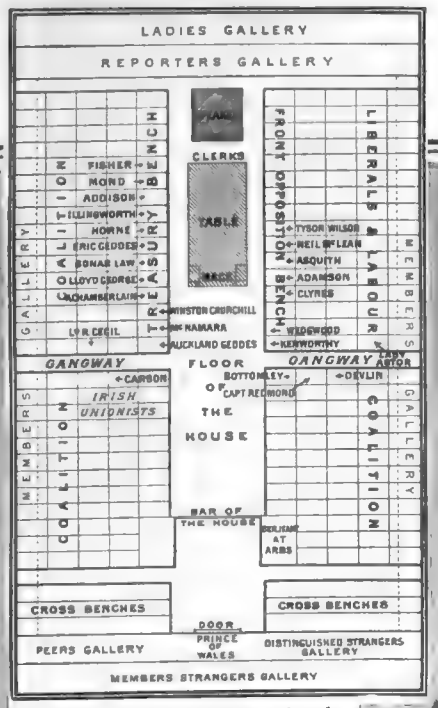
The Philharmonic Choir

Mr. Kennedy Scott and the Philharmonic Choir gave a very creditable performance of the Bach B Minor mass. As this is probably the greatest musical composition in the world, it is unnecessary to say anything further about it. I wonder, though, if all the mystical and philosophical motives so ably analysed by Rutland Boughton in the programme were really present in Bach's mind when he wrote this stupendous work. I wonder if he did not merely see in the Roman Catholic mass an unrivalled opportunity for musical effect. At any rate, I am certain that no music has ever shown a greater sense of the dramatic, as the "Credo" and the "Sanctus" most emphatically demonstrate. Bach, like most great musicians, is extraordinarily naïve at times, and the naïve mind takes especial pleasure in such broad dramatic effects. Mr. John Adams and Miss Dorothy Silk sang very well; the other soloists were not so good.

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THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE : A Record

of the Coalition House of Commons in its Later and Final Periods.



The Floor of the House in the Wonderful Geddes-Addison Days

During the Lloyd Georgian period the Coalition members occupied three-fourths of the floor of the House. The three blocks are shown above

A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF THE HOUSE, SHOWING WHERE PROMINENT MEMBERS SAT UNTIL OCTOBER, 1922

The above view shows the floor of the House towards the end of the Coalition period. The positions occupied by notable members are here recorded at a moment when it is expected a great change will come over the complexion of Parliament. Certain well-known figures will doubtless retain their privileged corner seats. In the old House, Labour and Liberal were thrust together in the block to the Speaker's left. A comparison of the Government front bench with the little chart above will show the changes which took place during the life of the Coalition. It will be interesting to note whether the women will number enough to form a small group in the House.

FIGURES OF THE LAST GENERAL ELECTION, 1918

COALITION—		NON-COALITION—	
Unionists	338	Labour	62
Liberals	136	Unionists	48
National Democratic Party	10	Liberals	26
	484	Sinn Fein	73
		Nationalists	7
		Independents, etc.	7
			223

Total, 707 members at Election, 1918

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The ELECTORAL CONTEST of NOVEMBER, 1922 :



Mr. Ramsay Muir

Liberal candidate for Rochdale. Is a distinguished author



Russell

Agriculture and Fisheries

Sir Robert A. Sanders, Bart., in Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet



Lafayette

Mr. W. M. R. Pringle

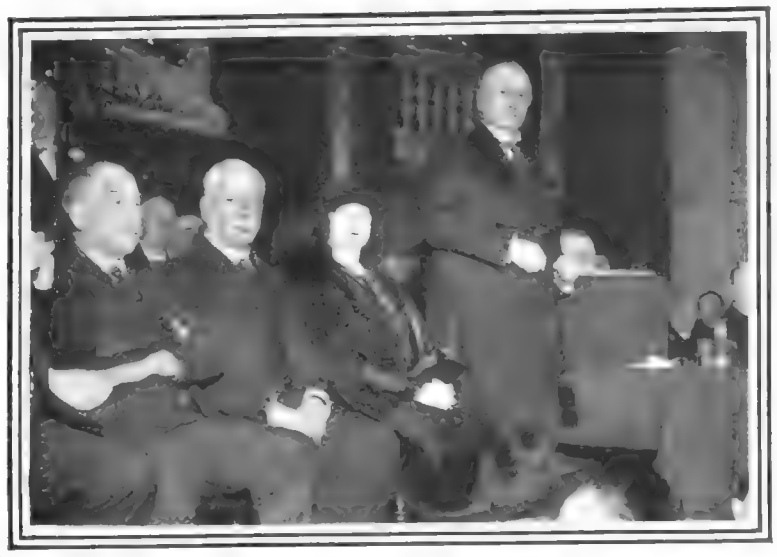
An interesting figure. Previously Liberal member, N.W. Lanarks



Elliott & Fry

New Attorney-General

Mr. Douglas McGarel Hogg, K.C.



Lord Curzon Speaking on Foreign Affairs

The Marchioness Curzon is seen on the left, with Sir George Younger



Sir Frederick Banbury, Bart.

Conservative member for the City for seventeen years



A Woman Candidate

Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan, standing for North Camberwell

LORD CURZON ON FOREIGN POLITICS

November 8, 1922

A Prime Minister of the peculiar gifts and temperament of Mr. Lloyd George must exercise an unusual and illegitimate influence upon foreign affairs.

Mr. Bonar Law had decided that the work of the Foreign Office should be done by the Department itself; "subject to the control of the Cabinet and the personal supervision of the Prime Minister"

If foreign affairs are to be above and outside party, as Lord Grey had suggested and hoped, the Foreign Minister should remember that he is speaking, not for a party or a section, but for the country as a whole. He had tried to remember that since he had been Foreign Minister.

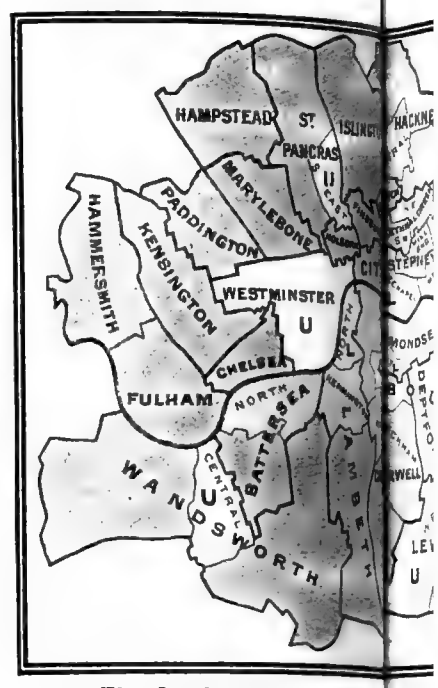
The foreign policy of this country was no longer the foreign policy of this country alone. It was the foreign policy of the British Empire.

The cardinal principle of our foreign policy should be that peace can only be recovered by the common action of the principal Allies who achieved the victory in the war.

Such questions as reparations and the Near East could only be settled if Great Britain, France, and Italy acted loyally towards and with each other.

In the continued co-operation of Great Britain and France lay the best guarantee for the security and stability of both and for the peace of Europe.

The position in the Near East constituted the most definite menace to the peace of the world.

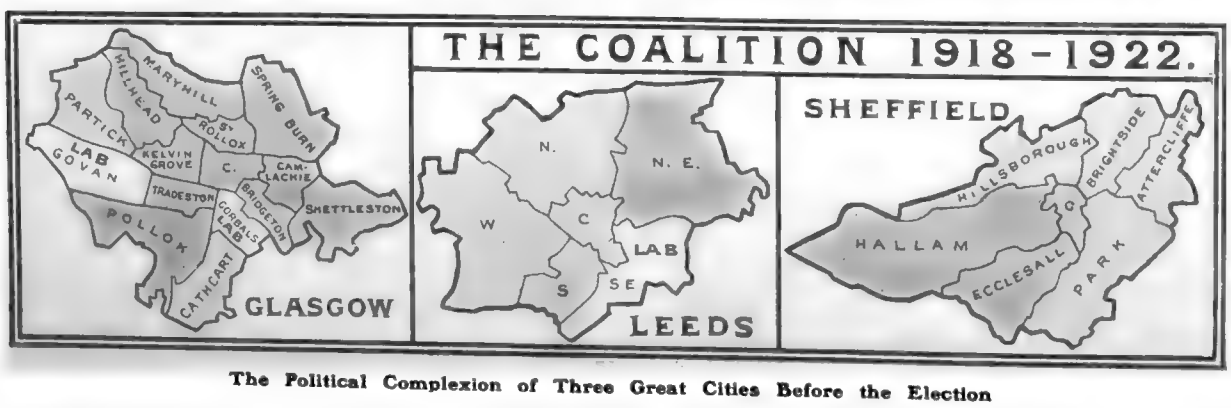


The London of the Coalition-

By the time the reader has this chart before him record with the new politics.



THE AREAS HELD BY THE CO... LIBERALS, AND INDEPENDENT... THE LI...



The Political Complexion of Three Great Cities Before the Election

Glasgow shows Labour holding Govan and Corbals. The rest of this electoral area was Coalition

Leeds was almost wholly Coalition during the past few years. Only S.E. Leeds was Labour

Sheffield presented a very homogeneous appearance, no Labour member being returned to the Coalition Parliament

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Some Special Charts of What Has Been for Comparison with What May Be.



How its Forces were Disposed

he will be in a position to compare the above complexion of the metropolis



Swaine

A Liberal Stalwart

Sir Donald Maclean, who led Liberals in a difficult time



Secretary for Home Affairs

Right Hon. W. C. Bridgeman, in Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet



Vandyk

New Solicitor-General

Mr. T. W. H. Inskip, K.C., in Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet



Vandyk

Board of Education

Right Hon. E. F. L. Wood, returned unopposed for Ripon



Beresford

A Woman Candidate

Mrs. Coombe-Tennant, standing for Forest of Dean



An Electioneering Scene on England's Coast

Major Astor and Lady Violet among the fishermen of Deal

1918 to 1922

The main Coalition strength was throughout the centre of England. The greater part of Scotland was Coalition. Wales was also of the same dual complexion. Independent members of various parties were distributed at the edges of the main areas of Coalition strength



COALITION PARLIAMENT. 1918 - 1922.

COALITION UNIONISTS, COALITION OPPOSITION PARTIES UNDER GEORGE REGIME

THE PRIME MINISTER ON HOME POLITICS

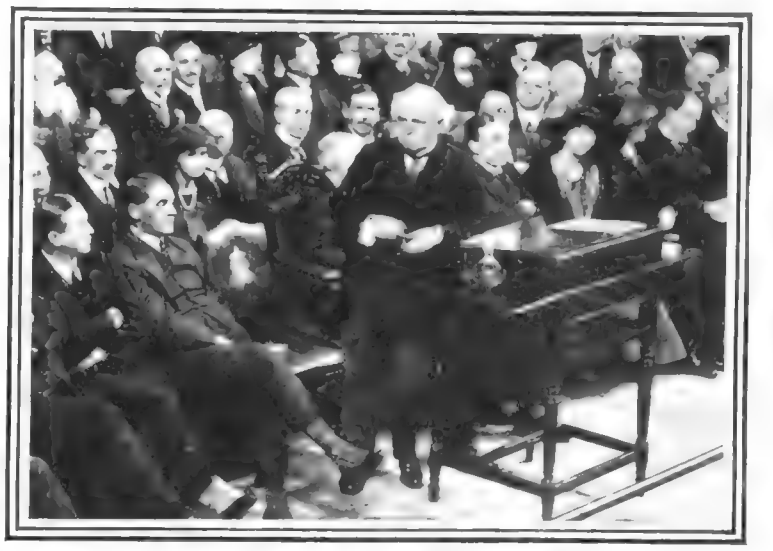
November 7, 1922

"A Time to Every Purpose"

There are many terrible things said about us. "We are simply going to sit still and do nothing." That is not my idea. I cannot but repeat again the text from the Bible which has always remained in my mind: "To every thing there is a season and a time to every purpose under the heaven." That is true of individuals and true of nations. There are times when we ought to go quickly, there are other times—and this is one of them—when the best results are obtained by going slowly.

And, remember, there is some indication that that is a pretty general view. We have had recently some very distinguished recruits to our party who have always before been Liberals. I hear all over the country why they are taking that attitude. There is only one reason. They know that, whatever other expedients you may try, the real recovery of this country can only come from an improvement in trade. They know also that the basis of every improvement in trade must be confidence, and that the one thing to give confidence is to make people feel that there will not be some sort of adventure or surprise to-morrow of which they had no conception.

That is my idea of our policy. . . . Recovery can only be slow, and you gain nothing, and you may lose everything, by trying to get in a day what will, perhaps, take a lifetime to secure for the people.



Mr. Lloyd George with his Henchman

The late Prime Minister and the late Lord Chancellor at Glasgow



Liverpool and Birkenhead were very largely Coalition. Only the Scotland Division returned a Nationalist, while Fairfield returned a Unionist

Manchester presented a varied appearance. There were three Unionist members, two Labour, and the rest Coalition

Birmingham was quite unlike Manchester. It presented an unbroken Coalition front, with the exception of one Labour seat

Edinburgh was partly Independent Liberal, Labour, and Coalition

Newcastle was three parts Coalition

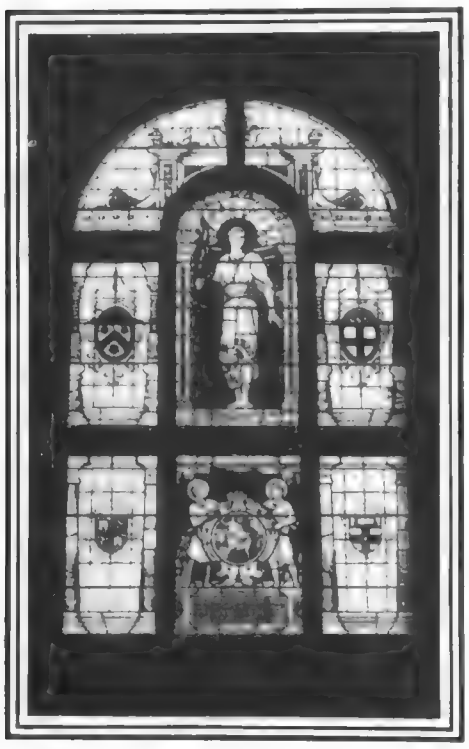
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SCENES AT MILL HILL : OLD MILLHILLIANS v.



The First XV.—Old Millhillians v. The School at Mill Hill—A Special Group Taken on

The group includes, from left to right, seated on chairs—J. R. Elias, O. H. Furlong, **O. A. Cunningham, P. O. Walker, E. H. Clarkson, L. W. Butcher, C. L. Malcomson, M. W. Jackson, W. D. Gibbs (Hon. Secretary), M. S. Pocock, E. McLennan, K. D. Wood-**roffe, D. B. Anderson, W. A. Macfarlane (Captain), J. Lamont (President of Old Mill-**hillians Club this year), the Headmaster (Mr. Jacks), J. P. Croisdale (Captain, School), W. H. Sobey (Hon. Secretary, School), E. H. Beart, H. M. Jones, W. R. C. Reid, G. M**

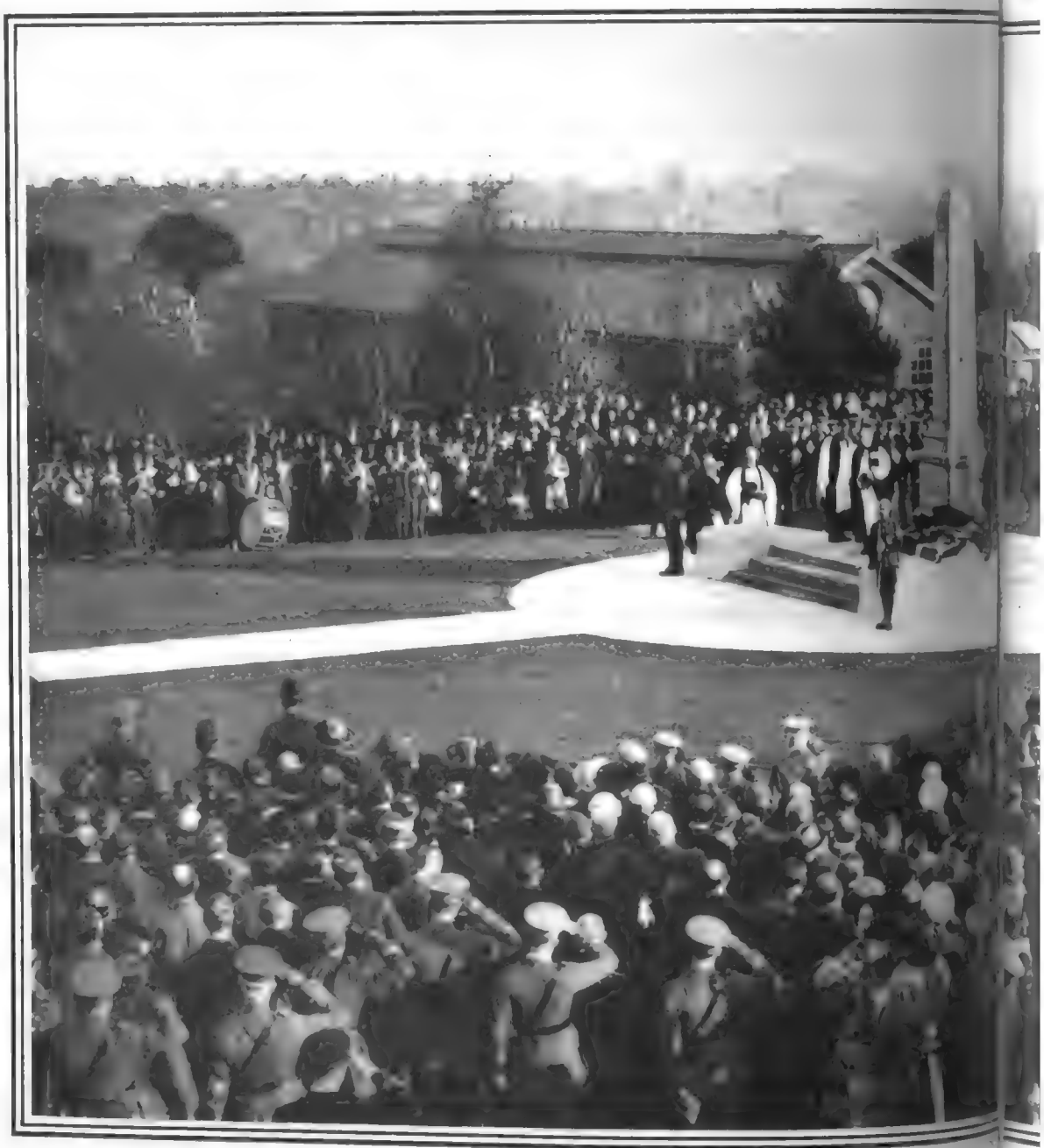


The Memorial Window to the late Headmaster of Mill Hill School

A few days ago there was dedicated in the School Chapel of Mill Hill School a window in memory of the late Sir John David McClure. The window bears the following inscription:—

> In grateful and abiding remembrance of John David McClure, Kt., M.A., LL.D., Mus.Doc., for thirty-one years headmaster of this school, to the service of which he devoted his life.

The window, which forms one of a series, includes above a figure of Isaac.



The Unveiling of the War Memorial to the Middlesex Regiment

The Prince of Wales, who is Colonel-in-Chief of the Middlesex Regiment, recently attended the ceremony of unveiling a war memorial erected at Mill Hill Barracks to the memory of the 12,694 officers and men of the regiment who fell in the Great War. The carriage-way from the barrack gates to the site of the memorial was lined by local troops of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides, while guards of honour from the depot and the Territorial battalions, together with contingents of the Mill Hill and Aldenham Schools Officers' Training Corps, a detachment of the Cadet Battalion, Middlesex Regiment, a number of ex-Servi-

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THE SCHOOL, and the NEW WAR MEMORIAL.



Special panoramic group by H. V. Clow

the Occasion of the Recent Match (The Old Millhillians and School Seated on Chairs)

Day, B. Baker, E. T. Hancock, C. S. Sutherland, R. Straker, J. F. Melkle, D. G. C. Thomas, W. A. Bourne. Also included in the group are—A. C. Addams (seated on ground), R. S. Spong (sitting on ground), V. D. Lloyd Thomas (sitting on ground), P. Swain (presentation cap, O.M. 1905), F. S. Wilks (presentation cap, O.M. 1906), C. W. Bywaters (presentation cap, O.M. 1907), R. S. B. Wyld (presentation cap, O.M. 1911), also H. M. Moore and O. Vincy, of the same period.



of which the Prince of Wales is Colonel-in-Chief, at Mill Hill

men, including blinded men from St. Dunstan's and Chelsea Pensioners, were formed up on each side of the memorial. Four members of the regiment, in fighting kit, stood with reversed arms at the corner-stones of the monument. The service, which was conducted by Bishop Taylor-Smith (Chaplain-General to the Forces), assisted by the Rev. J. G. W. Tuckey (Southern Command), began with the singing of Kipling's "Recessional." Owing to an accident to his foot, the Prince of Wales was not able personally to perform the ceremony of unveiling the monument.



Saluting at the Base of the Newly-unveiled War Memorial at Mill Hill

The memorial, which is an obelisk of Portland stone, occupies a dominating site on the top of the hill in front of the officers' quarters. It was designed by a former private of the regiment, Mr. J. G. Peacock, and was executed by Messrs. Foster and Dixie, Ltd., Chelsea. On three sides of the obelisk, which rises from a paved square with corner stones, the badge of the regiment, which embraces the plume of the Prince of Wales, is cut, and on the front is the simple inscription:—

> To the glory of God, and in honoured memory of 12,694 of all ranks of the Middlesex Regiment (Duke of Cambridge's Own), who gave their lives in the Great War, 1914–18.

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"CONSTANTINOPLE must not be allowed to be a





Turkish Flags out in the Streets of Constantinople

"All the streets are bedecked with flags," writes our correspondent



The Ebullient Crescent

Turks gathered before a display of Nationalist pictures in Constantinople

(1) An Instantaneous Impression of the Fall of Smyrna

These four pictures of the quayside at Smyrna during the fall of the city have not hitherto population. Some are swarming on to a launch, which in the

THE FATE OF THE 400,000 CHRISTIANS OF CONSTANTINOPLE

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL

CONSTANTINOPLE, NOVEMBER 1.

A few days ago, in the Galata district of Constantinople, an elderly Ottoman Greek who had been for fifteen years the station-master of a small town near this city was arrested by a Turkish policeman. The Greek was walking along the street when the policeman suddenly approached him from behind, tapped him on the shoulder, and asked him to "come along." The Greek had committed no crime, but it is perfectly possible that he had decorated his station wrth Greek flags at the time of the Greek successes in Angora, and that, apparently, is crime enough to-day.

Well, there was nothing for it but to go along, so off he went—very frightened—panic-stricken.

On the way to the police-station the two men passed a Greek church in which a number of refugees were huddling in terror awaiting a ship to take them off to Greece. In the church the Greek thought, safety might lie, so he made a sudden dash into the building. The Turk followed, sword in hand. The refugees immediately attacked the policeman, and one of them shot him. To-day he is lying seriously injured; it is not expected that he will recover.

Allied police were almost immediately upon the scene, and what might easily have led to a



(3) The Launch Sinks at Smyrna Quayside

This third picture shows some of the refugees actually in the water and swimming towards the quay

Google

second SMYRNA" : Says Mr. Scotland Liddell.



(2) The Same Scene a Few Seconds Later

...n published in this country. They form a remarkable record of the flight of the Christian ...ond picture is turning over with the weight of the refugees

...rible massacre was quickly settled. But for the arrival of the Allied police, indeed, this ...ole city might have been ablaze with racial strife.

Now here, in this little drama, you have an illustration of the mood in Constantinople ...day. In this city there are, roughly, 400,000 Christians -Greeks, Ottoman Greeks, ...menians, etc. Frankly, they are desperately afraid. For four years, thanks to the presence ...the Allied troops, they have lived in a state of temporary security, but now that rumours ...ve begun to circulate regarding the possible evacuation of the town by the Allied forces, the ...ristian folk are filled with dread. As a further illustration, let me mention this: Two days ...a ship arrived to take the refugees in the church away. Until an Allied guard was sent, the ...ople absolutely refused to leave the building. . . .

Undoubtedly the Greeks were particularly offensive here at the time of their army's advance ...Angora. In Pera, at that time, there were as many Greek flags to be seen as there are ...rkish flags to-day. A Greek battleship cruised up and down the Bosphorus, while thousands ...Greeks stood cheering on the wharves. Jubilant Greeks demonstrated in the streets, and now ...se same Greeks fear reprisals.

If the Kemalists are allowed to occupy Constantinople the Central Government will be ...amped by that of Angora, which will then have complete control of the city. At the Peace ...nference the Angora Government will certainly give assurances that no outrages will be ...mitted here, and that a state of order and quiet will be enforced. No matter how genuine ...se assurances may be, they will not satisfy the Christian population here. Folks know

(Continued on a later page)



(4) In this Picture the Launch has Disappeared

...l except the little upperwork. These four pictures were taken in rapid succession. The American sailor remains undisturbed throughout the incident



A Turkish Shopkeeper

Putting up some decorations in honour of the Kemalist victories



France and Turkey Arm in Arm

Ismet Pasha and M. Franklin Bouillon posing in front of the Konak at Mudania

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PERSONALITIES AT HOME.



Sir Thomas and Lady McAlpine and Two of their Children

Sir "Tom" McAlpine is the third son of Sir Robert McAlpine of the world-wide known firm of that name, and is a brother-in-law of Major Richard Lloyd George, son of the Prime Minister. These facts may not be generally known, but to the public, who "love a lord" and also a horse, he is the owner of Shaun Spadah, the winner of a recent Grand National.

Sir Thomas McAlpine was created a knight in 1921; he lives at Fairmile Court, Cobham, is a County Councillor of Surrey, a J.P. of Hertford, and an Associate of the Institute of Civil Engineers. He is an all-round sportsman, and in winning the Grand National he brought off a "double event" by being first himself about the same time in the St. Stephen's Club Billiards Handicap.

After the war Sir Thomas McAlpine devoted his energies to the production of houses—a great national need—and he set up a record in this at the rate of fifteen complete houses per diem.



Sir "Tom" and One of his Boys Cut Up Logs for the Open Grate



Fairmile Court, Cobham—Sir "Tom" Macalpine's Surrey Residence

THE NAMES OF WITCHES : By E. V. Lucas.

I have never written a story about a witch, and therefore I have never been called upon to give a witch a name; but I am wondering now what sort of name I should have chosen. As a matter of fact, witches in stories are not named; they are just "the witch" or "the old witch." Take, for instance, *The Tinder Box*, by Hans Christian Andersen—the witch there, who put the soldier in the way of fortune and was treated so discourteously and ungratefully by him in return, even to the severance of her head from her body, is nameless. So is the witch in *Hansel and Gretel*. But, as I have just discovered, witches in England and Scotland, of whom in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries there was a profusion, all had names, and very surprising names too, not in the least, in most cases, such as we associate to-day with their peculiar calling.

It is because of this discovery that I have been wondering what my unaided invention would have done for me. Something grotesque, I imagine: something Gothic or gnarled: Gammer Grimalkin or Mother Henbane, or something like that. How wrong I should have been! For, according to a recent work on witchcraft, wizardry, and the black arts generally, by a learned lady—*Witchcult in Western Europe*, by Margaret A. Murray—the names of witches were, roughly speaking, eight only, with their dialectical differences, and the eight names were these: Ann, Alice, Christian, Elizabeth, Ellen, Joan, Margaret, and Marion. I happen, as every reader of THE SPHERE also must, to have friends who bear these names, and nothing less like witches—at any rate, the witches who worked spells and were occasionally drowned or burned for it—can be imagined than my own Alices and Marions, to mention these only.

The dialectical differences are as follow: for Ann—Annis, Agnes, and Annabel; for Alice—Alison; for Christian—Christen and Cirstine; for Elizabeth—Elspeth, Isobel, and Bessie; for Ellen—Elinor and Helen; for Joan—Jane, Janet, and Jonet; for Margaret—Marget, May, and Marjorie; and for Marion, Mary. Now there can be few of us who do not number among our acquaintances ladies with these names, with the possible exception of Cirstine, Jonet, and Marget; but I will wager that none of them ride broomsticks in the small hours or stick pins into wax figures; which serves to show again how times have changed.

Nor, I wager also, would any novelist dealing with supernatural old women— Mr. Algernon Blackwood, for example—call his witches Alice or Margaret, Agnes or Jane. But in real life the Agneses were very numerous, and, with a suitable surname, fairly convincing. Thus, Agnes Grinset, Agnes Rawsterne, Agnes Wobster. How Dickens would have rejoiced in Wobster—but not for a witch! Alizon Device is good: a little in Mr. Hardy's manner; but she came from Lancashire. Here are others: Amy Duny, Anne Crunkshey, Anie Tailzeour, Deliverance Hobbs, Elizabeth Bennet (shade of Miss Austen!), Elizabeth Garlick (better!), Bessie Peterkin, Elizabeth Weed, Helen Rogie (I like that), Issobel Coky, Isobel Dorward, Isobel Inch, Isabel Sidegraves, Jennet Device, Jonet Lucas (this is rather compromising!), Joyce Boanes (very good), Margaret Og, Marion Linkup, Mary Bychance, Mary Trembler, Rebecca Weste (!), and Sarah Hating (too easy).

I should like to know something about all those women. I should like to see their portraits Whenever I see a photographer skipping about with his camera in public places to-day, collecting "left to rights," I feel that he is an intruder. But if a photographer could have been busy among these necromancers in the sixteenth century, the results would now be very interesting. A picture of Joyce Boanes I should value.

We know too little of witches. Did they marry wizards? I see no reason why they should, and it is a mistake for husband and wife to be in the same line of business. Moreover, conjurors don't marry conjuresses; nor, so far as I am aware, could they, for conjuresses do not exist. Why not is a mystery, for women should conjure very well: they have pretty hands, and do not have to roll up their sleeves. Also, they can talk glibly—or so it is rumoured.

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WINTER SPORT SECTION

Where to Go this Coming Winter



THE RESCUE

A Scene on a Swiss Snow Slope
Drawn by F. Matania

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WINTER SPORT SECTION.

Where to go During the Coming Alpine Season



Skiing near Gstaad (Bernese Oberland)

WHERE TO GO IN SWITZERLAND

By Ward Muir

The Choice Before One

There are a hundred-and-twenty winter-sport resorts in Switzerland. So, at least, I am told. But in glancing down the list of place-names which has been given me to prove this statement, I must confess I find *some* of them unfamiliar. A good many villages, more or less suitably situated, have made up their minds to call themselves "resorts," and no doubt are, in fact, resorted to. Enthusiastic ski-runners with a passion for roughing it are fond of putting up at comparatively primitive inns in ungetatable fastnesses of the mountains. Theirs is really an enviable ideal. They are not dependent on municipally-financed skating rinks, or on toboggan runs with electric timing apparatus and grand stands for the spectators, or on American Bars with jazz bands. But they are dependent on snow. And, indeed, all winter-sportsmen—even those sybarites who like to play bridge all day long on the verandah and fox-trot all night—are ultimately dependent for their happiness in the Alps on snow.

Now snow is not quite certain, even in the Alps, at altitudes below 3,500 ft. This, at any rate, is my experience. On the other hand, it is fair to confess that mere altitude, as such, is not everything. I have known a good snowfall to occur in a resort at 5,000 ft. and to be absent simultaneously in a resort at 6,000 ft. on the other side of a narrow chain of mountains. The prevailing winds account for this, and it is impossible to prophesy which of the Alpine resorts will be fortunate, and which less fortunate, in any given winter. Suffice it to say that in an average winter all the Alpine resorts are suitable for ski-ing; but to be absolutely assured of skating and curling it is best to choose a resort of 4,000 ft. and upwards.

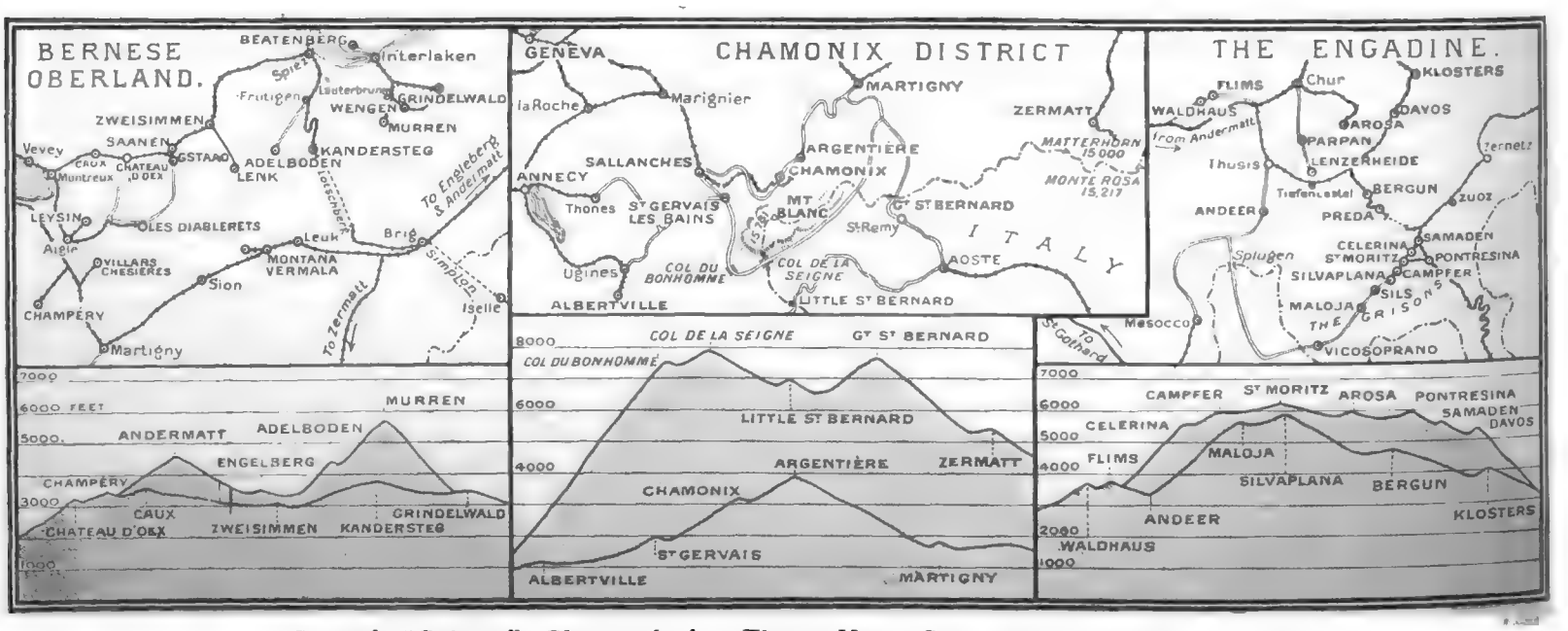
The highest of the principal resorts are St. Moritz and Arosa, each approximately 6,000 ft. above the sea. (Near St. Moritz are several lesser resorts, practically at the same altitude—Sils, Campfer, Celerina, Maloja, Silvaplana, Samaden, and Pontresina.) Next come Davos, Lenzerheide, Mürren, Montana, and Morgins. Round about the 4,000-ft. level we have Klosters, Caux, Villars, Leysin, Adelboden, Kandersteg, and Wengen. At 3,500 ft., or thereabouts, are Grindelwald, Engelberg, Gstaad, St. Beatenberg, Château d'Oex, and Les Avants.

The Rush to the Heights

These are merely the prominent names in a list which might be lengthily amplified. In a hard winter, for instance, a number of the pretty little resorts of the Jura become available, though not very lofty in altitude; and the same remark applies to several charming villages in the lower valleys of the Bernese Oberland. But for the most part the big streams of winter-sport seekers flow to the heights and to the older and larger resorts, where there is not only a virtual certainty of sustained frost and bright sun, but a vast choice of hotels to suit all purses.

The two oldest and largest resorts are Davos and St. Moritz, both quite at the eastern end of Switzerland. They cater for all the sports elaborately, and specialise in a very gay hotel life. Both of these resorts are cosmopolitan in *clientele*, though neither of them, naturally, contains more than a very few Germans now owing to the fall in the mark, which is as tremendous in relation to the Swiss franc as to the English pound. Less cosmopolitan is Mürren, because largely under the control of the (British) Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. Wengen and Grindelwald and Morgins (the last-mentioned, with Davos, famous for the survival of "English style" skating) are also patronised, chiefly by our fellow-countrymen. Adelboden, again, is a little more international. Arosa and Leysin are likewise international, and known for their sanatoria as well as for their sports' facilities.

Villars and Montana are celebrated for the magnificence of their views, Engelberg for its cloud effects and for the fact that it is the nearest to England of all the first-class resorts. Kandersteg, though one of the smaller resorts, boasts a unique feature—it is actually on a main line of railway. The other resorts are on narrow-gauge lines and funiculaires, or, in some instances *e.g.*, Lenzerheide (a favourite place with ski-ers)—only reachable by sleigh.



Special "Sphere" Chart of the Three Main Groups of Alpine Resorts

Bernese Oberland.—In the west is the Bernese Oberland, with Wengen, Mürren, Adelboden, Kandersteg, Andermatt, and many English resorts. Mürren is the highest point of this group

Chamonix District.—In the centre is the Chamonix district with the heights of the Great St. Bernard for comparison with the elevations of the other resorts. There is much ski-ing at Chamonix

The Engadine.—On the east side is the famous Engadine district, with St. Moritz and Davos, the two great cosmopolitan sporting centres. Heights are shown on the lower sections

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WHERE TO GO THIS COMING WINTER.

The Varied Joys of the Quiet and the Popular Resort



Not for the Gallery

You can practise all the mysteries of ski-ing away from curious eyes at the less populous resorts



Some Prefer the Quiet Resort

You can find very attractive little villages with small hotels high up on the mountains



Others Prefer the Jollity of the Bigger and More Cosmopolitan Resorts

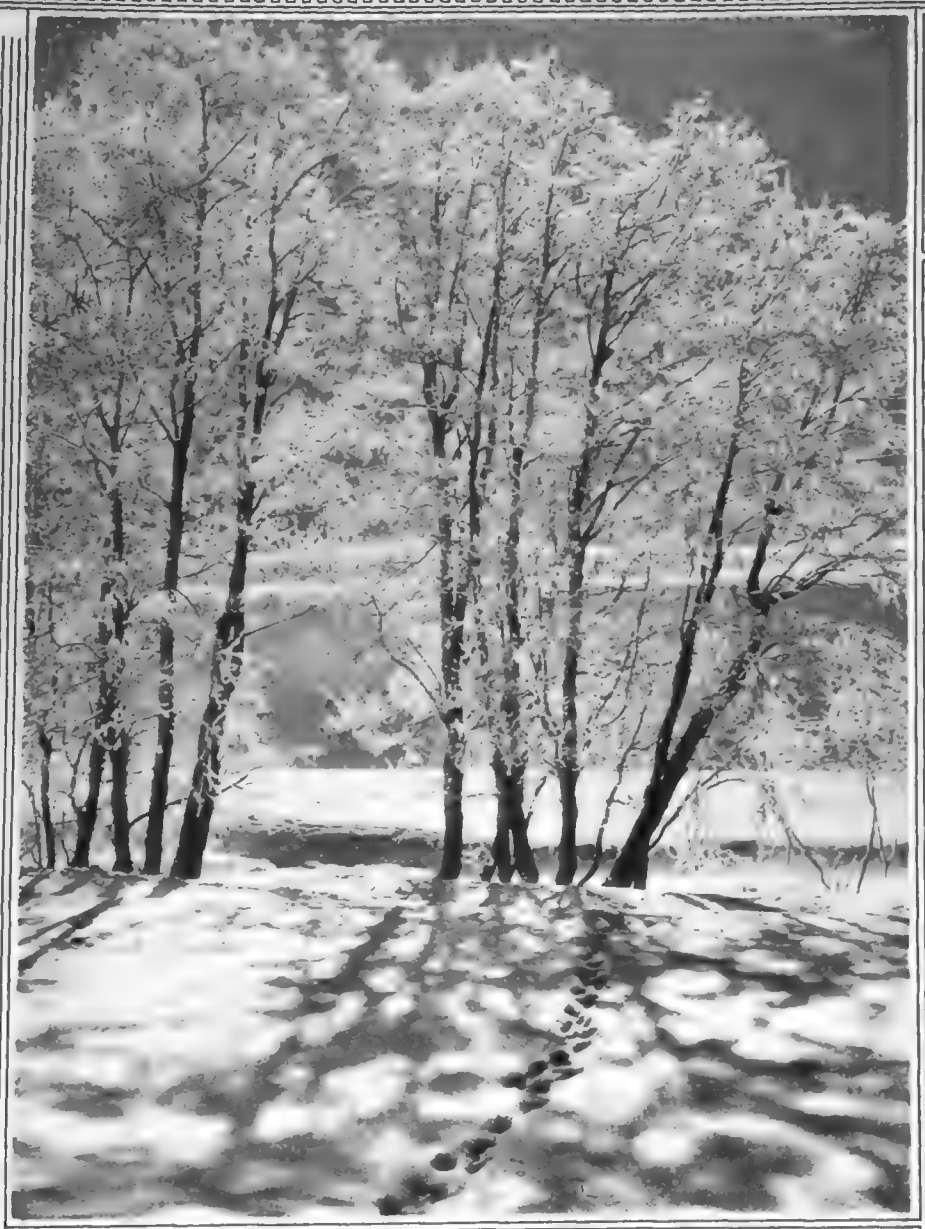
Certainly for those who are staying for a lengthy period, the variety of entertainment provided by the bigger resorts is welcome. Here we see a party of expert dancers in a fancy-dress carnival on a big rink. (Read Mr. Ward Muir's advice on the opposite page)

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WINTER SPOR

Some Scenes which Add to t Holiday the



The Fairy Tracery on the Trees

This is a beautiful effect which you can find on any bright morning in most of the Swiss resorts. It does one's eyes good to see these beautiful effects



The Last Rays of Sunshine on th

Most of us remember—those who have had a holiday in Switzerland—the beauti... of the light was still on the mountain... one f...



The Beauty of Pine Tree and Snow on the Winter Alps

The short-stay tripper will find plenty of amusement for a fortnight or three weeks at any of the more modest resorts, but visitors intending to "winter in the Alps" should certainly choose one of the larger places, whose resources are more varied and sophisticated. In this connection it must be observed that the consensus of opinion... that the best month for the high Alps is February. The whole winter, from Christ... onwards, is agreeable; but in the great resorts February is not only society's fashion...

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RT SECTION.

the Glory of a Winter
he Alps



the Upper Ski-ing Grounds

Set of the evening snowscape. The blue shadows crept over the foreground, but found one's way back to the hotel



The Splendours of the Mountain Sunsets

Some resorts are much more beautifully placed than others for watching the effects of sunset and sunrise. Villars and Montana in particular have very fine views



After a Heavy Fall of Snow—A Deeply-laden Roof

able season, but also invariably has more sunshine. This is another reason why the bigger resorts are more satisfactory for the visitors who can spare leisure for a lengthy stay. The smaller resorts are patronised in the majority of cases by Christmas-holiday people who must return to England when the schools re-open. The result is that these places become empty, and sometimes even some of their hotels shut down altogether at the very moment when the weather is reaching its most glorious phase.

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The Big Variety of Hotel Accommodation Offered by St. Moritz

This great Engadine centre shares the premier position with Davos. Both have a large number of hotels, offering a variety of accommodation. Those staying all through the winter season are recommended to go to the bigger resorts

A New Development in Winter Sport : *By Carine and Will Cadby.*

Like all other games, winter sports are moving in the direction of complete efficiency. One has only to compare the ski-ing, skating, and curling of the present time with that of years back to realise the change that has come over the scene. Bobsleighing and tobogganing are the only sports that have not materially altered. With the exception of particular places such as St. Moritz, Davos-Klosters, Mürren, etc., they remain the interesting side-shows, more or less indulged in by practically all visitors occasionally, but more as a diversion than a serious sport.

"Serious sport!" One would think these words contradicted each other unless we are all professionals, and that serious is just what all recreative sports should not be. But the trend of the times is too strong, and as everyone is apparently bent on doing things, at least in the recreation line, as well as they know how, serious it has got to be.

But luckily winter sports as practised in Switzerland are carried out in an atmosphere that to a great extent forbids undue seriousness. We are weary of the expressions, "champagne air" and "intoxicating atmosphere," but no other words describe it quite as accurately, for it is a fact that the dry winter air in the mountains has much the same effect as the most refined of alcoholic stimulants, only being Nature's elementary concoction, the results are lasting, and there are no after-effects except beneficial ones.

Better Ski-ing Nowadays

And so with the most jolly abandon, yet stimulated muscles, the younger generation has gone in for concentrated instruction, and in consequence the majority of ski-ers seem to have jumped into tolerable efficiency. No longer do we see the half-hearted and perpetual plodding up the home slopes to learn what seemed never possible of acquirement. Efficient instructors, professional and otherwise, have come upon the scene, and appear to complete in a few days what before the war was often not learnt in a whole season. And with this rapidly-acquired efficiency has come the demand for further developments, and we see first-year men and women performing difficult variations of the Christiania and jump turns with assurance and composure, suggesting they would be safe runners under almost any conditions.

The consequence of this general rise in the skill of visitors is that ski-ing is being organised and systematised at many of the winter stations. At Klosters, for instance, arrangements are being made that, by paying a small fee, the newcomer can start at once with ski-ing instruction on certain days of the week under a qualified expert. On other days he will be taken short trips to put into practice what he has learnt. And as he becomes proficient, the same teacher will turn guide and lead him on mountain excursions. There is a double advantage in such a scheme; it gets over the tedious part of learning in the quickest time, and ensures the maximum of safety on expeditions, as the guide, being versed in snow-craft, knows where it is safe to take his party, and the accidents that so often happen from ignorance are eliminated.

There are, of course, those who will stand aghast at the idea of thus being shepherded; independent individuals who resent being conducted anywhere, especially in the mountain solitudes, and they have our sympathy. But when once proficient, and having, thanks to the guide, learnt the surrounding expeditions and something, perhaps, of snowcraft, they are free and competent to form their own parties and go where they please.

Skating, too, has taken on a new and much more serious aspect. But here politics enter, for there are two schools of thought, the English and Continental, and the beginner would do well to at once join one or the other, for he cannot serve two masters. To many of the exponents of the English style, Continental skating, with its graceful but abandoned movements, is neither viewed with approval nor encouraged on the few rinks that are the acknowledged homes and centres of the insular school.

Plenty of Instructors Now

Wherever we go now, instead of the old crowd of badly and aimlessly skating individuals, with just a sprinkling of ambitious learners working hard in corners, we have the majority taking things seriously, and as a result, the general quality has improved, for such marvellous expanses of perfect ice, so expensive to keep in order, are too good to simply idle on. But however skilled the generality of skaters may become, the rink, with its band and restaurant and sunshine, will at times always make a joyful rendezvous for all winter-sports visitors; a centre where enthusiasts of every sport will lounge, skate a little, fraternise, and eat their lunches in the open. Consequently there must always be a certain amount of indifferent skating, enough to keep the genuine beginners in countenance.

Newcomers should watch good performers both in English and Continental style. If they feel the combined and restrained skating of the former school, where team work plays so important a part, will not allow them to fully express the poetry of movement that is in them, they should join the freer and more abandoned and joyous exponents of the Continental school. Capable instructors are now to be found on all the chief rinks, and they may be divided into two classes—those who are willing, with a strong arm, to take the place of the old-time chair that the wobbler used to push in front of him, or more generally, her, and skilled experts, whose oracle-like words and movements are followed with devotion by budding enthusiasts.



The Hotels and Ice Rink at Wengen



Curling at Engelberg—The Sport is Now Very Popular

Some of the western resorts are very largely resorted to by English holiday-makers to the exclusion of other nationalities. These resorts are favoured by keen sportsmen. (See map for position of these two resorts)

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FASHIONS FOR THE WINTER SPORTS.



Elwin Neame

Thoroughly Practical Ski-ing Outfits

That have been designed and carried out by Burberrys of the Haymarket, S.W., in their well-known proofed gabardine



Elwin Neame

A Skating Suit

Although primarily destined for skating, Burberrys with justice declare that it is equally suitable for ski-ing and kindred sports



E. O. Hoppé

For Norway and Switzerland

Have Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., built this ski-ing suit of proofed corded covert, the equipment being supplied by Lillywhite of the Haymarket



Elwin Neame

Miss Phyllis Dare Wearing the Sans Souci Felt Hat

That has received the approval of the leading sportswomen. It is sponsored by Henry Heath, 107, Oxford Street, W.

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Monday's child is fair of face
Tuesday's child is full of grace
Wednesday's child is full of woe
Thursday's child has far to go
Friday's child is loving & giving
Saturday's child works hard
for her living
But the child that is born on
the Sabbath Day
Is bonny & blithe & good & gay.

WRIGHTS COAL TAR SOAP

The Nursery Soap

7d per Tablet
Box of 3 Tablets 1'9
Bath Tablets *(double size)* 1' per Tablet
Box of 3 Tablets 3'-

Protects from Infection

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Elliott & Fry

A New Portrait of Mrs. Forsyth-Grant

She is the daughter of the late Sir Francis Sibbald Scott, 4th Baronet, and was married to Captain Forsyth-Grant, M.C., in 1913. She is a popular figure in society



Elliott & Fry

The Hon. Mrs. Percy Herbert

Wife of the Bishop of Kingston - on - Thames. Before her marriage she was the Hon. Elaine Orde-Powlett, daughter of Lord and Lady Bolton



LONDON SOCIETY.

Portraits of Some Well known Women



Elliott & Fry

The Hon. Mrs. Douglas-Pennant

The youngest daughter of Viscount Hardinge, whose marriage took place in April last

Bertram Park

Lady Hillingdon—A New Portrait

Previous to her marriage in 1916, Lady Hillingdon was the Hon. Edith Mary Cadogan. Her husband is master of the Grafton



Maull & Fox

Viscountess Gort

A new portrait of the wife of the 6th Viscount Gort, V.C. Before her marriage she was Corinna Vereker



Maull & Fox

Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine

Mrs. Buchanan-Jardine married the son of Sir Robert Buchanan-Jardine in 1921. She is the daughter of Lord Ernest William Hamilton

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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled. Essington later discovers that he is being watched by two men.*

III.—A REPORT.

ON the next day Dr. Jenkinson received the following report from his head attendant:—

SIR,—I have not thought well to write you before till there was more to report on seeing the beginning was something disappointing-like in one way. Sir it was satisfactory in another way seeing I found Mr. Essington was here right enough but sir, that man is an awful bad one to catch.

Sir seeing what we had heard from Dr. Walter's brother about him galyvanting on the esplanade I tried there to begin on, and sure enough as I was walking along the esplanade thinks I that is him. He was sitting on a seat talking to a young lady, just as Captain Walter's letter said he did but sir that man is awful slippery. Thinks I, I shall catch you asleep-like my man but he sees me coming and jumps up and across the road and round a corner, not running but walking like as if for a race.

Sir I persewed him running, but seeing as how he thought fit to walk and being better at the walking than the running myself, thinks I we shall see who lasts longest my man. We both walked like as if for a race for a long way, him keeping to roads that quiet there was no pollis or others to call to my help. Sir he is a cunning one, and wants some catching.

Sir I was persewing him along a long road when thinks I there is a funeral on the other side, and a funeral it was and he crosses the road and gets behind the cariages and I could not see him in consequence for a minnute. When I had crossed likewise, thinks I you have played me one of your tricks, my man. They was bearing out the corp and not noticing Mr. E., and so he must have gone into one of the gardens, but which I could not tell. I rang 2 bells and asked if they had seen him, but sir that man is awful cunning and no sign of him anywhere.

Sir I informed the pollis and the stationmaster in case he would try and get out of the town by train, and thinks I he will either be nabbed at the station or still be in the town. I had been to the hotel where he was stopping first thing when I arrived, but he was out, and back I went though thinks I that man is too fly to go back once he has seen me atter him. They was to report at the hotel if he come back, but sir I was right. He was too fly, and his clothes being left at the hotel he must be getting others elsewhere thinks I, for Mr. E. is unco particular about his clothes and suchlike. But where would he get them and be stopping at I wondered.

Sir the next day I tramped the town to learn if he had bought clothes or where he could be stopping. I speered at every hotel in the place and lodging houses forby, but no luck. Where is he hiding himself now I wondered. When I had done all I could I was wanting a wee bit of recreation, and so went into a billiard-room and played a game with the marker, none else being there to play with. In comes two chaps as we was playing, and says I, we shall not keep you waiting long, and the chap as answered he spoke like an American or other Colonial, thinks I. And then the two of them starts whispering.

Well sir in a wee while they gets talking louder, and it was about some man they was talking about, and says I to myself all of a sudden, that is unco like Mr. E.! Sir I was too fly to let on I notticed anything but we was playing 50 and I made it 100 for to see if I could hear more. It was just wee bits I could hear without attracting nottice, but I gets more and more sure it was about Mr. E. He is in this town somewhere and they seemed to be wondering something about him, but what exactly I could not hear enough.

As for these two chaps, they was well enough pitten on so far as clothes and such like went, but their boots squeaked owre much for real gentry and sic chaps for using the spittoons I never saw afore. How have you got mixed up with Mr. E. I wondered?

Sir I played that slow for to hear what they was saying they would have been angered to be kept waiting if they had not been so taken up with their talk. But yon marker he played owre well, and the game was finished afore I had heard the half of what I had meant to. Sir thinks I there is nothing for it now but speering at them civilly and just trusting to luck.

So says I, vera civil like, beg pardon gentlemen, but I canna help thinking you was talking of a friend of mine. Mebbe I should have stood them a drink first sir, and thinking over it perhaps I should. But it seemed a pity wasting whisky at the price they charge in England on sic chaps as yon unless you was certain of satisfaction in return.

The one of them was a stout ill-looking chap, and it was him whose boots squeaked most. And he stares at me kind of doubtful like and mebbe I might have got some satisfaction out of him. But up speaks the other chap, him that had not spoke to me afore. What the hell business is it of yours, says he, and after I had spoken to him that civil like too. This chap has been listening to us, says he.

But that set the other chap off too, and no more satisfaction did I get out of him either. If you mind your business we will mind ours, says he, and who the hell are you anyhow. Beg your pardon, gentlemen, says I, vera civil like still, and go to hell yourselves for all I am caring.

So out I walks and made as if I had walked out of that hotel, but in I slips again cannylike and speered at the chap that keeps it who was those two gentlemen in the billiard-room. Was they old friends of my cousin in London, I wondered. Sir their names was Palmer and Dent, and they had come from London, and that was all I could learn meanwhile. They was ill-looking chaps the both of them and no the class of company Mr. E. generally takes up with, but yet whiles he takes up with queer company too when he is in this state.

So I put down their names and we will see if I can learn more from them some gate or other.

Sir they are queerlike chaps and more like to interest the pollis than Mr. E., thinks I, from what I can judge of you my men; some gey queer games he has been playing at to get mixed up with sic company, and the sooner he gets safe back sir to your chairge the better. So no more at present sir.—I am, yours respectfully, ANGUS LUMSDEN.

IV.—A LETTER.

MEANWHILE within the seclusion of his bedroom the invalid heir was awaiting further developments with a mind prepared for all emergencies.

"When these grim females lie they generally do the thing in style," he said to himself. "If my friend Lumsden calls he is unlikely to get much change out of Aunt Julia."

At the same time, remembering that he had known even the most virtuous ladies err, he decided to neglect no reasonable precautions. He began by locking his door, and then he threw up the sash and studied the possibilities of making a hurried departure through the window.

The prospect was extremely encouraging. His window was on the quietest side of the house, away from the drive and the gardens. Just underneath stood a flat-roofed outbuilding, placed there, he could hardly help thinking, expressly for this very emergency. Below the outbuilding ran a path, bordered by a privet hedge, and under cover of this hedge one could reach a shrubbery and a belt of trees.

"An ideal postern!" he said to himself.

For some time he lay on his bed, fully dressed, reading a novel, and listening all the while for any sound that might spell danger. But as one whole hour passed and then another with never a hint of alarm, first his confidence and then his appetite increased. At last he ventured to remove his coat and boots, drew on his pyjamas over the rest of his apparel, and then unlocked his door and rang the bell.

Aunt Mary herself answered his ring, but he was surprised to see the door open only a few inches.

"Come in, my dear aunt," he cried in his most affectionate voice.

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"Oh, but I can't come in," said the voice outside. "So long as it may be infectious, Aunt Julia thinks ——"

"Did Aunt Julia tell you it was infectious?" he exclaimed.

"She didn't actually say so, but I can see she thinks so."

"I knew she would do the thing in style!" he said to himself bitterly. "When a conscientious elderly lady once lays her ears back, she leaves Ananias at the post!"

Aloud he inquired:

"But what about the port wine and egg?"

"Aunt Julia thinks you might be allowed the egg, dear!"

At a quarter to five, when a second meal arrived, the invalid had reached the acutest condition of boredom he could ever remember having suffered from. The appearance of the tea-tray, with its three thin slices of bread and butter, and not even a piece of cake, for a moment increased his depression; and then, to his extreme surprise, he noticed a letter also lying upon it.

"Just come for you, sir, by the afternoon post," said Rickett.

"Now, what the dickens does this mean?" thought the invalid as he studied the outside of the envelope. "Addressed to J. Hayward, Esq., and in a lady's hand!"

Opening the envelope, he read this brief epistle. It began quite abruptly, with neither "Dear Jack" nor "Dear Mr. Hayward."

> Do you remember this handwriting and someone who lives at Southbourne? If you don't, or if you don't want to, burn this and forget it. But if by any chance you do, and there is some reason for my not seeing you or hearing from you (perhaps you have forgotten my address), well, I'll probably be at the Victoria tea-rooms about 5.30 to-morrow. K.
>
> P.S.—If the person to whom this note is addressed is *not* at the Manor House, will anyone who opens it please destroy it.

Mr. Essington studied this epistle with much satisfaction.

"Which of them can it be?" he wondered. "I don't seem to remember the writing, and I can't recall any of my indiscretions being at Southbourne. However, no doubt I'll remember the lady when I see her."

What chiefly surprised him was the unknown's discovery of his identity with J. Hayward, Esq.

"It must be someone who is very fond of me," he thought. "This really is a slice of luck."

He looked at the date, and then noticed that it had been written the night before.

"By gad!" he exclaimed, "to-morrow means to-day! And it's five o'clock already." Jumping promptly out of bed, he rang the bell and then slipped back again.

"Rickett, my old and valued friend," he said when the butler appeared, "I want you to do me a favour. I have a secret cure for these attacks which it is better that my aunts should know nothing about. It is perfectly safe, but ladies are so absurdly nervous about drugs. I keep a very small packet of it carefully concealed in the lining of my hat. Fetch me my hat—very quietly, Rickett!"

"Could I get it out of the lining for you, sir?"

"No, Rickett, it is so perfectly hidden that you couldn't find it in a week. The entire hat must be brought."

The hat was fetched, and in an even more impressive manner he again addressed his old and valued friend.

"I shall now go to sleep for two or three hours," said he, "and in order to avoid the excitement of being wakened too soon—which would be very dangerous—I shall lock my door. See that nobody, not even my dear and venerated aunts, disturbs me!"

"I shall see to it, Mr. Jack, trust me!" the old man assured him in an equally earnest voice.

Five minutes later Mr. Essington's pyjamas were lying on the bed, his hat was on his head, and he himself was very stealthily climbing through the window.

V.—THE TEA ROOMS.

The dusk was beginning to gather as Mr. Essington dropped from the flat roof beneath his window, down into the sheltered path, but there was still too much daylight for safety. Bending low behind the privet edge, he hurried into the trees, and breathed more easily when he found himself under their shade. So far, no one seemed to have observed his exodus, and he pushed his way briskly through the wood without pause till he came to the boundary paling. There for a minute or two he crouched and listened, and then cautiously peered over into the quiet suburban road.

"Are they still watching the place?" he wondered.

There seemed to be no soul in sight as he clambered quietly over. He stepped out on to the road, and all at once a figure detached itself from the shadow of the overhanging trees nearly a hundred yards away. Essington turned instantly in the other direction, walking swiftly, and keeping in the shade beside the paling. Another road opened at right angles, and when he came opposite this he hurriedly crossed over, doubled round the corner, and set off at a run. For a moment he fancied he heard racing steps behind him, but it was either mere fancy or his pursuer finally gave up the chase, for when he paused for an instant and listened there was not a sound of any kind.

Before him the ground fell steadily towards the sea and the centre of the town, one quiet road following another, their lamps twinkling in the dusk, and hardly a passenger abroad. The clocks had struck the half hour when he reached the Victoria tea-rooms at last. They stood in a tolerably bustling street, and again he paused and looked alertly in each direction for any possible sign of danger. And then he boldly crossed the road and walked into the café.

There were not many people seated at the small tables, and when Mr. Essington had selected one in the quietest corner and turned to the examination of his fellow guests, it seemed evident that he was first at the rendezvous. At only one table was a solitary girl sitting, and by the time his survey reached her she was bent over an illustrated paper, her elbow on the table, and her hand hiding her face completely. Though everything of her that he could see impressed him very favourably, it was obvious that she was not his unknown fate.

He ordered a cup of tea, and with the patience of one who has had some experience in readezvous-ing with ladies, sipped it philosophically and waited. But when ten minutes, a quarter of an hour, and at last twenty minutes had passed with never a sign of Miss K.'s appearance, his philosophy began to wear thin. And now and then he had a curious suspicion, a little disconcerting for a gentleman in his delicate situation, that he was being covertly watched by the solitary lady. Never once did she move away her hand, but it seemed to him that there was a chink between her fingers just large enough for a sidelong peep.

His cup of tea and his patience were finished together, and with some irritation he took out of his pocket the letter from the unknown and read it through again.

"This is the place and this is the day and this is the hour," he said to himself. "Confound her! What does she mean?"

And then there flashed into his mind a disturbing thought.

"Can it be a plan to get me out into the open?" he wondered. "By gad, I believe I actually am being watched by that girl in the corner!"

He raised his eyes, and this time her hand was down and he saw her face. The first thing that struck him was that she was gazing at the letter in his hand with a very singular expression. The next thing was that she was the girl of the esplanade.

"By jingo, so she is my unknown admirer!" And with that he leapt from his seat and strode across to her table, adding to himself, reproachfully, "Why the deuce didn't I think of her before?"

In his excuse it might be pleaded that his memory was possibly overcharged already with recollections of delightful ladies, and also that in his present condition it was perhaps not quite so retentive as usual. Yet at the sight of her charming face, a little flushed, with startled eyes and parted lips, it seemed to him that there was no defence for such a lapse, and he endeavoured to atone by the extreme warmth of his greeting.

"My dear Miss Carey!" said he, "I felt sure it must be you. How charming of you to send for me! By the way, what does 'K' stand for? Kate?"

Seating himself opposite to her, he pressed her foot with his and murmured ardently:

"Kate, dear, you have never been out of my thoughts for an instant since we parted! Have you thought often about me?"

Her response was a little disappointing. She hurriedly withdrew her foot and asked, with a catch in her breath:

"Are—are you then Mr. Jack Hayward?"

He looked surprised.

"But, my dear girl, if you didn't know that, how did you come to address your letter to Jack Hayward?"

"I—I—thought——," she began, and then stopped, bewilderment in her eye.

"This is evidently her first offence," he thought, "and she is feeling flustered. I must make allowances."

"These assignations do make one trembly," he said in a sympathetic voice. "I am feeling just as nervous as you are, only I have had more practice, and it doesn't show quite as visibly."

He was surprised to see a curious smile steal suddenly over her face, and as suddenly become an odd laugh.

"I am sorry to disappoint you, Mr. Hayward," she exclaimed, "but I am not really one of your victims. The fact is, a friend of mine heard you had come to Southbourne and thought she knew you. She was a little shy about claiming your acquaintance, however, for she wasn't quite sure if she was right. And so I offered to find out. Do you see?"

"I must really give this lady a lesson in lying," he said to himself. Aloud he replied: "Permit me to suggest that you should swing a little more easily, keep your eye fixed on the object in view, and don't press quite so violently."

She stared at him in some bewilderment.

"What object do you suppose I have?" she asked.

"The object in lying is to deceive; and you have, as it were, topped your shot."

His manner was so courteous that her effort to look offended fell flat.

"Don't you believe me?"

"Not one single word," he replied in the same sympathetic tone, "but you will do much better with more practice. Next time you should be particularly careful not to commit yourself to any statement that can be checked."

"But what can you check?"

"Almost everything. In the first place, you say that you offered to come and see whether I was Mr. Hayward. How could you possibly tell?"

She seemed about to answer, and then hesitated. Her eyes fell, and all at once he was surprised to see her dab them hurriedly with her handkerchief.

"This is really devilish odd!" he thought.

Suddenly she jumped up. "Good-bye; I am going now," she said.

He leapt up too, and followed her to the door.

(*Continued on a later page*)



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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

"Her eyes fell, and all at once he was surprised to see her dab them hurriedly with her handkerchief"

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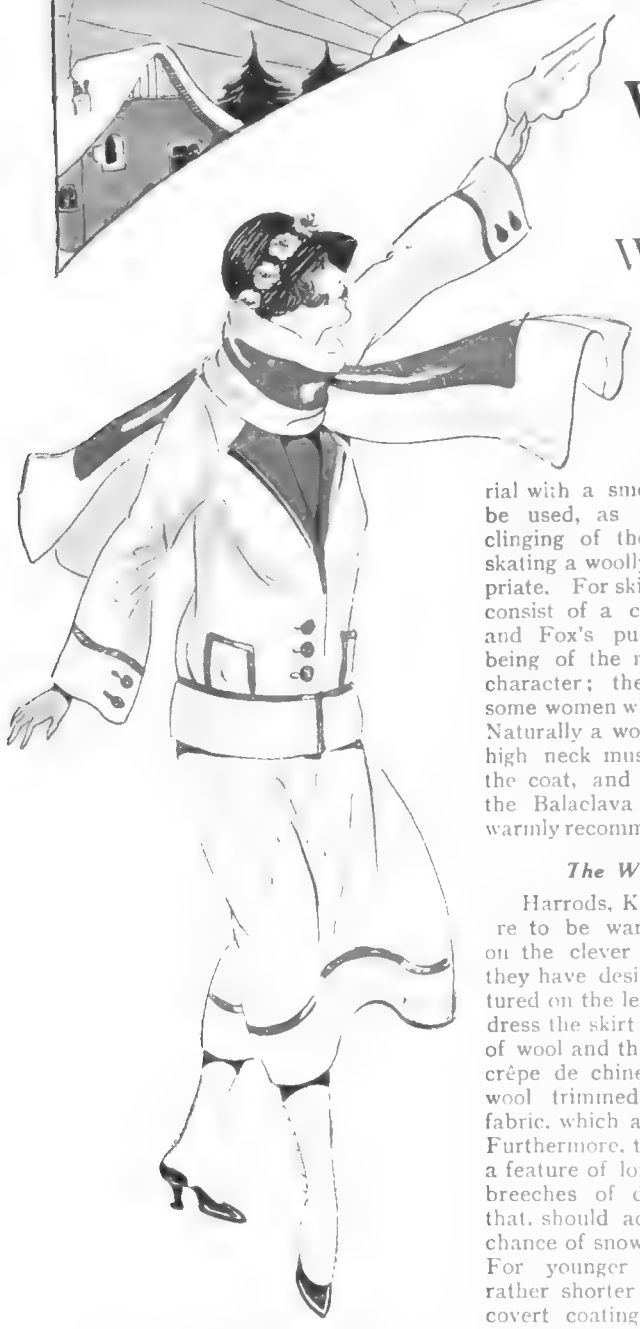
The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Marjorie.

Winter sports may be roughly divided into two classes as far as outfits are concerned—for ski-ing and its near relations a proofed material with a smooth surface must be used, as this prevents the clinging of the snow, while for skating a woolly costume is appropriate. For ski-ing the suit should consist of a coat with breeches and Fox's puttees, the former being of the riding or plus-four character; there are, however, some women who prefer jodpores. Naturally a woollen sweater with high neck must be worn inside the coat, and for chilly mortals the Balaclava helmet is to be warmly recommended.

The Woollen Suit

Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., re to be warmly congratulated on the clever manner in which they have designed the suit pictured on the left. It consists of a dress the skirt portion of which is of wool and the corsage of heavy crêpe de chine. The coat is of wool trimmed with the latter fabric, which also lines the scarf. Furthermore, this firm is making a feature of long plain coats with breeches of double texture, so that, should accidents occur, the chance of snow-bite is eliminated. For younger women there are rather shorter coats in practical covert coatings. Very smart is a long coat of olive-green gabardine slightly gathered on the hips, trimmed with seal musquash. Breeches or skirt can be made to order.



A Skating Suit

Of wool trimmed with crêpe de chine and corsage to harmonise. At Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W.

For the Little Folk

The attention of Woolland Bros., Knightsbridge, S.W., is focussed on the requirements of the little people. They love to be among the visitors at a winter resort, and after all is said and done there is no healthier holiday for them. Pictured on this page is a brushed-wool suit. It can be obtained in a variety of colours. It consists of a jersey, trousers, and cap, and the price is 37s. 6d. For the older girl there are jumper shirts and stockings of green wool, with black and yellow stripe border, for 6½ guineas. Furthermore, there is a wealth of choice in pretty capes for wearing at the close of a happy day on the return journey to the hotel. It really is impossible to do justice to the fashions for the children—a visit is essential.

Ski-ing Coat of Covert Coating

It is not every woman that needs a complete ski-ing outfit, as she may have a last year's pair of breeches, therefore Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W., is making a feature of separate coats, to be worn with breeches or skirt, whichever preferred. The model portrayed on this page is of covert coating with deep pockets, and may be obtained for £6 6s. Naturally this firm makes extremely smart and practical outfits for the winter sports. They consider that for ski-ing well-cut breeches are preferable to skirts—of course, spiral puttees must be assumed. Warmly to be recommended for travelling is the Badminton coat. It is delightfully warm and light, and may be obtained for £8 8s. They will be pleased to send patterns of the cheviots, fleeces, and other fabrics in which it is made, as well as an illustration of the coat.

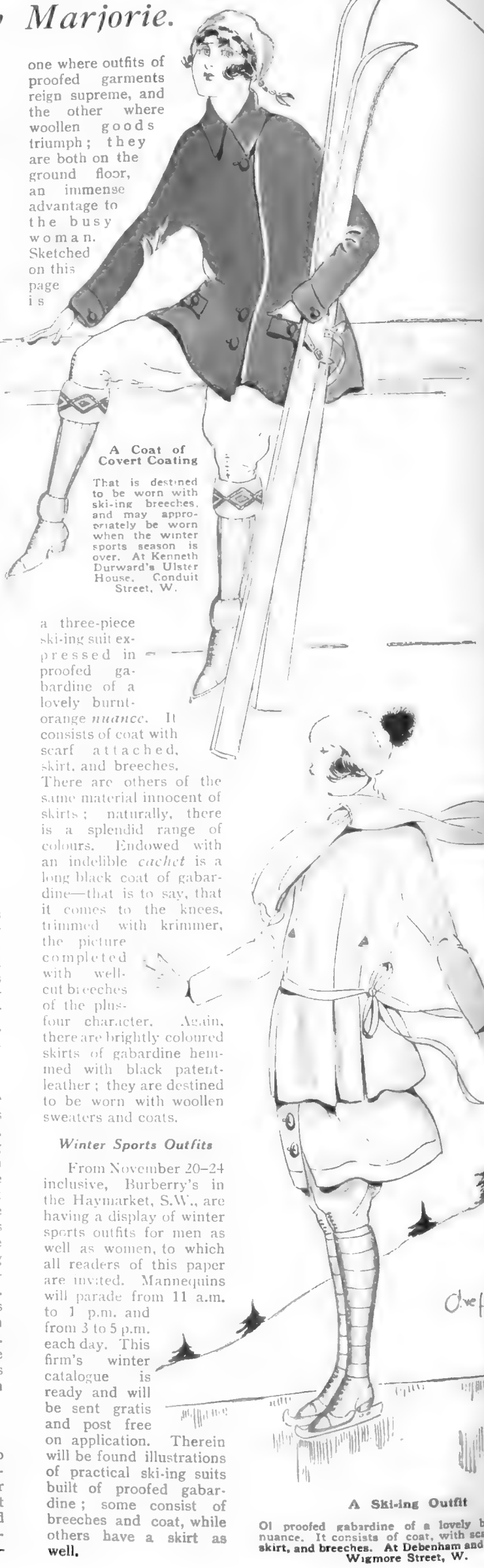


A Brushed Wool Outfit

Consisting of trousers, gaiters, cap, and jumper. At Woolland Brothers, Knightsbridge, S.W.

Winter Sports in General

There are two departments devoted to winter sports outfits at Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.—one where outfits of proofed garments reign supreme, and the other where woollen goods triumph; they are both on the ground floor, an immense advantage to the busy woman. Sketched on this page is a three-piece ski-ing suit expressed in proofed gabardine of a lovely burnt-orange *nuance*. It consists of coat with scarf attached, skirt, and breeches. There are others of the same material innocent of skirts; naturally, there is a splendid range of colours. Endowed with an indelible *cachet* is a long black coat of gabardine—that is to say, that it comes to the knees, trimmed with krimmer, the picture completed with well-cut breeches of the plus-four character. Again, there are brightly coloured skirts of gabardine hemmed with black patent-leather; they are destined to be worn with woollen sweaters and coats.



A Coat of Covert Coating

That is destined to be worn with ski-ing breeches, and may appropriately be worn when the winter sports season is over. At Kenneth Durward's Ulster House, Conduit Street, W.

Winter Sports Outfits

From November 20–24 inclusive, Burberry's in the Haymarket, S.W., are having a display of winter sports outfits for men as well as women, to which all readers of this paper are invited. Mannequins will parade from 11 a.m. to 1 p.m. and from 3 to 5 p.m. each day. This firm's winter catalogue is ready and will be sent gratis and post free on application. Therein will be found illustrations of practical ski-ing suits built of proofed gabardine; some consist of breeches and coat, while others have a skirt as well.

A Ski-ing Outfit

Of proofed gabardine of a lovely burnt-orange nuance. It consists of coat, with scarf attached, skirt, and breeches. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W.

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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THE FLIGHT OF THE TURKISH SULTAN TO MALTA—THE KEMALISTS ELECT A NEW CALIPH

The flight of the Sultan of Turkey to Malta has deeply stirred the Kemalist world, and Angora has attempted to counter the results of this event by a very rapid election of a new Caliph, Abdul Medjid Effendi, the heir-apparent. He himself is reported to have said that since the separation of the Sultanate from the Caliphate he had no desire to become a priest; he is reported, however, to have accepted the honour, which appears to have been more or less thrust upon him by the Angora Premier, Reouf Bey. The Kemalist Caliph is seen above with his little daughter at the entrance to the summer residence

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY on the week's news.



A procession of undergraduates make merry on election night in the West End—Drawn by F. Matania

"There be One Law for All"

The above is surely the motto for the week. Mr. Bonar Law now has his majority of seventy-nine against all parties. Everyone may congratulate himself that the nation has at its head a completely honest man, and, moreover, the new Prime Minister is possessed of abundant common sense. These two sterling qualifications should carry us far. Some Conservatives hoped for, and even expected, a bigger majority; but it has been an election of surprises for every party and many an individual. With a Liberal party reft in twain, an opportunity came for Labour to pick up much fruit in the political orchard. Their highly organised campaign bore fruit to the extent of 142 seats. This is a big jump from 41 in 1911 and 62 in 1918. We show some of the election results diagrammatically on a following page. It should not be forgotten that the joint Liberal vote amounts to over four millions.



Shylock and Antonio in Adrian Beecham's "Merchant of Venice"

Shakspere's play has been converted into an opera by young Adrian Beecham, the sixteen-year-old son of Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham. It was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre on Monday. In the picture above are seen Dr. Augustus Milner as Shylock and Mr. Webster Millar as Antonio in the street scene

An Instinctive Feeling

Wednesday proved an exciting election day, although the actual voting in most cases was quiet enough. The excitement came in the evening, for now, with one-day voting, the results came thick and fast. Most of us will remember the two first results to come through—Wallasey and Wakefield—the others became blurred in the general rush. How quickly one perceived whether one's own predilections were being carried out by Fate! "Oh, there are a lot more results to come in," people told one another as they sat round the tables at the Savoy and elsewhere; but it was cold comfort. One knew it instinctively.

Firework Throwing

Out in the public squares the people watched the results, and enjoyed themselves after their own fashion. In Trafalgar Square a new pastime was evolved—that of throwing fireworks at one another. It seemed highly dangerous, and many a coat and hat, to say the least, was burnt. Mr. Matania has caught a few of the "beavers" and other "wild fowl" to be seen abroad on election night.

Turkey's Sultan

The elections obscured the Near East from public view for the moment, but attention rapidly focussed on the withdrawal of the Sultan from Constantinople on H.M.S. *Malaya*. One heard with considerable interest that the news had created a stir in Turkish circles. The repercussion of the event throughout the East will be very wide and deep.



Two Election Night Revellers

An impression of some of the merrymakers on election night in London

The Face of the Elected

How does the Speaker learn the identity of all the new members, we are asked? We must confess that we do not know. Does he have a neat little set of mounted photographs prepared for him, of uniform size, with which he plays a guessing game within the secrecy of the family circle? We confess we do not know, and yet in a few days' time the honourable member for East Blunderton must be known, somehow, to the officials. The constables will have difficulty in distinguishing between the new House and the outer throng. A certain instinct seems, however, to be born within the perfect Parliamentary door-keeper.



Drawings by F. Matania

A Serious Argument on Politics

A pause during the fun for a short discussion on foreign policy

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A New Film Star?

Miss Marguerite Leahy, who has been successful in the Talmadge film competition

LINES SUITABLE TO ONE SUFFERING PARLIAMENTARY DEATH AT AN ELECTION

Yet would I lie in some familiar place,
Nor share my rest with uncongenial dead,—
Somewhere, may be, where friendly feet will tread,—
As if from out some little chink of space
Mine eyes might see them tripping overhead . . .

For there I would that on a sculptured stone
(Fenced round with iron-work to keep secure)
Should sleep a form with folded palms demure,
In aspect like the dreamer that was gone,
With these words carved, "*I hoped, but was not sure.*"

—From verses by Mary Montgomerie, Lady Currie.



The Two Women Members

Lady Astor, M.P., and Mrs. Wintringham, M.P.—the only two women returned



The New Factor in a General Election

The enfranchisement of women has introduced a new factor into voting complexities baby. This picture shows one method of dealing with the ever-present infant whilst mother votes: Mrs. Laverack (wife of one of the candidates at Brixton) and her son amuse the voters' children whilst their parents poll

Woman's Hand on the Tiller

How did women vote? Down in the Southern shires the belief was widespread that women were voting Conservative, but it seems clear now that in the Midlands and the North great numbers of them must have voted Labour. There is a general impression that women were very secret over the matter of voting. In this they rather belied the ancient habit of telling what should remain unsaid. They certainly went quietly enough to the poll in the London area. And baby went too. The polling booth has become domesticated. But Parliament remains with its two original women members, the one strong in silence, and the other loving the quip and thrust rather than the set speech. There is as yet no woman's party.

Another New Chapter

Even while we write of the changing face of London and have been gathering together these views of the New Metropolis, fresh gaps in the old walls of London town are being made by the housebreakers. There used to be a little quiet recess known as St. James's Market at the head of the Haymarket. Through a little passage one got a glimpse of old houses and a quiet paved enclosure. Now the place echoes to the crash and thud of falling stone, and the air is full of brick-dust. Two sides of this little oasis of quiet are being torn down to make way for new buildings. In Regent Street we have been unable to keep pace with the destroying hand of Time. New gaps have appeared. Some of these more recent changes will be dealt with in the pages which are to come. In this issue we can find space only for Part I. Brought together in this way, we trust that our readers will be able to study the general style and the salient differences of detail which characterise the new buildings. Part II. of the section, dealing with Lincoln's Inn, will appear next week, with a wealth of illustration.



Mr. Lloyd George Leads a Forlorn Hope

The ex-Prime Minister made a flying visit to Bedford on polling day to support Mr. Kellaway, the ex-Postmaster-General. His effort was not successful in securing his follower's return, however



The Right Hon. Sir William Bull, Bart., M.P.

Sir William Bull, one of the re-elected members of Parliament, with Sir H. Curtis Bennett, the well known barrister, outside the coroner's court during the inquiry into the death of Mrs. Jelfs

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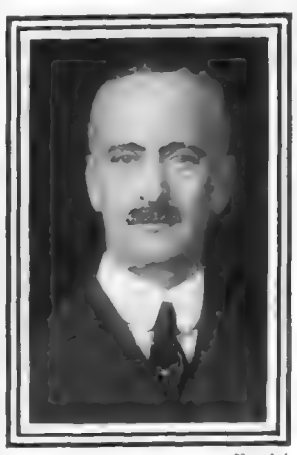
HOW BRITAIN VOTED : SOME PERSONALITIES



Bassano

Mr. C. A. McCurdy, M.P.

The Coalition Liberal Whip, returned for Northampton by a majority of over 5,000, after beating Miss Bondfield



Vandyk

Rt. Hon. G. Lambert, M.P.

Returned unopposed for South Molton. Liberal Civil Lord of the Admiralty, 1905–1915. Member for South Molton since 1891



Vandyk

Gen. G. Page-Croft, M.P.

Returned for Bournemouth as Conservative by over 5,500. For several years Chairman of the Tariff Reform League



Russell

Mr. Ronald McNeill, M.P.

Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who beat his Labour opponent at Canterbury by over 8,000. He is an Ulsterman



Russell

Sir Samuel Hoare, M.P.

Who beat the Hon. Bertrand Russell, the Labour candidate, at Chelsea by nearly 9,000. The new Air Minister



Vandyk

Sir John Baird, M.P.

First Commissioner of Works in Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet. He beat both Liberal and Labour by a substantial majority

THE COMPOSITION OF THE HOUSE

Conservatives and Unionists	347
Labour	142
Liberals	65
National Liberals	49
Other Parties:	
Communist	1
Independents	8
Irish Nationalists	3—12
Total Elected	615
Supporting the Government	347
Opposing the Government	268
Government Majority	79



Twin Posters in Whitehall

The defeat of Mr. Churchill and the progress of the Conservatives placarded at the corner of Downing Street during the election

THE NEW HOUSE OF COMMONS

By "The Sphere's" Parliamentary Correspondent

The General Election produced many personal surprises. The greatest surprise was the defeat of Mr. Churchill in Dundee, where the two seats were won by a Prohibitionist and a Labour candidate. Another remarkable defeat was that of Mr. Arthur Henderson, the Labour Chief Whip, in the Widnes division of Lancashire, where he had been successful in a by-election three years ago. This was one of many cases in which the decision of a by-election was reversed by the General Election.

Seats Gained and Lost

The Independent Liberal party lost its Parliamentary chairman by the defeat of Sir Donald Maclean in Peebles and South Midlothian. On account of his fairness, courtesy, and courage as a leader, sympathy with him has been generally expressed. The Liberal party has regained two able Parliamentarians and debaters in Sir John Simon and Mr. Pringle. Both won seats from Labour in Yorkshire, and both will contribute vim to their party in the House of Commons. Mr. Ramsay Muir, from whose intellectual stimulus much had been expected, failed to obtain a seat. Mr. Lloyd George lost in the battle a



Liverpool and Birmingham Remain True to Conservatism; Newcastle Goes "Red"

Big industrial centres as they are, Liverpool and Birmingham both remain preponderatingly Conservative; Manchester is in two minds—the Conservatives have a majority, but Labour has also made itself felt. Edinburgh is equally divided between Liberal and Conservative, with one Labour seat; and Newcastle has gone frankly "red"



The Labour Party makes In

The political complexion of London is here indicated according to its political returns. In the working-class districts of the East End and South-East, and at Battersea and Woolwich, Labour members have been elected. In the great residential quarters

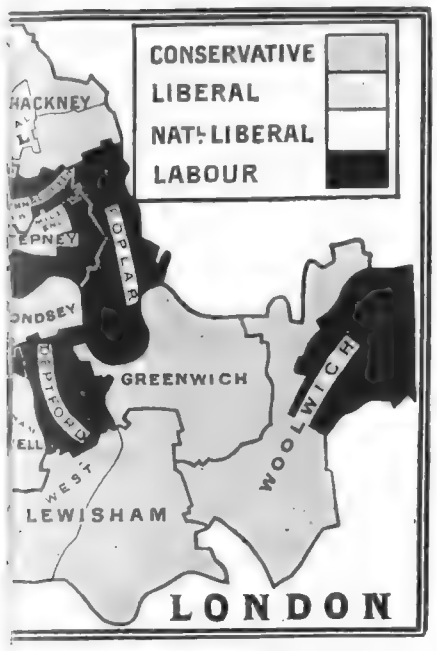


The Political Complexion

In this diagram the Labour strongholds marked in black. It will be noticed that the greatest inroads have been made in the

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on OPPOSITE BENCHES in the NEW PARLIAMENT.



roads into the London Boroughs

however, the Conservative party has consolidated its position firmly, the Liberal and National Liberal parties sharing the gains in the districts bordering on the working-class areas between those and the frankly residential quarters.



Mr. S. Saklatvala, M.P.

Labour member for Battersea. A Parsee who is married to an Englishwoman. A member of the National Union of Clerks



Mr. Neil McLean, M.P.

Labour member for Govan division of Glasgow. A prominent member of the Independent Labour party and a Labour Whip



Mr. D. Kirkwood, M.P.

Labour member for Dumbarton, who beat the National Liberal candidate by over 7,000. He was deported from the Clyde in 1919



Russell

Mr. Sidney Webb, M.P.

Labour member for the Seaham division of Durham, and one of the "brains" of his party. A founder of the School of Economics

HOW THE COUNTRY VOTED

Conservatives and Unionists	5,493,225
Labour	4,201,089
Liberals	2,649,975
National Liberals	1,501,791
Others:	
Communists	28,441
Independents	308,293
Irish Nationalists	57,431
Agricultural	11,492
Anti-Waste and Prohibition	54,051
Total votes cast	14,305,788



Mr. James Maxton, M.P.

Labour member for the Bridgeton division of Glasgow. Imprisoned during the war for a speech made at Glasgow



Elliott & Fry

Mr. James Sexton, M.P.

Labour member for St. Helens. Secretary of the National Union of Dock Labourers. Elected with a majority of over 6,000



ITION OF PARTIES ELECTION, NOV. 1922.

Britain after the Election

industrial districts of the north and north-west. Large tracts of Wales and North Scotland remain faithful to the Lloyd-George group

The great block of Conservative supporters occupies a mid position down the centre of England, bounded on the north by Labour and on the west by National Liberals and Liberals.

National Liberals occupy a large area of Scotland and Wales.

No Labour (other than London) seats appear in England south of a line from the Bristol Channel to mid-Norfolk.

considerable number of his former colleagues, among the defeated, in addition to Mr. Churchill, being Sir Hamar Greenwood, Mr. Kellaway, and Captain Fred Guest.

The Government lost several of its members, including Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen, the Minister of Health, Colonel Leslie Wilson, the Chief Whip, Mr. William Watson, the Lord Advocate, and Lord Derby's brother, the Hon. G. F. Stanley, Under-Secretary for Home Affairs. Sir Arthur Griffith-Boscawen was defeated by a Liberal in Taunton, where he had been successful at a by-election after losing Dudley. Colonel Leslie Wilson formerly represented Reading, but stood for St. George's, Westminster, and was defeated by Mr. Erskine, the Independent Unionist.

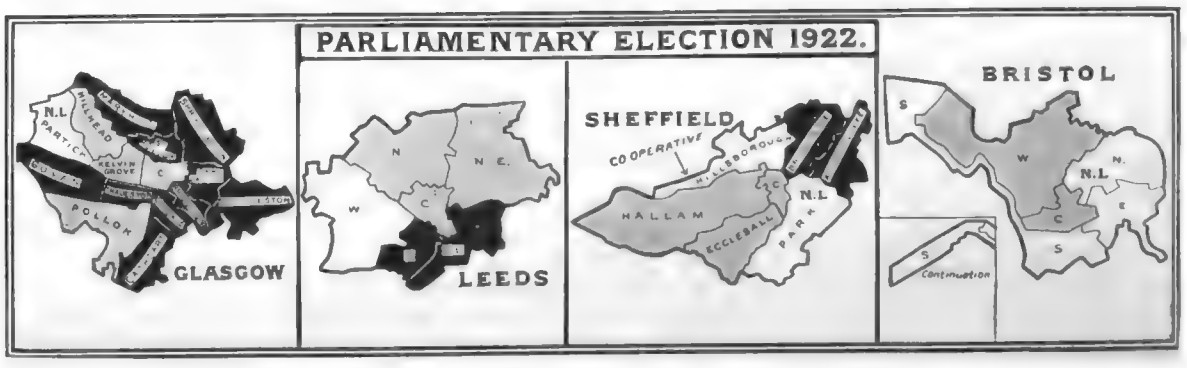
How the Women Fared

Lady Astor and Mrs. Wintringham were returned, but all the other women candidates failed. Several of them had been set to fight almost forlorn hopes. Dame Helen Gwynne-Vaughan failed in North Camberwell by only 254 votes, and Lady Cooper was only 325 votes behind the successful Liberal candidate in Walsall. Miss Helen Fraser did very well to poll 9,336 votes against 15,441 for Mr. Neil McLean in Govan. Among others who fought finely were Miss Bondfield in Northampton and Miss Picton-Turberville in North Islington.



The Defeat of Some of the New Ministers

The defeat of some of Mr. Bonar Law's Ministers and of Mr. Arthur Henderson, announced by the ubiquitous poster



Four Big Industrial Centres—the Labour Capture of Glasgow

Glasgow, for one of the divisions of which Mr. Bonar Law was returned, has gone almost completely "red." Leeds and Sheffield have both tried to follow the lead of Glasgow, but have not gone very far on that road. Bristol, however, remains true to the old parties; the Conservatives and National Liberals share the honours here

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THE CROWD OF DINERS WATCHING THE RE



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THE ELECTORAL STRUGGLE FOLLOWED BY THE GUESTS AT THE SAVOY HOTEL ON ELECTION

The greatest interest was shown throughout the whole of the country in the results of the General Election. On Wednesday night, when the first results from London and Provincial constituencies were expected, the hotels, restaurants, and theatres made special preparations for letting their patrons know the opening rounds of the electoral contests. At the Savoy a large party gathered, and after

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SULTS OF THE ELECTION AT THE SAVOY.



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

NIGHT BY MEANS OF A LARGE INDICATOR BOARD, WHICH TOLD THE POSITIONS OF THE PARTIES

dinner sat at coffee and liqueurs to witness the results. A large board had been arranged to show the progress of events. By means of this the spectators were enabled to follow how many Conservatives, Liberals, Labour, and others, had been elected. As each result came through, the various indicators were moved along, as shown by our artist in the above drawing.

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A 5-ton Cruising Sloop for £245, by Hillyard of Littlehampton



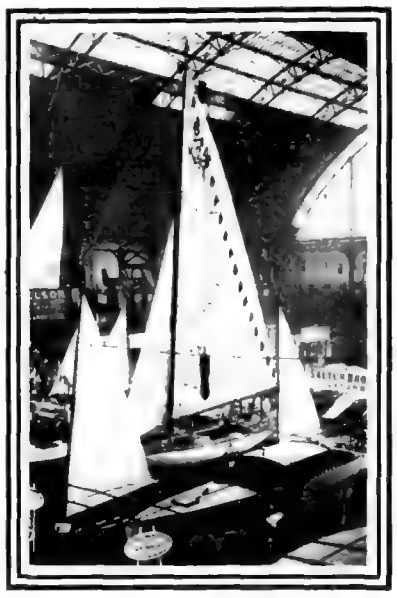
The 25-ton "Consuta" Hollow-stern River Launch for £345

THE SMALL CRAFT EXHIBITION

At the Agricultural Hall

The exhibition of small marine and river craft held this week (from November 14 to November 24) at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, was the first of its kind ever held; it was promoted to increase the interest of the general public in making greater use of the sea and the river for pleasure purposes.

The whole exhibition has been crammed with items of interest. In the centre of the hall the tall mast of a beautiful six-metre racing yacht towered towards the roof—the first time one of these vessels has ever been on exhibition in London. To those interested in yachting, her "lines" are a thing of beauty, and even to those who have no knowledge of these matters, the graceful shape of this boat appealed strongly. On the stand of Mr. David Hillyard of Littlehampton was a splendid 5-ton cruising sloop of sturdy construction, with cabin accommodation for three or four people, and fitted with all the latest little refinements, and sold complete for £245, or less than the price of the average small motor car. On Mr. Pemberton Billing's stand was a little power-driven yacht of peculiar shape, which is the smallest craft of its type shown. It is fitted with Bermuda rig and an out-board motor, and its tiny cabin is so arranged that two people can sleep in comfort.



The Tall Mast of the 6-Metre Yacht

Of the many river launches on show, the pride of place must be given to the 38-ft. cabin launch by Camper and Nicholson, which may be correctly termed the Rolls-Royce of the river, and costing complete £1,650. For the man of moderate means there was a beautiful little launch, 24 ft. long, built of "Consuta" sewn plywood, with the motor neatly packed away at the stern, which can be had for £345.

The less spectacular exhibits were also worthy of attention; every yachtsman who has visited the show has been struck with the 10 ft. by 4 ft. mahogany dinghy placed on the market by Kemps of Hythe, which is now selling at the pre-war price of 12 guineas. On the stand of Messrs. Gayton of Stourbridge was a dinghy which has been treated with molten copper. This is the first time yachtsmen have had an opportunity of seeing this new process, and it is believed that it will revolutionise the treatment of the lower hull of small craft.

THE CAPITAL LEVY : By Sir John R. Ellerman, Bart., C.H.

An interesting summary of the effects which he thinks would acrue from the proposed Capital Levy of the Labour Party is here presented by Sir John Ellerman, the distinguished shipowner

A large cause of the present unemployment is the high taxation and the reluctance of capital to be employed in reproductive work, partly owing to the Commission which was appointed by Mr. Chamberlain discussing the possibility of a capital levy, the mere suspicion of which caused a restriction of new capital being employed.

The Labour party have as one of the items of their manifesto a capital levy. Such a capital levy would be disastrous to the country, and would cause a vast increase of unemployment, and might even possibly destroy that personal initiative that has done so much to bring the British nation to its present position as a reproductive and manufacturing Power.

The expenditure of capital on reproductive works is, to use a simile, like throwing a stone into a pond. Immediately ripples of water arise, going in larger and larger circles. So the expenditure of capital on reproductive works increases the employment, the fund from which wages are earned, and again, when these wages are paid to labour they are again spent by labour among the various shopkeepers and in other ways, so that the expenditure of this capital leads to an ever-increasing number of people or circles which enjoy the fruit of its expenditure.

This capital is provided by thrift, savings, self-denial, and hard work by the bulk of the people, the incentive of which is inherent to each to leave a competency for his widow and family after his death or a competency for his own old age. Most large fortunes of to-day have been so made in the lifetime of the individual.

A capital levy would destroy all confidence as to the future, and would tend to make each individual spend all they had without accumulating or providing in any way for the capital requirements for the future. There would be no certainty, if such levy was possible, that a later Government might not impose another levy. It would tend to increase taxation, not decrease it, as much capital would be destroyed in the process, and the State cannot have the capital and still receive the tax on the income of such capital, while a horde of professional valuers would be employed. It would incidentally depreciate the value of securities, raise the rate of interest, as everybody would be sellers at the same time, and tend to be disastrous in its effects on all forms of capital invested in this country and on foreign exchanges. There is a form of capital levy practically in existence to-day, which is the levy which arises on the death of an individual by death duties, and this in large estates already amounts to 40 per cent. of the capital.



Russell

The late Mr. A. E. T. Watson

The editor of "The Badminton Magazine," and a great sporting correspondent. He began as an actor, but eventually entered the Civil Service. After writing plays and operettas, he definitely entered journalism



H. Walter Barnett

The late Mr. Austin Brereton

A well-known journalist, who was for a number of years dramatic critic for "The Sphere," after leaving which journal he became Irving's manager. He wrote the Henry Irving and H. B. Irving biographies



Keturah Collings

The late Lord Ludlow

Who met with an accident whilst returning from hunting. He was master of the Hertfordshire Hunt; he succeeded to the title at the age of 34. He leaves no heir, and the peerage dies with him



Maull & Fox

The late Ven. G. Arbuthnot, D.D.

Archdeacon of Coventry since 1908. For thirty years he was vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, to which he was presented by Lord Sackville. He took a great interest in Shaksperean matters, publishing "Shakespeare Sermons"



Elliott & Fry

The late Major W. Pery Standish

Who died from the effects of a fall he sustained whilst in the hunting field. He was formerly master of the Hambledon Hunt, and was head of a branch of the ancient family of Standish Hall, near Wigan

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THE PRIME MINISTER Outlines his POLICY.

THE RIGHT HON. ANDREW BONAR LAW

Who was Returned for Central Glasgow with a Majority of 2,514



THE PREMIER ADDRESSING ONE OF HIS HUGE MEETINGS DURING THE RECENT ELECTORAL STRUGGLE

A characteristic picture of Mr. Bonar Law on the platform outlining his anti-Coalition policy during the great parliamentary contest. As considerable interest has been centred on the position of the Labour party, Mr. Law's pregnant utterance in this respect may be quoted here. "The argument put forward," he declared on this occasion, "that, in view of the pressure and danger from Labour, it was necessary to keep up even the name of a Coalition when the reality was gone, believe me, is a profound mistake. If we had succeeded in setting up, on the one hand, one party representing everything opposed to Labour, and, on the other, Labour alone, you could have done nothing which would have added more to the force of Labour, and you would have made it certain that, as an alternative Government must come, the next Government would have been a Labour Government."

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THE QUINCENTENARY OF LINCOLN'S INN AS



The Famous Lovell Gateway into Chancery Lane

The lawyers surrounded their home with a strong wall pierced by gateways in the fashion of the day. This gate is named after Sir Thomas Lovell, K.G., who contributed largely to its erection. Over the gateway are three coats-of-arms in the centre, the Royal Arms (medieval), on the left, the arms of Henry de Lacy; on the right, the arms of Lovell quartered with Muswell

The "HOSPITIUM DE LINCOLN'S INN" is now celebrating the 500th anniversary of its coming into possession of the ground

PART I.

Notes by Cecil Headlam

Author of "Inns of Court"

Five hundred years ago the Honourable Society of Lincoln's Inn entered upon the tenancy of the Palace of the Bishops of Chichester in Chancellor's Lane. On November 28 that event is to be commemorated by a service in the chapel, at which the King and Queen are expected to be present. On December 5 there will be a banquet in Hardwick's noble hall a "Grand Night" when a notable gathering of eminent judges and lawyers will celebrate the same event.

The dates in question have no precise historical significance. They are used rather as Mr. Chamberlain used statistics, as illustrations. It is not, indeed, definitely known how or when the society came into occupation of the town residence of the Bishop, and gave its name to property belonging to the See of Chichester. But there is no reason to challenge the accepted theory. The society, which moved to these premises in 1422, was, it is believed, the successor of the group of lawyers whom the great Justiciar, Henry de Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, had gathered about him a hundred years before to help him in the business of his court. The Earl of Lincoln's inn, or hostel, for the accommodation of his assistant lawyers and the training of "apt and eager" students of the law, was situated in Shoe Lane, upon the site of the abandoned Monastery of the Black Friars in Holborn.

The new home to which this society moved five hundred years ago lay in what were then the quiet suburbs of the City. It consisted roughly of a parallelogram bounded on the east by the great legal thoroughfare called New Street, then Chancellor's Lane, and finally "christened" Chancery Lane. On the north lay the earl's house, on the west lay the fields



Portraits in the Drawing-room of Lincoln's Inn, Including Gainsborough's "Pitt"

The attractive panelled drawing-room in Lincoln's Inn (adjacent to the great hall) contains some interesting portraits, chief of which is that of the Right Hon. William Pitt, by Thomas Gainsborough. This portrait is seen on the left between the two oval portraits. It was presented in 1868 by Lady Turner. The portrait on the right is of John Coke, treasurer from January, 1757, to January, 1758

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A HOME OF LAWYERS : A.D. 1422—1922.

formerly occupied by the old Palace of the Bishops of Chichester. The name Lincoln is derived from the title of the Earl of Lincoln (fourteenth century), from whose group of lawyers the present society derives. The arms of the society, which include the Lacy lion, appear on the left.

and orchards of Lincoln's property, which had passed to the earldom of Lancaster. The southern portion of this parallelogram was formed by the Bishop's house, for which the society began to pay rent in 1422.

When they had obtained full possession of these lands the lawyers of Lincoln's Inn began to wall them in, and to build a chapel, hall, library, and gateway, after the manner of other Collegiate Societies. Material was ready to their hand. The brickfield of Coney Garth (New Square) furnished them with good red bricks. Of these they fashioned the magnificent Tudor gatehouse, with its flanking towers, opening upon Chancery Lane. Of these a wall was built to screen the garden from "The Lane." Some of them were laid by one of the greatest of our poets rare Ben Jonson. A bencher, in passing, heard the youthful bricklayer repeating to himself some lines of Homer as he worked. Finding the lad to have "a wit extraordinary," he helped him to "commence poet" by sending him to Cambridge.

Only a fragment remains of the original Old Hall (1489), where the young lawyers ate and studied, danced upon feast days, and performed a masque before Charles II.—the hall where the Lord Chancellor held his court in the days of *Bleak House*. The Old Hall, with its ancient louvre, or central chimney, and the Old Library, have yielded place to the New Hall and Library, designed by Philip Hardwick, architect of Euston Station. This handsome building is very richly decorated with heraldic ornament and glass, and above the dais is G F. Watt's great essay in fresco-decoration, "The School of Legislature." The library was founded by John Nethersale (1497), and enriched by the treasures of Chief Justice Sir Mathew Hale (1671).

Many of the books in this valuable collection still retain attached to their covers the iron rings by which they used to be chained to the desks.

(To be continued next week)



The South Gateway, Leading from New Square

This gateway is not so famous as the one leading into Chancery Lane, but it has a distinct charm of its own. It has the air of the eighteenth century about it in delightful fashion, with its little bookshop windows to right and left. A couple of coats-of-arms appear above the doorway on the north side together with the treasurer's initials, W. D., and the date, 1697



Portraits in the Drawing-room of Lincoln's Inn, Including the Two Glanviles

The north wall of the room bears the portraits of the two Glanviles, father and son. They are seen on the right. The one on the extreme right is John Glanvile, a Justice of the period 1598. On the left is his son, another Sir John, who was Speaker of the House of Commons in the year 1646. Next comes Sir Mathew Hale, Lord Chief Justice, 1671, and on the west wall Philip Yorke, Earl of Hardwick, Lord Chancellor in 1737, presented by the Earl of Hardwick in 1847

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CONSTANTINOPLE CELEBRATES its NEW CON



Celebrating the New Turkish Constitution in Stamboul

The Kemalists have been striving to take charge of affairs in Constantinople ; the new Constitution was celebrated in the capital by a demonstration in which large numbers took part



Turkish School Children Cheer the Arrival of

***The Turks regard the visit of Rafet Pasha, the general** who they say won back Constantinople for them, as the first official visit since the war. Rafet Pasha journeyed from Mudania accompanied by some*



The Procession Through the Great Crowd in Stamboul

Girls and boys from various Turkish schools took part in the demonstration to celebrate the establishment of the new Turkish Constitution, which was witnessed by large numbers of excited Turks

CONSTANTINOPLE CROWDS and CRISES.

(From "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent)

CONSTANTINOPLE, November 8.

We are sitting on a volcano at present—a slumbering volcano that may at any time awake. On the surface things are unnaturally calm, but there are rumblings underneath—warnings that an eruption may take place. The situation is interesting, if not quite comfortable. I am tired of these sleeping mountains that may at any moment belch forth fire.

The new Constitution has been celebrated, chiefly by those who understand it least. Last Saturday a crowd of hooligans—the *hamal* (street porter) class—crossed the Galata Bridge from Stamboul and "demonstrated" in the Pera streets. "Curse the Greeks," and "Curse the foreigners," they cried, but cheered when passing a French flag. Two British soldiers were stabbed.

No rose without its thorn; no incident without its funny side. For instance:

A British soldier was driving a big army lorry loaded with small beer casks. The noisy *hamals* hooted him, and shook their fists in quite a threatening way. They surged around the waggon, but Tommy sat indifferent and calm, puffing at a Gold Flake cigarette. Suddenly one of the roughs struck at the horses. This was a different affair! Tommy was angry. Leaning back, he reached one of the piled-up casks, and quickly tipped it over amongst the crowd. Bang! went the barrel, and off the demonstrators fled. Tommy lit another cigarette, and then continued on his way.

Sunday's procession was more orderly. A huge crowd collected in Stamboul. All sorts of little boys and girls, Mussulman women without veils, bare-kneed boy scouts with regulation poles, and students and pseudo-students, priests (or whatever they call them) and youths—budding priests, and men of almost every class. Red-fezzed citizens and fierce-looking *janissaries* (professional soldiers of the Turkey of the past) with knives, and swords, and clumsy pistols, and curious turbans, which looked as if they were composed of well-inflated cycle tyres. Stevedores and lightermen were there, preceded by a Turkish naval band. There was other music, chiefly blown out of those queer Turkish instruments that sound (to my regret and shame) considerably like the bagpipes of our native land. I say this lest an Englishman should say it first; we Scotsmen can afford to joke about ourselves.

The huge procession wound its way about Stamboul, while flags were fluttered, and while from windows and from house-tops mysterious women—who cannot *all* deserve to bloom unseen—clapped hands and applauded admiringly, although they saw but darkly, through a veil. . . . When evening came, the males all marched into the Pera streets.

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STITUTION : A Further Despatch from Scotland Liddell.



Rafet Pasha in the Streets of Constantinople

wo thousand Turkish Gendarmèrie, who, however, were not allowed to and by General Harington. The above picture shows the route across he Galata Bridge lined by schoolchildren and soldiers.



A Young Man in the Garb of the Janissaries

These were the former fierce professional soldiers of old-time Turkey. Mr. Scotland Liddell likens the curious turban worn by their modern admirers to "well-inflated cycle tyres"

They cheered and cursed—they cried aloud with joy, and hooted out heir threats alternately. And many of the youths fired pistols in the air. Nervous Greeks pulled down the metal shutters of their shops, put out the ights, and trembled behind closed doors until the danger had gone by. ome Jews cheered frantically, and waved the red flag with the crescent nd the star. In Constantinople, discretion is the better part of olitics. . . .

Arrests have already been made. Not of the noisy crowd—but by the emalists, of moderate Turks. The Russian Communists may very easily e out-Bolsheviked. The Kemalists have their Black Lists—quite lengthy ieets. They have even a list of all those British residents of Constanti- ople who served against the Turk during the Great War. A marvellously xact list, this latter, in which the rank and regiment and service of each ritish patriot is accurately written down. Turkish "intelligence" has een exceptionally good. . . .

On Saturday evening six men, civilians, entered the Cercle d'Orient, he Diplomatic Club in Constantinople, and asked for Ali Kemal, a former urkish Minister of the Interior, who was, later, editor of the *Peyam Sabah* "Morning News"), and a well-known Turkish journalist who has con- stently denounced the policy of the Kemalists in his articles and in his eech. He was not in the club at the time, but the six men waited for m in an alcove outside. At last he drove up, paid off his driver, and was out to enter the building when the men approached him. Pluckily he ew his revolver, only to find that each of the six had already drawn their ms on him. He was taken off in a motor-car at once—put into a boat the Bosphorus. . . . That is all. I hear to-day that he was taken Ismidt, half lynched by a crowd of fanatics, then hanged. Whatever e fate of Ali Kemal, it is certain that he will never return.

The volcano is already sending out its warning smoke. . . .

The Kemalists have taken over the Customs here. Yesterday the im- rt duties were raised 500 per cent. To-day (wisdom having come in the orning—the wisdom of obeying an Allied note) the duties revert to their iginal 11 per cent. *ad valorem*. They say that Constantinople is going ry." The importation of wines and spirits is to cease. This is sad.

Prices have already gone up. To-day there is a shortage of bread and ar in the town. In Galata many shops were closed and a little riot s taken place. There is plenty of flour in the harbour, but merchants ll not sell. The Turkish pound is on the downward way.

Prominent Turks—non-Nationalists—are leaving the town. Some have ght refuge. . . . And no one knows what we will do. Demonstra- ns have been stopped—perhaps too late! It is no use shutting the ple's mouth when the angry words have already flown. . . .

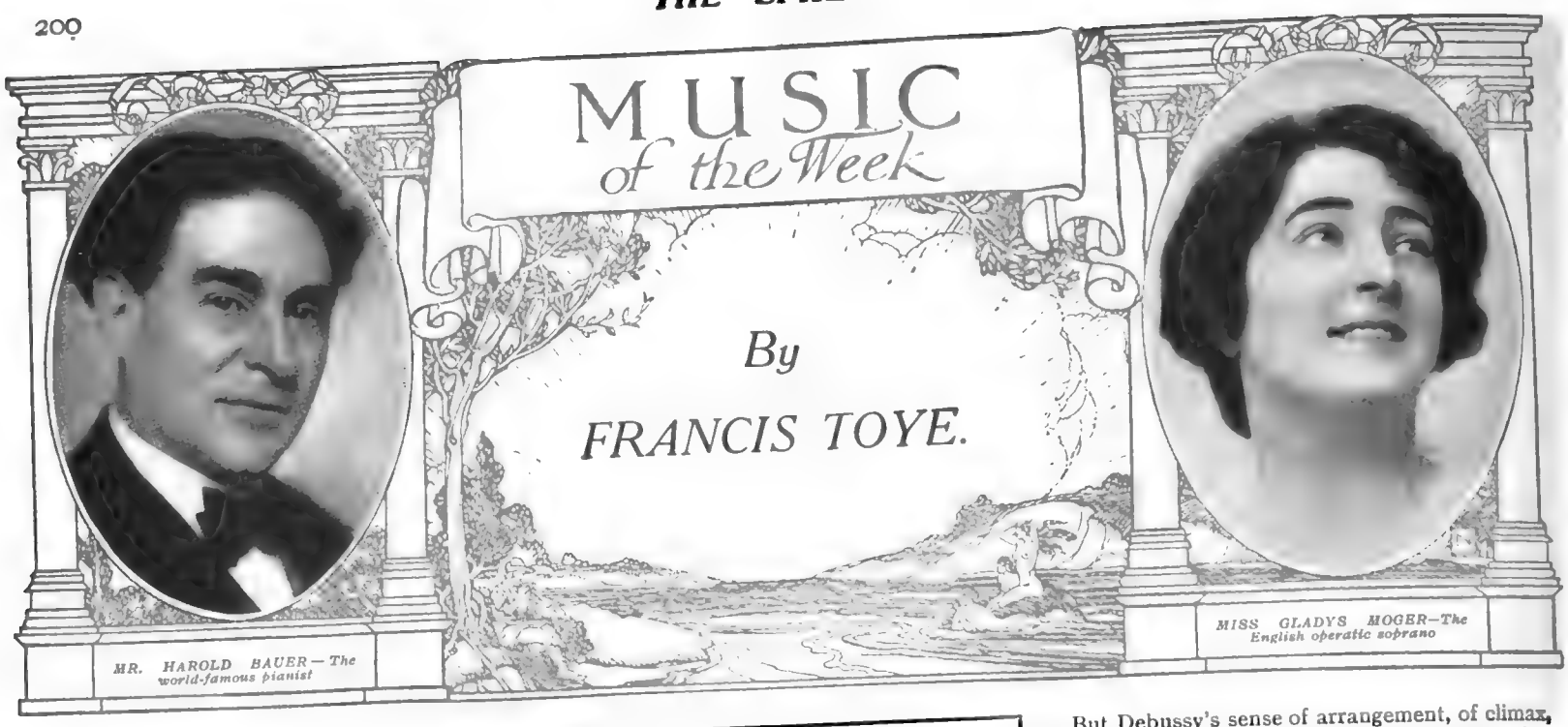
I have said before—and let me say again: We are here, and here we st remain. It is a question of honour—not of Income Tax. Kemal has wn his hand. It is for us to show our fists (if necessary)—but certainly our heels.



Unveiled Turkish Women who Marched in the Procession

Turkish women have been showing themselves freely in Stamboul during the past few troublous weeks, demonstrating the growth of the new ideas amongst women in Turkey

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Not since the Elgar Festival at Covent Garden, several years ago, has any British composer had the great chance offered to Arnold Bax at the Queen's Hall last week. An enterprising and enlightened firm of publishers organised a programme of his more important recent works; the best orchestra in London was engaged; an admirable choir and a singer and pianist of proved capacity were pressed into service. In short, the concert was given in the grand manner—which is precisely how such concerts should be given, or not at all.

For there is no test in the world so severe as a whole evening devoted to the compositions of one man. Unless conditions are entirely favourable he stands no chance whatever. Every flaw in his inspiration becomes obvious; every mannerism obtrudes itself from sheer force of repetition. Even in the case of the greatest masters, such as Beethoven or Brahms, this handicap is noticeable. Just before the war we listened to just such a "festival" devoted to the works of Saint-Saëns, who was, after all, a composer of international reputation. His music, I think, nearly perished under the strain. The charming qualities of his lesser pieces, so admirably suited to fill an odd ten minutes in a programme, were obliterated by the pretentious dulness of the symphonies. The net result of too much advertising was that we came near to putting down Saint-Saëns as a bore. It was unfair, perhaps, but not unnatural.

Making the Name of Bax Known

Arnold Bax has, of course, less to lose and more to gain than a composer like Saint-Saëns, in that his name, not to mention his music, is not so familiar to the public. On the well-known first principle of publicity—that any mention, favourable or otherwise, is not only better than silence, but has a definite "advertisement-value"—such a concert must benefit him considerably, and, through him, the whole cause of English music. That good would remain even if the particular audience at the particular concert had been disappointed—which, in fact, they were not. So much being granted, let us consider for a moment how he emerged, musically, from the ordeal.

I have always found difficulty in writing about Bax's music. I like bits of it so very much—and yet I always come away feeling that the whole is not altogether satisfactory. To give a fair impression of this point of view in print is by no means easy. The blame always seems to assume greater proportions than the praise, which is just the reverse of the impresssion that I wish to convey. Perhaps my readers will be good enough to remember this if they are interested enough to scan the following criticisms.

Points of Affinity with Debussy

Arnold Bax seems to me to have a considerable amount of genius and not, orchestration apart, much talent. That is to say, his musical ideas are, I think, definitely superior to his presentation of them. He has not, in short, learnt how to present his music in the most effective possible manner. Doubtless this sense of effectiveness is, in a way, a second-rate quality, and it is certain that many composers far less gifted than Bax possess it to a greater degree than he does. Nevertheless, it is a musical asset of real value. Compare, for instance, Bax's "Garden of Faud" with Debussy's "Après-Midi d'un Faune." Now I think "The Garden of Faud" (which has surely been "cut"?) is the high-water mark of Bax's orchestral accomplishment so far. It contains some of the most lovely music imaginable. It contains, I make bold to say, music as lovely as that of the "Après-Midi." But Debussy's sense of arrangement, of climax, of contrast, is wanting. The diffuse Celtic imagination suffers from the absence of the clear Gallic mind. Even now it takes Bax one minute to say what Debussy says in three-quarters of a minute. It formerly took him, say, a minute-and-a-half, so there is progress. But the difference, inconsiderable though it may now appear, weighs heavily in favour of the Frenchman. The audience has to listen attentively to grasp the beauty of Bax's music; The beauty of Debussy's music forces the audience to listen attentively. This difference between the two composers is one of method rather than quality. Method, however, has its æsthetic importance.

Andrew Bax's Writing for Chorus

On the whole, Bax also seems to me successful in writing for chorus. He strains, perhaps, unduly at the leash of chromatics; he sets the voices fiendishly difficult if not impossible tasks to perform. But his carols, of which we heard three, are very remarkable indeed. When I first heard "Of a Rose I Sing," several months ago, I did not particularly care for it. I think I was wrong. It contains some very wonderful music, which became more, not less, apparent after listening to an hour of other compositions by him. Speaking generally, his treatment of the chorus is exceedingly original; he obtains effects that I have never heard before. Whether similar effects would be obtainable by means of a more simple, a more diatonic method, it is difficult to say. Probably not. In which case there is nothing to be added except to express the pious hope that other English choirs will soon rise to the technical level of the Oriana Madrigal Society. Otherwise the performances of Bax's more ambitious choral works must remain few and far between.

A Piano Sonata and Songs

Of the Piano Sonata in G I prefer to say nothing. I did not understand it, and on that account, perhaps, I did not like it. In this instance, at any rate, I am sure the music is unnecessarily difficult. Even Harriet Cohen, who is the acknowledged authority on Bax's piano music, seemed to me to make very little of it.

We had two groups of songs, both sung by John Coates, one original, the other consisting of arrangements of French airs with very charming words. I thought the arrangements the better of the two. Bax is not direct enough to be an ideal composer of songs, and the original "line" of the French traditional airs kept him straight, so to say, while giving his harmonic and contrapuntal fancy plenty of scope. Even so, I think he over-elaborates; the songs begin well enough, but the time is sometimes led into the torture chamber in the last verse. And why so many epilogues for the piano when the voice has finished? These are surely unnecessary, if not actually wrong, unless an exceptional effect is required.

After this concert, however, Bax ranks definitely among the great names of British music. Hence an entire article devoted to this consideration of him.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

November 25.—Queen's Hall, 3 p.m. **Symphony Concert.**
Casals will play.

November 25.—Albert Hall, 8.15 p.m. **The Vatican Choir.**

November 27.—Wigmore Hall, 8 p.m. **Spencer Dyke String Quartet.**

November 29.—Æolian Hall, 8.15 p.m. **Gerald Cooper and Others.**

November 29.—Queen's Hall, 8 p.m. **London Choral Society.**



Miss Frieda Hempel, who has Recently been Enchanting London Concert-goers

This clever singer is the possessor of a really exquisite voice, which she used to fine advantage recently in her concert at the Queen's Hall, and which quite captivated the critics

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THE HERRING FISHERIES OF BRITAIN.



A Forest of Masts in the Harbour at Lowestoft

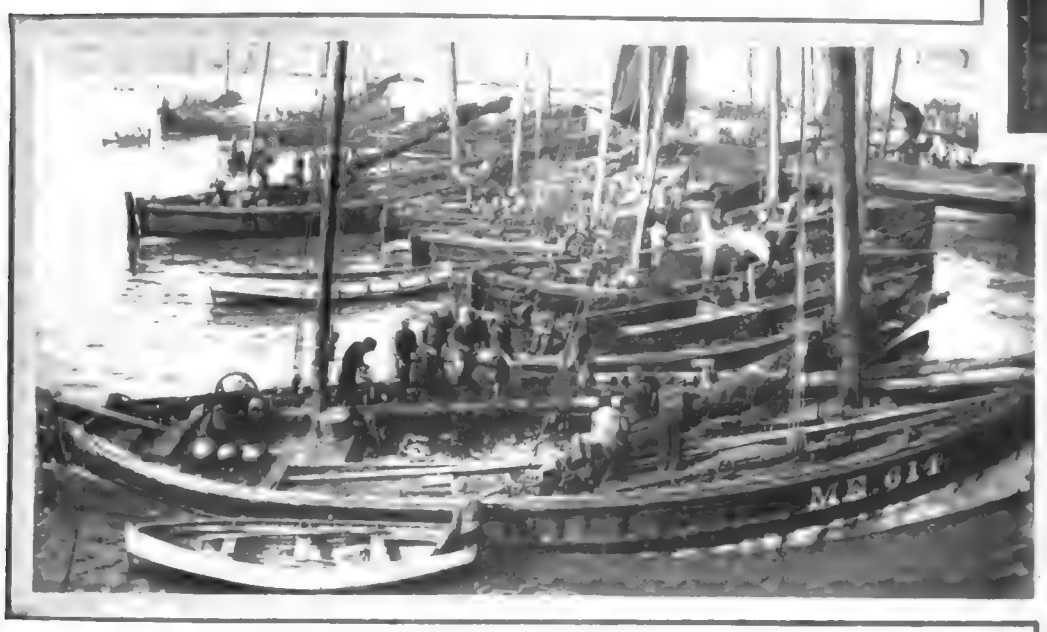
A picture by Mr. E. A. Bridge of a corner of the herring fleet's harbour. This gives a slight impression of the number of boats engaged in the herring fishery at Lowestoft



A Quayside Scene at Lowestoft

From the photograph by Mr. Richard J. Delf

We give on this page five pictures dealing with the British herring fisheries. For those who live in seaport towns on the east coast, this is an important industry on which the comfort of many people depends. In connection with the above picture of Lowestoft, it is interesting to note that the harbour mouth is now partly blocked with sand, and vessels enter only with difficulty



"The Harvest of the Sea". A Coastwise Shipping Scene by Mr. H. Panton Hughes



In St. Abb's Harbour, Berwickshire



Preparing the Boats for Sea—St. Abb's

Two pictures taken at a small Berwickshire port from which boats put out during the season for the herring and other fisheries of the North Sea

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Spring by the Shadowed Tower

Painted by J. H. Lorimer, R.S.A., and exhibited at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours



A Panel in Plaster by Mrs. Randall Wells

Modelled for the entrance hall of the Tudor house belonging to Mr. Pease—Wardington Manor, near Banbury

The beautiful decorative work of Mr. and Mrs. Randall Wells is already known to our readers, for some years ago they decorated in wonderful fashion Sapphire Lodge, Vincent Square, some of the rooms of which were illustrated at the time in THE SPHERE. The panel shown here has been modelled by Mrs. Randall Wells herself. The work is of a most beautiful and delicate character, showing an instinctive appreciation of line and form. It will now form part of the interior decorations of Wardington Manor, near Banbury. This is an old Tudor residence, the country seat of Mr. J. B. Pease, the recently-appointed chairman of Lloyds Bank. The house has an attractive entrance passage and an old Elizabethan staircase. The new panel is for the passage, and has been modelled specially to accord with the remainder of the venerable pile. The other two pictures we reproduce here



The Trout Pool on the Wensome, Norfolk

A painting in water-colours by D. Murray-Smith at the Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours in Pall Mall

are now on exhibition at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, 5A, Pall Mall East. The Winter Exhibition contains a number of fine paintings by the foremost of British water-colourists.

A note in the forefront of the catalogue of this exhibition makes an announcement which will be greatly welcomed by all artists in water-colours. The society, after having considered the question of the deterioration of drawing paper, have now approved a paper which has been made to a special formula, and which has passed their analysts. Each sheet impressed with the society's stamp is guaranteed to be hand-made of pure linen rag and free from chemicals.

MALOCCHIO : The Power of the Evil Eye.

By EDWARD HUTTON, who has Just Returned from Italy

"So you do not believe in the Evil Eye?"

I did not answer, if for no other reason but that I was out of breath. Two minutes before we had been sitting at a little table in the Piazza drinking vermouth and seltzer, like a couple of hundred other people on that hot autumn evening, and then suddenly every table was empty, everyone sauntered away, and my friend, seizing my arm, insisted on my going too, just as I was about to pay for our refreshment. In an alley-way, well out of sight of the Piazza, he explained the very reasonable cause of everyone's action.

It seems that a moment before everyone moved away, leaving their drinks unfinished and their cakes uneaten, a certain signore—notoriously in possession of the Evil Eye—had sauntered up to a table and sat down. That was why the Piazza and café and all the little tables had emptied themselves.

"And even so he *may* have looked at us! . . ."

I laughed.

"So," said my friend, "you do not believe in the Evil Eye."

No, I didn't think I did. I was quite sure I didn't. We hadn't got it in England. In Scotland maybe. But within the realm of the Church of England . . . No, it was unheard of. Certainly I did not believe in it. Besides, I hadn't finish my vermouth.

My friend was somewhat scornful.

"The Church of England, *caro amico!* Why, Pope Pius IX. himself had it!!"

"Had what?"

"Malocchio."

"Nonsense! What are you telling me?"

"I tell you, whenever Pio Nono held a Consistory, all the Cardinals made the horns under their robes."

"The horns?"

"*Caro amico*, there are three ways of warding off the Evil Eye. One is to close the middle and third fingers of the hand with the thumb, and to point the first and little fingers at the Person. Better is the second way, when, instead of pointing at the Person, you touch iron with the two outstretched fingers—for instance, your keys in your pocket. The third way, and the most efficacious . . . I will tell you another time."

"Giovanni, it is a game for children."

"For children? Am I a child? *Caro amico*, am I not a great artist—am I not one of the great pianists of our time?" (He is.) Well, I tell you it is no game for children. It is not a game at all. Listen to me." He seized my coat lapels and thrust his face into mine. Giovanni is very eager and what we used to call in England, "intense."

"Listen to me. You remember when, last year, you saw me off to Italy—at Victoria, was it not? Well, at Bologna I saw THAT PERSON. I got out of the train there on the way to Florence to get a sandwich, and by ill-luck there he was. I did all I could to avoid him, but he managed to speak to me. I knew then something would happen."

"What folly!"

"*Caro*, I knew. And I was right. No sooner had the train got into those accursed tunnels on the Apennine than the engine broke down, and we were there *for four hours*! FOUR HOURS!! Stifling with smoke, gasping for air, our handkerchiefs before our mouths, our noses, our eyes. In that heat. *Dio mio*, half dead!"

"Well, that might happen any day. It had nothing to do with . . ."

"Don't say his name. Not to do with him? *Caro amico*, on the next day I gave my great concert in Florence. The huge hall was packed; it was a real triumph. Just as I sat down at the piano I looked over the great hall full of people, a sea of faces, and there, coming in at the door, I saw THAT PERSON."

"Well?"

"I began to play. I had not played six notes when . . Crash! Down came the great chandelier in the middle of the hall. My concert was over, and the *Misericordia* busy."

"Well, well; what a misfortune!"

"Yes. We had to return all the money except the subscriptions."

"Ah! Well, let me go and pay for our vermouth."

"No, don't go. If you must pay, send a small boy. *Ecco! Ragazzo, ragazzo.*"

"What a shame! Well, as I don't believe in the Evil Eye, I don't mind sending him. Wait a minute. . . ."

I felt in *all* my pockets, but the purse was gone. I must have left it on the little table in the Piazza when we left so hurriedly. Yes, I remembered, just as I was going to pay.

"What is it?"

"Why, you will have to pay after all. I've lost my purse."

"What's that?"

"I have lost my purse."

"You have lost your purse?"

"Yes."

"You . . . have . . . lost . . . your . . . purse?"

"I tell you so."

"Thank God!"

"What do you mean?"

"It was you he looked at, then, not me."

"Who?"

"That Person."

"What nonsense! . . ."

"Ha! I forget; of course, *you* don't believe in the Evil Eye."

EDWARD HUTTON.

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The

CHANGING FACE OF LONDON.

How **1922** *is Altering the Aspect of the Capital of the Empire*

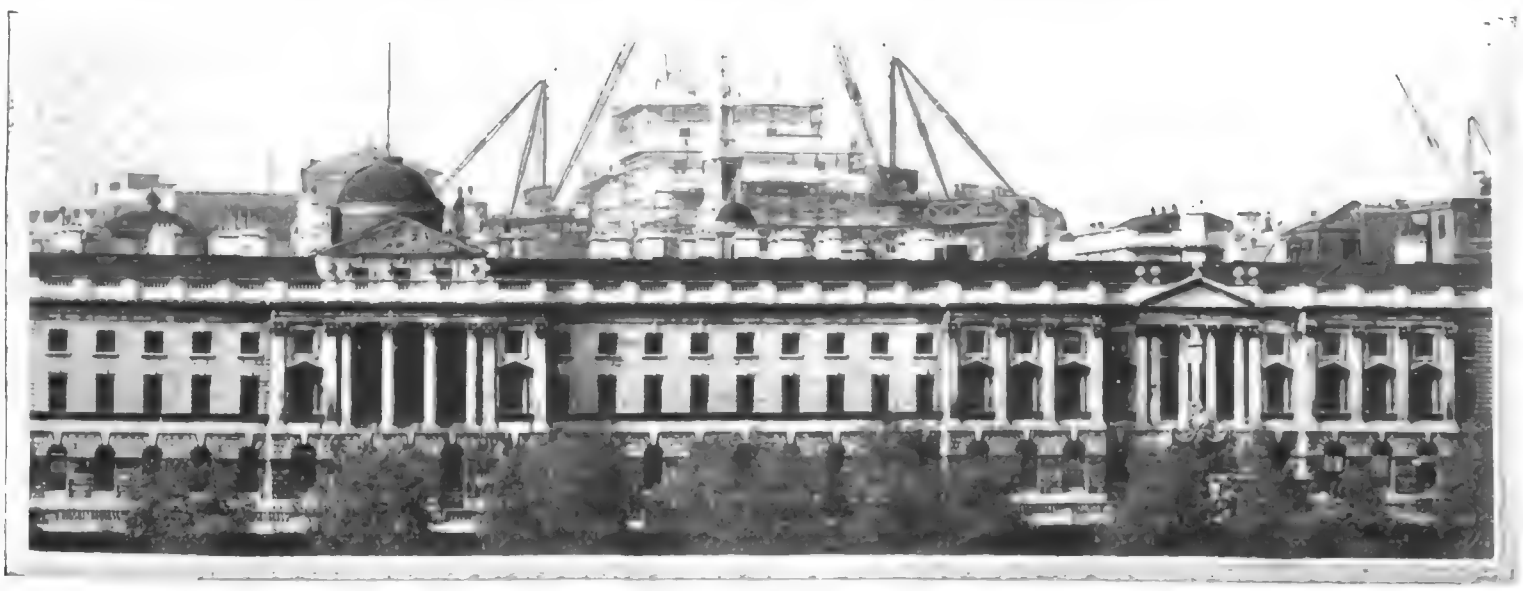
Special "Sphere" Series—PART I.



Special Sphere pictures

Messrs. Holland and Hannen and Cubitts After the Aspect of Waterloo Place—Centre View: Nearing the Clouds at King William Street

In Waterloo Place the new premises of Cox's Bank are now practically complete. In order to erect these new premises part of Nash's colonnaded scheme for lower Regent Street was demolished. The imposing new building at the corner has been erected by Holland and Hannen and Cubitts, who have been especially prominent in constructional work in London recently. The centre picture on this page shows a fine panorama of the section of London near the Monument. Here, at the corner of King William Street, London's highest building has been erected for the Guardian Assurance Company



A New London Profile—A Distant View of Bush House, as Seen from Across the River

This picture, taken with a telephoto lens from the far side of the river, gives a fine impression of the dominating height of the Strand Bush building. The façade seen in the foreground is Somerset House, lying along the Embankment. The new building towers well above this older pile, and has already become a commanding feature from the south side of the river

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THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON : The



A Classic Design for the G.E.C. Building in Kingsway

When the Kingsway and Aldwych schemes were first thought out, in the closing years of the last century, it was little realised what the completed idea would be. Apart from two vacant areas east and west of the Bush building, the whole area outlined for reconstruction is now complete. The Aldwych forms a magnificent sweep from east to west; in the centre towers the huge tiered Bush building, from which the scaffolding is rapidly disappearing.

On its north side are the imposing buildings which form an unbroken line on rising ground overlooking the Strand. Chief amongst these may be mentioned the beautifully proportioned



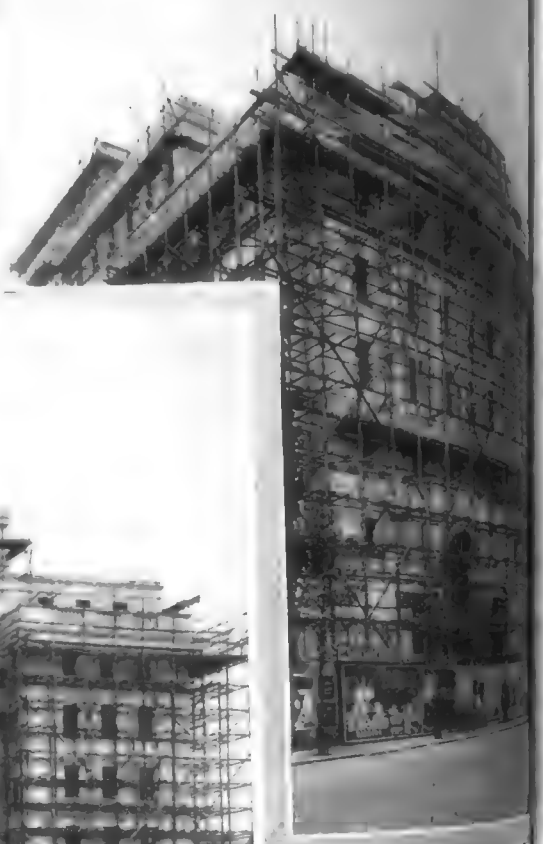
The New Princes' House in the Kingsway

Kingsway has rapidly been completed. Since the war that imposing thor- fare has been swathed in scaffolding: the last of its big buildings—on and east sides—are now, however, complete



The Rising Tiers of the Bush Building as Seen from the West

This building is one of the most considerable constructional efforts of post-war London. It is from the designs of the American architects, Messrs. Helmly and Corbett, and is based on the lines of an American sky-scraper—as far as L.C.C. regulations will permit. The building is now rapidly nearing completion



The Massive Pile of the Bush Building in the

With the erection of the [illegible] now nearing completion in the way that part of the great begun in the closing years of Victoria's reign is concluded. scheme was inaugurated in the clearing of the Clare and Holywell Street districts, the Strand and Holborn, to the construction of the wide fare we now know as the It was opened for traffic Edward in the year 1905. rapidly sprang up a mass of

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Development of the Kingsway and Aldwych Districts.



Connaught House, a Fine Building in Aldwych

Connaught House is one of the most imposing structures on the north-east curve of Aldwych. The building occupies a striking position at the corner of Houghton Street



Africa House—A Many-Storied Building at the Upper End of Kingsway

Aldwych House, built by Messrs. J. Parkinson and Sons, and the twin buildings at the two corners of Kingsway Aldwych junction. Kingsway itself is the noblest thoroughfare in London. On both sides it is flanked by tall buildings, which give it an American appearance—although L.C.C. regulations refuse to allow too excessive a height. Most of the buildings are finely conceived, and add dignity to what was already a spacious thoroughfare.

The pictures reproduced on these pages record the present aspect of London's most imposing-looking area. Part II. appears next week.





The New Woolworth Building in the Kingsway

buildings—the Gaiety Theatre, the Aldwych Theatre, the London Opera House, and others. The war caused a temporary lull in building activities, but since the Armistice new buildings have been erected at a great pace. Practically the whole of Kingsway is now complete, and the greater part of Aldwych. When the vacant sites to east and west of the huge Bush building have been filled by new buildings, the scheme will then have been brought to a final completion.



Aldwych House—The Magnificent New Building Erected by J. Parkinson and Sons

The large building is at the eastern end of Aldwych; it has been erected by Messrs. Parkinson, the Blackpool constructors, in a remarkably short space of time. The building has a fine pillared sweep fronting on to Aldwych, and completes the north side of that thoroughfare

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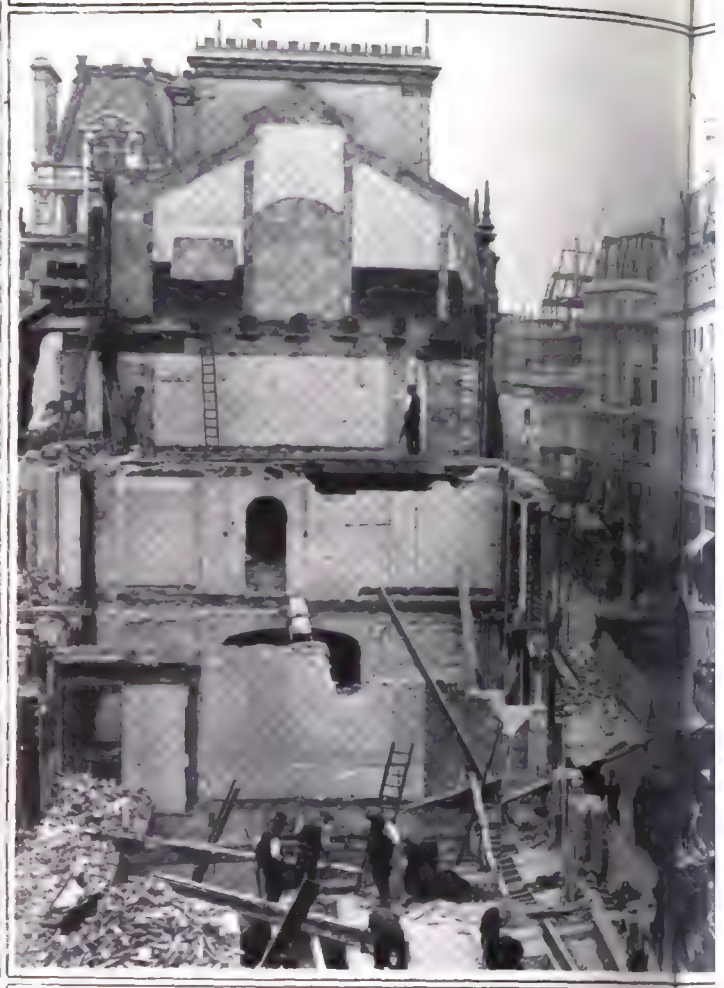
THE CHANGING F

Modernising Oxford Circus and ...
Special "Sphere" Pi...



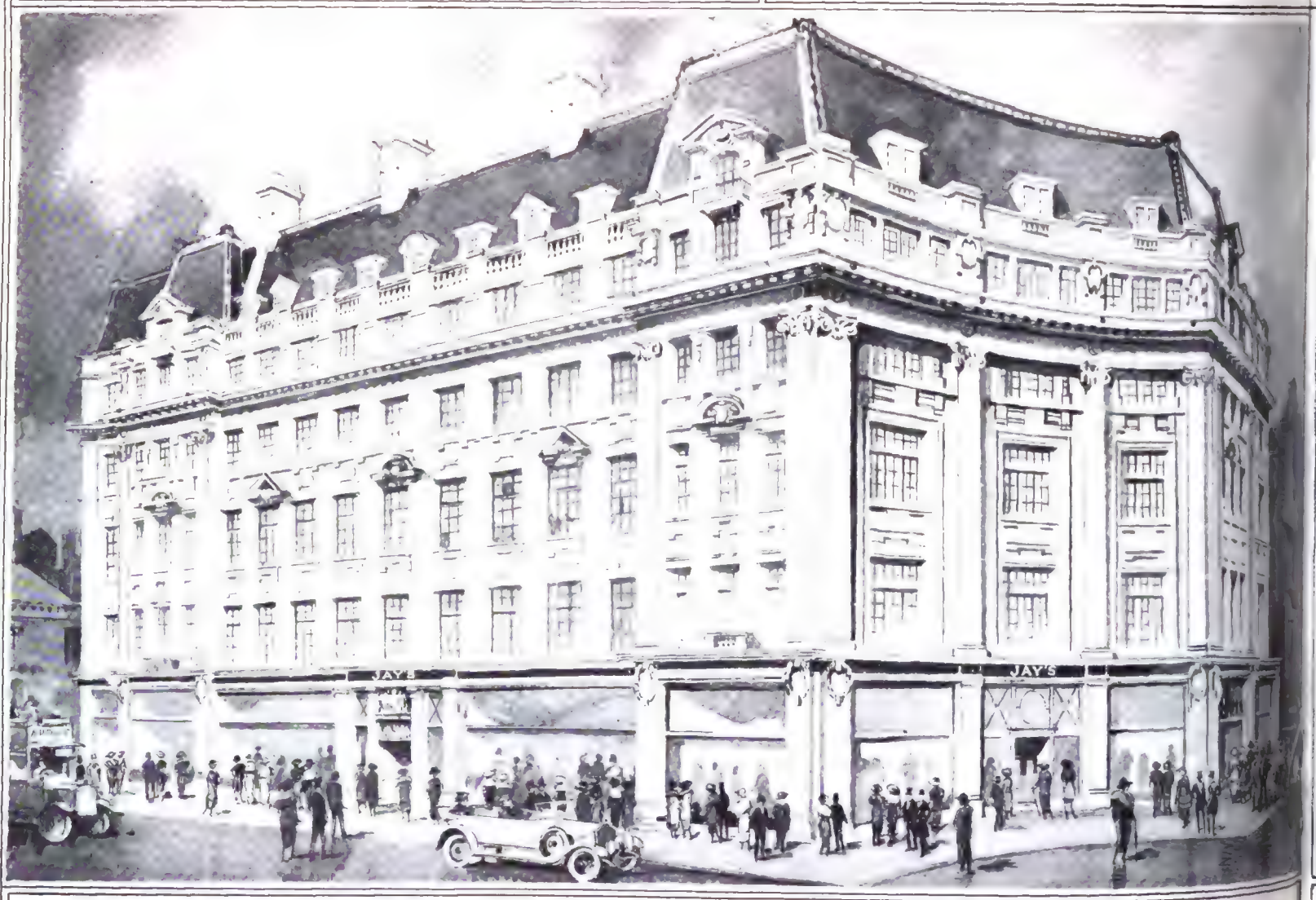
Messrs. Dickins and Jones's Handsome New Buildings in Regent Street

Very little of Nash's Regent Street now remains in the upper portion of that famous thoroughfare near Oxford Circus. One by one the older buildings have disappeared, to give place to newer buildings, which allow of a more generous window display



Demolishing the Old Building of Messrs. J... (Left

The mellow frontage occupied by Messrs. Jay in Regent Street has already been d... continue to Oxford Circus and ... acco...



How the New Building to be Erected for Messrs. Jay will Appear when Completed

Work on Messrs. Jay's old premises on the south-west side of Oxford Circus has already begun. When completed, Oxford Circus will at last be a true "circus" (within the architectural meaning of that term). The circus is flanked by three new huge buildings already—Messrs. Jay's will be the fourth and last

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ACE OF LONDON.

Nash's Regent Street Facades
ictures—PART I.



(left) and the New Peter Robinson Building

to demolished. On its site will arise a new building of stone, which will cord with the other three sides



The New Selfridge Building in Orchard Street

The growth of the huge Selfridge Store proceeds apace; this building forms the north western corner of the great island devoted to Selfridge. A noticeable feature of these buildings is the massive columns supporting the upper storey and roof



The Building on the New East Corner of Oxford Street Occupied by Messrs. Peter Robinson's New Showrooms

These premises are occupied by one of the most important drapery firms of London. The design of the new buildings fronting on the circus is bold and striking, with columned façade and high sloping roof. All four sides of Oxford Circus are similar in design

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AN OLD BAILEY DRAMA

A Realistic Presentation of the



Mr. George Bealby as Theodore Cornell, the Rascally Solicitor

"Hullo! Is that the Imperial Factory? I've had a letter from my man, Richard Porter . . . he thinks he'll buy."



The Factory Girl with the Young Curate

Miss Mary Clare as Mary Denton, and Mr. Geoffrey Bevan as the Rev. Peter Rock

"There'll be no faking, Mary. The Great Judge, who knows everything, will see that justice is done."



The Two Lovers—Porter and Mary Denton

PORTER (Mr. Tristan Rawson): "We'll be married at the Embassy, we'll stay in Paris a week, and then we'll clear right out to Australia."



The Dramatic and Realistic Representation of the

This is the culminating point of the play; after the murder of the scoundrelly solicitor, Cornell, Richard Porter is accused of the crime, and stands his trial at the Old Bailey. The court scene consists of an absolute replica of the criminal court at the Old Bailey, with the sword of Justice suspended over the



The Wrongfully Accused Man in the Dock—Act IV.

Act IV. opens with the examination of Mary Denton, here seen in a final embrace with Porter, who is being tried for the murder of the rascally solicitor, Cornell. Every detail of this court scene is based upon the actual procedure at the Central Criminal Court

Google

t the STRAND THEATRE.

riminal Court in "The Balance"



Bailey—Counsel Cross-examining the Witness

's head; counsel and public, and witnesses for the defence and prosecution. In this scene the ppy woman, Mary Denton, during cross-examination, has to make some damaging admissions. The g of the company is good throughout



The Judge Tries the Case at the Old Bailey -Act IV.

part of the judge is taken by Mr. J. H. Barnes, who acts with as much dignity as if he actually were ne bench. After the verdict of "Guilty" is pronounced, he assumes the black cap and condemns the prisoner to death. The dénouement comes suddenly, at the very fall of the curtain



Cornell Forcing the Timid Hicks (Mr. George Elton) to Sign a Confession of Guilt

"Pick up that pen and write this; don't date it—'I, Stephen Hicks, am guilty of stealing'"



The Unscrupulous Solicitor and the Brow-beaten Clerk

"I haven't much time, Hicks; I—
"The time you have depends upon me"



Stage Photo Co.

Mr. Edward Rigby as Rainy Mullins

"Well, me old flypaper, 'ow goes it, eh? I'm going away for p'r'aps a couple of weeks, and I'd like to say 'Olive-oil'"

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Mrs. Asquith and her Granddaughter

A LITERARY LETTER.

Mrs. Asquith's Vivacious Memoirs



Mrs. Asquith and her Son, Anthony

LONDON, November 20, 1922.

Mrs. Asquith has published through Mr. Thornton Butterworth the second part of her reminiscences under the title of *The Autobiography of Margot Asquith, Vol. II.* She tells us frankly that she does not complain of the reception by the public of her first volume, though most of the reviewers abused her. I can at least claim that her first volume gave me a great deal of amusement and some misgivings, but on matters of taste there can be no definite conclusion. If we include Boswell's *Johnson* among autobiographies—and it is almost one, for Boswell talked much of himself in it—the greatest autobiographies in English and French, Boswell's *Johnson* and Rousseau's *Confessions*, left much to be said on the point of taste. But there should be little difference of opinion as to Mrs. Asquith's second volume. It is in a very great degree a defence of her husband, and from this point of view it makes a very striking appeal.

Mr. Asquith had climbed to the highest position in the State. He held that position with amazing dignity and rectitude. Not even his great predecessor, Mr. Gladstone, was able to accept defeat with so much of the sympathy of all honest men. Lord Morley of Blackburn tells us that when Sir Campbell-Bannerman was very near his end he said, "Morley, you and I have not always seen eye to eye with Asquith, but we have never served with a greater gentleman." Very skilfully does the wife make you feel that her husband had to deal in his public career with disloyal colleagues. Now and again our author breaks out into strong indignation: "I only hope the men responsible for giving information to Lord N—— will be heavily punished. God may forgive him; I never can." On the subject of Mr. Asquith's alleged dilatoriness she writes:—

> "Wait and see"—a phrase originally uttered as a threat by my husband in the House of Commons—was taken up by a group of influential newspapers, and quoted upon every occasion as meaning apathy and delay. It is not difficult to perceive the prejudice this created in the minds of men and women whose brothers, sons, and lovers were being killed in a conflict that touched our shores; and it gave a great opening to ambitious men who fancied that if they were in the position of Prime Minister things would be very different.

She is particularly strong as to the attacks made upon her personally—at the supposed sympathy with Germany during the war, and visits to Donington Hall, a place of which she did not even know the situation. "In the great moments of life," she says, "brains count for nothing. The clever among Henry's colleagues were not always loyal, and the loyal, with notable exceptions, were not too clever."

Apart from the vigorous defence of her husband's conduct during the war, Mrs. Asquith's book contains a succession of epigrammatic and memorable passages:—

> The Kaiser is not hanged; the German pockets have not been searched; the land "fit for heroes to live in" threatens to deport men by emigration, not in thousands, but in hundreds of thousands; millions of unemployed tramp the streets.
>
> "One day," said John Morley, "I asked Carlyle what Mrs. John Stuart Mill had been really like; to which he answered: "She was full of unwise intellect, asking and re-asking stupid questions."
>
> "If there is no future life," said Arthur Balfour, "this world is a bad joke; and whose joke?"
>
> When John Morley heard that Winston Churchill was reading the lives of Napoleon, he said: "He would do better to study the drab heroes of life. Framing oneself upon Napoleon has proved a danger to many a man before him."
>
> When we left Lord Morley's garden and went into his library, he showed me Bacon's saying inscribed in stone upon his mantelpiece: "The nobler a soul the more objects of compassion it hath."
>
> I saw John Burns, an old and valued friend of ours, whose career, if he would write it, would be among the great and interesting autobiographies of the world.
>
> Henry paid his first visit to the new King. He came away deeply moved by his modesty and common sense.

On the proposed creation of peers to destroy the veto of the House of Lords, she writes:—

> Lord Knollys told us that when Henry had left the palace the King had said to him: "Is this the advice that you would have given my father?" He replied: "Yes, Sir; and your father would have taken it."

On one interesting point I join issue with Mrs. Asquith. She tells us that she advised John Redmond to make a great speech in the House of Commons offering all his soldiers to the Government. "It appeared to me," she adds, "that it would be a dramatic thing to do at such a moment, and might strengthen the claim of Ireland upon the gratitude of the British people." As a matter of fact, this advice, which Mr. Redmond took, ruined his career and broke his heart. He offered what was not his to give. He gained the momentary plaudits of the House of Commons, but what was that worth to him? If Mrs. Asquith had devoted her energies to persuading her husband to pass and put in execution the Home Rule Bill at any price, Ireland would have poured her soldiers into the British Army more abundantly even than she did, and all the later troubles with that country would never have occurred.

But one may agree with Mrs. Asquith in her estimate of the Nonconformist Conscience of these later years.

> The Government policy in Ireland of an eye for an eye, or two teeth for one, dignified by the name of "Official Reprisals," stirred little indignation in the breasts of the Nonconformists or their press; and the men I know who claim to have it to-day are maidenly, mulish, and dusty.

But quite apart from these debatable matters, I consider that Mrs. Asquith has here undoubtedly written a very good book—a book which will be read with zest in long years to come as one of the frankest expositions of the situation during the sad and trying years of war.

There is a lot of good solid work in *Points of View*, by Viscount Birkenhead (Hodder & Stoughton). The writer has great insight, and he brings it to bear very effectively when dealing with the aspersions on Lord Kitchener. He blinks certain facts, as all lawyers do when they hold a brief, but it is an interesting defence. Even more readable, and possessed of much legal subtlety, is the essay on the much-discussed problem, "Should-Doctors Tell?" Lord Birkenhead recalls the story of a sick man assiduously attended by his wife. The doctor told her that if she were not attending him he would say that her husband was being poisoned. The effect of that remark was that the man got better, and the wife disappeared with a lover. Was this sound tactics—real medical tact? Lord Birkenhead says, "No." The doctor should have warned the husband. The essay is full of interesting "cases." In the address on "The Oxford Union Society," the author pays a tribute to Mr. Hilaire Belloc as "a great orator" in his Oxford days. Some of us who knew "Sam Evans" in his earlier years will be interested in the exhaustive biography here given of the late Sir Samuel Evans, the President of the Probate and Divorce Courts. The little study of that attractive young man, Neil Primrose, is also welcome. Finally, there is Lord Birkenhead's dream and anticipation of "A New Party." Here, also, I am sure he is right. There will in time be once again only two parties in the State—Labourists and Imperialists, I expect they will be called.

In *Lord Northcliffe: A Memoir* (Hodder and Stoughton), his friend, Max Pemberton, with whom I have often seen him in earlier years, and who clearly kept up the friendship to the end, pays a very skilful tribute to Alfred Harmsworth, whose honours cannot disguise the name by which I imagine he would most prefer to be remembered.

Mr. Pemberton recalls hours of youth when the pair cycled together in the roads of St. John's Wood and farther afield. He tells of the early journalistic ambitions, of the quick climb to wealth and power. The purchase of *The Evening News*, the founding of *The Daily Mail*, and the final control of *The Times*, are all placed before the reader in a very interesting manner; but as a matter of fact, it is much too early in the day for any final recapitulation of Lord Northcliffe's life story.

A thousand-and-one entertaining anecdotes, which no one could tell better than Mr. Max Pemberton, cannot be told at the moment. No man's life is a subject for entire eulogy, and on the other hand we have no right to give unnecessary pain to friends for the benefit of the many-headed beast. With all his enthusiasm and hero worship, Mr. Pemberton has, I believe, hurt those whom he would be the last to wish to hurt by his reference to Lord Northcliffe's last illness. On that matter the whole truth cannot be told fairly at the moment, but knowing both the author and the subject of his biography, I confess to having read the book with very deep interest. Under the peculiar circumstances it could not have been better done.

A new book on George Borrow is very welcome. *George Borrow, Lord of the Open Road*, by R. Thurston Hopkins (Jarrolds), is a volume possessed of great charm. I think it is excellent that there should be books about Borrow published every two or three years. For more than twenty years after his death his works were much neglected, and his life an enigma. Commencing with Dr. Knapp's biography, there have since been many books. I myself have perpetrated one, which is generously acknowledged by Mr. Hopkins in his prefatory note. Naturally I think my life of George Borrow one of the best biographies in the English language. The reviewers did not think so when it appeared, but then I have never pretended to attach much importance to the judgment of the critics. The main fact is that my book is still read, and still sells in Mr. J. M. Dent's "Wayfarers Library," and I have no doubt it will continue to do so for long years to come.

That does not preclude my appreciation of other books on the same subject. Mr. Thurston Hopkins brings an enthusiasm and a judgment to bear on the subject which I find very attractive. His criticism is good, his collection of new stories and new anecdotes is equally good. In fact, for an introduction to Borrow's work it is both lucid and readable. I know of no better book. *Lavengro* and the *Romany Rye* have very quiet but devoted adherents. These books will stand by themselves, and, it may be said, need not the praise of book-makers; but I do not agree with this. It is difficult to give an author of the highest distinction his real place until he has been dead about a hundred years. Then he is taken for granted.

A distinguished friend of mine visited Norwich the other day, and found that the Borrow House there, which is beautifully illustrated in Mr. Hopkins's work, was closed. A very few years ago it was given to Norwich by the then Lord Mayor, Mr. Samuel, and opened to the public amid great excitement and enthusiasm. It is sad that this has not been kept up, and that Norwich should not have lived up to its opportunities. However, I hope that Mr. Thurston Hopkins's excellent book will add the necessary dash of impetus which Borrow's fame deserves. If you once become a Borrovian you will not easily allow the enthusiasm to lapse. Clearly there are not enough Borrovians in Norwich. May this book, published by a Norwich firm, with an imprint honoured for more than one generation in that city, give an added spurt to Borrow's well-earned fame.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

AN IMAGE OF SHAKESPEARE. By Frank Mathew. 18s. net. (*Jonathan Cape.*) WHAT I SAW IN AMERICA. By G. K. Chesterton. 12s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) THE BROKEN SIGNPOST. By Sydney Tremayne. 7s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*) CANADIAN FAIRY TALES. By Cyrus Macmillan. With Illustrations by Marcia Lane Foster, and an Introduction by John Grier Hibben. 16s. net. (*The Bodley Head.*) CARNISS AND COMPANY. By Henry St. John Cooper. 6s. net. (*Sampson Low.*) THE BRAGANZA NECKLACE. By Herbert Harrison. 6s. net. (*Sampson Low.*) THE HOUSE IN MOUNT STREET. By John de Courcy. 6s. net. (*Sampson Low.*)

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The CHILDHOOD OF BRITAIN.



The Duke of Marlborough's Granddaughter Takes the Air

A picture taken in the Park, where Lady Sarah Spencer Churchill was taking the air the other day. Lady Sarah is the infant daughter of the Marquis and Marchioness of Blandford and granddaughter of the present Duke of Marlborough



Marcus Adams

John Rowley, Grandson of the Earl of Dundonald

The young son of Lady Marjorie and Mr. Owsley Rowley, born in 1918. His mother is the youngest daughter of the Earl of Dundonald, and his father is a member of the Corbet family, which traces its line in unbroken male descent from the time of the Conqueror



East and West in Hyde Park

A Chinese amah with her young English charge photographed recently in Rotten Row, where such a sight is not a very common one



A. Tour

The Wife and Children of the Liberal Member for Eye

Mrs. Lyle Samuel, the wife of the Liberal member for the Eye division of Suffolk, with her children



Marcus Adams

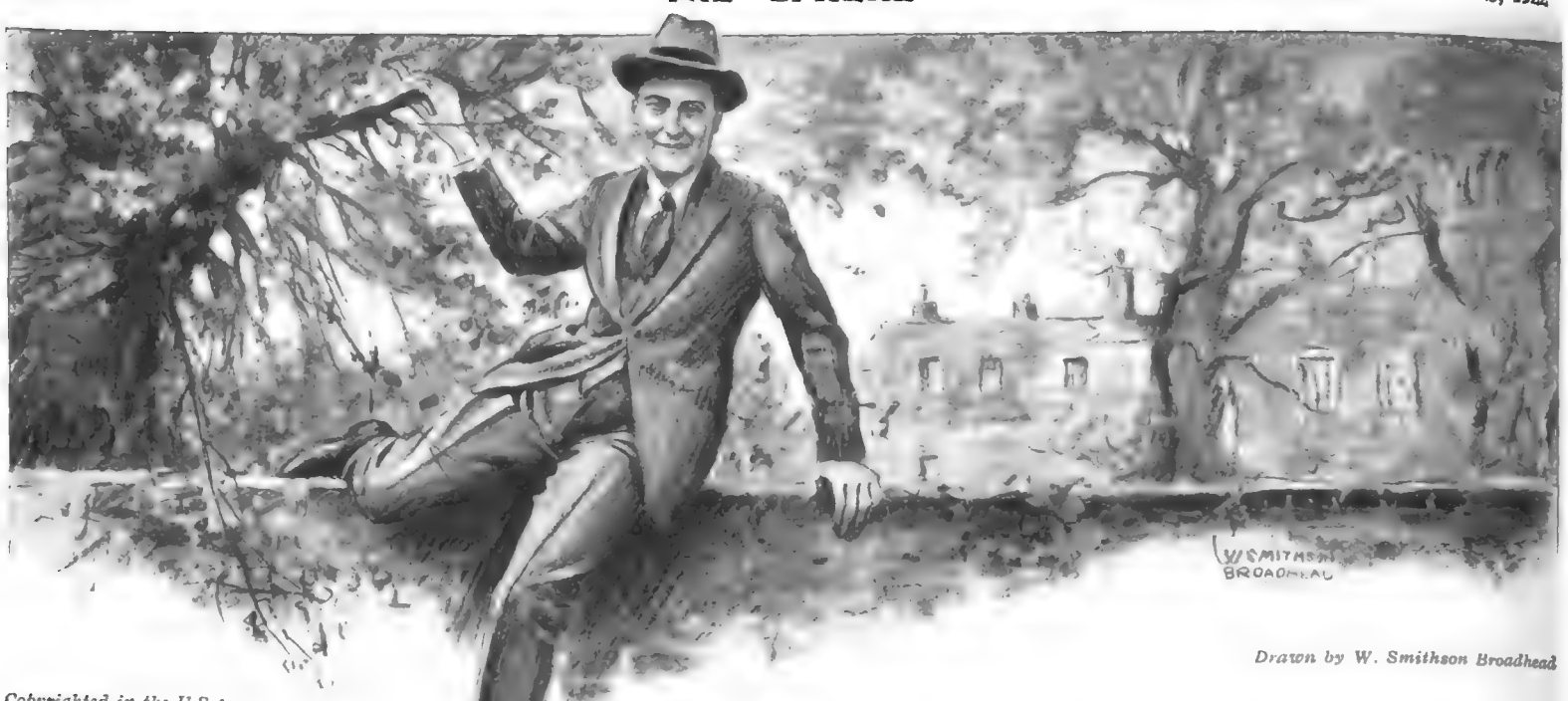
John Hamilton Stubber

The little son of Lady Mabel Hamilton Stubber and Major Hamilton Stubber, D.S.O., of Moyne, Queen's County, Ireland



The Two Younger Children of Colonel and Mrs. Butter of Pitloc

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled. Essington later discovers that he is being watched by two men. Essington feigns illness, and whilst being confined to his own room, is handed a letter which has just arrived. To his astonishment he finds it is from a lady; he manages to keep the appointment, but has to leave very hurriedly, as he suddenly catches sight of a familiar figure.*

VI.—THE MINSTREL.

For a moment the black-bearded man who had been standing under the lamp-post made a movement as though he would give chase to the flying figure, and then immediately changed his mind. There was not a soul about to lend assistance, and the fugitive's long legs were taking him up the road at such a pace that a chase in the dark was manifestly hopeless. Instead, he looked very intently at the bewildered girl, who stood gazing after her cavalier, and when at last she moved, he crossed the road and, keeping in the shade, moved in the same direction.

Meanwhile the scrupulous creditor, after running for some quarter of a mile, satisfied himself that he had given his debtor the slip and set out for home meditating on the charming Miss Carey. As he drew near the Manor House he dismissed this theme and put his mind to the business of making a safe and quiet entrance. It was now so dark that he deemed it superfluous to climb the paling again, and accordingly he made for the gates, keeping, however, under the black shadow of the trees that overhung the boundary of the grounds and walking very softly. And when he was some thirty yards from the entrance, he perceived that these precautions had not been taken a moment too soon. A figure had emerged from the shadows on the other side of the gates, and was quietly coming towards him.

Essington stopped dead and waited, ready to turn and bolt on the instant, but when the figure had reached the entrance, instead of holding on towards him, it turned and disappeared into the semicircle of road before the gates. Instantly he crept forward to reconnoitre, and had almost reached this semicircle when he heard a guarded voice, evidently close to the gates:

"Are you there, Bob?" it said.

Another voice from within the gates replied:

"Yes, but I haven't seen a blank sign of him yet. Have you?"

"No," said the first voice, "but I'll swear it was him who got through the hedge, and he is bound to be back soon."

Mr. Essington had heard enough. He turned away, and at his first step a twig cracked under his foot. Both voices gave an exclamation and footsteps started towards him at a run, and a moment later three men were racing along the quiet road. One of the pursuers was stout and fell quickly behind. The other was tall and lean, and for the first fifty yards gained distinctly on their quarry. And then, as Essington was endeavouring to put on an extra turn of speed, something whistled past his ear and fell with a clatter on the road in front. As he sped past it the rays of a street lamp gleamed for an instant on the blade of a large, vicious-looking knife. The thrower had checked himself to make the shot, and his footsteps rapidly grew fainter and then ceased altogether. A few minutes later Mr. Essington fell to a swift, breathless walk, and had time to reflect upon his predicament.

"The game's up now!" he said to himself; "Lumsden has seen me in the town, and these fellows know I'm the man at the Manor House. Of course the station will be watched. How the devil am I to get out of this town?"

For a moment he thought of not going down into the town at all, but following one of the quiet suburban roads right out into the country. A few seconds' consideration, however, was sufficient to dismiss this project.

"I'd sooner be comfortably locked up again than wander alone about a strange countryside in the dark!" he said to himself. "I am having a holiday, and to sleep under a hedge would really be the d—— best way of spending it! There must be some method of getting into a train, if one could only think of it."

As he pursued his way through the quiet roads, his thoughts returned to the knife flung at his back, and the more he reflected on this incident the stranger did it seem.

"It's an extraordinary thing that such a respectable Scotchman as Lumsden should engage a couple of knife-throwing desperadoes to track me down," he said to himself. "However, I suppose that's how they get on so well."

By this time he had come into the region of bustling and brightly-lighted streets, just the scene that attracted him above all others, and it was with a sharp wrench and a little sinking of his usually exuberant spirits that he turned away and sought quieter byways.

"I must get out of this infernal place somehow!" he exclaimed.

He had almost decided on the desperate gamble of venturing into the station and trusting to impudence and a handkerchief at his nose to take him safely past the booking office, when he was cheered by the sound of music, and a moment later he found himself one of a small but enthusiastic group gathered outside the open door of a public house listening to the melody within. It was created by a party of four Christy minstrels in straw hats and blackened faces, who were singing to the twanging of their banjoes.

"And Mary Anne, she says to me,
She says, did Mary Anne,
I never seed a bloke like you,
And I think I never can,
In all my life, supposing I
Should live an 'undred year,
See sich a sight as 'Enery Jones
When he's 'ad a glass o' beer!"

At the conclusion of this ditty the leader of the band could be seen passing his straw hat round the patrons of the bar, while the spectators in the road (who averaged ten years old, excluding Mr. Essington) heaved a deep sigh of disappointment at the conclusion of the concert. A minute or two later the minstrels emerged with their banjoes under their arms, and it was then that they became aware that their audience had included a very unusual member, a tall, distinguished gentleman, a regular toff in fact. In the politest manner imaginable this gentleman thanked them for their excellent entertainment, and then with an irresistibly agreeable air requested a few moments' private conversation with what he was gracious enough to term, their conductor.

"That's me, sir," said the blackest and shiniest of the band, "and very 'appy to 'ave a word with any genelman as wants one."

The distinguished-looking gentleman drew him aside and asked in an impressive voice:

"Would you care, sir, to earn a couple of what are commonly known as quids or thick 'uns?"

"That's me again, sir," replied the conductor affably. "In fact, I've been looking for them two quids for the larst twenty years."

"You may have them in twenty seconds," smiled the strange gentleman, producing his purse. "I only ask one trifling favour in return. It is merely that I should like to join your troop for the evening. That tall prima donna on the left looks about my size, and if he doesn't mind wearing my clothes for a few hours, I don't mind wearing his."

The conductor eyed him with a dubious expression.

"What's the gyme, guv'nor?" he inquired. "We gets some curious blokes in this 'ere troupe sometimes, but we ain't got none exactly of your sort before."

"To be quite frank with you," replied the stranger with an air of infinite honesty, "I am doing it for a bet. If it comes off I shan't miss my two quid, and if it doesn't I shall have had an amusing evening in excellent company. Do you see?"

"A bet?" said the conductor. "Well, you couldn't have struck one as 'as more sympathy with bets than me. The only thing is, we 'as a reputation to keep up. Can you play . . ."

"Let me see that banjo!" interrupted the stranger, and twanging the strings with practised fingers, he warbled the chorus of "Mary Anne" in a pleasant light baritone voice that elicited a cheer from the rest of the spectators, who had been much mystified by the interview, but now began to perceive its drift.

"'E's tryin' to get taken on by the Christies!" they explained to one another.

The conductor was equally delighted.

"'And over the quids, guv'nor," said he, "and I'll tike you strite along to 'ave your face blackened. S'help me, I believe you're goin' to be a blanking improvement on long Jim 'ere."

To the intense disappointment of the spectators, the process of

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converting the distinguished-looking stranger into a Christy minstrel took place privately in an adjacent lodging-house, and when he emerged he looked so like the other three that they could scarcely be sure which of them had so recently been a mere common mortal.

But as soon as the troupe had taken their stand in the next bar and the banjoes had begun to twang, it became speedily apparent that the four were no longer an ordinary Christy minstrel band. There was a dash, life, abandon, a rollicking and irresistible spirit about them that filled the bar and crowded the pavement outside in less than no time. And there was no difficulty either in tracing this spirit to the tall minstrel with the humorous eye and the baritone voice. He introduced all manner of unexpected novelties into the performance; a step dance of a wholly original character, a series of conundrums that skirted the confines of propriety with remarkable skill, a little conjuring with his banjo, and a couple of solos, which he volunteered as encores. When the hat went round at the end the results almost took the delighted conductor's breath away, while the spectators on the pavement paid the troupe the compliment of deciding unanimously to follow it through its further adventures.

. . . . . .

In the course of that evening a quiet, shrewd-looking man entered a certain respectable bar, ordered a large Scotch in an accent of the same, and took it to a table at the side of the room, where he proceeded to light his pipe and fall into thought.

"Aye, that'll be the way to get at him," he murmured. "'Search the famm,' as the Frenchies says. They ken a thing or two, thae Frenchies!"

He was aroused from his meditation by the voices and footsteps of a considerable crowd on the pavement outside, and a moment later the door swung open and a tall man with a blackened face, a straw hat, and a coat with shining buttons and long dangling tails pranced in, playing a banjo as he advanced. He was followed by three others similarly attired, but moving with less elasticity. They seemed, in fact, almost overawed by their companion's vivacity. The prancer rolled his eyes round the guests as he skipped into the middle of the room, and when they lit upon the black-bearded Scotchman they seemed for an instant to gleam brighter than ever.

"Boys!" he cried, "me sall give de gentlemen a li'l song called 'Naughty Ned'!" And thereupon he burst forth into the following lyrical gem—

"In every pub you visit
Our Ned is sure to be,
With a large Scotch in his tumbler
And a lady on his knee.
From bar to bar he wanders
Till he's carried home to bed,
And the beak he says next morning,
'Seven days for Naughty Ned!'
Chorus, boys!"

As he sang he had advanced nearer and nearer to the black-bearded man, and now he trolled in his very face what seemed to be a topical variation of the usual chorus.

"Naughty Ned! Naughty Ned!
Oh, what a boy is he,
With his beard so black and his nose so red,
He comes from the North countree!"

He of the black beard finished his whisky at a gulp, rose to his feet, and threw the minstrel a withering look.

"Damn ye for a pack o' jabbering eediots!" said he, and walked out of the bar.

A round of applause accompanied his exit, in which, however, the landlord, who had noted the guest as an honest and promising drinker, did not join. The capering singer meanwhile finished his song, executed a step dance as an encore, and ended by calling for a whisky and soda, which he drank to the confusion of all Scotchmen with black beards.

"It's your turn now, boss," he said to the ostensible leader of the troupe after this. "I'm going to rest for a spell," and thereupon he retired into the background with what survived of his whisky and soda, and the other three minstrels had the next turn to themselves.

But when their song was finished and a general call arose for another song from the star, a disturbing discovery was made. This brilliant exponent of the art of Christy minstreling had slipped out almost as soon as the song began, assured his admirers on the pavement that he would return in a few minutes, and was seen hastening down the street. And that was the very last glimpse any human eye ever got of him. The remaining three exhausted their repertory and sorrowfully departed, but the hero of the evening had apparently vanished into space, banjo and all. Two quid and the fashionably cut suit of tweeds which he left behind him were the sole souvenirs of his meteor-like passage across the musical firmament.

PART III.

I.—IN THE TRAIN.

The train was signalled and the station bell was ringing when a tall figure strode into the booking hall, and in a sharp, nasal voice asked at the window—

"Say, Guv'nor, where does this train go to?"

"Exeter," said the clerk briefly.

"That's my train all right," remarked the passenger, pulling out his purse.

He demanded a third-class single to a station some half-way down the line, while his fellow passengers, and especially the younger portion of them, stared at him with an amused interest that would have disconcerted anyone but a hardened Christy minstrel. That, in fact, was clearly this gentleman's profession, for his face and hands were black as soot and beautifully shiny, his straw hat was of the most approved Christy pattern, his coat-tails dangled nearly to his heels, and under his arm he bore a banjo.

When he walked out on to the platform, the spectators were more numerous and interest increased; and when the train came in and he stepped into a third-class smoker, it filled up instantaneously, till no fewer than ten schoolboys and six adults were crowded into the compartment, their eyes all feasting on the banjo.

"You don't mind givin' us a tune, I 'ope?" said the boldest adult as soon as the train had started.

"Mind?" said the minstrel. "That's what the banjo is made for!"

And thereupon he delighted them with "Mary Anne," "Naughty Ned," and several other popular ditties.

It was a corridor train, and there being no more room in the carriage, the corridor very soon held a large addition to the audience, and when the minstrel finally passed round his straw hat, he earned the reward which an artist deserves. And then, springing up, he observed that he was getting out at the next station and wanted to look for a pal in the train before he departed. The crowd in the corridor made way for him and saw him disappear round the first bend, glancing into each carriage as he passed along.

But when he was once safely out of sight, the minstrel's next performances seemed to cast a little doubt on his strict veracity. He continued, it is true, to glance into the compartments he passed, but the one he finally entered contained no pal. It was, in fact, an empty first-class carriage which had evidently been temporarily vacated by a passenger, for a couple of bags and a long dark overcoat were lying on the seats. Picking up the overcoat, he rolled it up hurriedly, put it under his arm along with the banjo, and continued his journey down the corridor, now with signs of haste. And as he hastened, he murmured to himself the mysterious words—

"A Christy minstrel is a little too dashed popular!"

He reached a lavatory, passed in and shot the bolt, and that was the last seen of the popular minstrel. About ten minutes later, however, another dusky gentleman appeared in the corridor and continued the vanished minstrel's career towards the further end of the train. This second Ethiopian was likewise tall and black and shiny, but there the resemblance ended. There was nothing in the least popular about the minstrel's successor. He was attired in a white turban and a long dark overcoat, and his aspect was solemnity itself, while the very idea of associating him with a banjo was obviously unthinkable.

It may be added, however, that a banjo was actually picked up on the line next morning, and that the next passenger to enter the lavatory found the towel had vanished, circumstances that have since been considered to point to a closer connection between the two coloured gentlemen than would seem possible on the surface.

When he had nearly reached the front end of the train, the dignified Oriental hesitated for an instant between two adjacent third-class compartments. One was empty, and in the other two substantial-looking persons of a mercantile appearance were engaged in conversation.

"Better establish the proper sort of reputation at once," he said to himself, and thereupon entered the occupied compartment.

The substantial-looking persons gazed up with a mixture of curiosity and awe at the imposing figure, which, as it entered, raised its hand solemnly to its turban, and in a deep throaty voice pronounced the words—

"Allah! Allah! Pyjunkah, pyjamah!"

And thereupon, with eyes fixed steadfastly on the opposite partition, the figure seated himself, and for several minutes never moved so much as a single muscle.

Profound silence reigned for a space, and then one of his fellow passengers began to show signs of recovered animation. He was a brisk, talkative, friendly-looking little man, with a rosy complexion and a convex waistcoat; and after clearing his throat with one or two preliminary and encouraging coughs, he opened the conversation by observing—

"Remarkable warm weather for the time of year, sir."

The Oriental gazed at him thoughtfully.

"Me speakee no muchee English," he replied.

"If you will permit me to say so, sir, you speak surprising well—considering," said the affable passenger with a condescending smile.

"Me no understand what say," answered the Oriental; and then, raising his hand to his turban again, he intoned, "Allah! Allah!"

The affable gentleman was evidently a person with some intellectual curiosity.

"Begging your pardon, mister, but may I ask is that the short for allelujah?"

The dusky stranger shook his head.

(Continued on a later page)



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Drawn by W. Smithson

"He warbled the chorus of 'Mary Anne' in a pleasant light baritone voice that elicited a cheer rest of the spectators"

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By MARJORIE



A Study in Contrasts

Are the bags pictured above. They were sketched at Swan and Edgar's, Piccadilly, W. The fan-bag is of emerald-green ostrich feathers with tortoiseshell handle, while the "ball" bag is of black ostrich fronds finished with silken cords



A Trio of Parisian Bags

That are sojourning at Swan and Edgar. Carved galolithe in Oriental colours forms the mount of the ostrich bag, coque feathers and ostrich share honours in the chef-d'œuvre on the left, and peacock's breast plumage make the pochette on the right

Now that the General Election is a thing of the past and the hunting dance season is in full swing, it is possible to consider Christmas and all the festivities that it brings, to say nothing of the all-important subject of present-giving. Furthermore, there are the fancy-dress dances to be considered, both for the older and younger generation. For the former it is often difficult to decide on a masque; here is a suggestion. It consists of a Russian head-dress that can easily be made from buckram covered with velvet, which may or may not be ornamented with cabochons or beads. From this depends a flounce of lace, the width of which varies to suit the prospective wearer; it is so arranged that while the eyes are revealed the nose and lower portion of the face are concealed.

Lacquered Flower

A novelty that has aroused much interest is lacquered flowers; they are made up into small bunches, and as the colours are extremely gay they are never seen to greater advantage than with furs. A very strong point in their favour is that the inclemencies of the weather have no deleterious effect on them; as a matter of fact, they never become shabby. As many women will be spending their Christmas at hotels, or it may be in the country, attention must be drawn to a cosy comfort that can be slipped on over an evening dress. It is a short velvet coat, lined throughout with white fur; the sleeves are of the modified bell character. They are turned back at the hem, the result being white fur cuffs, which are extremely decorative.

Large versus Small Hats

It was believed at the beginning of the season that large hats would prove triumphant, but those who were so emphatic about the matter overlooked the fact that there is nothing more uncomfortable than a picture hat with a fur coat, as the collar and the hat are at constant war one with the other. Therefore it is a matter of no surprise that the kepi toque has come into its own; it looks extremely well carried out in black velvet with a band of tissue across the front. Again, there are the swathed toques that fit the head like a skull cap, width being introduced by clever draperies. Another pretty idea is a jockey-cap crown with an all-round brim that is endowed with a slight upward curve; its charm is increased by a pointed quill that alights on the crown. For the south of France large velvet hats are being created, reinforced with Welsh caps of snow-white organdi.



A Party Frock

Of tomato-coloured crêpe de chine, supplemented with a velvet tunic. At Madame Barri's



A Winter Coat

Of white zenana trimmed with silken cords and fur. At Madame Barri's, 33, New Bond Street, W.

Frocks for the Christmas Parties

Ever so busy is Madame Barri, 33, New Bond Street, designing pretty frocks for the Christmas parties. Surely nothing could be more delightful than the lemon organdi frock with its picot-edged frills pictured on this page. It is not made of the ordinary organdi, but of a kind that does not easily become crushed. On the right is a dress of tomato-coloured crêpe de chine, supplemented with a velvet tunic. Last, but by no means the least attractive, of the pictured fashions is the white zenana coat trimmed with silken cords and fur. This notable artist's dress catalogue will be sent gratis on application. It is a veritable fount of inspiration for Christmas presents for the monarch of the nursery.

Touches that Tell

Let everyone who is exigeant regarding the details of their toilette, or rather, the touches that tell—visit Swan and Edgar, Piccadilly, W.; the prices—well, they are just right. There are carved ivory medallions for 3s., paste arrows for millinery, 5s., while cornelian necklaces are from 25s., and those of African ivory from 21s. There is an infinite variety of Spanish hair combs and earrings. The bags pictured at the top of this page were sketched in these *salons* and have come hot-foot from Paris. In striking contrast to these are the thoroughly practical leather bags for 14s. 11d., while faille bags with fancy mounts are 10s. 11d.; then taffetas bags trimmed with galon are 4s. 6d.

Viyella Knitting Yarn

Everybody who knows the famous "Viyella" flannel ought to know of "Viyella" knitting yarn. This, as the name implies, is exactly the same beautiful yarn as that from which the flannel itself is woven, and is therefore unrivalled for lightness and dainty softness combined with complete protection and wonderful durability. It is excellent for making jumpers, sports coats, scarves, children's "woollies," and similar articles. The material will not "fray" nor wear. Viyella knitting yarn is obtainable in a very useful range of selected shades, one of which is sure to meet exactly any particular need. A sample card will be sent on application to the manufacturers, William Hollins and Co., Ltd., 24, 25, 26, Newgate Street, London, E.C. 1, which will be found very convenient for purposes of matching. The yarn itself is sold by all first-class drapers, but should any difficulty be experienced, a post-card to the manufacturers will at once bring the address of the nearest agent. All the distinctive qualities of Viyella flannel may also be enjoyed in Viyella infants' knitted goods, which comprise a complete range of woollies for the little ones. They are, of course, guaranteed not to shrink, and are wonderfully durable.



A Simple Dress

Of lemon-coloured organdi trimmed with narrow frills with picot edge. At Madame Barri's

Olive Hewerdine.

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME.

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

Volume XCI. No. 1193. Price One Shilling. Postage { Inland, 2d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3½d. } London, December 2, 1922.



THE THREE IMPORTANT FIGURES AT THE LAUSANNE CONFERENCE

At Lausanne the Conference between the three Great Powers and Turkey continues. Last week the new frontiers of Turkey were provisionally fixed, and this week the complicated question of her Asiatic boundaries was considered; with this closely bound up that of the oil field areas. The picture reproduced above shows Lord Curzon, the British Foreign Secretar Mussolini, the Fascist Premier of Italy; and M. Poincaré, the French Premier

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A RUNNING COMMENTARY.





The Great Fog Week
An impression

The New House

We have weathered a week-end of no little interest and significance. Parliament has met, and the new members — the Communist, the Socialists, the Prohibitionist, and others — have made their gestures across the floor of the House. The Strangers' Galleries were crowded with liegesinterested to catch the tone of the new House. It will be some days, however, before this settles itself into some kind of definite form. At present we have had merely the formal on the one hand and the declamatory on the other. Lady Astor changed her seat, but not her tactical methods methods which may suit some moments, but not all.

In the Fog

On Saturday the sun shone brightly for a considerable time, fog making a last effort to assert itself. On Sunday, however, a touch of wind and rain finally broke in upon a fortnight's stillness. So much fog cannot have been good for London, but its occurrence in November certainly had the virtue of a return to the normal. November is the traditional month for fogs, and we have had them at the recognised period for fogs. There has been such a tendency for weather to become erratic that such a return to the old course of things is welcome.

A Shopping "Way"

Christmas is upon us, certainly in the great shopping areas. The big stores are all agog with Christmas purchasers. THE SPHERE staff has been busy with brush and camera in an effort to show readers some facets of the glittering world in the west. London is a most attractive place just now, especially when the afternoon light is fading and the lights of the shop windows are beginning to throw their golden radiance upon the street. It is possible to make a marvellous Christmas shopping peregrination from Kensington, Brompton Road, and Knightsbridge by way of Piccadilly to the Quadrant and Regent Street, passing northwards to Oxford Circus and Wigmore Street, and westwards to the Marble Arch, finishing one's tour near Paddington. One passes brilliantly-lit Christmas shops practically all the way.

In Lincoln's Inn

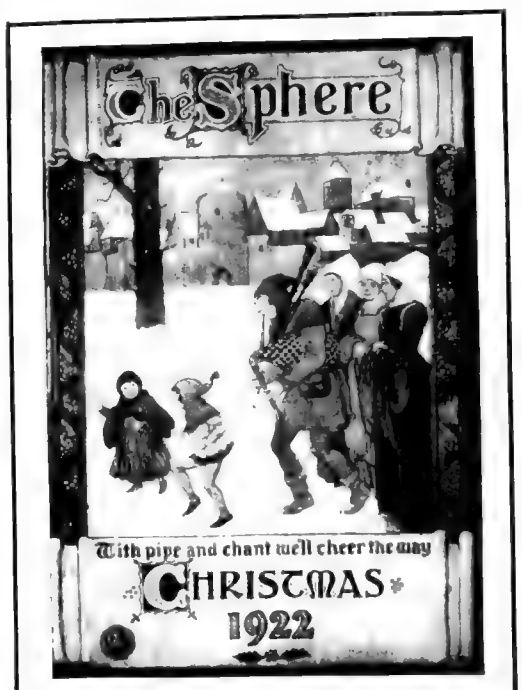
We continue in this issue the special series of pictures illustrating Lincoln's Inn. It is due to the courtesy of the officials of the inn that we are enabled to reproduce several views and objects not hitherto pictured.

Difficulties of Life in "Constant"

We would call our readers' attention to the article by an officer's wife which is given in the following pages. It tells of the truculence of the Turkish tramcar conductors towards anyone appearing to be British while the news of the Turkish victory was fresh, and how that rudeness vanished with the arrival of the steady stream of reinforcements in the city.



London's Day Turned to Night
An impression



Order Your Christmas "Sphere" Now

The Christmas Number of "The Sphere," just published, has already been declared the best of all Christmas publications. It is now on sale at all bookstalls and booksellers. Order your copies early in order to avoid disappointment

Devonshire House

Devonshire House is full of activity these days in the cause of charity. The rooms have been redecorated, and a series of balls is being given in aid of London's hospitals.

Our Christmas Number

We hope that all our regular readers will secure their copy or copies of the Christmas Number without delay, otherwise they may suffer disappointment. The artists and writers who have contributed to this number have given us of their best, and there is consequently every likelihood of the issue rapidly running out of print. Admirers of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's work will be glad to hear that this special issue contains a complete story by the well-known author of *This Freedom*. It is in many ways the most telling story which Mr. Hutchinson has written. There is a force and directness about it which indicate a great development of style. One marches to an inevitable conclusion—but the story will speak for itself. The number includes a variety of plates mounted on special paper. Not a few of these will be framed by those in search of good colour for their walls. There are prizes and competitions for the young.



Special picture for THE SPHERE, *by Vandyk*
Mr. J. Ramsay Macdonald, M.P.

Chairman of the Parliamentary Labour Party and Leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons; elected for the Aberavon division of Glamorgan. In early life a teacher, he took a great part in founding the Independent Labour Party; he was member for Leicester from 1906–18

Alice Meynell

The news of the death of Alice Meynell came as a great shock to a multitude of friends. For long years she had been the centre of infinite hero or heroine worship. Every Sunday during the nineties of last century and after she received visitors—many of whom had arrived at great distinction, others who were on the way—in her beautiful drawing-room at Palace Court. Francis Thompson, the poet, was always there, and often Lionel Johnson, Louise Guiney, and indeed all the distinctive writers of that generation. And very charmingly did the hostess bear herself in that circle, exquisitely blending the mother and the poet, for the young children from Monica, the eldest, to "Bobbie," the youngest, were

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Alice Meynell

From a pencil sketch by John Sargent, R.A.

"I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,
I shun the love that lurks in all delight—
The thought of thee—and in the blue heaven's height,
And in the sweetest passage of a song."

—*"Renouncement," by Alice Meynell*

It is the fine work of two sisters, the daughters of T. J. Thompson, who was a friend and correspondent of Charles Dickens and a man of some mark in his day, although, as his youngest daughter said, "the delicate, the reticent virtues were his." Elizabeth Thompson was afterwards to be known as Lady Butler, the wife of a distinguished Irish soldier, and the painter of "The Roll-Call." *Preludes* was to be reprinted (with excisions) eight years later as *Poems*, by Alice Meynell (1893). For Alice Thompson had become the wife of a very distinguished journalist and publicist, Wilfrid Meynell. Henceforth we had from her some eight or nine little volumes ever in touching proximity. One daughter was to marry E. V. Lucas's brother, who was killed in the war; another, Viola, to obtain great distinction as a novelist. The throng of visitors came away exhilarated, morally and intellectually, by the bracing atmosphere of the Meynell home.

Before me is a thin volume entitled:—

PRELUDES. By A. C. Thompson. With illustrations and ornaments by Elizabeth Thompson. (Henry S. King and Co. 1875.)



Alice Meynell and (on the right) her Sister, Lady Butler—the Painter of the "Roll-Call"

which were to establish her fame as a great woman poet and as a writer of essays that possessed a singular felicity of style, a glamour all their own. Her weekly contribution to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, under Douglas Straight and Harry Cust's editorships, perhaps, although anonymous, brought her a wider audience, but she has been wisely called a poet's poet. Rossetti declared that her poem, "Renouncement," was one of the three finest sonnets written by women. Ruskin and Browning praised her work. Coventry Patmore was her devoted friend, and George Meredith in his later years begged for an introduction, and wrote enthusiastically on her prose and her poetry. At the death of



Alice Meynell in her Study: From a Photograph by Sherrill Schell

Born 1850; died in a London nursing home, November 27, 1922



A Study of Alice Meynell

Specially taken for "The Sphere" by Walter Benington

Alfred Austin, Robertson Nicoll eloquently pressed her clai for the laureateship, as others had done those of Elizab Browning at the death of Tennyson. She needed not, howe the praise of her contemporaries. Her work will live wit adventitious aid, and there will always remain the memory great personality in literature and in life.

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THE NEW PARLIAMENT : Where the Leaders Sit.

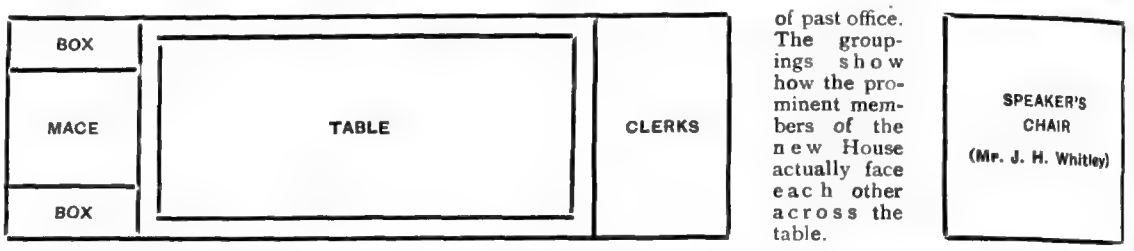
A Pictorial Diagram of the Front Benches



Bassano	Lafayette	Lafayette	Elliott & Fry	Vandyk	Bassano	Russell	Elliott & Fry	Elliott & Fry
Earl Winterton	**Mr. L. S. Amery**	**Mr. S. Baldwin**	**Mr. A. Bonar Law**	**Mr. W. C. Bridgeman**	**Sir P. Lloyd-Greame**	**Sir Samuel Hoare**	**Hon. E. Wood**	**Commr. B. M. Eyres-Monsell**
Under-Secretary for India	First Lord of the Admiralty	Chancellor of the Exchequer	Prime Minister	Home Secretary	President of the Board of Trade	Secretary of State for the Air	President of Board of Education	Financial Secy. to the Admiralty

GOVERNMENT FRONT BENCH IN THE ACTUAL ORDER OF SEATING

The two portrait groupings we reproduce here show graphically the arrangement of the principal occupants of the two chief benches in the new House of Commons. On the Government side is a solid phalanx of Conservative Ministers; opposing them is the more heterogeneous mass of Labour, Liberals, and Independents, who all claim the privilege of the Opposition Front Bench by virtue of numbers or of past office. The groupings show how the prominent members of the new House actually face each other across the table.



OPPOSITION FRONT BENCH IN THE ACTUAL ORDER OF SEATING



Vandyk	Swaine	Russell	Swaine	Lafayette	Lafayette	Elliott & Fry	Elliott & Fry	Vandyk
Mr. G. Lambert	**Mr. G. Thorne**	**Sir J. Simon**	**Mr. H. H. Asquith**	**Mr. J. R. Macdonald**	**Mr. J. R. Clynes**	**Col. J. C. Wedgwood**	**Mr. C. Roberts**	**Mr. J. Hodge**
Ex-Civil Lord of Admiralty	A Whip of the Independent Liberals	Deputy-Leader of Ind. Liberals	Leader of Independent Liberals	Leader of the Opposition	Deputy-Leader of the Labour Party	One of the Labour members	Former Under-Secy. for India	Ex-Minister of Labour and Pensions



Mr. J. T. Walton Newbold, M.P.

The Communist member for Motherwell, who has already made himself heard in the House

POINTS FROM THE REMARKABLE ORATORY ON THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald Makes his Opening Speech

"The Government is occupying a peculiar position. It is not the old Government, and yet what is it? We have been accustomed in occasional visits we have made of a play-going character to see Death on the stage becoming very active Life in the green-room immediately after. The late Government died on the stage, went to the dressing-room, changed some of its clothing and its name, and, on the whole, it is in front of us now. I have known before the burglar on the stage meeting his doom by the hidden hand of the policeman and appearing immediately afterwards as the policeman, who had meted out to him his deserved doom. Such a transformation scene has taken place."

The Communist Makes his Speech

Mr. J. T. W. Newbold said that "Nothing could change the opinion of Communists that that outlay was a challenge. It was the challenge of Marie Antoinette. If they could not eat bread, why don't they eat cake? If they could not wear shawls, why could not they wear diamonds and pearls? All that was the result of private enterprise, of over 160 years of capitalism. They wanted tranquillity. Yes, because their master's voice said 'tranquillity.' Their master's voice was in Wall Street, in the United States."

Mr. E. D. Morell, Member for Dundee, Voices Labour's International Position

"Any attempt to separate the Rhine Provinces from Germany is bound to lead to war, and, without venturing in any way to arrogate to myself a position other than that of a humble member of my party, I believe I express the views of all my friends when I say the Labour Party will associate itself with no policy of further military occupation. Our policy is one making for peace. We are against any policy that leads to war, and we should oppose, I believe, and strongly oppose, any policy calculated to extend the area of French military occupation, with black troops or otherwise."

Viscountess Astor Replies to the Labour Members

". . . There were many people who did not belong to the Socialist or Communist Party who were just as much interested in housing as they were. Mr. Newbold had spoken of the immorality caused by the lack of houses. He had also spoken about Russia. Did he not realise that the immorality among young children in Russia was such that Lenin——"

At this stage there were loud and frequent Labour interruptions, to which Lady Astor retorted, "I know what I am talking about. The immorality there is so appalling that they have had a special inquiry into it."



The Serjeant-at-Arms

Admiral Sir Colin Keppel, whose duty it is to enforce order in the House

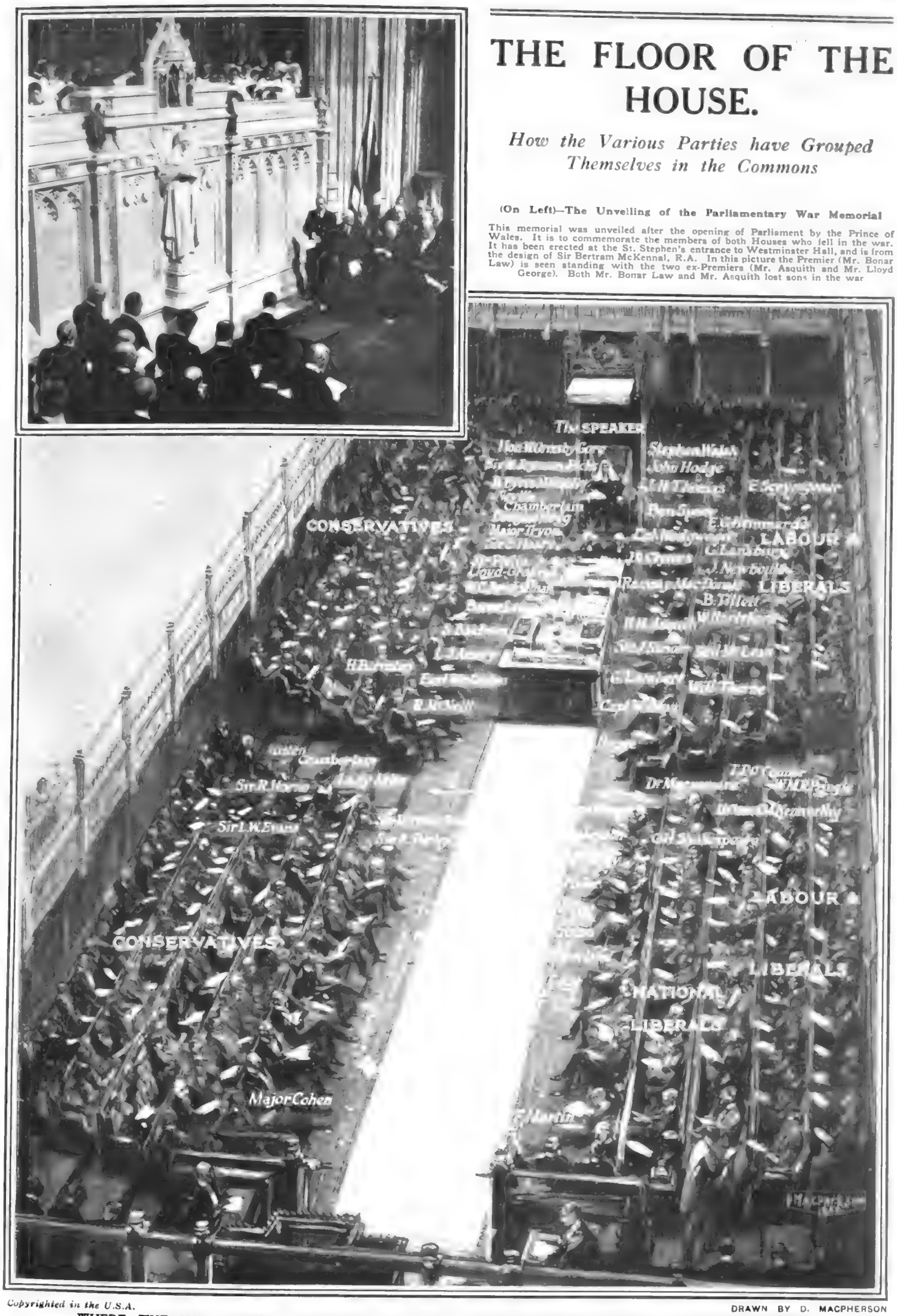
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THE FLOOR OF THE HOUSE.

How the Various Parties have Grouped Themselves in the Commons

(On Left)—The Unveiling of the Parliamentary War Memorial

This memorial was unveiled after the opening of Parliament by the Prince of Wales. It is to commemorate the members of both Houses who fell in the war. It has been erected at the St. Stephen's entrance to Westminster Hall, and is from the design of Sir Bertram McKennal, R.A. In this picture the Premier (Mr. Bonar Law) is seen standing with the two ex-Premiers (Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George). Both Mr. Bonar Law and Mr. Asquith lost sons in the war



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DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

WHERE THE IMPORTANT MEMBERS OF THE NEW HOUSE HAVE TAKEN UP THEIR POSITIONS

Since the reconstitution of the new House the political complexion of former members of the Coalition has become clearer. Many former Coalition Ministers, instead of following their leader into the wilderness on the left of the House, have retired to comfortable back benches on the Conservative side, thus reverting to their political party. On the Opposition side, Mr. Lloyd George has taken up a corner seat just below the gangway. Here he is supported by some of his former Ministers—Dr. Macnamara, Mr. McCurdy, Mr. Fisher, and others. Behind him are arranged a medley of Labour, Liberals, and National Liberals. On the front Opposition Bench Labour now sits, with a sprinkling of Liberals, amongst whom are Mr. Asquith and Sir John Simon, and behind these is a solid phalanx of Labour

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The Swiss President

M. Haab, President of the Swiss Confederation, leaving the Federal Tribunal to attend the opening of the Conference



The First Meeting of the Lausanne Conference

Some of the Turkish delegation to the Conference at Lausanne on their way to attend the opening meeting in the presence of the Allied representatives



The French Delegation

M. Bompard (left) and M. Barrière (right), two of the French representatives leaving the Conference Chamber

DEPOSING THE CALIPH: An Angora Comedy

A Later Despatch from SCOTLAND LIDDELL—The "Sphere's" Special Correspondent

CONSTANTINOPLE.

Four days ago I posted an article to my editor. History was moving much too quickly to give me a fair chance. I wrote about the Sultan Mehmid VI., the Padishah, the Caliph, the Commander of the Faithful. It is sufficient to say that at the time I was typing out my article, Mehmid VI. was packing up his bags; and that when I was posting the story of the Sultan remaining in Constantinople, His Imperial Majesty was on a British battleship half-way down the Sea of Marmora.

I say "The Sultan" and "His Imperial Majesty" but here, again, things are not very clear. I say "the Caliph"—but . . .

Consider the position.

The Kemalists—with every reason to throw out their chests and toss their swollen heads—issued a declaration that the Sultan was deposed. Mehmid VI. refused to abdicate.

The Wild Men of Angora "took over" from the Central Government. Refet Pasha became the Governor of Constantinople, and the New Constitution was duly celebrated. The Sultan became "ex-Sultan" in the local press, but still refused to abdicate. At the moment of writing his refusal still holds good.

In his official announcement of the departure of Mehmid VI., General Harington referred to "H.I.M. the Sultan," and it is also a fact that in his request for British protection Mehmid signed himself, *tout simplement*, "the Caliph."

And now the Angora Assembly has elected a new Caliph! Abdul Medjid Effendi, the Crown Prince, will be installed as Caliph this week. And the Caliph is in Malta—and the Caliph is here! Fog fog—fog!

The name of Sultan—or even ex-Sultan has disappeared from the local press. The unhappy man is now referred to as "Vahideddin Effendi," and sometimes simply "Vahideddin." He is also referred to as a "traitor," and an "enemy," and a "coward." And at a meeting just held in Angora, when the Assembly met to vote for the deposition of the Caliph—and to appoint a new one in his place—a Wild Man of the name of Voice punctuated every mention of Vahideddin's name with shouts of "Curses on him!" "To hell with him!" "Death to him!" and the like.

I quote from the Turkish newspaper, *Vakit*, which described the sitting of the National Assembly in Angora. Raouf Bey, the Kemalist Premier, read a letter from General Harington:—

> General Harington's letter says:—"As indicated in the official announcement attached, the Sultan, placing himself under British protection (VOICE: 'Curses on him!') has left Constantinople aboard a British warship (VOICE: 'Curses on him!').
>
> In the announcement it is stated that the Sultan, feeling his liberty and life in danger owing to the present situation, has demanded British protection as Caliph of all the Moslems (VOICE: 'Never, never!') and his removal from Constantinople (VOICE: 'To hell with him!')"
>
> AHMED BEY: Don't give him the title of Sultan.
>
> RAOUF BEY: I am simply reading the official announcement.
>
> "If hell would receive him," cried Hilmi Bey, "I would cry 'to hell with him!'"

The *Vakit* concludes: "The deputy for Angora then closed the session with a prayer."

And that, as the saying goes, is *that*. . . .

Of course, the situation is interesting.

We, the greatest Mussulman Empire in the world, have protected the Caliph. That is our side of the matter. The Kemalist side is that the wretched man is a cowardly traitor—and they have actually begun to say that we have done Turkey a very good turn by removing an evil influence!

The outcome? . . I refuse to prophesy. There is such a thing as being wise before the event.



Rev. T. E. Pickering, Arrested on Monday



The Mediator, Mr. George Lansbury



Mr. Wal Hannington Emphasises a Point

A big meeting of unemployed took place in Trafalgar Square on Sunday last as a sequel to the Premier's refusal to receive the unemployed deputation. Owing to intervention of Mr. Lansbury, M.P., Sir Montagu Barlow, the new Labour Minister, interviewed the leaders of the unemployed marchers. Mr. T. E. Pickering is a Shef... clergyman, who accompanied the men on their march from the provinces. Mr. Wal Hannington is the organiser of the National Unemployed Workers' movement

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THE STATE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT.

The King and Queen at Westminster



Lady Blandford, Lady Stanley, and Lord Derby

The opening of Parliament by the King was the occasion for a display of stately ceremony such as has not been witnessed since the war. Many peers and peeresses were present at the opening, the peers in their scarlet and ermine robes and the peeresses wearing their costly tiaras. On this page we give pictures of some scenes at the opening

On right:

The Chilean Minister, the Duchess of Devonshire, the Marchioness of Ormonde, and the Countess of Ossory



The Royal Coach Passing Across the Horse Guards Parade

The coach used was the old state coach drawn by eight bays. In this were the King and Queen, escorted by a Sovereign's escort of the Life Guards





Boys of Westminster School Get their Customary Glimpse of the Royal Procession



The King and Queen in the Royal Coach

A glimpse during the drive to Parliament for the state opening by the King

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A Graceful Pose

Miss Patricia Benn presenting a bouquet to the Duchess of Sutherland at the Heritage Bazaar in aid of the appeal for the Four Women's Colleges at the Hyde Park Hotel



The Lord Mayor at Westminster City School

Presenting the prizes to the scholars of the school. In this picture N. B. Marshall is receiving the gold medal for the highest and most successful boy in the school for the past year



A Danish Princess Weds

Princess Dagmar (King Christian's sister) with her husband, Mr. Jorgen Castenskjold, at the Fredensborg Castle. She now becomes a simple "madame"

A VISIT TO DOMERGUE'S PARIS STUDIO

(See picture on the facing page)

Jean Gabriel Domergue, the young Frenchman whose pictures of women are a delightful *mélange* of portraiture and fantasy, is no Quartier Latin artist. His house, or "hôtel" as they call it in France, in the Rue Pergolèse might be the home of a millionaire whose hobby was luxury surrounded by beautiful *objets d'art*. I visited M. Domergue's studio on a wet Sunday morning. A cold, sleety rain fell in the Avenue de la Grande Armée, which was almost deserted. Passing down the Rue Pergolèse, the only living creatures I saw were a few stablemen and horses from Tattersall's. But inside Domergue's beautiful house reigned a luxurious atmosphere. It was like being transplanted suddenly into an "Arabian Nights'" palace.

Up a winding, thickly-carpeted staircase I made my way, through pictures and statues to the top floor, and found myself in the studio, a large, lofty room with a picturesque carved gallery at the end. It was early, but Domergue was already at work. Many lovely things met my eyes, but at first I was not sure whether pretty women or Oriental goddesses predominated. The latter found niches all over the studio, while the former, in carefully disguised order, looked down from their frames on the walls, and smiled from sketches lying on the divan and grand piano.

Behind the artist hung a brilliantly coloured picture, in the centre of which was a beautiful young woman in a gilt coach. A fascinating devil and a mischievous monkey also appeared on the canvas. Domergue said he called the picture "Eve." The woman represented the young society beauty, to whom the devil offered all the luxuries and excitements of life. The original of the coach stood in the corner of the studio.

"In France it is still considered a little eccentric to have your portrait painted," said Domergue, "but in England women take it quite naturally. I think that is why they are so easy to pose."

From beautiful women and their charm, the artist turned his conversation to his love of colour. Unlike so many of Latin race, Domergue has a greater passion for colour than for form. "I adore colour," he said.

Domergue laughed when I remarked on his companions and goddesses. This is just another caprice.

"If you visited my studio at Saint Jean de Luz you'd see saints instead of pagan goddesses. My studio there once belonged to a priest, and he left me his images. I am just as happy with them," he said laughing. "I've another studio in Venice, on the Grand Canal. My glass balls and that gilt mirror you are looking at come from the Queen of the Adriatic."

Domergue's wife came into the studio before I left. Here was a chance to study the original of "Portrait de ma Femme." In the neat dark coiffure and warm brunette tint it was easy to recognise the woman whom the artist had portrayed smiling behind a huge fan, and wearing a quaint rose-coloured frock. Here, again, his penchant for colour had run riot. In the picture Madame Domergue was portrayed with blue-black hair like the Irish of Spanish descent. But the character of the portrait was true to life.

Lovely women, Paris, Venice, and the Pyrenees. These are the inspirations of Jean Gabriel Domergue.

MARY KINGDOM.

FENCING MATCHES IN TOWN

Some Interesting Matches of the Week

Two interesting events were staged in town last Saturday, when the London Fencing Club defeated the Royal Navy at their headquarters in Cleveland Row, St. James's, and the Salle Bertrand accounted for Cambridge University at Tenterden Street, Hanover Square. In the former fixture the L.F.C. secured the foil and sabre series, and lost the épée bouts, the result in each case being 5–4. They scored 14–13 on the aggregate of wins. The Salle Bertrand, although facing a debit total of thirteen victories to fourteen, won their encounter by reason of their success in two events, the épée (5–4) and sabre (5–4). In the foil bouts the Cantabs held the advantage by 6–3.

A difference of one point in the foils by no means indicates adequately the superiority of the L.F.C. with this arm. They took matters comfortably at the outset, so serenely that in the opening assault their foremost representative, Mr. P. G. Doyne (foil champion 1912 and 1920) was unexpectedly defeated by C.P.O. Howson, who accomplished a highly meritorious performance in securing the spoils by so large a margin as 5–2. Against an opponent temperamentally suited to the use of the Italian foil, Mr. Doyne's *carte coupé* invariably failed to materialise. The Navy again took the honours in the following bout, when Corporal Clarke beat Mr. J. Pollock easily by 5–1. Colonel Ridley-Martin, O.B.E., then opened the credit side for his team with a win over C.P.O. Barkshire (5–1). He is a formidable exponent with the sabre, and bids fair to achieve a like reputation with the foil. After Howson had inflicted a second reverse on Mr. Pollock by 5–2, Colonel Martin and Mr. Doyne placed the L.F.C. on level terms with successes over Clarke and Barkshire respectively by 5–2 and 5–1. The first-named two then put the verdict beyond doubt in their respective fights against Barkshire and Howson. This completed the revival, the navy securing the final assault.

Forceful hitting, timing, and superfluous and ineffectual essays at the sword-arm were the chief faults in the sabre event. For the Club, Colonel Ridley-Martin (sabre champion 1910 and 1913) and Major R. M. P. Willoughby were instrumental with three and two wins respectively in breaking the Navy's long sequence of successes with this weapon—a record that has been maintained for eighteen months. Major Willoughby was in excellent form with the épée, winning all his bouts, but received little support from his colleagues. Clarke (R.N. and R.M. épée champion other ranks 1922) and Howson obtained two points each for the victors.

A feature of this match was the vast improvement displayed by the Light Blues with the foil. Represented by Messrs. R. S. S. Meade, M. Babington-Smith, and H. Foss, they fenced in their best form, and were a singularly well-balanced combination, each member obtaining two wins and sustaining one loss. Major Stenson Cooke, for the Salle Bertrand, fought brilliantly, and was successful in all his engagements, but was unsupported. In these circumstances his was an heroic resistance. Despite formidable reach and height, the Cantabs failed against more experienced opponents in the épée play. Mr. H. S. Riant and Senor Pinto Leite were most prominent for Bertrand's, with two wins and one defeat each, while Mr. Meade was the outstanding épéeist for Cambridge, with similar figures.

LEON BERTRAND.



The late Erskine Childers

On November 24 the execution of Erskine Childers, condemned to death by a military court at Portobello Barracks, was duly carried out. The career of this man, who has now paid with his life for his convictions, was a remarkable one. He was a volunteer in the South African War, and in the late war he served with the R.N.A.S. His book, *The Riddle of the Sands*, is the finest spy novel of recent times. Since the war, however, he devoted himself with Republican fervour to the cause of Ireland, advancing step by step to the attitude which led him to become a rebel amongst rebels.

The death of Baron Sonnino has removed from Italian public life one of its most eminent figures. He was born in 1847, and in 1906 became Premier of Italy for the first time. It was he who during the war annulled the Triple Alliance and brought his country alongside the Allies. He was a man of the widest culture, and on all matters absolutely sincere and earnest. He died as the result of a stroke of cerebral apoplexy.



Vandyk

The late Baron Sonnino

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TWO NOTED PARIS ARTISTS.

Specially Photographed for "The Sphere"



M. Willette One of the Most-loved of Paris Artists



M. Willette Seeks a Little Diversion in Mu

M. Willette is one of Montmartre's best-known figu He is close-shaven like a priest, and usually he figure person in the proceedings when the "commune" of M martre, the latest little joke of the quarter, takes what pleased to regard as an official outing, and then the artist, with his flowing white locks beneath the broad-brim black hat, is a smiling, benevolent feature in the show.

Willette is a well-known figure in Montmartre, the quarter from which he draws his inspiration and his models, in which he lives, and where some of his best-known work is to be seen. A humorous artist, he paints dainty joyous figures and depicts life on the famous Butte as a perpetual fête, and that is the aspect he selected when he undertook the decoration of the dining hall of the Taverne de Paris, close to the Place Clichy, where the Montmartre group of artists have their head quarters and their banquets. Grisettes and pierrots pass in procession through the panels, vividly painted, which immortalise the ball of the Moulin Rouge, and the frequenters, native and foreign, of the place. Only here and there does he put in some single figure, apparently reflecting on the Why and the Whither. Willette has been one of the mainstays of the group of Humoristes, and contributes still to one or other of the comic papers.



Pictures by G. Porter-Hi

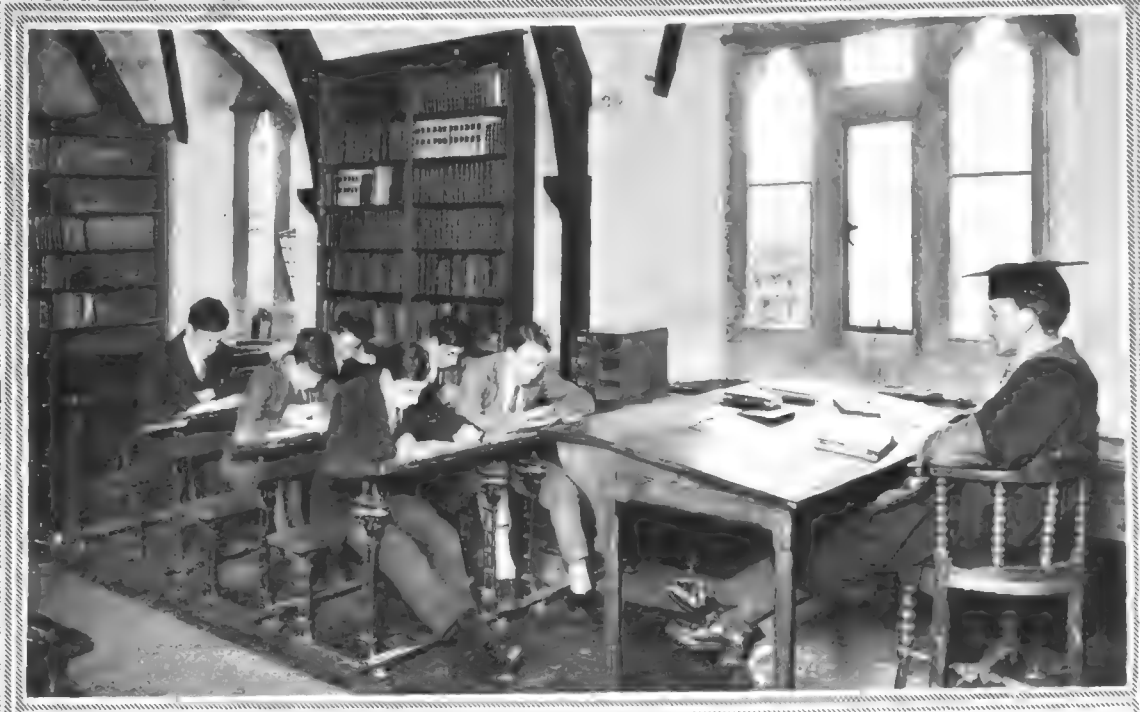
M. Jean Gabriel Domergue at Work in his Studio in Paris

M. Domergue is an artist whose fame has spread beyond his native country; many of his drawings have been published in our contemp "Eve" and "The Tatler." He is here seen at work in his warm-looking, well-furnished studio in Paris. An interview with M. Do appears on another page of this issue

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BRADFIELD COLLEGE IN BERKSHIRE : ONE OF T



The Junior Section of the Upper Sixth Form

Showing a corner of the Library, in which the boys of this form do their work. The Beaumont Library, so called because it was inaugurated by Mr. Beaumont, Rector of Skirbeck in 1874, contains mainly books of reference and more advanced literature, the lighter works being kept in the separate house libraries



The Chapel Consecrated by the Bishop of

This event marked the final severance of it connection between the College and the Paris Church, in which the boys had hitherto attende



A Close View of the Quadrangle—In the Left Foreground is the Memorial to the 270 Old Boys Killed in the War

Thomas Stevens, rector and squire of Bradfield, originally founded the College in 1850 to provide a choir for the Parish Church, which he had rebuilt at great expense, and to create a school which should maintain the traditions of the Oxford Movement, in which he had become keenly interested while an undergraduate at Oriel. Subsequently the founder lost sight of these objects in his desire to make of Bradfield a public school of importance.

Two other names stand out in the past history of the College. Robert Sanderson, who became headmaster in 1852, first imbued it with the true public school spirit, and Dr. H. B. Gray perhaps better known to the world—came in 1880 at a critical period in its history, when the numbers were very low, and increased them to over 300. He also constructed many additional buildings. He it was who built the open-air Greek Theatre. Dr. Gray was succeeded in 1910 by the Rev. H. Costley White, now headmaster



The Open-air Greek Theatre

In memory of Dr. Gray, who built it in 1899 a the model of that at Epidaurus in the Peloponne and inaugurated the triennial series of Greek



An Interior View in One of the Science Laboratories

These are the newest of the College buildings, having been opened by the late Sir William Osler in the year 1912. They constitute a memorial to the late Right Hon. William Palmer of Marlston House, Newbury, who was during his lifetime one of the members of the College Council



A View of the Engine

Since the above date a large percent the boys have been learning practica gineering. During the late war the

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THE NOTABLE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLAND.



...ford, Visitor to the College, in 1892

... services. The mosaic work on either side of ... east window and the beautiful roof of curved ...oden beams is striking.



One of the House Rooms at Bradfield

Each house has a house room, in which the boys spend most of their leisure, several studies, occupied by the prefects and senior boys in the house, and a library, in which they can read or write in quietness. The College is divided into seven different houses, of which three are in the main buildings, shown in the picture immediately below



...wn as Gray Pit

... plays acted here are the Alcestis of Euripides, ... Agamemnon of Æschylus, and the Antigone of ...ocles, which was produced last summer.



A Distant View of the Quadrangle, with One of the Playing Fields in the Foreground -On the Right is the Chapel

of Westminster, who in turn gave place in 1915 to the present headmaster, the Rev. R. D. Beloe. During the last seven years several changes and improvements have been effected, most noteworthy among them being the introduction of the house system, hitherto practically non-existent, and the abolition of a separate establishment for boys specialising in modern subjects.

The College buildings, of an architectural design well fitted to the beauty of their rural setting, have increased according to the needs of succeeding periods around the present headmaster's house, which was the old Manor House of Bradfield. In 1898, on the hill to the south-east of the College, were opened the buildings now known as the House on the Hill, and the engineering shops. The most picturesque part of the College is the main dining-hall, designed by Sir Gilbert Scott on the model of an old barn and containing one of the earliest windows by Burne Jones.



...s, Opened in the Year 1898

... boys together turned out a large quantity of ... tions, for which Messrs. Vickers allowed ... the use of some of their lathes.



Special SPHERE *pictures*

Wireless Telegraphy is One of the Interests to which the Boys Devote Some of their Spare Time

There is a "Wireless" Club, and various other societies, managed by joint committees of boys and masters. Among these are the Meteorological and Astronomical Society, the Glee Club, the Scientific Society, and the Shakspere Society, but these have no connection with the school curriculum

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The FLIGHT of the SULTAN, and the NEW R

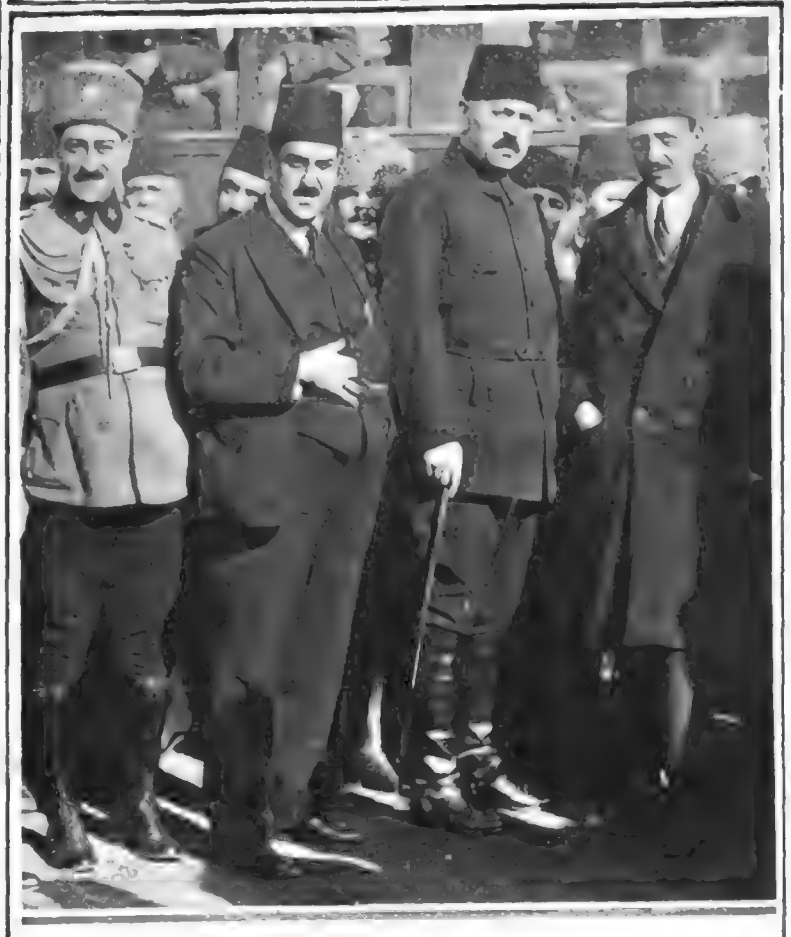


His Excellency Tevfik Pasha

Ex-Grand Vizier, who resigned when the Constantinople Government ceased to exist

Ali Kemal Bey

The well-known Turkish journalist, arrested and taken to Ismidt, where he was lynched



Turkish Commanders off to Thrace

The Prefect of the Police, Halil Bey, of Adrianople, leaving for Thrace to discuss the serious situation that has arisen with the Allied generals



A Popular Demonstration in the Streets of Constantinople

"The unrest was there, seething as in a pot before it begins to boil"



The Beflagged and Decorated Streets of the Turkish Capital

¶ *The article from Mr. Scotland Liddell, just received from Constan... was written before the flight of the Sultan was made public. Sultan, anticipating events in his capital, left on board the "M... on November 17, and has since been landed at Malta.*

THE PADISHAH. By SCOTLAND LIDDELL

CONSTANTIN...

Mahommed VI., Emperor, Lord of Lords, Commander of the Faithf... has firmly refused to abdicate in spite of his overthrow (on paper ... Kemalists, has, curiously enough, shown himself capable of a sin... such as no one imagined he possessed.

A strange thing this. Wilhelm, the mighty Kaiser, the Man of Iro... great War Lord, fled from his Vaterland when danger threatened him. Ni... Alexandrovitch, the weak-willed Tsar, the little man one had a sneaki... for, refused the offer of sanctuary abroad—refused to leave his stricken ... refused to leave his well-loved country in her hour of need. . . . Wilhelm, who cowardly ran away, has lived to wed another day! Poor N... died a hero's death; he died a martyr to his love of native land.

And now Mahommed VI., whose life would not be worth three piastr... the Kemalists to get at him, firmly refuses to go away! Adversity tes... courage of a man.

Although the word "Sultan" is generally used for the Turkish Em... the correct term is the Padishah (Emperor). Mahommed VI. is the ... Padishah of Turkey, Amir ul Muminim (Commander of the Faithful, and ... ul Omar = Caliph = Lord of Lords.

With the deposition of the Padishah, the Kemalists have also overthro... Caliphate, the oldest institution of Islam (the Mahommedan religion ... hundreds of years the title of Caliph has been borne by the Turkish Em... Originally, on the death of Mahomet, Abu Bekr assumed the title, and le... the civil and religious head of the Mahommedan state.

It is impossible in these short notes to give anything approaching a cor... history of the Caliphate during the past thousand years. It is only poss... deal with the matter as it affects the Turkish rulers.

After the fall of the Bagdad caliphs in 1258, the descendants of the A... took refuge in Cairo. In 1517 Selim I. of Turkey conquered Egypt, ... compelled Motawakkil, the last of the Abbasid caliphs, to abdicate in his ... Selim I. then took to himself the title of caliph, and the successors o... right up to the present day, have continually held the position as head ... Mahommedan state.

There is an old Mahommedan tradition to the effect that there can on... one caliph at a time, and should another arise he must be treated as a rebel ... killed. And this tradition is perhaps one of the most interesting points a... present time. Mahommed VI., the present caliph, refuses to go. He refu... give up the title. One hardly expects that the caliphate will be ... abolished. Therefore, if another caliph is announced, he will be, accord... the tradition, a rebel, and one who must be put to death. And as this tr... is ascribed by Mahommedans throughout the world to Mahomet him... present situation is rendered still more interesting.

EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE IN CONSTA... NOPLE. By M. K. P.

Early in the present year the British Government decided to give up Is... and my husband's regiment was one of the first to be evacuated. For ... short weeks we enjoyed the peace of an English station, but that pea... too good to last, and late spri... the regiment in barracks on t... skirts of Constantinople. I fo... soon after, arriving in Jul... settled into a charming l... house, unpacking everything. ... vain hope that here at leas... should remain for six mon... year. Vain indeed was th... for before ten days had pa... packing up in case the ... the Greek Army over the ... lines would necessitate m... into the place appointed ... and children in the event ... emergency. After three ... weeks that threat of wa... away, and with wonderful ... ism we once more settled d... normal existence. However ... tember had hardly arriv... war clouds again appear... horizon, and it seems fo... our last day of peace—Sept...



Reouf Bey

Premier of the Nationalist Assembly in Angora

Picnicing on the Bosp...

It was a Sunday, and ... it in picnicing up the Bos... a launch, bathing in s... at the edge of the Blac...

Google

RULERS of TURKEY : Special "SPHERE" Pictures.



Officers and Men of the Coldstream Guards Landing at Galata Wharf

ing in at the dancing and gambling in the Beicos Casino on our way home. we slipped down the sunset-reddened waters, someone voiced the general ng of satisfaction that whatever the morrow may bring—and we knew storm might break at any moment—we had enjoyed one last perfect day.

On Monday the wind started, the first puff sending R. and the battalion sia to trench and wire part of the line. This meant his packing all his ngings and putting himself in an active service condition; it also meant my ing as much as I could of value and getting it, and myself, to barracks e nightfall. It was not considered wise for a woman to remain in such a y house as ours. Those who were left in barracks very kindly put a room y disposal, and when I gave up my house later on, made we most welcome eals in the mess.

A Lunchless Farewell

uesday, the 19th, brought Colonel —— down to see me, with the order that all es and families" were to be evacuated at once, and were to be ready to sail ome on Thursday, the 21st, on H.M.T. *Derbyshire*. What consternation! t indignation! And what protestations, amongst the women-folk! However, l knew that General Harington would not get rid of us without really good n, so we proceeded to pack without delay; and what a dreadful task it was, ially without a husband to do the hard work and screw in the screws! I particularly hurried, as I made up my mind to go over to Asia and see R. before I left.

y car, ferry, and train, I eventually reached a point where he could meet nd we said "Good-bye"; that unnecessary good-bye is my only grievance st the authorities, who postponed our departure! I did feel indignant at g gone through that for nothing—especially as our depression was increased e fact that we had both of us forgotten all about lunch, and the village uite unequal to supplying us with any! However, all's well that ends and the depression was quite dispersed when, on Thursday afternoon, the came through to say that the departure of the wives on the *Derbyshire* ow optional. Out of the entire garrison, who were all packed up and ready one wife sailed that night!

eneral Harington had said that in the event of our not leaving on Thursday uld like the Amateur Dramatic Society to give the play, *Nothing but the* , which they had been busily rehearsing for weeks. So instead of being e high seas that Thursday night, a gay crowd filled the Jockey Club for r, going on to the play, and some dancing at Maxim's till Friday morning. he next few days orders and counter-orders followed each other in quick ssion, and there was nothing to do but wait and eat farewell dinners! a strenuous course of the latter, I decided to depart to Asia and camp th R. Life was so abnormal and surprising that nothing one did could ut of the way.

Losing the Way

R. and I (he had been spending a night at ——) departed at an early or his camp at ——, intending to cross the Bosphorus by ferry and walk e four miles to camp before the sun got too hot. However, as R. antly indulged my feminine curiosity with regard to the road running gh and under the Crown Prince's Palace, we soon lost our way. More still, in an ensuing dog-fight I lost the fresh butter, which I was carefully with me to ensure a welcome from the mess president on my arrival! and hot, and tired, we eventually arrived at the camp—and how glad the nd I were that we could sit in the shade and rest instead of going on like . to the top of the hill and round the line.

most at once a stream of military visitors began. All were hot, and all were thirsty, and there was much consternation in the little cook-house tent on the slope of the hill below the mess as to how long the drinks would last, and for how many the lunch could be made to stretch! What wonderful housewives men can be! All the unexpected guests had an excellent lunch, and departed to their labours rested and fortified.



An Old Type Turk

Turkish gardener employed by a British officer's family

Local Misrepresentation

Every British action was misrepresented in the local papers printed in French and Turkish. I have said nothing of the unrest in Constantinople, but it was there, seething as in a pot before it begins to boil; that it never did boil over was more due to the decisive orders of General Harington, and their moral effect, than to any show of force we could make. The reinforcements had not then reached Constantinople, and I don't suppose anyone at home realises how starved for men the Constantinople garrison was for the past year, except, perhaps, those who did the starving.

(Continued on a later page)



Ismit Pasha

The Foreign Minister of the Angora Government, the chief delegate at Lausanne

Field-Marshal Izzet Pasha

The recent Turkish Minister of Foreign Affairs, who resigned at the same time as Tevfik



The Sultan of Turkey Before the Flight

The Sultan left Constantinople secretly on the morning of November 17. He boarded the British battleship, "Malaya," and was eventually landed at Malta



British Troops Arrive in the Turkish Capital

The 3rd Battalion the Coldstream Guards marching through the streets of Constantinople

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The QUINCENTENARY of LINCOLN'S INN—PART II.



Some of the Portraits in the Council Room

On the extreme left is a portrait by Watts of Lord Selborne, who was Lord Chancellor in 1872. Next comes a portrait of Lord Brougham and Vaux, Lord Chancellor in 1830. It was he who assisted materially in the passage of the Reform Bill. In the corner is a portrait of Lord Macnaghten, Lord of Appeal in 1887. The portrait on the extreme right is of Sir William Garrow, 1760–1840, Baron of the Exchequer, formerly Barrister of Lincoln's Inn

FURTHER NOTES ON LINCOLN'S INN

In recent times the society has done good service to historical research by the publication of its "Black Books," records of accounts and registers of admissions since 1422. But it is in the "Golden Book" that are entered the records of royal visits. It was signed by Charles II. and the Duke of York in 1671, by Queen Victoria in 1845, and by Edward VII. as Prince of Wales. If King George signs it upon the present occasion it will not be the first time. His Majesty was treasurer of the society in 1904.

Armed forces have been raised amongst the men of law ever since the days of the Spanish Armada. But Lincoln's Inn itself had to wait until the Great War for its baptism of fire.

The Old Chapel, where once John Donne, the poet, was preacher, is raised upon three arches, and was designed by Inigo Jones. Like the Old Hall, it has been ruined by restorations and stucco. The beautiful Flemish glass of the windows is gradually being pieced together and replaced after damage by the German bombs.

Stone Building, of which we give a view, was commenced by Sir Robert Taylor and completed by Philip Hardwick. There was an intention in 1780 to rebuild the whole



The Anglesey Basin and Ewer (1675)

The Wynnyffe Cup (on left) and the Rich Cup (on right)



One of the Duke Candlesticks (1676)



The Francklyn Fla

Given by Nicholas Francklyn, bearing the London Hall Mark of 1708–9, and were pre



A Characteristic Doorway Arch

A distinctive feature of much of the Inn's eighteenth and early nineteenth century architecture



The "Golden Book"

In which are recorded details of royal visits to the Inn



Ancient Iron Deed Chest

Presented to the Society by Henry Haydon, who was treasurer in 1548

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Some Special Pictures of the Possessions of the Historic Legal Society.



The Wandesford Basin and Ewer (1651)

The Raynsford Cup (on left), the Greene Cup (on right) 1661



...ons and Chalices

...all Mark, 1657. The chalices bear the London ...nted to the Inn by John Francklyn



The Gibbs Centre-piece (1858)



A Specimen of the Beautiful Stonework of the Later Buildings of the Inn

The buildings in the northern portion of Lincoln's Inn contain some excellent examples of the classic revival period

inn, Stone Building being a tangible result of the scheme. In fact, for some sixty years Stone Building itself remained incomplete, and it was not until Hardwick was at work upon the great hall that the building was completed. They contrast very vividly in style and colour with the newer Gothic buildings. Hardwick's great Gothic hall has been much admired a worthy monument of the Gothic revival period. We show the big recess-ed window in an alcove near the north end. This contains some old glass, and on the right-hand is a portrait of Lord Ellenborough, and underneath is a coat of arms, painted on the panelling, of the Right Hon. William Jackson. Old Thomas Hearne, in his curious discourses written by eminent antiquaries, includes a chapter by Mr. Agard on the antiquity and privileges of the Houses or Inns of Courts, and of Chancery, which concludes thus:

"For their liberties and privileges I never read of any granted to them or to their houses. For having the law in their hands, I doubt not but they could plead for themselves."

In the following chapter, "Of the Antiquity of the Houses of Law," by Mr. Thynne, a description is given of Lincoln's Inn, in which Matthew Paris is quoted in Latin:

"Rex concessit Radulpho N. Episcopo Cicister. Cancellario Placeam illam cum Gardino, quæ fuit Joannis Herlizun, qui terras suas forisfecit in vico illo qui vocatur Newstreet, ex opposito terræ ejusdem Episcopi in eodem vico."



Hogarth's Painting in Lincoln's Inn

...mong the historic paintings is one which was specially painted by Hogarth. It shows St. Paul before Felix



The Inn's Museum Cabinet

This cabinet contains some interesting objects discovered from time to time

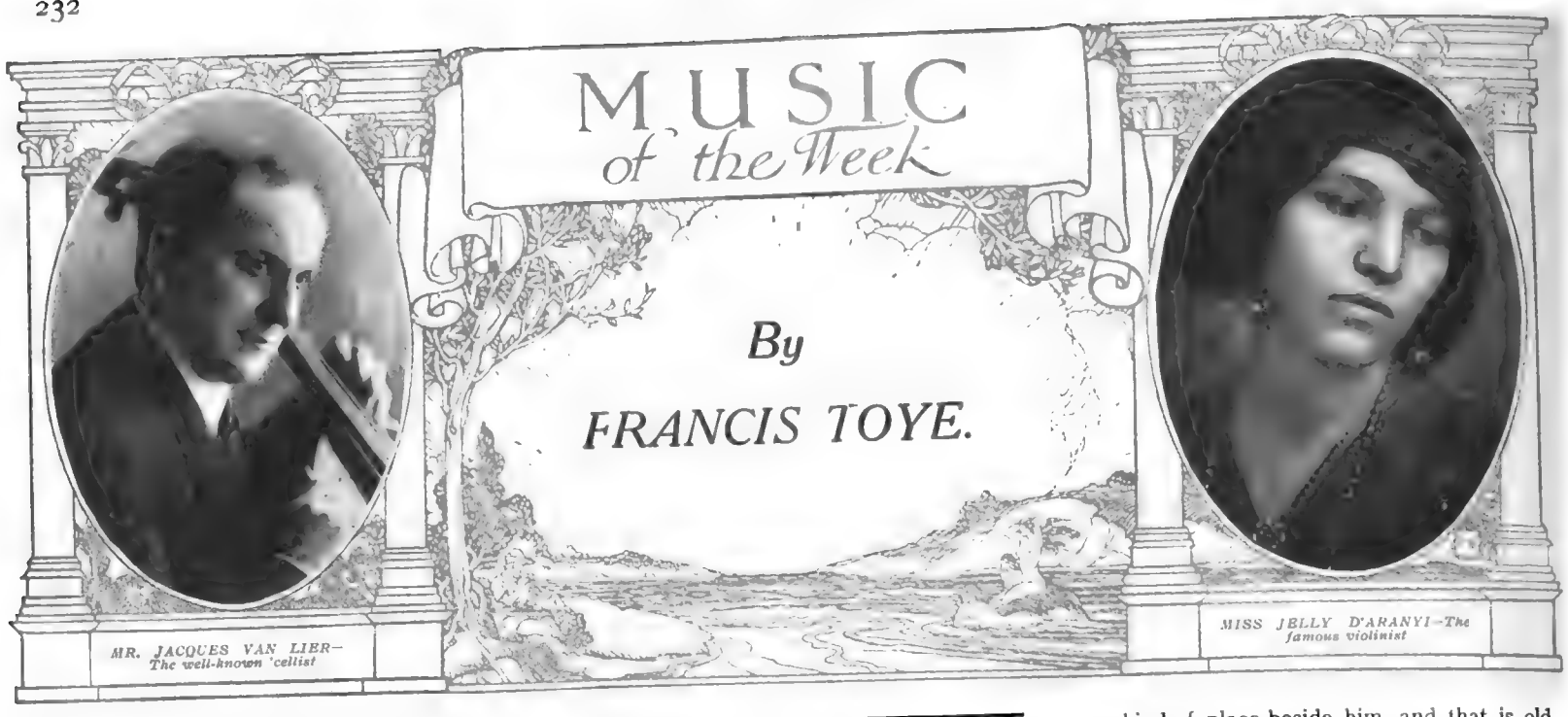


Special SPHERE *pictures*

Alcove in the Great Hall

The stained-glass windows bear arms of Masters of the Rolls and Barons of the Exchequer and others

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It seems to me appropriate to recall shortly the services rendered by Sir Thomas Beecham to British music in general and to British opera in particular. Much water has flowed under many musical bridges since those first venturesome orchestral concerts which he gave at the Queen's Hall. They were conspicuous by their emptiness no less than by their admirable programmes; they originally, I think, introduced Delius to the musical public. I still remember my own boyish enthusiasm for them. They were the first attempt to break the ring of our conventional orchestral concerts, then dominated by Teutonic or academic influences. In this they succeeded, posthumously, at any rate.

Many people may have forgotten the Beecham season of opera comique at His Majesty's. Some of us, however, have not. It showed many imperfections, but it reintroduced Mozart's operas to London, and rendered possible what has been, so far as I know, the only performance of Strauss's *Feuersnot* in England. How far Sir Thomas was personally responsible for the marvellous season of Russian ballet and opera at Drury Lane just before the war I do not know; at any rate, the name of Beecham is inseparably connected with it.

The vicissitudes of Sir Thomas's various experiments in opera in English are too well known to need enumerating. I have found fault with many of them; I have criticised details of management and production. Writing away from books of reference, I could not, even if I would, date them or give particular instances. I do remember, however, that during the war Thomas Beecham enabled us to hear not only good music but good German music. No music-lover in this country will forget what it meant during those hideous, nerve-racking days to be able to go and listen to the beauties of *Tristan*. The theatres were given over to preposterous rubbish, and doubtless Beecham was exposed to all the misrepresentation and abuse that patriots then reserved for anybody who did not pretend that everything German, from *Faust* to *Meistersinger*, was utterly detestable. Nevertheless he persevered, and he has won our gratitude—if precious little else.

Other people have reaped where Beecham has sown, and the cause of opera in English now prospers exceedingly. I doubt, however, whether it would be in such a condition but for the thousands and thousands of pounds which he lavished upon it. One thing is certain—his name is identified for ever with the renascence of native opera in this country. Indeed, the two are practically synonymous. Only one other man can take any kind of place beside him, and that is old Hans Richter, to whose enthusiasm we owe the first performances of "The Ring" in English. Beecham, however, gave not only enthusiasm but a fortune—a tangible and material sacrifice that should appeal to the imagination of his practical fellow-countrymen.

These few reminiscences, incomplete and inadequate as they are, will serve to explain my silence concerning *The Merchant of Venice* as set to music by young Adrian Beecham, and produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last week. I would like, however, to ask two questions. Did the social mandarins who were present in such force at the production of this hopelessly immature work by the son lend any similar support to the serious efforts of the father to establish regular opera in English at Drury Lane or Covent Garden? Does any opera-lover find it pleasant to read, on the side of the glass portico that protects the theatre entrance, the words, "Beecham Opera"? All things that are lawful, as St. Paul justly observed, are not expedient.

On Wednesday of last week there took place what must be one of the most remarkable concerts ever given in London. The concert was organised by Harold Bauer; assisted by Myra Hess, Irene Schauer, Landon Ronald, Albert Sammons, Cedric Sharpe, Lionel Tertis, and two string quartets, he conceived a scheme of musical co-operation that may well prove to be of historical interest. For this is the first time that any concert has been promoted neither for financial gain nor for charity, but for the pure pleasure of making music. Mr. Bauer, I am told, felt that the circumstances of a professional musician's career inevitably precluded him from the greatest joy that any music-lover, whether amateur or professional, can have—that of making music together with his equals. Hence the appearance of all these musical aristocrats together on one platform, without fee of any kind, purely for their own delight, and, incidentally, for the delight of the audience who were fortunate enough to come and hear them.

The programme was remarkable enough, consisting as it did of Brahms's Piano Quartet in G Minor, a new suite for piano and viola by Bloch, and Bach's glorious Concerto in C Major for three pianos and string orchestra. Even more remarkable, however, was the atmosphere and enthusiasm of the concert itself. After the duty-nobly-done kind of impression that one receives at so many concerts, it was refreshing to find such a pleasant spirit abroad. If all concerts were like this one good music would soon be as popular as a music-hall — indeed, it ought

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

December 2.—Wigmore Hall, 3.15.
Dr. Theo Lierhammer. Vocal recital. Mr. Harold Craxton plays.

December 4.—Æolian Hall, 8.30.
Pianoforte recital by **Kathleen Thomson.**

December 5.—Æolian Hall, 8.15.
Mr. Plunket Greene's only recital of the season.

December 8.—Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Isabel Gray and Claude Pollard. Recital for two pianofortes.



Madame Tetrazzini in Manchester

The famous singer received a fee of 500 guineas for one concert at the Free Trade Hall in Manchester a few days ago. She is here seen with Signor Baggiore (tenor) and with Mr. Brand Lane at the Midland Hotel, Manchester



"The Merchant of Venice," Set to Music by Adrian Beecham

Shakspere's play has been converted into an opera by young Adrian Beecham, the eighteen-year-old son of Sir Thomas and Lady Beecham. It was produced at the Duke of York's Theatre last week. The picture on the left shows Mr. Frank Webster (Lorenzo), Mr. J. van Zyl (Salanio), Mr. Howard Fry (Gratiano), and Mr. Dewey Gibson (Salarino), examining the casket. On the right are Mr. Norman Williams, Miss Ena Riess (Portia), and Miss Ella Milne (Nerissa) in the casket scene

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Bassano

Miss K. M. R. Morrison

Younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Oliphant-Morrison of Edinburgh, whose engagement to Mr. G. P. Cuscaden, the Deputy Commissioner of Police, Kuala Lumpur, has been announced



Bassano

Lady Margaret Lindsay

A recent portrait of the eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Crawford



Young Woma hood of To-day.

Some New Portrai



Elliott & Fry

Miss Charlotte d'Erlanger

Daughter of the late Baron Raphaël d'Erlanger and Lady Galway, whose marriage to Mr. R. P. G. Denman will take place shortly

Bertram Park

The Viscountess Ednam

Wife of Viscount Ednam, the newly-elected Conservative member for Hornsey and son of the Earl of Dudley



Bassano

Mrs. Katriona Sprigge

Elder daughter of Mr. F. G. Brown, who was married recently to Mr. C. S. Sprigge, son of Sir Squire Sprigge, the editor of "The Lancet"



Va

Married in Bath Abbey

Miss Beryl Wilmot Wilkinson (Mrs. Preston), youn daughter of Sir William and Lady Wilkinsor Deepdeene, Bathampton, Bath, who was marrie Mr. Kenneth H. Preston, eldest son of Sir W Preston, M.P., and Lady Preston, of Tetbury, G at Bath Abbey on November 22

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THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON.

PART II.



Clement's Lane

Looking towards Stafford House in King William Street



Looking Down on William IV.

From the new Guardian Assurance building facing London Bridge



Nicholas Lane

As seen from Cannon Street, with new building on right

Last week we dealt with the numerous changes which are taking place in the West End of London. The areas including Regent Street and Oxford Circus, and Kingsway and Aldwych, were chiefly illustrated. The changes in these areas are astonishing enough, but they do not sum up in themselves the changes taking place in London. There is another great area near London Bridge, where anyone revisiting London after a few years abroad would find himself in very unfamiliar thoroughfares.

Unfamiliar Frontages

If he were to journey southwards towards the river from the Bank he would pass down a thoroughfare almost entirely new as regards its buildings on both sides. King William Street did not exist before 1829. Its construction was authorised by Parliament in order to give access to the new London Bridge. Many an old lane and alley were cut into during the construction of the then new roadway, portions of them disappearing from the map. The church and churchyard of St. Michael, Crooked Lane, vanished altogether. In 1881–4 the roadway was widened, and now, nearly a hundred years after the street's construction, it shows an altogether different face. Nearly all its buildings are of gleaming new stone. Some of them, the newest ones, are here illustrated.

New Buildings

At the London Bridge end are the new premises of the Australian Mutual Provident Society and Lloyds Bank (Messrs. Trollope and Colls, builders), and actually facing London Bridge is the Guardian Assurance building (Messrs. Higgs and Hill, builders). On the bridge approach itself is the new building of the Anglo-Egyptian Bank, Ltd. (Messrs. Holland, Hannen and Cubitts, Ltd., contractors).

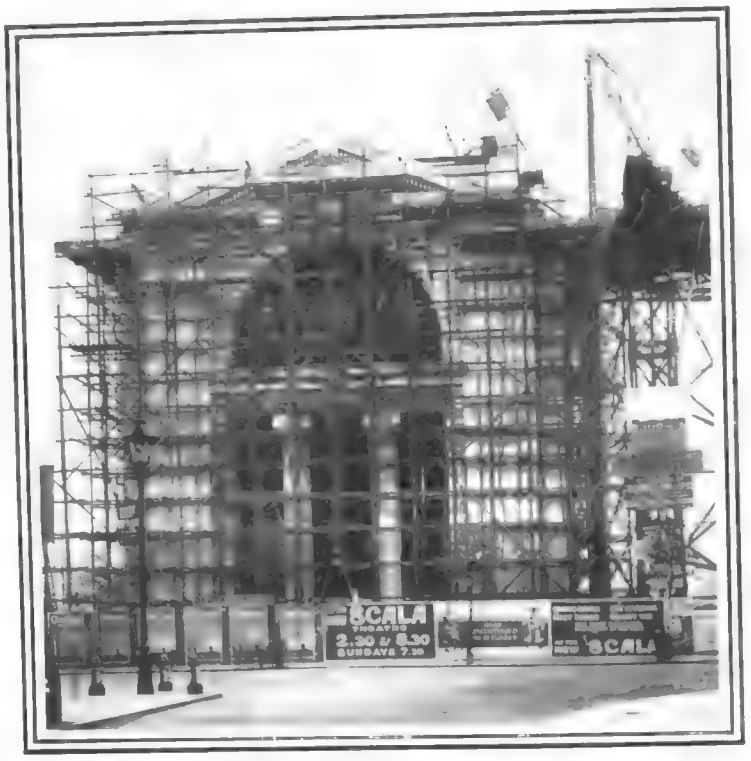
The various excavations made from time to time on this area prove it to be one of ancient occupation. Roman walls have been found on both sides of the roadway at a depth of 14 to 20 ft. There was, however, no evidence that a thoroughfare had existed following the line of the modern King William Street.

Two Ancient Ways

We give on this page two views of historic lanes in this part of the City. They are now known as Clement's Lane and Nicholas Lane. Both were, however, named after saints, and bore in former days the full title of Saint Clement's Lane and Saint Nicholas Lane. The latter had a still lengthier title in earlier centuries, being known as Saint Nicholas Acuns Lane, or the lane of Saint Nicholas Hakon, thus giving a Scandinavian derivation to the name, Nicholas Acon. One side of the lane is bordered by a brand new building, but the old bend is preserved. Its centre portion vanished about 1831, when King William Street was cut through this area.

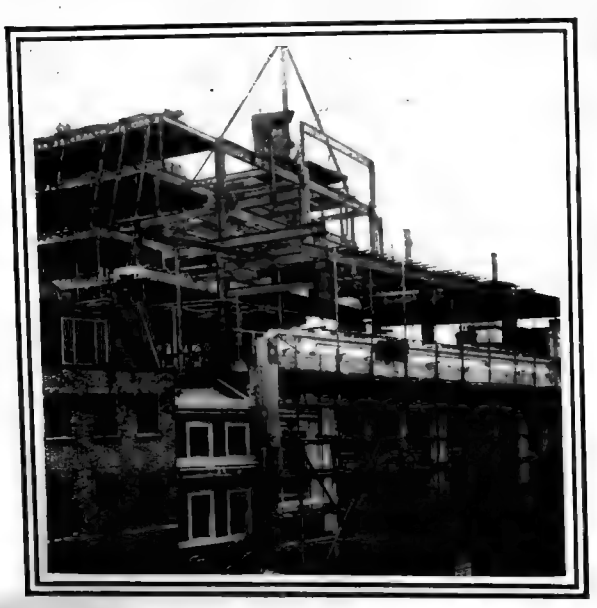
Clement's Lane

At the end of our view of Clement's Lane can be seen a glimpse of the corner of King William Street. This passage-way is also flanked on one side by new work. The name is derived from the Church of St. Clement, Eastcheap. The lane evidently keeps to its old line—there is a reference to St. Clement's Lane in 1282. Roman tesselated pavements have been found 12 to 15 ft. below the present level.



The Great Archway Frontage to the Bush Building

The northern face of the Bush building takes the form of a big classic frontage, with architrave and archway, broken by two large columns



The New Extension of Lyons Corner House

This view is taken from the south side of Cranbourn Street, looking eastwards



Special SPHERE *pictures*

The Skeleton of a Modern Building—Messrs. Lyons's New Premises!

To take this view "The Sphere's" photographer had to climb up among the strong steel girders forming the structural part of Lyons's new Corner House extension

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THE LONDON BRIDGE APPROACH AREA

New Pictures by "The Sphere"



The Guardian Assurance New Building

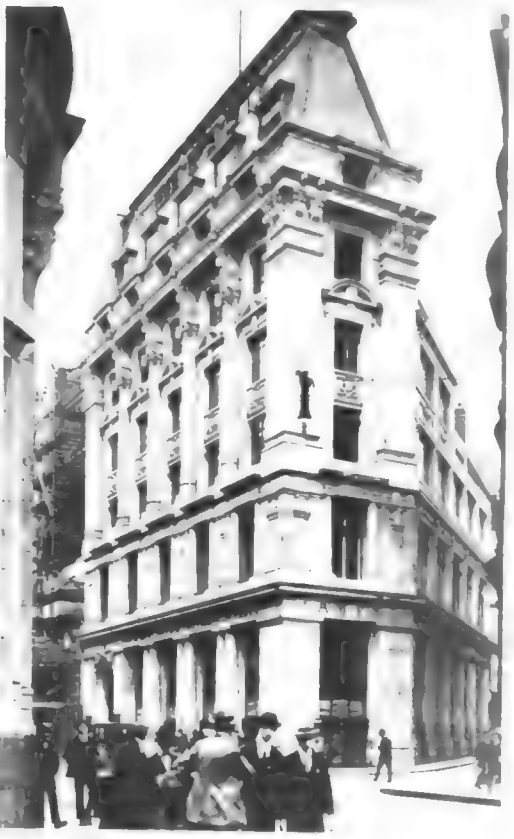
Which looks directly down the length of London Bridge. The statue of King William IV. is in the foreground

The outstanding edifice of this newly-rebuilt area is the Guardian Assurance building. It is a tall structure for London, and, standing on a naturally high position, it dominates the scene as one approaches from the south. The main façade is carried on massive piers and pillars; the whole is surmounted by a high-pitched roof and dome

(See further notes on this area on opposite page.



On Left An Interesting New Façade at 34, Gracechurch Street Ashby and Horner, Builders



The New Premises of the Australian Mutual Provident Society

On the east side of King William Street



On the West Side of London Bridge Approach is the new Anglo-Egyptian Bank Building, which Presents a Handsome Gleaming White Frontage to the Street

Erected by Holland and Hannen and Cubitts



Where Cannon Street and King William Street Meet

The new premises of Lloyds Bank occupies a commanding position at the junction of these two main thoroughfares

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IN LONDON'S TOYLAND : A PICTORIAL VISIT



Three Varied Departments in the Huge Toyland Section of Harrods—the

In the dolls'-house section is to be seen a magnificent display of dolls' houses of all sizes and shapes

Father Christmas among



A Panoramic View of the Doll and Stuffed Animal Section of Harrods Wonderful Christmas Toy Fair at the

The Toyland Section of Harrods great Store at this season of the year is one of the sights of London, and perhaps of any of the civilised capitals of the world. One can wander from room to room, stacked high with pyramids of glittering objects for the delectation of the youngster. Here, in the section illustrated immediately above, displayed wonderful groups of dolls; they are seated on tables, and pillars of toy appear to support the very roof. The dolls wear the prettiest little coats and hats

Google

to a CHILDREN'S PARADISE at a GREAT STORE.



Most Comprehensive Display of Presents for the Children in all London

the forest trees provides a brilliant note of colour

The Nursery Cavalry makes a goodly show in another wing of Messrs. Harrods toyland; the rocking-horse is a never-failing delight



Special SPHERE *pictures*

Huge Premises in Brompton Road, where a Million Toys are Displayed in a Department of Over an Acre in Extent

imaginable. The reader can see one or two of them in the middle of this picture. One charming little lady with fur-trimmed coat will be readily perceived. On the floor and grouped around model lakes are wonderful stuffed animals, the possession of any one of which would be joy to the infant heart: penguins, bears, and elephants with nodding heads and squeaking insides (operated by cunningly-hidden strings) stand all around one. The swans and other wonderful wild fowl, too, which float on water, are most attractive.

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THE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING SEASON : A "SP



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A SCENE IN THE COSTUME SALON OF MESSRS. WOOLLAND BRO

The special artist of "The Sphere," Mr. F. Matania, a few days ago paid a visit to Messrs. Woolland's, and has succeeded in recording in Sphere their happy offspring bearing some Christmas toy, move about this scene of

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HERE" ARTIST VISITS A WEST-END HOUSE.



DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

KNOWN HOUSE IN KNIGHTSBRIDGE, "THE CENTRE OF FASHION"

re" readers this typical scene of winter shopping in one of the great West-end establishments. A stream of lady customers, accompanied by hions. It is here that one gets a glimpse of the resources of a great metropolis

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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled. Essington later discovers that he is being watched by two men. Essington feigns illness, and whilst being confined to his own room is handed a letter which has just arrived. To his astonishment he finds it is from a lady; he manages to keep the abpointment, but has to leave very hurriedly, as he suddenly catches sight of a familiar figure. In order to cover his tracks he joins a band of "minstrels," and as a minstrel catches a train away from the danger area. From the train in place of the minstrel there emerges a magnificent Hindu priest, "Mr. Gottasittah Singh," emissary of the Indian Maharajah, who has hired Stopeley Park for his stay in England.*

II.—MR. BUMBERLEY.

Augustus Cavendish Cholmondeley Bumberley represented the highest traditions of butlery. It is computed by an authority of some eminence that at least three billion corks had been drawn by the Bumberleys with their own hands, and that if all the pops could be concentrated into one terrific quarter of an hour, they would equal an average thunderstorm. His father (third consecutive butler in direct descent) had risen very high indeed in his profession, and Augustus Cavendish Cholmondeley was reverently christened in honour of some of the noblest cellars in England.

Augustus himself had early acquired the gravity and the circumference necessary for the higher planes of his calling, and now, after many years' honourable service, in which his humblest client had been a baronet, he saw the blue ribbon of his profession within his grasp. Even his distinguished parent had not been in the actual service of royalty, and though it was no doubt a pity that the Maharajah was, as one humorist put it, "wrong end huppermost" (his countenance being almost exactly the same shade as his boots), yet beyond cavil he was a genuine reigning prince. In fact, Augustus was able to retort upon the humorist that whereas most monarchs were handicapped and circumscribed by parliaments, laws, and such like, the Maharajah could and did marry as many wives, execute as many subjects, and impose as many taxes as he pleased. He was, in short, a real, proper sovereign of the sort too scarce nowadays. And as for his colour, Mr. Bumberley sternly advised the humorist to go and wash his own face before he criticised other people's.

All was ready for this potentate's arrival, and Mr. Bumberley and the staff at present under his charge were in the highest state of expectation, when, at a somewhat late hour in the evening, the whist party in the servants' hall were surprised to hear the front door bell ring. A few minutes later their surprise was changed to the liveliest excitement when the upper footman returned with the news that a member of the Maharajah's suite had already arrived, and desired to see Mr. Bumberley.

Advancing with magnificent and condescending dignity, Mr. Bumberley's stately figure entered the outer hall, and encountered there an apparition that fully confirmed all he had heard of the East and its customs. The visitor was tall, very black, and profoundly solemn. Salaaming low, with Oriental gestures, the Indian began by greeting Mr. Bumberley with the same mystic formula that had so impressed his fellow passengers on the train. He seemed, however, to have improved both in speaking and understanding English since then, for he continued with comparative fluency.

"Me am de Maharajah's holy man; what you callee priest. My massa him send dis here ring so you may know me, sah."

Mr. Bumberley gazed at the ring with vast interest. He had read in story books of such introductions by token, and it seemed to him, as he afterwards said, the most convincing testimony imaginable of the visitor's *bona fides*. It was, in fact, exactly what they always did in the East. The ring itself consisted, so far as he could see, of a plain gold circlet, but the jewel on it he felt sure must be priceless, being of a quite phenomenal size and an unusual pale pink colour. Had the visitor kept his hand a little steadier he could have been more certain. He had no doubt, however, that he was in the presence of one of India's mineral marvels, and he honoured first the ring and then its wearer with a dignified inclination of his head.

"De name dat dey calls me," continued the visitor in the same grave accents, "is Mistair Gottasittah Singh."

With that he salaamed again, and Mr. Bumberley honoured him with another stately inclination.

"May I ask, sir," he inquired in the deep and sonorous voice which completed his equipment, "if I am to address you as 'your reverence'?"

Mr. Gottasittah Singh salaamed yet a third time.

"Dat am de very ticket, sah," he replied graciously.

"Does your reverence bring any partic'lar message, so to speak, from his royal 'ighness?" asked Mr. Bumberley.

"You hab guessed him in one, sah," replied his reverence gravely. "My massa him send me special to purify dis house."

"Purify!" exclaimed Mr. Bumberley, a little startled. "I can assure your reverence that the sanitary arrangements is considered irreproachable."

Mr. Gottasittah regarded him with an air of solemn pity.

"My massa hab neber used no sanitary arrangements, not in all his life, sah! No, sah, me am come to drivee all de naughty spirits out of dis house. Like dis—poof! poof!" His reverence blew out his cheeks, and puffed vigorously to illustrate his intentions.

Mr. Bumberley's eyes were at all times large, expressionless, and a trifle protruding. They now looked as if they would bulge out of his head.

"Meaning spooks or alcoholic spirits, your reverence?" he inquired, and it was hard to say which solution filled him with more consternation.

"Me not know how drivee out alcoholic spirits. Me drivee dat kind in," Mr. Gottasittah assured him.

Mr. Bumberley awoke to the duties of hospitality.

"Would your reverence care for any refreshment?" he inquired, with a mind somewhat easier, though still a little troubled at the thought of the prospective spirit drive.

"You hab guessee him right again," his reverence replied with an animated air.

While a little supper was being laid, Mr. Gottasittah Singh was conducted to his room in order that he might perform his ablutions (Mr. Bumberley understood that the more sacred kind of Orientals were very particular on this point). As a matter of fact, had any prying eye been audacious enough to spy upon Mr. Gottasittah in the seclusion of his apartment, it would have been chiefly impressed by his extraordinary distaste for water. Indeed, if by any ill chance so much as a drop touched his dusky skin, the damage was immediately made good with a burnt cork which his reverence appeared to keep secreted like a talisman about his person.

If he was a trifle remiss in this matter, he was, on the other hand, exceedingly particular as to the bedroom he occupied, insisting on sleeping nowhere but next door to the apartments of what he termed "my belubbed massa and all his lill' wifees." He was also very particular in seeing that his massa's luggage was laid in these apartments in case of his unexpected arrival.

"Massa hab told me lookee after dat," said he.

His own lack of luggage he readily accounted for by explaining, with an austere air, that the Indian priesthood never travelled with anything more luxurious than a corkscrew. Even a portable praying mat was forbidden in the strictest sects, he said, but the down quilt would do excellently instead, and with this hint of his intentions he dismissed Mr. Bumberley in the meantime.

It is possible, however, that Augustus Cavendish misunderstood him, for, as a matter of fact, Mr. Gottasittah made no use of his down quilt on this occasion. Instead, he waited till the butler's retreating footsteps could be heard no longer, and then, without waiting an instant, entered his massa's apartments, and inside of a minute had unstrapped the likeliest looking trunk and forced the lock with the poker. One glimpse of the contents was sufficient to reassure him.

"Half a dozen suits at least!" he said to himself gleefully, and, quickly strapping up the trunk again, proceeded down stairs with a lighter heart than ever.

So far Mr. Bumberley's conceptions of an Oriental gentleman and his habits had been amply borne out by Mr. Gottasittah Singh, but he found that in one matter his ideas required correction. Teetotalism had no part in the priestly creed; of that he had ocular demonstration. His reverence, in fact, was disposed, in the words of his respectful attendant, to do himself uncommon well. In the course of a simple and brief supper he contrived to make inroads both into a decanter of whisky and a decanter of port that did credit to Deccanpore—presuming, that is to say, that Mr. Gottasittah had learnt his habits in his native state, though Mr. Bumberley shrewdly suspected that it must have been visited by Scottish missionaries.

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At the conclusion of his meal Mr. Gottasittah sprang up with a revived and even sprightly air and declared his intention of beginning the seance at once. If Mr. Bumberley had felt a trifle disillusioned by their visitor's feats at supper, he got an ample money's worth of the real East now.

"Me go scaree de naughty spirits by singee-singee," the priest explained. "More noisee, more scaree. You go beatee dis gong!"

Though Mr. Bumberley's respect for royalty and its commands was profound, his respect for his own dignity was equally deep. He hemmed and hawed, hesitated for a moment, and then, with a very serious air, replied—

"Begging your reverence's pardon, but the fact is, sir, I am Church of England myself."

"One dam good churchee, too," said Mr. Gottasittah cordially, "but why no beatee dat gong?"

"It is not part of the order of our service, your reverence," said Mr. Bumberley firmly.

The priest's eyes flashed sternly.

"Den will me tell massa you wish bad spirits stay allee at home in dis house!"

Mr. Bumberley's iron attitude began to relax.

"Your reverence misunderstands me. If it so 'appens there be anything in the nature of a spook infesting this house—not as I have seen them myself, but I take your reverence's word for it—and his royal 'ighness considers it part of my duty to 'elp, so to speak, in giving of them their conjee—a French word, sir; I am not taking the liberty of speaking Hindistany myself—then, sir, in that case, I don't mind agiving of the gong a moderate beating."

On this understanding the seance was arranged, and once Mr. Bumberley's scruples were comfortably swallowed, he had to admit that the ceremony was exceedingly impressive. So infected was he by the weird music of the priest's chanting that he put more feeling into the gong than anyone who had merely heard it rumble for dinner could possibly have imagined.

This dirge, with its strange accompaniment, quickly drew a small knot of awed spectators from the rearward parts of the mansion, and the spectacle of Mr. Bumberley beating the gong and the tall ebony-faced figure pacing backwards and forwards as he sang, left an impression that was not soon forgotten. It is only fair to add that the spectators, who were mostly young and female, made a reciprocal impression on the Reverend Gottasittah Singh.

"What a dashed nuisance this burnt cork is!" he thought with a sigh. "I don't suppose it's possible to kiss 'em without leaving a mark."

At the conclusion of the seance he declared himself thoroughly satisfied with the results.

"You no see spirits so well as me," he said impressively. "Me see three, four, five lill' ghostees muchee dam scared."

Though undoubtedly impressed for the moment, the solid British intelligence of Mr. Bumberley recovered its equilibrium once the music had ceased, and after he had seen his reverence make a further inroad into the decanter and finally depart to bed humming an air with a jovial eye, he himself repaired to the servants' hall and gave a brief exposition of his own considered views.

"If you asks me straight for my opinion," said he, "I'm not one as takes much stock in spooks, 'aving lived, so to speak, tetee-a-tetee with too many family ghosts in the 'ouses of the aristocracy and not yet seen a hair o' one of 'em myself. *My* idea is, with all respec' to his royal 'ighness, o' course, that these here In'juns gets kind o' fanciful living so much among palms, and tigers, and such like. They *thinks* they sees spooks quite honestlike, and if they wishes to do a bit of this sing-songing business so as to make their 'eathen minds easier—well, let 'em do it, I say. It makes them 'appier and it don't hurt me. Everyone can't be an Englishman, and them as isn't has got to have allowances made."

This was generally considered to summarise the situation remarkably well.

III.—THE DETECTIVE.

About eleven o'clock next morning Mr. Bumberley was smoking a meditative pipe, chewing the cud of last night's remarkable experiences. On the whole, he decided that his impressions were mixed. It was very interesting, no doubt to see a real Oriental expert at work, and gratifying to find that the habits and conduct of what he termed (with all respect to his royal highness) the heathens so thoroughly confirmed his own intelligent forecast. At the same time, considered in cold-blooded retrospect, his own exploits with the gong struck him as a trifle, just a trifle, undignified. And if his highness proposed to employ him regularly on these mysteries, he would have to consider very seriously whether the privilege of being a royal functionary quite compensated for the scandal of becoming a partner in such goings-on. Occasionally he would not mind so much, but to beat a gong regularly while non-existent spooks were being removed . . . Mr. Bumberley shook his head very dubiously indeed.

Mr. Gottasittah Singh had not yet made his appearance this morning. He had requested that his breakfast should be sent up to his bedroom, and that his pious meditations should not thereafter be disturbed. George, the upper footman, who took up his tray, reported that he seemed little the worse for the strain of spirit-exorcising, though very solemn and awesome to wait upon. Since then nearly two hours had passed, and his reverence was evidently still meditating.

It was George who at last disturbed Mr. Bumberley's peaceful smoke by appearing with the intelligence that the baker's van had arrived from the neighbouring town.

"Well," said Mr. Bumberley, a trifle testily, "what's that to me? You don't expect me to come and count the loaves, do you?"

There was a curious gleam in George's eye. It was a small eye set in a sleek, fat cheek; the kind of eye that Mr. Bumberley secretly suspected of noticing more than an underling's eye ought to.

"I think, Mr. Bumberley, you oughter 'ave a word with Mr. Cooper," he said in an odd voice. "Queer sort o' story 'e's been telling about this here 'eathen priest. Leastway, seems to me it is."

"Send him along to me," commanded Mr. Bumberley in an easy, condescending voice; but while he waited for the baker's appearance his shining brow was already clouded by a shade of anxiety, and the gong had begun to loom larger and darker in his troubled memory.

"Mornin', Mr. Bumberley," said Mr. Cooper, a brisk, talkative little man. "What have I been 'earing about this In'jun gent? Oh, well, it wasn't very much, and I dunno quite what made George prick up his ears like. O' course we was all very interested to 'ear that one of his 'ighness's 'ousehold was come down already, and I just 'appened to be a-talking about it this morning with Mr. Matthews, the watchmaker and jool'er—you know him well, o' course, Mr. Bumberley—and it seems this In'jun gent drove along to his shop soon as he'd got out of the train. ''Ave you gottee a ringee?' says he, or words to that effect, in his In'jun lingo."

"A ringee," repeated Mr. Bumberley. "What's that?"

"He meant a ring for his finger. 'Ringee' was just his way of expressing it."

Mr. Bumberley interrupted him with unusual sharpness for such a deliberately dignified gentleman.

"A ring for 'is finger? What sort of a ring?"

"Well, he picked and chose a bit, wantin' something showy and cheap it seems, but at last he chooses a ring with a great lump of pink glass in it, about the size of a billiard ball, Mr. Matthews says. What he wanted with it . . ."

He was interrupted again.

"Thank you, Mr. Cooper, thank you," said Mr. Bumberley hurriedly. "I knows all about that ring. Much obliged all the same. Good morning, Mr. Cooper; good morning."

The five minutes that followed the baker's departure were among the darkest in Bumberley's career. The hateful heathen with his bogus ring seemed to him to have become a tiger rather than a human native of the East, and the gong loomed up now to the largeness of an elephant.

Again his meditations were interrupted by George, who was rapidly becoming nearly as hateful as the priest. A chap with such cunning eyes, he decided, was an undesirable member of a royal household.

"Well, Mr. Bumberley, what do you think of it?" he inquired.

For some moments Mr. Bumberley was silent. There was nothing for it, he thought, but taking that fat-cheeked young man into his confidence now.

"'Ave you told anyone else of this yarn o' Cooper's?" he inquired.

"Not a soul, I gives you my word, Mr. Bumberley!"

Mr. Bumberley breathed a little more easily.

"That there In'jun is a damn fraud!" he pronounced. "Him and his ring and his spirits!"

"And 'is gong," added George, with an eager simplicity that the outraged butler venomously decided was purely superficial.

(*Continued on a later page*)



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"So infected was he by the weird music of the priest's chanting that he put more feeling into the gong than anyone who had merely heard it rumble for dinner could possibly have imagined"

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A LITERARY LETTER:

LONDON, November 27, 1922.

"Mr. Page was not only one of the wisest but one of the best of men," says Mrs. Asquith in her autobiography. And now from the firm of Heinemann I have received *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, by Burton J. Hendrick, in two splendid volumes. Some of my readers have seen fragments from this book in the pages of *The World's Work*, but the book forms a magnificent monument to a great personality. Mr. Walter Page was the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's through the terrible period of the Great War. It has been my good fortune—or perhaps it is the penalty of age—that I have known many American Ambassadors. My experiences commenced, indeed, before America had risen to the dignity of an ambassadorship, for Mr. James Russell Lowell was merely the "Minister" to the Court of St. James's. From him I received two letters and more than one kindly hand-shake. He was one of the heroes of my youth, alike in his prose, his poetry, and his refined personality. Yet I remember that when his death was announced Mr. Robert Buchanan was sitting in my office, and he remarked upon his lack of inspiration—which was merely the point of view of another kind of poet.



The Hon. Walter H. Page

Whose biography, in two volumes, has just been published by the firm of Heinemann. This portrait is by Lazalo

Then let me recall that when I first went to America, in 1893, I was taken by Mr. Mifflin, a partner in the firm of Houghton, Mifflin and Co., into Mr. Lowell's house—the poet had died in 1891—and was privileged to look out of "my study windows," which gave their name to one of the most charming of books. It was during that visit to America, indeed, that I had the good fortune to attend a ball at the British Embassy at Washington given by Sir Julian Pauncefote, our Ambassador, in honour of the fact that the Ministers at Washington and St. James's had just been converted into Ambassadors.

I have known very slightly several later ambassadors, including Mr. John Hay, who came more than once to the Omar Khayyám dinners, Mr. Choate, and Mr. Whitelaw Reid, who I had the pleasure of meeting a great many times. All the ambassadors were really distinguished men, but perhaps the most human and attractive of all, although certainly the least good-looking, was Mr. Walter Page. He had the additional attraction that he had been engaged in journalism before he became a publisher, and that he was genuinely interested in the work of those of us in England who had long been associated with journalism. I recall that once when I had the honour of addressing the American Luncheon Club on the Picture Papers of England and America we had a very interesting conversation on that subject, in which, as in most things of the kind, he was thoroughly well informed.

His biography is assuredly the most readable as it is the frankest of books, although it becomes most attractive from the moment when Mr. Page entered into partnership with Mr. Frank N. Doubleday, known from his initials, F. N. D., to all his friends as "Effendi." The firm of Doubleday, Page and Co. grew marvellously. It has, as those of us who have been privileged to visit it know, in Garden City, a few miles from New York, the most wonderful printing plant in the world. As stated by this biographer, its architecture distinctly suggests that of Hampton Court Palace. It is a magnificent old-world building, surrounded by fountains and lakes, Italian terraces, pergolas, and gardens rich in flowers. It is here that the books of Doubleday, Page and Co. are "composed" and printed. Any English visitor to the Garden City, Long Island, enjoys an amazing experience.

It is here that this great firm of publishers manufactured for sale the works of Rudyard Kipling, Booth Tarkington, and a hundred other English and American writers, when, under the presidency of Woodrow Wilson, Mr. Walter Page was offered the American Embassy to Great Britain. As his biographer says, "The London Embassy is the greatest diplomatic gift at the disposal of the President, and in the minds of the American people it possesses a glamour and historic importance all its own." No wonder, therefore, that Walter Page accepted it; but perhaps some of the gilt was taken from the honour when he discovered that the Embassy, unlike all the other great Powers, had no resting place in London. He had to live in rooms at the Coburg Hotel until he could find a house. He found that the quarters of the American Embassy in Victoria Street were "dark and dingy," his own room being afflicted "with twenty-nine years of dirt and darkness and utterly undignified." "I did not understand then," he says, and I do not understand yet, how Lowell, Bayard, Phelps, Hay, Choate, and Reid endured that cheap hole." All this has now been happily changed, and the present American Ambassador, Mr. George Harvey, is more pleasantly placed.

Page's description of his interview with the King and Queen makes racy reading, and his comment on life in England before the war is very attractive. There was surely a touch of the prophetic in the reference to the London *Times* which I find at this period:—

It is still the greatest English newspaper. Its general friendliness to the United States, by the way, has started a rumour that I hear once in a while, that it is really owned by Americans; nonsense yet awhile."

This was written in 1913. In 1922 *The Times* was purchased, not by an American, but by the son of an American, and with money that was probably made in America, and I do not think it is any the worse for that. Perhaps the most amusing feature of Page's correspondence at this date is his contempt for the servant class, who he found lacked the independence prevailing in America. Referring to the wonderful efficiency of the butler at one of these big houses, he says:—

But in the United States that butler, whose wages are less than the ramshackle nigger I had at Garden City to keep the place neat, would have a business of his own. But here he is a sort of duke dowstairs. He sits at the head of the servants' table and orders them around, and that's worth more than money to an Old World servile mind.

This reminds me of one of the stories which most impressed me when I was last in the United States, which I fear, indeed, I have told before, of the Englishman in the hotel who remarked to a waiter, "Did you not hear me order a cup of coffee?" "Sir," was the reply, "in this country we do not order, we request."

A GREAT AMBASSADOR.

I really think Walter Page is the greatest letter-writer of to-day. You must go to the eighteenth century for his like. In the memoirs of recent years, I have read no letters so full of vim, of revelation, of grip of facts, as his. These letters here gathered together, addressed to President Wilson, to Colonel House, to other American friends, beat all records in their mastery of detail, in their presentation of the situation in England during the war. All other books on the war seemed to me flat and unprofitable compared with this. He reveals to us a hundred-and-one points as to the beginnings of the war, including the choice of Prince Lichnowsky, a well-known Anglophile, as Ambassador, as a blind—

The diabolical character of Prince Lichnowsky's selection for this purpose was that though his mission was one of deception, he was not himself a party to it, and did not realize until it was too late that he had been used merely as a tool.

Now and again there is a dig at some well-known politician, as when discussing the seizure of American cargoes with Lord Robert Cecil, Page remarked banteringly:—

"You must not forget the Boston Tea Party, Lord Robert."

The Englishman looked up, rather puzzled.

"But you must remember, Mr. Page, that I have never been in Boston. I have never attended a tea-party there."

One would have thought that Eton and Oxford would have made Lord Robert familiar at least with Carlyle's reference to "Boston's harbour, black with unexpected tea!"

There is much severe stricture on President Wilson, and assuredly no Ambassador ever wrote to his Government as candidly as this writer did. Yet the President said:—

Some day I hope that Walter Page's letters will be published. They are the best letters I have ever read. They make you feel the atmosphere in England, understand the people, and see into the motives of the great actors.

Among other things that they make you feel is the attractiveness of our reigning monarch. Hitherto personal information about King George has not been vouchsafed to his subjects in memoirs or other volumes, but curiously enough the last two books that I have read—Mrs. Asquith's *Memoirs* and this *Life* of Walter Page—both add agreeably to our knowledge, and the picture is an attractive one—

After all formalities had been exchanged, the King would frequently draw the Ambassador aside; the two would retire to the smoking-room, and there, over their cigars, discuss a variety of matters—submarines, international politics, the Irish question, and the like. His Majesty was not averse even to bringing up the advantages of the democratic and the monarchical system. The King and the Ambassador would chat, as Page himself would say, like "two human beings." King George is an emphatic and vivacious talker, fond of emphasizing his remarks by pounding the table; he has the liveliest sense of humour, and enjoys nothing quite so much as a good story.

. . . . . .

He talked about himself and his position as King. "Knowing the difficulties of a limited monarch, I thank heaven I am spared being an absolute one."

. . . . . .

The King went over the whole course of events (after America came into the war) and asked me many questions. After I had risen and said "good-bye," and was about to bow myself out of the door, he ran towards me and, waving his hand, cried out, "Ah, ah! We knew where *you* stood all the time."

Ambassador Page's greatest enthusiasm in his affection for Englishmen was for Sir Edward Grey, yet one passage in the book seems to set one pondering as to whether the war could have been avoided if we had had other diplomatists than those who then ruled us. The Ambassador is referring to the year 1912, when Lord Haldane was sent to make friends with Germany:—

The only answer he brought back was a proposition that England should in any event remain neutral—stand aside while Germany whipped Russia and France. This insulting proposal was kept secret till the other day. Now, why didn't the British Cabinet inform the people and get ready? They were afraid the English people wouldn't believe it, and would accuse them of fomenting war. The English people were making money and pursuing their sports. Probably they wouldn't have believed it. So the Liberal Cabinet went on in silence, knowing that war was coming, but not exactly when it was coming, and they didn't make even a second big gun.

The following picture of three of our statesmen is worth quoting:—

The foreign secretaries are not only men of much greater cultivation than their Prime Ministers, but of greater moral force. But I've come to like Lloyd George very much. He'd never deliver a lecture on Dryden, and he doesn't even play a good game of golf; but he has what both Lord Grey and Mr. Balfour lack—a touch of genius, whatever that is—not the kind that takes infinite pains, but the kind that acts as an electric light flashed in the dark. He said to me the other day that experts have nearly been the death of him.

Not a page of these two remarkable volumes but contains things one would like to quote. I think I have said enough to make my readers desire this biography as one of the best of Christmas presents.

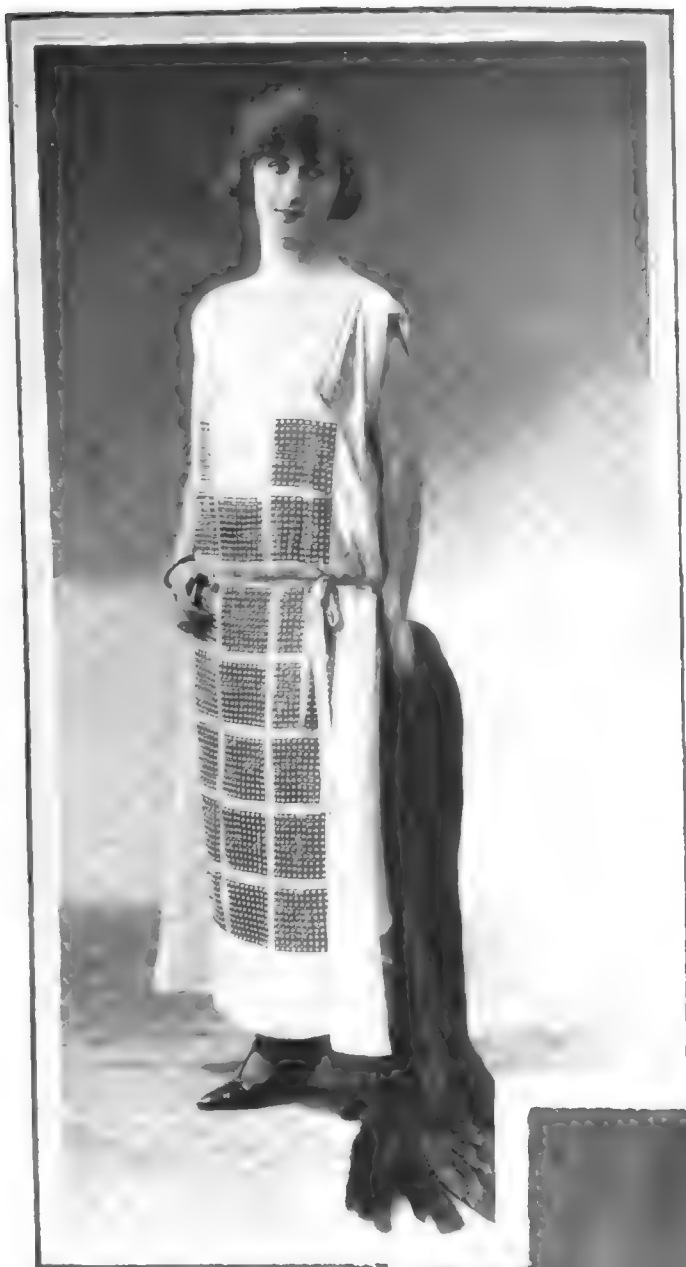
C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE TEN PLEASURES OF MARRIAGE. Attributed to Aphra Behn. Reprinted with an Introduction by John Harvey, and the Original Twenty Plates and Two Engraved Titles Re-engraved. £1 11s. 6d. net. (*Navarre Society.*) THE CHILD'S BOOK OF ENGLAND. By Sidney Dark. With 16 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (*Chapman & Hall.*) THE POND. By Carl Ewald. Translated from the Danish by Alexander de Mattos and Illustrated by Warwick Reynolds. 6s. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) THE FLAME FLOWER. By Phyllis Saunders. Illustrated by Hilda T. Miller. 6s. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) ANIMAL CURIOSITIES. By W. S. Berridge. With numerous Photographic Illustrations by the Author. 7s. 6d. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) RHODA HEMSTED, WIDOW. By Mrs. Neville Cubitt. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Bale, Sons & Danielsson.*) THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF WELLS: A Description of its Fabric and a Brief History of the Episcopal See. By the Rev. Percy Dearmer, D.D. With 50 Illustrations. New Edition, Revised. 2s. net. (*G. Bell & Sons.*) LAST POEMS. By A. E. Housman. 5s. net. (*Grant Richards.*) THE CITY OF SILENT MEN. By John A. Moroso. 2s. 6d. net (*Sampson Low.*) STAVROGIN'S CONFESSION AND THE PLAN OF THE LIFE OF A GREAT SINNER. With Introductory and Explanatory Notes. Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf. 6s. net. (*The Hogarth Press.*) JACOB'S ROOM. By Virginia Woolf. 7s. 6d. net. (*The Hogarth Press.*) THAT WOMAN. By Jane Burr. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*) THE TRAGEDY OF MR. PUNCH: A Fantastic Play in Prologue and One Act. By Russell Thorndike and Reginald Arkell. 3s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*) THE VILLAGE GREEN AND OTHER POEMS. By Louis George Fison. 6s. net. (*Elliot Stock.*) AN ALPINE A B C AND LIST OF EASY ROCK PLANTS. Arranged by A. Methuen. 1s. 6d. net. (*Methuen.*) LOLA; or, The Thought and Speech of Animals. By Henry Kinderman. Translated by Agnes Blake. With a Chapter on "Thinking Animals," by Dr. William Mackenzie of Genoa. 6s. net. (*Methuen.*)

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The Vogue for Fur and Velvet



The graceful wrap and dress below is carried out in damask-patterned duvetyn, the cape being collared and hemmed with black fox. The black velvet hat has its charm increased by a clear net veil that terminates just below the nose

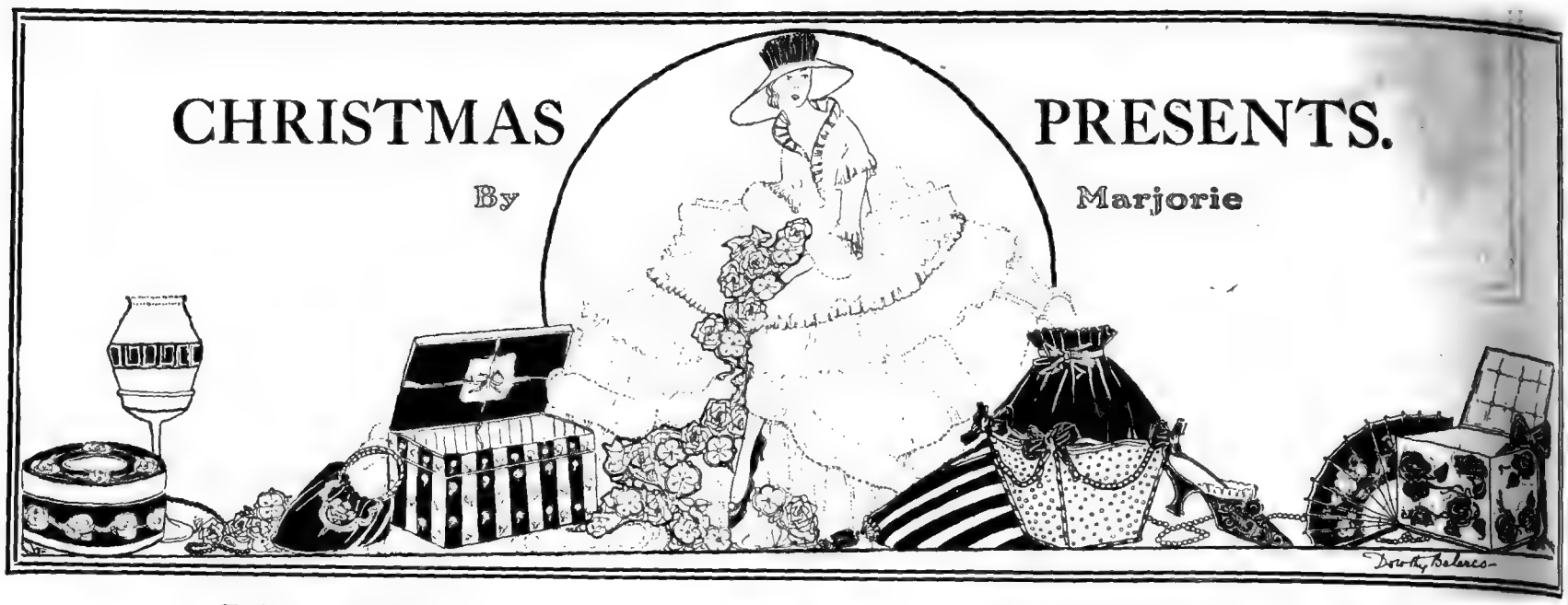




The simple and charming evening gown above is carried out in snow-white crêpe marocain, sapphire and crystal beads being present in the draught-board squares. Important features are the narrow girdle, the longer skirt, and the draped apologies for sleeves

Black velvet enriched with gold embroidery makes the afternoon frock above. A novel idea is introduced in the sleeve, the lower portion of which is of gold tissue and the upper of velvet, the line of union concealed by gold embroidery

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A Happy Christmas

There are a number of unwritten laws which all nice-minded people observe, among them being the sending of Yuletide gifts to their friends at home and abroad. It is a matter for congratulation that it is permissible to give something useful to relatives and intimate friends. It is hoped that the suggestions on these pages will be of assistance in solving the difficult problem of selection, and that all and sundry will spend a happy Christmas and New Year.



A Rope of Sessel Pearls

At 14, New Bond Street, W.

Sessel Pearls

Pearls are exceedingly fashionable; as a matter of fact, women in general do not consider their toilettes complete unless they be wearing a rope or string of the same. Hence it must be noted that the G.H.Q. of the Sessel Pearls is 14, New Bond Street, W., and that a beautiful collar of these pearls with 18-carat gold clasp in case is £4 4s. Each pearl is made by a secret and scientific process which imparts the sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability of the genuine Orient pearl.

Handkerchiefs for Christmas Gifts

P. Steinmann and Co., 185, Piccadilly, W., have an extremely enviable reputation for handkerchiefs; surely there is no more welcome gift. There are real lace handkerchiefs from 5s. to 30s., and embroidered handkerchiefs are six for 21s., 30s., and 35s. Furthermore, the pretty child's frock on this page was sketched in their *salons*—it is of white French muslin trimmed with lace and satin rosebuds; then there are crawlers, tiny shoes, bibs, and cosy white woollen shawls, all destined for the monarch of the nursery. On application the unique pattern book will be sent; it contains embroideries, laces, and materials.



A Party Frock

At P. Steinmann and Co.'s

For a Man to a Woman

How often does a man rack his brains in vain when he wants to give something to a woman that she will really appreciate! Here is the very thing; it is the velvet coatee pictured on this page. It is lined throughout with fur, and can be obtained from Marshall and Snelgrove's, Vere Street and Oxford Street, W., for 8½ guineas; they will be pleased to send it on approval on receipt of the usual trade references. Again, there are cosy quilted dressing jackets with georgette collars for 98s. 6d., and chiffon velveteen smoking or lounge jackets with quilted satin revers, collar, and cuffs for 58s. 6d.; Japanese silk dressing gowns are 45s., and jackets to match 29s.



Fur-lined Velvet Coatee

At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Ever Welcome

Ever welcome is a gift of lingerie from Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W. There is something very attractive about the georgette nightdress, trimmed with lace, on this page. The newest pyjamas are innocent of sleeves; a striking model expressed in washing satin is 59s. 6d.; it is long waisted, the coat effect arranged with pointed vandyks. There are others, with crêpe de chine trousers and zenana coats, which are ever so warm. In striking contrast to these are the pure wool nunsveiling nightdresses for 29s. 6d. Again, there are princess petticoats for the same price; the pointed flounces of the skirt are finished with a satin ribbon ruche, while the corsage is of Japanese silk.



A Lace-trimmed Georgette Nightdress

At Debenham and Freebody's

Artistic Salons

Madame Barri has migrated from Baker Street to 33, New Bond Street, W., where she is showing adorable garments for the little people, as well as the last word in lingerie. Sketched is a chemise and knickers of coral-pink crêpe de chine trimmed with coffee-coloured filet lace and faggot stitching. An accessory that will appeal to the chilly mortal is the reversible woollen jacket for 68s. 6d.; it suggests excellent for a house wrap in rather stouter than they like, lines, finishing in a belt that gives a long-waisted effect. The illustrated catalogue is a fount of inspiration for all engaged in the pleasurable occupation of present-seeking. It will be sent gratis and post free.



Crêpe de chine Chemise and Knickers

At Madame Barri's

Desirable Yuletide Gifts

Elkington and Co., Ltd., of 22, Regent Street, and 73, Cheapside, are showing some very attractive suggestions for Christmas presents, including a very fine selection of enamelled ware in the form of trinket boxes, smelling salts jars, bonbon dishes, etc., and their collection of cut-glass bowls, vases, and dishes is well worthy of inspection. The lustre and finish of this glass are superb and the prices quite moderate. A novelty is a patent teapot, which seems to have satisfactorily overcome the whole trouble of the elimination of tannin, and, moreover, is specially easy to keep perfectly clean. It is £3 10s., or the complete tea service can be supplied at £5 10s. Then there are folding cake stands, a toasting fork for drawing-room use, and some little individual toast racks, holding sufficient toast for one person. Bracelets suitable for quite young children are also available in jade and pearl, onyx and pearl, and other combinations. Mention should also be made of the new copper and nickel cooking utensils. They are used by the big shipping companies and many hotels.

Weatherproofs for Rainy Days

Fortunate indeed will be the woman who is the recipient of the smart raincoat pictured on this page, which was sketched at Elvery's, 31, Conduit Street, W. It is of weatherproof covert coating, with a distinctive overcheck. An excellent raincoat for country wear is the A 1 Stormproof, it is 39s. 6d., while for town wear there are the featherweight roll waterproofs for 3½ and 4 guineas. On receipt of the usual trade references this firm will send a selection on approval; naturally, the height and bust measurements must be stated.



A Practical Raincoat

At J. W. Elvery's

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

Volume XCI. No. 1194. **Price One Shilling.** **Postage** { Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 3d. } **London, December 9, 1922.**



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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA IN "THE EASTERN QUEENS" PAGEANT AT THE YPRES BALL

This ball, held last week at the Albert Hall, was an undoubted success, many prominent members of London society participating in the dancing and in the "Eastern Revels." The feature of the evening was the procession of "Eastern Queens of the Ancient World," and above our artist has drawn the scene after the arrival of the Queen of Sheba (Princess Astafieva) and her attendants (pupils of the Russian School of Dancing) from the great pillared doorway at the back of the hall to her throne in the centre. Amongst the dancers during the evening some fine costumes were seen, those of Lord and Lady Ossulston, as a Courtier and Lady of the Eighteenth Century, being especially attractive

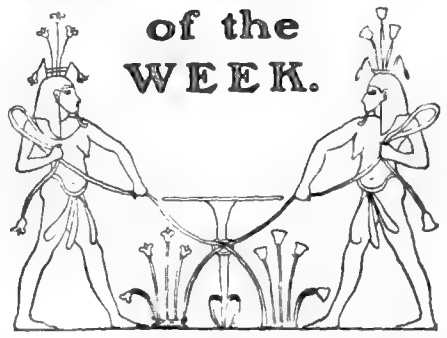
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A RUNNING COMMENTARY of the WEEK.

TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMEN

(Found in the newly-discovered tomb in the Theban Valley of the Kings)



In this dumb place are three gold beds,
With carven heads of god and beast;
And here, made ready for the Dead,
That buried Kings may feast,

Are venison haunches, well-trussed duck . . .
Round jewelled chest, a frieze displays
The hunter and the hunter's luck
In Tutankhamen's days!

So old a world, so young of heart,
Ruled by the god Sun-Disc! Yet they
Cried: What is Wisdom, What is Art?
In Tutankhamen's day.

Still in these treasures, primal grace
Lives on. Times change; yet is it strange
That we, doubt-ridden, too, should trace
Some unity in Change,

Some living Pattern? Hence *our* quest
More ardent grows—while still the prey
Flees from the huntsmen round a chest
Of Tutankhamen's day!

JOYCE COBB.

A Week of Greek Sensations

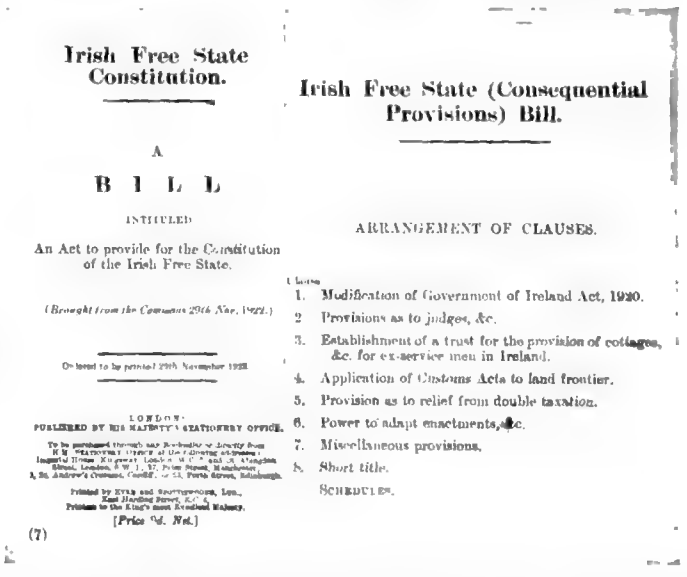
The sensations of the week which has passed have come from the Near East—political on the one hand, and archæological on the other. The troubled kingdom of Greece has been drastically purging itself of various personages which the new revolutionary government considers were to blame for the recent military *débâcle*. The findings of the court have been carried out with swiftness, and before the world could, as it were, draw another breath, a row of well-known Greek statesmen had been shot. Whether guilty or not, it was felt in this country that the new revolutionary bodies were acting with extraordinary severity. The tragedy of Smyrna is, of course, much nearer to Athens than to London, and recent affairs have touched Greek feeling to the quick. It is earnestly to be hoped that political conditions in the Near East will stabilise themselves in as brief a time as possible.

Another Sensation

The other sensation from the Near East has been the finding of a royal tomb in the famous royal burial valley at Thebes, on the west bank of the Nile. The discovery is due to the enlightened energies of Lord Carnarvon, whose recent hurried disappearance from England is now explained. To discover a tomb may mean little in itself, for some, to the great chagrin of the searchers, have proved to be absolutely empty. This one of King Tutankhamen is, however, stuffed with furniture and appointments of the rarest value. It will not be possible to illustrate the actual objects for some little time. In the meanwhile, we give on the opposite and following pages a description of the type of objects found in other royal tombs.

The Free State at Last

The passing of the Irish Free State Act took place very quietly. The Bill went through the Commons with little opposition, and none from the House of Lords. The official bond which now holds Ireland within the British Empire has been spun to an exceeding fineness, the amount of liberty allowed being very great. Dublin was anxious lest some Republican coup might occur at the last moment, but it is to be hoped that the official inauguration of the Irish Free State will pass off without exceptional disturbance.



Irish Free State Constitution.

A

B I L L

INTITULED

An Act to provide for the Constitution of the Irish Free State.

(Brought from the Commons 29th Nov., 1922.)

Ordered to be printed 29th November 1922.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY HIS MAJESTY'S STATIONERY OFFICE.

Printed by EYRE and SPOTTISWOODE, Ltd.,
East Harding Street, E.C. 4,
Printers to the King's most Excellent Majesty.

[Price 4d. Net.]

(7)

Irish Free State (Consequential Provisions) Bill.

ARRANGEMENT OF CLAUSES.

Clause
1. Modification of Government of Ireland Act, 1920.
2. Provisions as to judges, &c.
3. Establishment of a trust for the provision of cottages, &c. for ex-service men in Ireland.
4. Application of Customs Acts to land frontier.
5. Provision as to relief from double taxation.
6. Power to adapt enactments, &c.
7. Miscellaneous provisions.
8. Short title.

SCHEDULES.

The Bill (now an Act) for Setting Up the Irish Free State

It is this Bill which has been the first occupation of Mr. Bonar Law's Cabinet and of the House of Commons. With the Royal Assent, the Free State Constitution Act puts an end to the Provisional Government, and the Free State comes into its full being

The Instant Success of Our Christmas Number

It is very gratifying to be able to record a very warm welcome for THE SPHERE Christmas Number of 1922. "The coloured pictures are invariably pleasing," says *The Observer*. *The Daily Telegraph* comments on "the delightful London scenes, by Eugene Lami." And there we must leave matters. All we would say further is to urge readers to order a copy at once if they do not wish to be met with the aggravating reply, "No more copies to be had, sir."

For Savoy Opera Lovers

The Gilbert and Sullivan acrostic which we recently gave in the pages of THE SPHERE was welcomed by a great number of our readers. A final and somewhat belated solution arrived from Dublin after the competition lists had been closed. Perhaps there may have been difficulty in getting to the post with the letter. One correspondent wishes that we should give additional Gilbert and Sullivan acrostics, and that they should be less easy than the one just given. This wish we are making arrangements to meet.

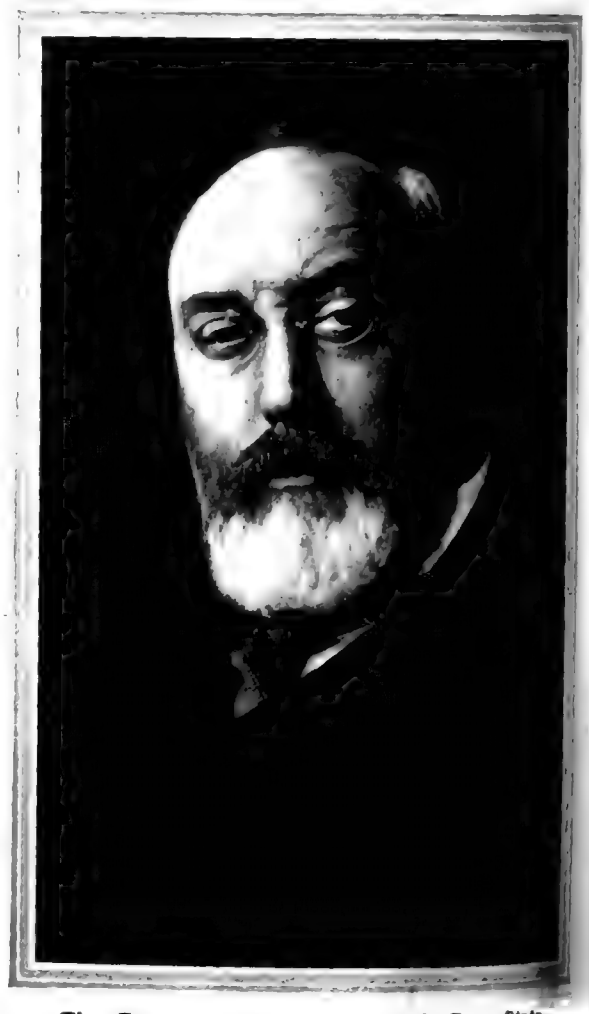
The History of Lincoln's Inn

A reader of THE SPHERE writes: "Regarding your interesting history and illustrations of Lincoln's Inn in last week's SPHERE, may I call your attention to Sir Richard Rainsford, Kt., a portrait of whom hangs in Lincoln's Inn. He was Baron of the Exchequer in 1663, and Lord Chief Justice of King's Bench in 1676. It was he who presided over the trial of the Seven Bishops in the reign of Queen Anne." We would willingly devote further space to Lincoln's Inn did not other matters press for a place in our pages. We can, however, promise two further illustrations of a very interesting character in connection with the Inn. They will appear in a forthcoming issue.



The New Editor of "The Times"

Mr. Geoffrey Dawson, who succeeds Mr. Wickham Steed in the editorship of "The Times." He was editor from 1912–19, and from 1921 has been secretary to the Rhodes Trust. During the years 1901–5 he was private secretary to Lord Milner in South Africa, and from 1905–10 was editor of "The Johannesburg Star".



The First Governor of the Irish Free State

Mr. Timothy Healy, K.C., who has accepted the office of Governor-General of the Free State. He is sixty-seven years of age, and has been a Nationalist M.P. since 1880, even going to prison because of his strong Irish convictions. He retired from the Commons in 1918

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THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY IN EGYPT.



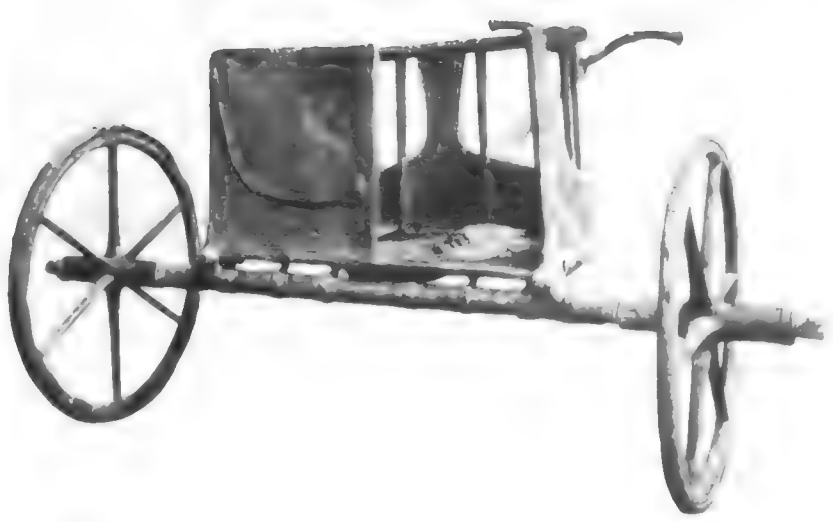
A Chair from an Eighteenth Dynasty Tomb

The chair, which is made of wood, bears the name of Sat-Amen, a granddaughter of Yuaa and Tuaa; the legs are carved out of solid walnut



Painted Wooden Boxes Found in Eighteenth Dynasty Tomb

These little boxes stand on four legs, and each has a cover with a knob, by which it is raised. The decoration, which is painted on the wood, is of simple but striking character. The objects on this page are characteristic of the furniture found in Theban tombs



The Chariot of Yuaa, Found in his Tomb by Mr. Theodore Davis

The chariot is in nearly perfect condition, the wood and leather-work being well preserved. The leather tyres are hardly scratched; the pole is about 6 feet long; the front, back, and sides were filled in with red leather with a green and white appliqué border



The Back of Sat-Amen's Chair

The back is supported by uprights. The legs are united with rounded bars, terminating in bands of gold. The busts are carved and gilt



A Chair Discovered in the Tomb of Yuaa and Tuaa

This is another example of the furniture found in an Egyptian royal tomb It is built in much the form of a modern armchair, the legs resembling what is known as "ball and claw"



The Canopic Jar Box of Yuaa

Yuaa was the maternal grandfather of Akhnaton, father-in-law of Tutankhamen, whose tomb has just been unearthed. Stucco gilt on wood

Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Constable from Mr. Theodore Davis's book, "The Tomb of Iouiya and Touiyou"

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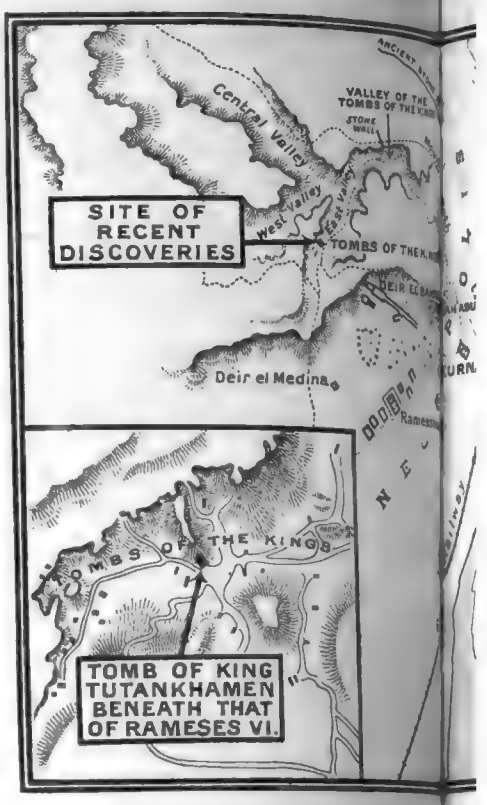
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THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY OF A ROYAL T



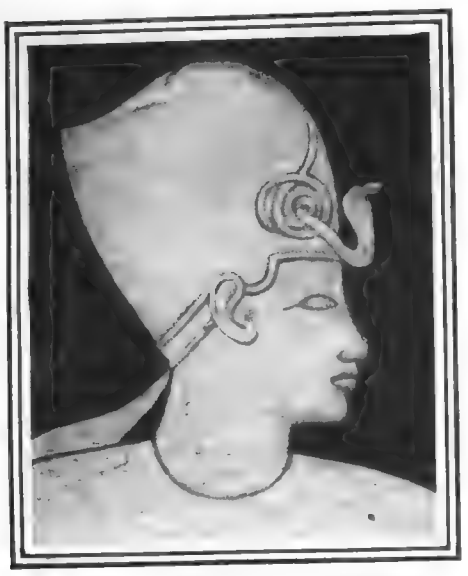
A Panoramic View of the Limestone Cliffs into which the Royal Tombs have been Dug

All the royal tombs at Thebes are to be found within a curving valley, which winds its way through this mass of limestone. Reproduced by permission from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's publication



The Position of the Newly-Discovered

The tomb of King Tutankhamen has been discovered in the curving valley in which are situated the famous tombs of the Kings of Egypt. It lies in what is known as the East Valley, and is reached from the west bank of the Nile by various paths over arid, stony ground. The smaller inset plan shows



A Profile Portrait of Tutankhamen



Cartouches of Tutankhamen

Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Methuen



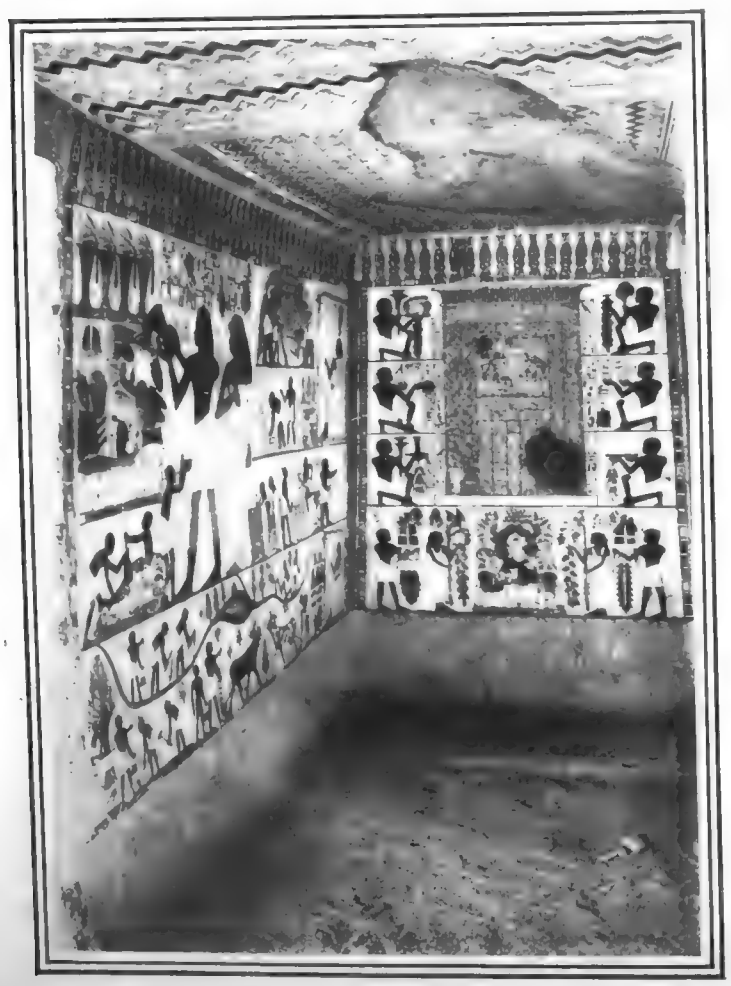
Bertram Park

The Earl of Carnarvon

Who, with Mr. Howard Carter, has been excavating at Thebes

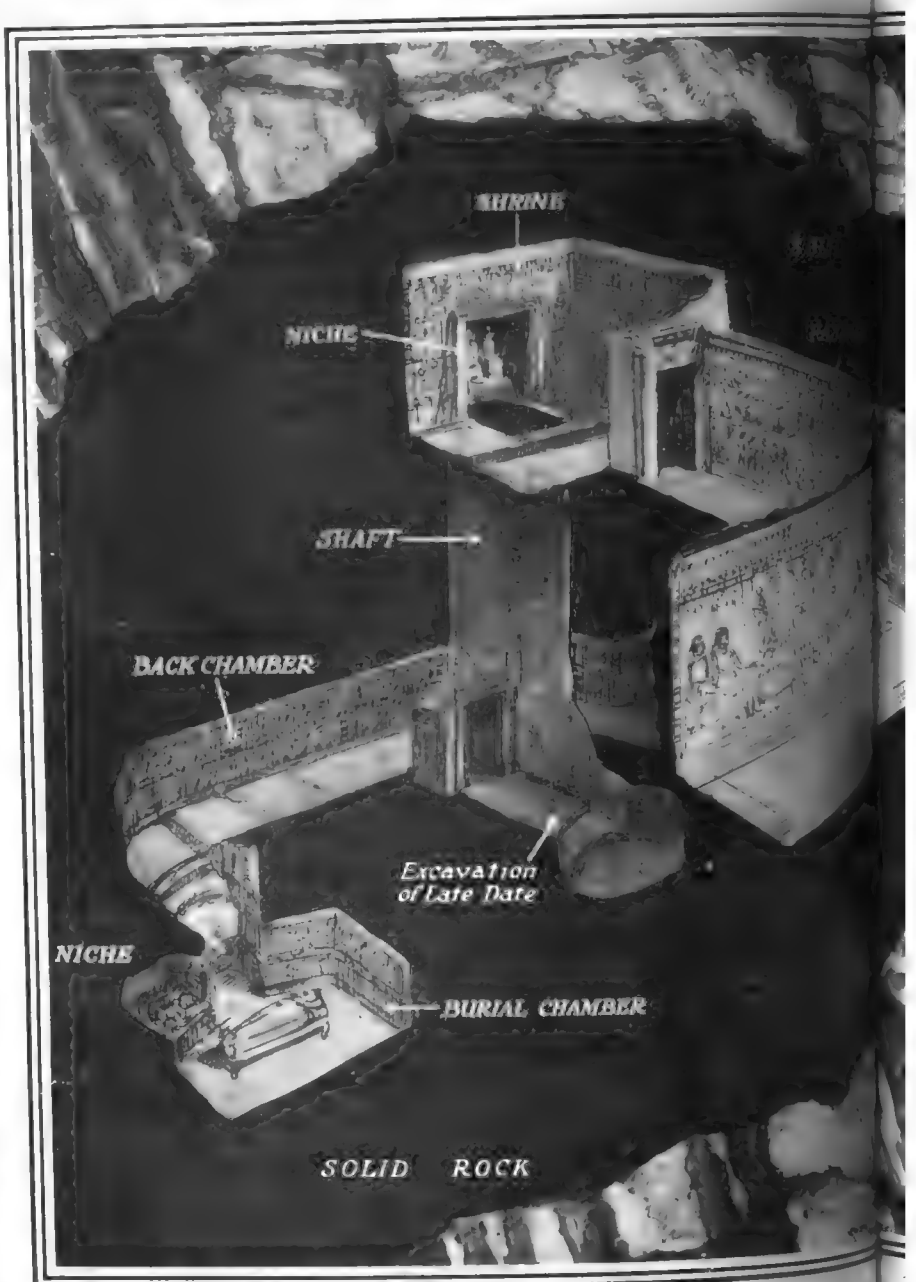
On Thursday of last week an announcement of the highest interest to Egyptologists and students of history generally came by wire from Thebes. The famous necropolis has long been known as the burial place of the Kings of Egypt, and in this district, so alluring to the excavator, have been working the Earl of Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter. Last year their work ceased on the very brink of the discovery now announced.

Immediately underneath the tomb of Rameses VI. Mr. Carter has unearthed the tomb of King Tutankhamen, son-in-law of one of the most interesting figures in history, King Akhnaton, the idealist king who attempted to set up the worship of a single god, taking the form of the sun's disc. He was apparently overcome by the resistance of the old priesthood of Egypt, and the reign of his son-in-law, the king whose tomb has just been unearthed, is notable for a reversion to the old worship of Amen and the disappearance of that of Aton. It was a period when philosophic thought and pictorial art made a first struggle



The Decorated Walls of the Interior of a Tomb at Thebes

This view shows the interior decorations of the tomb of Nakht; the ceiling was covered with brightly-coloured bands, and the walls with scenes of husbandry. Reproduced by permission of the Metropolitan Museum of Art (N.Y.)



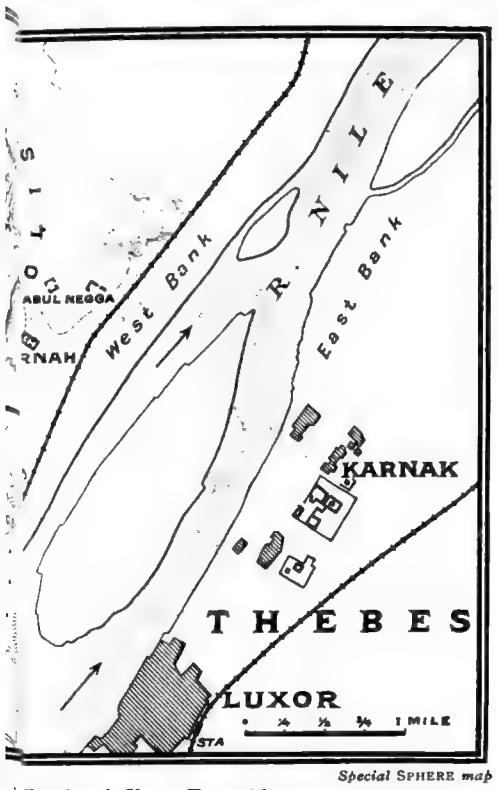
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A Typical Example of an Egyptian Tomb of the

In order that our readers may form some idea of the kind of royal burial tomb which has just been brought to light at Thebes, we here illustrate in section a typical form of [illegible] tomb. It is not a royal tomb, Amenemhet being only an officer of the state of fairly high rank. The tomb occupies a position high up on the face of the hill of Sheikh abd el Gurnah. [illegible] has been specially drawn for "The Sphere" from the material supplied in the volume [illegible]

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TOMB IN EGYPT : *Full of Priceless Objects Illustrating the Period of Tutankhamen, 18th Dynasty, 1353 B.C.*



Special SPHERE *map*

Tomb of King Tutankhamen

The more immediate surroundings of the tomb. It is situated immediately below the tomb of the Pharaoh Rameses VI., the public way to the door of this tomb at first interfering with the work of excavation. Karnak and Luxor are on the opposite bank of the Nile



The Sarcophagus of a King in a Royal Tomb at Thebes

This red granite sarcophagus held the body of King Harmhabi at Thebes. At the corners stand female figures with outstretched arms to which wings are attached. To the left is a view of part of the interior

to express themselves with freedom. The contemporary rock-sculptures and paintings reflect a love of nature nurtured by the one beneficent Sun Disc.

A Jewelled Throne

Lord Carnarvon and Mr. Howard Carter have not had to suffer the disappointment which has fallen to the lot of many an excavator. They have, on the other hand, discovered a tomb choked almost to the ceiling with a mass of gilded furniture, a splendid jewelled throne, and a collection of objects at present unnumbered, the great value of which can only roughly be estimated. Only the outer rooms have at present been inspected; a month or two will have to elapse before it is possible to examine and pack the various objects for transference to Cairo. The discovery will add, it is expected, many pages to the interesting chapter concerning the period of Akhnaton, "the first individual in human history."



Rays from the Beneficent Sun Disc

The above is a good example of the symbol which characterised the new religion introduced by Akhnaton, father-in-law of Tutankhamen. Each ray has at its base a hand



Mr Howard Carter

Who has discovered the tomb of King Tutankhamen at Thebes, after long searching



DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

heban Period—the Tomb of Amenemhet, Shown in Section

ith the tomb, published by the Egypt Exploration Society. It will be noticed that a main passage-ay runs towards the heart of the cliff, and that at right angles to this passage is a hall the alls of which were covered with paintings. The shaft leading to the hypogeum or subterranean hambers is 28 ft. deep. The mummy was placed in three coffins in one of the subterranean partments. This picture has been prepared with the aid of the Egypt Exploration Society



A Typical Entrance to a Royal Tomb

The entrance is at the base of the cliff, and from it passages and chambers were excavated into the mass of the cliff. Reproduced by permission of Messrs. Constable

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British Guns Salute the New Caliph

The guns which were fired by the Turks in honour of the new Caliph were lent for the occasion by the British

DRAMATIC HAPPENINGS IN

A Further Despatch fro



Princess Andrew of Greece

Who left London a few days ago to be present at the trial



Princess Sophia

Youngest daughter of Prince Andrew, born at Corfu in 1914



King George of Greece

Who it is stated made strong representations against the executions

THE NEW CALIPH'S ACCESSION

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL, "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent

On Friday, November 24, the ceremony of the accession of the Caliph elected by the Angora Assembly, Abdul Medjid, the Crown Prince, took place in Stamboul. The very simplicity of the affair was in itself impressive.

In the morning the Caliph left Dolma Bagtche, the Sultan's palace on the Bosphorus, for the old Seraglio, Top Capou Palace, in Stamboul. There he was received by the Angora delegation, who handed him the Nationalist Assembly's letter informing him of his election. Then he was handed the golden key of the three golden caskets containing the sacred relics of the Prophet—the Prophet's mantle, sword, and flag, the green flag of the holy wars, hairs from the Prophet's beard, and ancient Korans.

The Caliph then passed from the palace to an open verandah leading to one of the avenues. Here, standing in front of a golden throne, the historic throne of the Egyptian Caliphs, he joined in a prayer recited by a priest. It was a curious scene. On the Caliph's left were Moslem delegates, priests, officers, etc.; on the right was a crowd of foreigners,



The New Caliph Receiving the

A scene in the Palace of To in front of a golden throne



Turkish Soldiers Marching in Procession Before the Mosque of Fatih the Conqueror

It was here that the religious part of the ceremony was carried out after the reception at the Top Capou Palace



The Greek ex-Ministers Tried by Our

Here are seen Admiral Goudas (ex-Minister of Communications), M. Baltazzis (ex-Minister Foreign Affairs, General Stratigos (former Minister

Google

ATHENS AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

Mr. Scotland Liddell



Princess Cicely

Third daughter, born at Athens in June, 1911



Princess Theodora

Second daughter, who made her debut in London last summer



The Imperial Lancers Awaiting the New Caliph at the Gates of the Palace

Where the Caliph was received by the Angora delegation and informed of his election by the Angora Assembly



Homage of the Various Delegates

Capou. The new Caliph is standing Refet Pasha is seen in the centre

for the greater part women. In front of the Caliph was a battery of cinema machines and cameras.

The Caliph, a white-haired, white-moustached, medium sized man, dressed simply in civilian attire, frock-coat buttoned up to a white collar and white bow tie, with just a glimpse of a green ribbon worn beneath his coat. There was a kindliness in his face, a benevolence—above all, simplicity.

Following the prayer, the Caliph received the homage of the religious, civil, and military representatives present, the priests stooping low before him and kissing his hand before walking away backwards from his presence. Then in an open state carriage, with Refet Pasha, the Nationalist Governor of Constantinople, sitting opposite him, the Caliph drove through the densely-crowded streets of Stamboul to the Mosque of Fatih the Conqueror, where the *namaz*, the Friday mid-day prayer, was said.

During the reading of this prayer a salute of 101 guns was fired in honour of the Caliph's accession. And here is perhaps the most curious thing of all. As far as the British authorities are concerned, the Caliph is in Malta. The new Caliph has not been recognised. But as the Turks had not the guns to fire the salute, the British lent them two!



Prince Andrew of Greece

Who has been sentenced to banishment for life and deprivation of rank for insubordination



of the Greek Revolutionary Government

of Communications), M. Gounaris (ex-Premier), M. Stratos (ex-Minister of the Interior), M. Theotokis (ex-Minister for War), and M. Protopapadakis



A Section of the Crowd in Constantinople Awaiting the New Caliph

Lined up along the route from the palace to the mosque, along which the new Caliph drove in an open carriage

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The Prime Minister with Mr. S. Baldwin (Chancellor of the Exchequer) and Mr. W. C. Bridgeman (Home Secretary)

MR. HOGG (Attorney-General): Let us forget the past and think about the future

Drawings by F. Matania

The leaders of the Opposition—Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, Rt. Hon. H. H. Asquith, and Sir John Simon

Vignettes in the House by a "Sphere" artist during the debate on the Irish Constitution Bill, when it was read a third time and passed without dissent

THE SMITHFIELD CLUB SHOW

At the Agricultural Hall.

This year's Smithfield was no exception to the general rule as regards excellence; entries were in excess of last year's, and quality was well maintained.

The King, who was received by the Prince of Wales, visited the show, and made a tour of the exhibits. His Majesty was particularly fortunate in the matter of prizes, carrying off the championship for Berkshire pigs and Southdown sheep. The winning pen from the Royal flock, typical Southdowns of great quality—level, deep, and with excellent legs of mutton—were not only their breed champions but were also winners of the cup for the best short-woolled sheep in the show and for the Prince of Wales's Perpetual Challenge Cup for the best pen of sheep in the show, the very blue ribbon of the sheep-breeding world.

The King also gained the championship for Highland cattle and for Herefords.

The supreme championship of the show for cattle went to Sir R. Cooper for his wonderful blue-grey cross-bred steer, Blue Bill, who had gained the supreme honours at both Norwich and Birmingham; he weighs 15 cwt. 3 qr. 11 lb., and is very shapely. The King's Challenge Cup for the best beast in the show, bred by the exhibitor, fell to an Aberdeen-Angus steer, Rambler, from the Earl of Durham.

In the Baby Beef section the supreme champion was found in Captain C. T. Scott's Aberdeen-Angus steer, Eric 2nd of Buckland, a beast of rare type and quality, weighing 7 cwt. 1 qr. 11 lb. at the age of eleven months two weeks six days. The cup for the best steer not exceeding two years old fell to the Earl of Durham for his Aberdeen-Angus, while that for the best heifer of that age went to the King for his Hereford, Simplicity 2nd. The silver cup for the best steer or ox went to Sir R. Cooper's cross-bred.



The King at the Islington Show

With his prize-winning Hereford heifer, Clairvoyant Jewel

Lord Leconfield took the championship for Sussex cattle with a typical entry from this famous beef-producing breed.

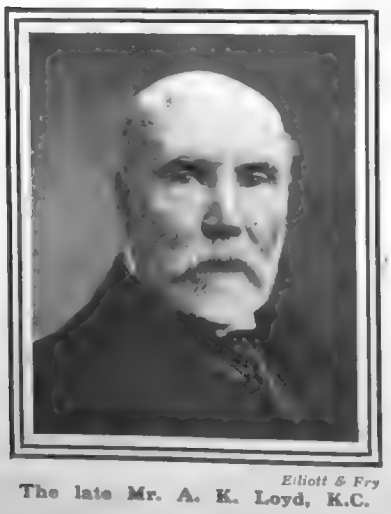
The supreme championship for long-wool sheep went to Messrs. G. and R. Findlater for three black-faced wethers of the mountain breed. The short-wool champions were, as we have said, the King's Southdowns.

While the champion pen of two pigs was Messrs. Chivers and Sons' Middle Whites, the champion single pig was Mr. H. Shaw's Middle White-Berkshire cross-bred.

Large Blacks made a great display, and here Mrs. Lionel de Rothschild won the breed championship with a magnificent couple five months three weeks old, and weighing 5 cwt. 3 qr. 22 lb.

Early maturity was, without doubt, a great feature of the 1922 exhibition

E. W. L.



Elliott & Fry

The late Mr. A. K. Loyd, K.C.

For ten years—from 1895 to 1905—Conservative Member for the Abingdon Division. He was called to the Bar in 1868 and was made a Q.C. in 1894. He was seventy-five years of age



Elliott & Fry

The late Sir Norman Moore, M.D.

The famous physician and medical biographer, who has just died at the age of seventy-five. He was created a baronet in 1919, and throughout his life he remained a total abstainer



Vandyk

The First Headmaster of Stowe

Mr. J. F. Roxburgh, M.A., sixth-form master at Lancing College, who at the age of thirty-four becomes headmaster of the new Stowe School. During the war he served with the Royal Engineers



Elliott & Fry

A New A.R.A.

Mr. Alfred Turner, a sculptor, just elected an Associate. He is forty-eight years of age, and has done much work for various public bodies throughout Great Britain and India

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OLD MASTERS AT AGNEW'S GALLERIES.



Franz Hals's "Portrait of a Man"

This fine example of the work of Franz Hals, the Elder (1580-1666), was painted about 1650. It was painted in the full plenitude of his power, and is a masterly example of free and confident brushwork



Rembrandt's "Titus, the Son of Rembrandt"

Little Titus, the subject of this picture, was born in 1641, and was himself an artist. He died at the early age of twenty-seven. The canvas is signed on the left, "Rembrandt, f. 1655"



Piero di Cosimo's "Madonna and Child"

The loan exhibition of pictures by Old Masters organised by Messrs. Thomas Agnew and Sons at their galleries in Old Bond Street for Lord Haig's fund contains some fine pictures by Rembrandt, Vandyck, Rubens, and other of the famous masters. The pictures we give above are perhaps



Ambrogio de Predis's "Portrait of a Lady"

not very familiar to our readers, being exhibited but rarely in London. The "Madonna and Child," by Piero di Cosimo (1462-1521), is a panel with a romantic background. The "Lady" of de Predis's portrait is said to be Lucrezia Crevelli. The exhibition remains open until the 16th

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Government Buildings

Lent to the Esperantists for their Fourteenth Congress this year. The flag is that of the Esperantists



A Famous Finnish Castle at Olofsborg

A VISIT TO FINLAND.

Notes by a Correspondent Recently Returned from "The Land of a Thousand Lakes"

It was distinctly amusing, when one told one's friends that one intended going to Finland, to note the expressions that came over their faces; some were too polite to express their thoughts in words, but others blurted out at once—"Why Finland?" or, "Isn't that where the Bolsheviks are?" or some such remark. There seemed to be a general impression that Finland is a barbaric country with no settled government, and that one would probably either starve or freeze to death if one didn't get one's throat cut first. This seems to be the experience of others also, for all the books on Finland that I read began in much the same way as above. It seems a pity that complete ignorance of such a progressive country should exist, and I shall be glad if this short account dispels some of it, for I found the country very interesting, the people very amiable, and the life there very pleasant—in August. During the winter, when the whole place is frozen over and the days are as short as the nights are in summer, conditions must be very different, but from what one hears there are plenty of winter sports and entertainments to interest one then.

If one likes the sea, the three or four days' voyage from Hull makes quite a nice trip, about eight or ten hours of this being taken up in passing through the Kiel Canal. A number of people in the ship went ashore while the ship was in one of the locks, with the idea that they were then standing on German soil; but this, I believe, is wrong, as I am told that the canal is now internationalized.

Proceeding up the Baltic, we were continually meeting ships stacked far above the upper deck with timber, this being one of the principal exports from Finland; large quantities of timber are also converted into pulp for paper, and still more is used for fuel, all the locomotives, ships on the lakes, and many industrial works using wood as fuel. Other principal exports are butter and tar, the former apparently becoming "Danish" and the latter "Stockholm" in this country.

Helsingfors—or Helsinki, to give it its Finnish name—is a very bright, clean town, with excellent shops, large buildings, wide streets, and very pleasant gardens; here and there are to be seen small wooden buildings, reminding one that the town is of quite modern growth, where fifty years or so ago was a town of wooden buildings. What I liked especially was the cleanliness and tidiness, not only in Helsingfors, but everywhere I went in the country; as an instance of the cleanliness, we were shown round the bakeries and various factories and departments of "Elanto," the co-operative society of Helsingfors and district, and here were bath-rooms for men and women, where each one, on arrival every morning, has to bath and change into clean clothing provided by the company before commencing work, while a doctor is in attendance to supervise. The air, too, seems exceptionally clear and invigorating, due to a large extent, no doubt, to the use of wood as fuel instead of coal; when travelling by train, it is surprising to find how clean one keeps after being used to journeying around Widnes and Wigan. Fares are very reasonable, and sleeping berths very comfortable and cheap—about 3s. 4d. per night—while third-class passengers can also obtain sleepers, which are just as clean, but not quite so roomy and comfortable as second

(Continued on a later page)



The Market at Viborg

Grouped round the extremely quaint building in the centre of the view



One of the Main Streets

Reminding one of Princes Street; shops one side, gardens the other



A Peaceful Scene

A typical scene on one of Finland's wooded lake islands



The Waterfall at Imatia

The rapids in the foreground, with the State Hotel on the cliff



The Helsingfors Station

Note the two sets of gigantic figures at each side



The Market in Helsingfors

A scene in the square, where various commodities are sold

Below—A Glimpse of the Finnish Capital, Helsingfors, or Helsinki





A View of Lake Saima

A view from the Finlandia Hotel at Pinkaharju

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The "KING'S COUSIN" in AMERICA.

Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten in the United States



Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten at the White House

After calling on the President, Mr. Harding, at Washington. In the picture are also seen Lieutenant F. W. Neilson (U.S. Navy) and Mrs. Neilson



"Lord Louis Mountbatten of London, England"

In this fashion does the American photographer describe this portrait, the most recent one, taken in New York. The Americans are tremendously interested in Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten's tour through the States and their stay at the Pickford-Fairbanks' Californian home. Here, in the absence of the famous owners, they were entertained by Charlie Chaplin, the great film comedian. Lord Louis Mountbatten is invariably referred to by American newspapers as the "King's cousin," and his bride as the "wealthiest girl in England." Lord Louis, it will be remembered, was married earlier this year to Miss Edwina Ashley



With Charlie Chaplin in California

A picture, taken on the lawn of the Beverly Hills Mansion of Miss Mary Pickford and Mr. Douglas Fairbanks, at Hollywood, California. From left to right are: Mr. Charles Chaplin, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Lord Louis Mountbatten, Lady Mountbatten, and Lieutenant F. Neilson (U.S. Navy)



Lady Louis Mountbatten, Formerly Miss Edwina Ashley

Lady Mountbatten is the granddaughter of the late Sir Ernest Cassel, and one of the wealthiest women in England. She is at present in America with her husband, to whom she was married earlier in the year. The visit of these two young people has created the liveliest interest throughout the States

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HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE as a UNIVERSITY COURSE :



The Teaching Kitchen, Where all Students Taking the Course Must Work

Here the students have to use coal, gas, electricity, and oil as fuel. At the farther corner on the right of this picture is the coal range, and on the left are the gas cookers



Students at Lunch in the Refectory

This beautiful room, with French windows on both sides, wi... end, and there is a musicians' gallery at the oppo...



A View in the Quadrangle, showing the Hostel

The outside of the Refectory is seen at the side on the left. The trees belong to the former Blundell House Estate, on which the present College is built





A Portion of the Present Inadequate Library at the College

At present the accommodation here is quite inadequate. A beautiful library will shortly be opened, thanks to the generosity of the Carnegie Trustees and others

The Physiological Lecture

On the left side are seen diagrams dealing with ...

The Household and Social Science Department of King's College for Women (for resident and non-resident students) stands in its own grounds high up on Campden Hill, near Kensington High Street, and is the department of London University which specialises in Domestic Science.

This College is unique in the United Kingdom, the only other analogous one being in Toronto, while there is also one somewhat similar in Otago University, New Zealand. During the past few years the College has received students from nearly every part of the world, including India, Siam, and Japan. The students are keenly interested in games, and they take an important part in the various forms of inter-collegiate athletics.

The degree of B.Sc. in Household and Social Science is obtainable by matriculated students at the end of a three-years course, while for non-matriculated students the College awards a diploma for a similar period of study. In addition, there are several one-year courses held, among which one of special interest is that for trained nurses wishing to qualify as Sister Tutors to teach probationers in hospitals. This course has been arranged at the request of the College of Nursing, and is the only one of its kind in the country. Last session one of the students taking it was sent from South Africa. The hostel kitchen and laundry are staffed with ... students, and are fitted with the latest labour-saving devices.

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KING'S COLLEGE for WOMEN at CAMPDEN HILL.



. King's College for Women

.en by a private donor. The high table is seen at the farther
id. The Refectory seats from 200 to 250 persons



A Corner of the Staff Common Room after Lunch

Here the teaching staff have the opportunity for general intercourse, for reading periodicals, and for passing their leisure time at the College



atre, with a Class in Progress

es, upon which the lecturer is discoursing



The Tennis Court, on the South Side of the College

One end of the Hostel is shown and the south side of the Refectory. At the end of the Refectory the blank wall shows an incomplete portion of the College

'he general style of the ings is attractive, as be seen from the above ures. When com- d, there will be a charm- quadrangle, surrounded different buildings of ng heights. The in- leted portion can also aced from the pictures we reproduce above. Hostel, which forms of the College, is n as Queen Mary's el, by permission of Her sty, who has shown her st by visiting the College vo occasions. The de- ent possesses two auto- ed photographs of the n, graciously presented Her Majesty on the ion of her last visit.



Dr. Janet Lane-Claypon

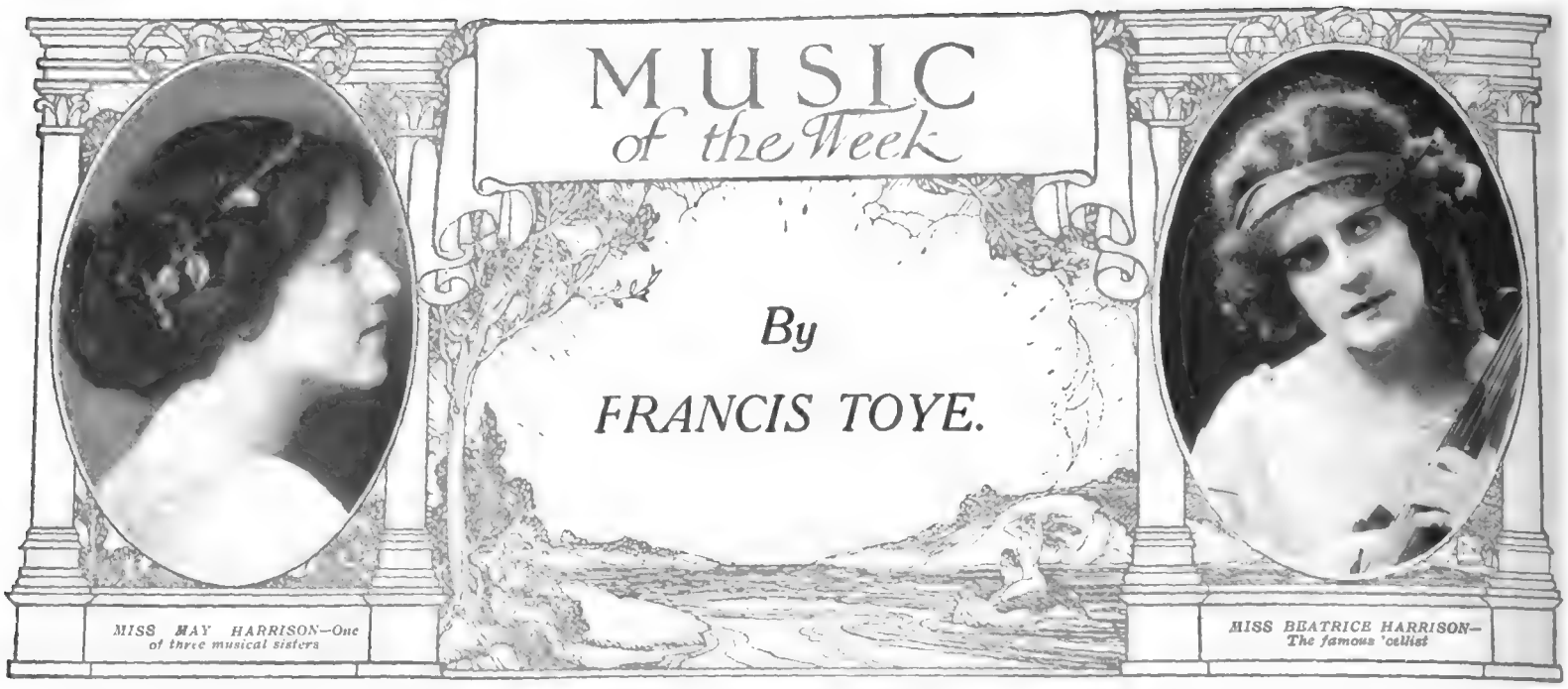
Dean of the department since 1916. J.P. for the Borough of Kensington



A Student's Bed-sitting Room

The fittings in the wall include a deep-hanging cupboard with hat cupboard above, a chest of drawers, and book-shelves. During the day the beds are disguised as sofas with cretonne coverings

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The British Empire Music Festival held at the Albert Hall the other day was a curious affair. To begin with, it was an original idea, to say the least, to employ a military band, however excellent, instead of an orchestra on such an occasion. Then the list of patrons was of so formidable a size as to be positively portentous. Not only the Army Council and the Privy Council, but Members of Parliament and Lord-Lieutenants supplied contingents to swell their exalted ranks. Lastly, the programme itself was remarkable enough to be worth giving in full. Here it is:—

An Overture, "Hiberna," by Adkins; a Chorus from "The Banner of St. George," by Elgar; A Welsh Rhapsody, and an excerpt from "Merrie England," by Edward German; Variations, by O'Donnell; the second movement of the "Sea Symphony," by Vaughan-Williams; Eaton Faning's part-song, "The Song of the Vikings"; songs by James Quilter, Harty, Besly, and Bliss; the Pipers of the Scots Guards; "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the King."

Could anyone imagine a more extraordinary hotch-potch? Arthur Bliss and Vaughan-Williams cheek by jowl with German and Faning! A happy family, in short, of high-brows, medium-brows, and low-brows, to say nothing of the pipers, whom everybody adores whatever kind of brow may be his portion. I will admit frankly that my first impulse was to scoff at the whole thing from a musical point of view. Then I began to wonder whether, after all, there was not something to be said for Miss Parbury's idea.

Destroying the "Watertight Compartment"

Such festivals as these are designed to attract the general public, and the general public does not care a rap for this or that school of music, but only for the kind of music that it likes. Moreover, if the public is prepared to like equally Arthur Bliss and Edward German, why, that is all to the good. It is an advantage, not a disadvantage, to find a little masterpiece of musical adventure like "Madame Noy" in an everyday programme, for it is good that there should be concerts wherein music of every kind figures, wherein it is taken for granted that music is one and indivisible, not an art split up into watertight compartments labelled "modern," "old-fashioned," "serious" or "frivolous," "popular" or "classical." In each of these compartments may be found music of merit, and ninety-nine musicians out of a hundred will agree that music, whatever its nature, that has originality and life is better than music which has neither. What counts in music is genius, and genius expresses itself in different shapes. Who does not prefer Sullivan to . . . well, never mind. Or Offenbach to . . . you know who.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK

December 9.—Queen's Hall, 3.
Robert Newman's Concert. Casals will play.

December 9.—Albert Hall, 8.15.
Vatican Choir. Last appearance in London.

December 11.—Wigmore Hall, 8.15.
Myra Hess's Farewell Recital.

December 15.—Queen's Hall, 8.
German's "Merrie England." By the Westminster Choral Society.

December 16.—Wigmore Hall, 3.
Suggia. 'Cello recital.

The fact is that there are only two kinds of music, the good and the bad—and, it may be added incidentally, nobody has ever been able to discriminate with scientific accuracy between the two. The only man, so far as I know, who ever even tried to do anything of the kind was Herbert Spencer, as Mr. Edwin Evans reminded us the other day. The net result of his efforts was to establish once and for all the superiority of Meyerbeer over Mozart as a composer! Musicians of a dogmatic temperament and propagandist leanings might do worse than remember this fact. So while I do not, personally, admire the taste of the organiser of the British Empire Music Festival, I cannot help feeling that there is more to be said for her programme than is, perhaps, generally admitted. After all, it was at least representative of the various musical tastes of the British Empire. If those tastes are worthy of a festival at all, there is something to be said for satisfying them.

The second concert of the Philharmonic Society was, I am glad to say, a great deal better than the first. To begin with, Albert Coates gave us a really good performance of Strauss's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," which is the music we heard several years ago in the opera, *Ariadne in Naxos*, now arranged for concert performance. Strauss has been wise enough to preserve the small orchestra for which the music was originally written, and he contrives to produce the maximum amount of effect with comparatively small means. Indeed, the scoring is masterly, and has not, I think, been sufficiently praised. He will certainly reap his reward in having dispensed with the huge orchestra that figures in most modern compositions. The economic conditions of the time are such that it becomes increasingly difficult to arrange performances on a mammoth scale. "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme" will meet a real want in the modern musical world.

Pablo Casals and Roland Hayes

Another attractive feature of this concert was Arnold Bax's "Tintagel," a tone poem in the composer's "middle manner." I liked this very much. The music seems to me conceived on broader lines than is usual with Bax, and it is correspondingly effective, the opening being particularly successful. I suppose, however, that to most people the event of the evening was the playing of Pablo Casals. I am sure I cannot blame them. While the creative artists seems to me, as a rule, indubitably more important than the interpretative, Casals is an interpreter of such genius that he stands almost in a class by himself. It is impossible to imagine anything more masterly than his playing of the Lalo Concerto or the Boccherini excerpts.

In quite another field and in quite a different manner Roland Hayes seems to me almost worthy to be put in the same class, at any rate, as Casals. His singing of negro "spirituals," whether grave or gay, is, in its way, as perfect as Casals's playing, and the concert which he gave the other evening gave me more pleasure than that of any singer since Frieda Hempel. The way he gets "inside" these curious, naïve songs must be heard to be believed. He and they in combination provide what is almost a new musical sensation—the very special and peculiar musical sensation that lies underneath the obvious attractiveness of contemporary American dance music, and which is, perhaps, responsible for its popularity. These "spirituals" are the essence, so to speak, purified from all accretions of vulgarity. Sometimes they are extraordinarily sad, at others half-consciously humorous. Always they are full of real musical feeling.



A Village Memorial to the late Gervase Elwes

In the lovely little village of Billing, near Northampton, a bronze portrait of Mr. Gervase Elwes has just been erected in honour of his memory by those who knew and loved him as an ideal squire. All the world knew him, writes a correspondent, through his gift of a beautiful voice, but the people of Billing, where he was born and where his body now rests, loved him for something better—for the wonderful character, which indeed bore out the text that they have chosen for him. They have erected the portrait in "grateful" memory—grateful for the kindness and sympathy he showed them, and above all, grateful for the example of a truly Christian life which he always set them. The portrait, which is a beautiful likeness, is the work of Mr. A. E. Vokes

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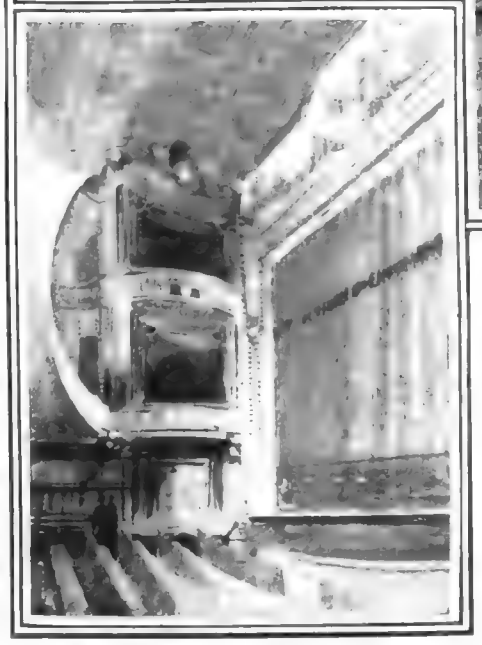
THE PROPOSED NEW THEATRE FOR LONDON.



Copyrighted in the U.S.A. DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

The New Crown Theatre as it will Appear when Completed

The artist shows the Italianate façade of the new building as it will arpear when seen through the pillars of the Old Drury Lane portico. An outstanding feature of the new building is a tall window above the main entrance



The Interior of the Proposed New Theatre

London theatre-goers are soon to have the opportunity of attending a new London theatre, The site which Mr. Laurence Cowen has acquired is opposite Drury Lane Theatre, on the corner of Crown Court, and opposite the old eighteenth century Ionic colonnade—one of the most attractive features of this area. The proposed theatre is to be of medium size but of modern design and construction. The drawing we reproduce above is based on the architect's designs. The site has already been cleared, and it is probable that before very long the theatre will open to the public. Mr. Dennis Eadie, according to a recent statement, has already arranged to take over the new Crown Theatre on a long lease from Mr. Cowen. When the theatre is ready for public representations it will be found that the admission price also covers the cost of the programme and cloak-room fee

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"A Jay at Nest." A Study by T. M. Fowler



"The Jay Alarmed." A Sudy by Stanley Crook

The two nature studies reproduced above are from two correspondents. They both show the shy and wary jay in its natural habitat. It is a handsome bird of a cinnamon colour, with a grey crest streaked with black, and has a black bill and moustache and a white throat. In the cup-shaped nest are deposited eggs of a greenish tint dotted with brown

VILLE D'AVRAY : By E. V. Lucas.

"When next you are in Paris," said a lady at dinner, "be sure to go to Cabussad's. For lunch. It is a delicious place."

"Cabussad's?"

"Yes. At Ville d'Avray. You sit and eat in little arbours."

And at once there floated through my mind a single detached line from one of the *Proverbs in Porcelain*—

"April, Ville d'Avray, Ma'amselle Rose,"

—the only line I have retained.

That was months ago, but I remembered the name, and when I was next in Paris I went out to the little courtly village of white houses and chestnut trees, bent not only on finding Cabussad but also the Corot monument, for it was at Ville d'Avray that Corot lived.

As it happens Corot and Cabussad are side by side, on the edge of a little *étang*: one of the two *étangs*, the other is across the road—which he painted so often, again and again, under different effects of light, all his life. We think of him as searching France for these placid meres in which the sky is reflected so tenderly and with such lustre; but we are wrong. The frugal old boy, frugal only to be kind, knew a trick worth two of that. All he did was to leave his house, a few steps away, and find his subjects here, within reach of lunch at home, and it is fitting that his fine great head, benign and simple, in stone, set up in homage by many friends, should be here, so near the water and the reeds that he loved; fitting also that in the decorative border above it should be a lark singing, for it was as a lark that, in a famous passage, Corot once symbolised himself: a lark singing his little songs in a quiet sky, in contradistinction to some contemporary—I forget which one—who was an eagle.

Whether any other artists are painting at Ville d'Avray to-day I cannot say; but I can say that a certain craftsman in clay has made it his home, for, greatly daring, I pushed open the unlatched door of his studio, under the impression that it might be a house to let (looking over houses to let being an amusement that never palls), and there I found arrays of exquisitely shaped little vases and bowls in soft neutral hues, and two or three potter's wheels, and vessels containing liquid of every colour of the prism. The potter himself was absent, and it was perhaps just as well; for I have no French to explain trespass in. Should by any chance these words meet his eyes, I hope he will accept my apology. "Gently, potter, gently, pray."

A few minutes later I had another thrill—for this was a red-letter day indeed.

It is curious how seldom, even if one haunts rivers for the purpose, one sees a kingfisher: I mean those of us who want to see them, who think there is no bird more exciting. Others see them often. I have a friend who composes music in a little summer house beside the Thames, and one Sunday morning while he was at work a kingfisher flew into the room, and in attempting to fly out again crashed against the window, so that the musician had to nurse it back to consciousness. But I doubt if he really valued the privilege; I think he looked upon it as an interruption. Another friend of mine, a biologist, complained that a kingfisher had swooped on his little pool of goldfish and carried them off. Complained! And the rural postman once told me where young kingfishers could be seen every morning at play—half-a-dozen of them—but his voice had no emotion in it as he told me, and when I went to the place there were none. Nor were there any when, last summer, I walked beside the Test at Stockbridge, or beside the Avon at Fordingbridge, or beside the Itchen at Winchester.

It began to seem, indeed, as if none but the unadventurous deserved the fair, until at Ville d'Avray, as I stood between the two lakes, a kingfisher flashed by, my first for years. Only for a moment. It flashed across my vision for only a moment—burning, beautiful—and was gone; but I had seen it.

And Cabussad's?

Why is it that in France eating in the open air is a refined art, while in England it is almost always repulsive? Think of the horrors of restaurants that cater for day trippers here, and then contrast them with the comfort and distinction of Cabussad's, where one sits and eats in arbours, just as my informant said, and everything is clean and comely and efficient. Although it was as late as October, there was a huge dish of *fraises de bois*, and a huge dish of *framboises*, with concomitant cream, enough for everyone, and the service was quick. And all the while I was eating I was peering through the trees for another glimpse of darting blue, but it never came. Next spring, if I get to Paris, I shall go to Cabussad's again, full of new hope, and I advise every sojourner in the French capital to do the same. Let our motto be—

April, Ville d'Avray. . . .

Yes, and why not Ma'amselle Rose?

In Memoriam : Alice Meynell—November 27, 1922.

The withered leaves are falling from the trees
And the drear wind is sighing through the woods:
Autumn is on the world, and in our hearts
Who now sing naught but sorrow. She is dead.

Call her. Oh, call her, lest she linger yet,
Lonely, about the body where she lived
And turn away to wander with the shades,
Leaving us only Grief, the starry-eyed
Daughter of Nemesis—she may return;
She may return again. Call her. Oh, call. . . .

She does not answer; not to all our calling;
Only the wind, wailing about the woods,
And the loud surges beating on the shore
Echo about the heart's sad vacancies.
She has gone out with the departing Summer,
But with the Spring she will not come again,
And Autumn lingers always in our hearts. . . .

Yet has she left us those sweet words she wove,
Frail, delicate petals of the flowers of thought,
Fragile as gossamer and strong as steel.
These are with us, and when we are dust
And all our songs are silence they will live
And speak to men across ten thousand years.

S. MATTHEWMAN.

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THE FIRST WOMAN TO BE ELECTED A.R.A.

Exclusive "Sphere" Pictures of Mrs. Annie Swynnerton



A Typical Example of Mrs. Swynnerton's Work

Mrs. Annie Swynnerton's work has long been admired by other eminent British artists. Among women she occupies an unique place. She has even been described as "one of the six inspired British painters living." Her work is of the most virile nature, as the few examples we reproduce here go to show



A Corner of Mrs. Swynnerton's Studio in Fulham Road

The new A.R.A. is the first woman since the foundation of the Royal Academy—the first woman, in fact, to be elected, the other two women members, Angelica Kauffman and Mary Moser, being foundation members over a century ago. At Mrs. Swynnerton's studio are many fine examples of her distinguished and virile art



A Study of a Child by Mrs. Swynnerton

Pictures by Mrs. Swynnerton have been exhibited at the Academy for many years. One of them, the "Dryads," was recently presented to the nation by Mr. J. Sargent, R.A.



Pictures taken exclusively for THE SPHERE *by Vandyk*

Mrs. Annie L. Swynnerton, the First Elected Woman A.R.A.

The new A.R.A. is in her seventy-eighth year. She is the daughter of a Manchester lawyer, and learned the technique of her art in Manchester and at Rome

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NEW PICTURES from ANT

Scenes with the Recently-returned Expe



The Meteorological Screen at Waterboat Point

Inside this improvised tower were the barometers, thermometers, wind gauges, etc. Here four-hourly observations were taken, meteorological investigations being one of the main objects of the expedition. The penguins squatted around this erection for hours on end



Uninvited Guests Crowd in their Thousands t

The base of the expedition was made at Waterboat Point, an island co[ast]ward already there; out of this a hut was constructed, together with sacks [of] camp was made thousands of inquisitive penguins cluster[ed] on ev



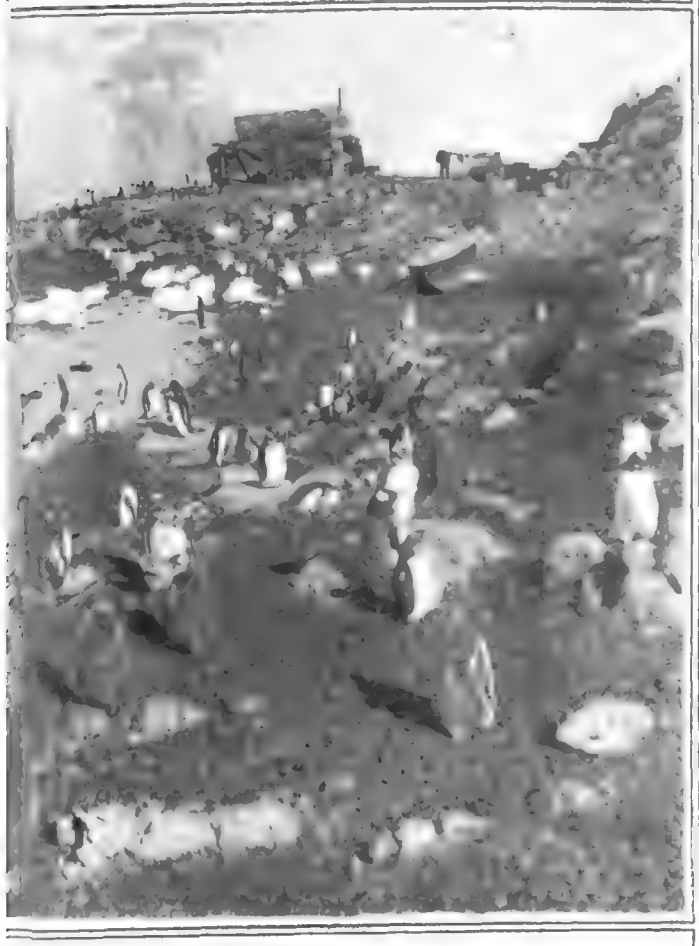
Sunset Off Grahamsland—Two Large Icebergs in the Deep Water just Off the Land

The British Imperial Antarctic Expedition left England in 1920 for a two years' expedition to the Antarctic; the objects of the expedition were to increase the knowledge of the Antarctic and to investigate scientific, meteorological, mineralogical, and other matters—particularly in their relation to the all-important whaling indust[ry]. The pictures we reproduce here were made during the course of the expedition, and are here reproduced for the first time. The picture on the right is particular[ly]

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NTARCTIC WATERS.

...e Expedition to Grahamsland



...ts to See their Rare Visitors

...ford Bay. On arrival at this spot the expedition found an old boat ...eases, and the island was named Waterboat Point. As soon as the ... every rock and stone to gaze on their new visitors



A Fine Study of Antarctic Bird Life -On the Rocks of Grahamsland

We publish here first pictures of the Cope Antarctic Expedition to Grahamsland in the Antarctic. In subsequent issues of "The Sphere" we hope to be able to illustrate the whaling and other activities of the expedition



Penguins Having a Dip in the Sea—"Follow My Leader" for a Bath

...resting: penguins often imitate human beings very closely in some of their habits. The three kinds—Gentu, Adalie, and Ringed penguins—keep strictly to their own ...nations. On meeting another band they salute gravely, for all the world like soldiers passing another column. After becoming soiled in their rookeries the penguins ...ake themselves to the beach for a bath in the sea.

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The CÉSAR FRANCK CENTENARY, 1822—1922.

The Story of the Great Belgian Musician and Composer



César Franck at the Organ. From the Painting by Mlle. J. Rougier



The Monument to César Franck, Unveiled on November 25

In the foyer of the Liège Conservatoire, at which the Queen of the Belgians was present. The monument is of Lens stone, and has been executed by Fix Masseau. The group of three figures is intended to honour and to symbolise the work of the master, and will rest on a pedestal bearing a medallion portrait of the musician and the following inscription: "Homage from the City of Paris, where he lived, to the City of Liège, where he was born. To César Franck, 1822-1922."

CÉSAR FRANCK, 1822-1922

By J. LEWIS MAY

When César Franck—whose centenary celebrations at Liège are to take place on December 10—had completed his celebrated work, *The Beatitudes*, his friends and admirers encouraged him to give a concert of his works and to invite the Minister of Fine Arts, the Directors of the Conservatoire and the Opera, and all the leading musical critics. The preparations were duly made, the evening arrived, but, alas! not so the audience. The Minister and the Directors politely excused themselves, some of the critics just put their heads inside the door and then hurried off to hear some light opera or other that was being given that night for the first time. Two of the guests only stayed to the end: they were Edouard Lalo and Victorian Joncières.
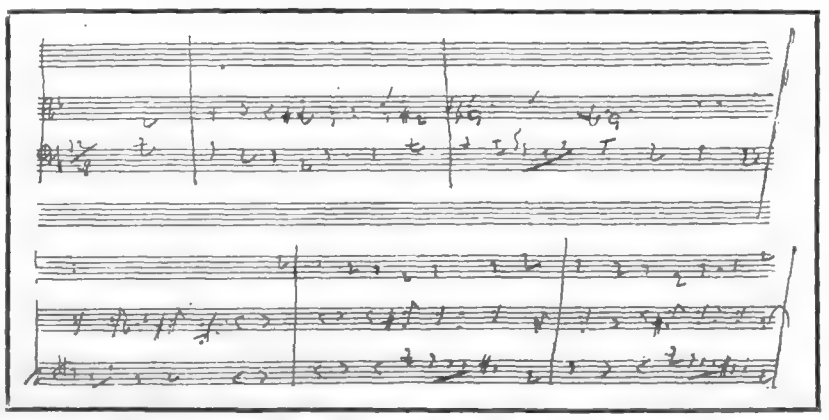
It is strange to think that not much more than thirty years ago the man whose name is now mentioned in the same breath as those of Beethoven and Bach was hardly known outside the circle of a few friends and pupils.

The story of César Franck's life is soon told. He was born at Liège on December 10, 1822. His father, who was a banker, claimed descent from a family of Walloon painters, whose founder, Jérôme Franck, was born in 1540 at Herrenthal, in Campine, and died in 1610 in Paris, where he had been appointed painter to Henri III. Though he beguiled his leisure with music, Franck's father was a practical and somewhat authoritative person, with an eye to business. He early decided that César should take up music as a profession, and he also decided that he should take it up thoroughly and remuneratively. Fortunately, in his son, César, the seed fell upon good ground. When he was only eleven years old the boy went on a concert tour in Belgium under his father's guidance. A year later he had completed his course of study in the music school of his native town, and in 1835 his father, who had conceived great ambitions for him, went and settled in Paris. Two years later César Franck entered the Conservatoire, where he studied composition under Lebourne and the pianoforte under Zimmermann. At the end of his first year he obtained a *proxime accessit* for fugue and a special *prix d'honneur* for the pianoforte. In 1839 he again obtained the first prize for fugue, but, curiously enough, when, in 1841, he entered for the organ playing competition, he who was destined to become the grandest improviser of his day was only given a second place.

After this he set about studying with a view to competing for the Prix de Rome, when his father, who evidently thought it time his son should contribute his quota to the family exchequer, ordered him to leave the Conservatoire and to take up work as a professional pianist. In 1844, however, we find the whole family back again in Paris, and mainly supported by the funds supplied by César and his brother, Joseph, who was also a musician. "It was now," says his principal and most sympathetic biographer, M. Vincent d'Indy, "that there began for him that life of ceaseless and regular toil which he pursued without interruption for half a century, and which only brought him, all too rarely, the occasional diversion of hearing one of his own pieces performed at a concert."

The next event of importance in Franck's career was his marriage, which took place in the very height of the insurrection of '48, the wedding party being obliged to clamber over a barricade on their way to the church. His bride was a young dramatic artist, with whom he had fallen deeply in love, and was the daughter of an actress who had achieved a considerable reputation on the tragic stage—Madame Desmousseaux.

In 1851 César Franck was appointed organist of the church of St. Jean-St. François in the Marais. He next obtained, in 1858, the post of choir-master at the church of Sainte-Clotilde, where he shortly afterwards became organist. It was here in the dim shadows of the organ loft that he spent the best part of his life.



Portion of a Lesson by César Franck on Airs by Alessandro Scarlatti

The old loan register of the Bibliothèque du Conservatoire mentions that from September 1 to November 16, 1885, César Franck borrowed the first three volumes of Alessandro Scarlatti's collected cantatas. "In point of fact," says M. Henri Expert, "the borrower was myself. According to my request the worthy master was putting me through a study of the Italian cantata writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and we had got as far as Scarlatti. In accordance with his usual custom, Franck selected two typical pieces and arranged them for the piano, showing me how he went to work. Here are the two sheets of manuscript. They are of signal artistic and documentary interest, uniting as they do the name of one of the most illustrous masters of our day with that of the most famous musician of the Neapolitan school at the very zenith of his fame"

Early in 1872 César Franck was appointed professor of the organ at the Conservatoire, in succession to Benoist. The next year saw the first performance of the *Redemption*, which was given on Maundy Thursday, under the conductorship of Colonne, and fell comparatively flat. Franck now devoted himself to his oratorio, *The Beatitudes*, which was completed in 1879, having taken the composer ten years to write. Fourteen years later it was given by Colonne, who spared no pains to secure a perfect rendering. Its success was overwhelming. Meanwhile, in 1885, César Franck was rewarded by a grateful country with the cross of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, conferred upon him *à titre de fonctionnaire* as the

(Continued on a later page)

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STAGE FAVOURITES IN COSTUME.

Some Recent Portraits



Portrait specially taken for THE SPHERE *by Vandyk*

The Charming Heroine in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta"

A pleasing record of Miss Isabel Jeans in the costume of Abigail, the rich Jew's daughter, in the Phœnix Society's recent production of "The Jew of Malta"



Mlle. Cécile Sorel in Canada

The well known French actress in the wireless telephone room of one of the big Montreal newspapers during her tour of Canada



Mault & Fox

Miss Marie Ault as the Chinese Amah

As she appears in "East of Suez," at His Majesty's Theatre, in her remarkable impersonation of the Chinese nurse



Hay Wrightson

Two Dancers in a Pretty Pose

M. Hitchins and Mlle. Koroleva, who are performing in Russian and other ballets. They are both accomplished classical dancers

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A LITERARY LETTER : Mr. Strachey's Autobiography.

LONDON, December 4, 1922.

It is not given to everyone to turn a failure into a triumph in the way that Mr. Winston Churchill is able to do. His defeat at Dundee would have been to many people a crushing blow, but Mr. Churchill has gone off to the Continent with the happy knowledge that he will make at least £25,000 out of his next book, and he has already, I believe, become possessed of £15,000 out of that amount. This is his *History of the War*, which is certain to be a very brilliant achievement. He receives £5,000, I understand, from *The Times* for the right to publish some of its material, £6,000 on account of royalties in England, and £4,000 in America. Everyone who is old enough to remember Mr. Churchill's contributions to *The Morning Post* during the South African War will realise what a brilliant journalist he is. Those articles, by the way, were written before *The Morning Post* had remarked, "We have heard of an unsinkable ship, but never before of an unsinkable Cabinet Minister."

Then every reader of Mr. Churchill's *Life* of his father knows that he is not only a brilliant journalist, but a brilliant man of letters. I am told that the American publishers were rather shy of Mr. Churchill's book at first, having been very badly bitten by the very dull volume presented under the name of the ex-Kaiser, but a sight of some of the proofs of the new history of the war has made all who have seen it realise that Mr. Churchill will produce a quite exceptional volume. This will be followed, if he falls under the temptation, by a regular entry into the field of weekly journalism, no less than £10,000 a year having been guaranteed to Mr. Churchill in this field of enterprise.

I have read few autobiographies which have given me more pleasure than Mr. St. Loe Strachey's *The Adventures of Living* (Hodder and Stoughton), yet I recognise that I am face to face with a mentality with which I have nothing in common. Mr. Strachey is the editor and proprietor of *The Spectator*, one of the most successful of weekly newspapers devoted to politics, religion, and literature. With regard to literature, there is no room for cavil. A good review is a good review, whether it appears in one journal or another. A good poem is a good poem, whether we read it in *The Spectator* or in the corner of a country newspaper.

With regard to politics and religion, we are in another field. Curiously enough, Mr. Strachey says very little about religion in his book, yet it is no doubt the religious atmosphere of *The Spectator* that has had a great deal to do with its success. I once made an inquiry in a small village tobacco shop, where the sale of newspapers was an accident. I found that the shopkeeper had subscriptions for five *Spectators* weekly; all of them went to clergymen in neighbouring villages. We claim for the illustrated newspaper that by virtue of its pictures it has a vastly larger sale than any non-pictorial weekly, but in that village no pictorial newspaper did better than *The Spectator*, and it was the clergy of the Church of England that turned the scale.

As to Mr. Strachey's politics—he has one chapter entitled "Five Great Men," and another, "My Political Opinions," and in both those chapters I find myself in an uncongenial atmosphere; Mr. Strachey's great men are not great men to me. I met Mr. Joseph Chamberlain more than once, and also Mr. Roosevelt, two of the great men in question. I have heard them both speak again and again. A third is Lord Cromer, a fourth is Colonel John Hay, a fifth was the Duke of Devonshire, long known as Lord Hartington. Of these the only one of the five who really interested me was John Hay. The others I should describe as second-rate minds, good enough for the political arena, but not great in any sense acknowleged by me, not really influencing the finer spirit of the nation.

It may be my narrow outlook, but if I were to name five great men with whom I have come in contact—and I never saw Tennyson—I should name Robert Browning, George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, John Morley, and A. C. Swinburne. All these five are men who through their pens have most vividly influenced the generation to which Mr. Strachey and I belong, and it seems to me that to another generation they will be counted as great men in a very different sense than the words can be applied to those who have secured Mr. Strachey's homage.

As for Mr. Strachey's political opinions, again it seems to me he is a reactionary of the first order. It is true he calls himself a democrat, but to me the word has no meaning as he applies it. However, that is to enter into a controversy which does not come within the scope of this Letter. I gladly pass to other fields—to an acknowledgment of the enjoyment which Mr. Strachey's autobiography gives me when he treats of his life in London in the nineties—for example, his editorship of *The Cornhill Magazine*, his career as a newspaper man before he entered the office of *The Spectator*.

But it is the first two hundred pages of Mr. Strachey's book which have the greatest charm for me. Assuredly he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth. He knew none of the struggles and anxieties which some of us have faced. He does not even seem to have entered with the growing years into the world of mental anguish, the outcome of clashing creeds, or that greater anguish derived from the cruel blows which fate gives to so many of the children of men. A luxuriant home was his in boyhood, efficient schools, and a college career.

But where Mr. Strachey has assuredly been most fortunate is described in his chapter, "How I came to *The Spectator*." He seems to have walked into the office of that journal



Mr. John St. Loe Strachey

From a painting by W. Rothenstein in "The Adventures of Living," by J. St. Loe Strachey, just published by Hodder and Stoughton

when two men of great talent were conducting it in partnership—Mr. R. H. Hutton and Mr. Meredith Townsend. They started him upon reviews of books, and these proved a great success. They gave him political articles to write, and he wrote them efficiently. Finally they invited him to a desk in their office with a definite salary. Evidently impressed by his abilities, which we all acknowledge to be great, they promised him a half share of the paper on the death of the first of the partners.

Ultimately both partners died, and Mr. Strachey became the sole proprietor. This is a chance which has come, I venture to think, to few men in Fleet Street. I have known a number of men in my time who have risen from the ranks and made a great deal of money, but most of them I think have had to pay dearly for it. Not one of them, I imagine, has been the captain of his soul. Many have suffered bitter humiliations in the journey to success.

Mr. Strachey ran no danger of that. Doubtless from the first he had some independent means. In any case, his lot was cast with two men of the very highest integrity. He might have met proprietors who would have continued to pay him his salary, but would have bequeathed every proprietorial interest in the paper to family connections or people from without. It would not be unreasonable to suppose that *The Spectator* has made an easy income of anything from £10,000 to £30,000 per annum, and Mr. Strachey seems to have fallen upon this diamond mine in a singularly happy manner. Assuredly his lot has been cast in pleasant places. The public have been the gainers, and their greatest gain has been in this charming life story of a successful journalist. Moreover, success has made him more human. It has not dehumanised him as it has done some of the successful men I have known. *The Adventures of Living* is an admirable book.

This is the first opportunity I have had of paying tribute to the memory of my old friend, Mr. Austin Brereton. Fleet Street will miss his kindly, benevolent presence. His temperament was so essentially that of the optimist that it was good to meet him in dull hours. His knowledge on many subjects was enormous, although a certain ponderousness of style made it impossible that as a bookman he should win much enduring fame. I am not quite sure that *The Times* is correct in stating he was for many years Sir Henry Irving's secretary. His friend and mine, L. F. Austin, occupied that position, and when he had gone I rather fancy that Bram Stoker undertook all his duties. But Mr. Brereton was very much in touch with Henry Irving, and hence the laborious biography, which, however, had not the qualities that were calculated to enhance his hero's fame.

Harry Irving often told me that he contemplated a biography of his father, and if he had lived to achieve this it might have been a notable work. I count Mr. Brereton's best book, however, to be his work upon the Adelphi, published by Fisher Unwin, and of which a new edition has been forthcoming since the writer's death. Here his quality of laboriousness was in its right place—but what matters anticipating a later judgment. It is sufficient to recall that the world in which Austin Brereton moved is much the poorer by his death.

Mr. Harold Monroe, of the Poetry Bookshop, has written to me expressing his dissatisfaction at my comment in this Letter upon the little anthology of modern poetry which he has published under the editorship of Mr. W. H. Davies. I complained that it lacked many of what were in my judgment the best modern poems. This can only be a matter of opinion. Personally, I do not think poets are at all the people to make anthologies. The critical judgment of your poet on poetry is rarely very sound, and I would not trust any one of the clever young men who are writing poetry to-day when they express an opinion upon their brother poets. It was always thus. Think of Wordsworth's opinion of Byron, and Byron's opinion of Wordsworth:—

> A frowsy, drowsy poem called the Excursion,
> Writ in a manner which is my aversion.

There are a hundred cases of the judgment of poets on their brother poets in the past which will not stand.

I have just been reading a *Life of a Foxhound*, by John Mills (Philip Allan and Co.). This is the fifth edition of a book first published in 1848, and one of the classics of sport. It contains illustrations by John Leech which in spite of Leech's great reputation look terribly old-fashioned to-day. I should like to see a sixth edition of the book filled with coloured sporting prints. It is worth an even more luxuriant form than Mr. Philip Allan has given to it, for the *Life of a Foxhound* is a very charming book. It will put the uninitiated into possession of an immense number of facts about fox-hunting. It is a breezy, cheerful book, and those who do not know it will do well to make its acquaintance.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE RETURN OF BLUE PETE. By Luke Allan. 7s. 6d. net. (*Herbert Jenkins.*) SUDDEN LOVE. By Benjamin Swift. 7s. 6d. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) MAROONED IN MOSCOW: The Story of an American Woman. By Marguerite E. Harrison. 16s. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) THE LIFE AND TIMES OF AKHNATION PHARAOH OF EGYPT. By Arthur Weigall. New and Revised Edition Illustrated. 12s. 6d. net. (*Thornton Butterworth.*) THE FLEDGLINGS. By Margaret Burne. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Murray.*) ON TIPTOE: A Romance of the Redwoods. By Stewart Edward White. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) THE CATHEDRAL. A Novel by Hugh Walpole. 7s. 6d. net. (*Macmillan.*) LAND OF MOONSHINE. By Mary L. Pendered. 7s. 6d. net. (*Leonard Parsons.*) EVE OF SABA. By Lester Ralph. 7s. 6d. net. (*Leonard Parsons.*) THE DRAMA OF LIFE: A Series of Reflections upon Shakespeare's "Seven Ages." By Thomas H. Mitchell. With Introduction by Mrs. Nellie L. McClung. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) THE NEW TESTAMENT. A New Translation by James Moffatt, together with the Authorised Version. 12s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

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Three Groups of Lacrosse, Rugby, and Hockey Players



The Roedean School Lacrosse Team, which met the Putney Ladies at Brighton

This match, played at Brighton between the Roedean First XII. and the Putney Ladies XII., resulted in a win for the Putney Ladies by 12 to 7



H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The London Scottish Beat Guy's Hospital at Rugby by 16 Points to 3 at Richmond

The names of the members of the two teams are as follows, reading from left to right: E. C. Bonyard, D. Lyall Grant (hon. secretary, London Scottish), C. S. Duncan, A. Grant, P. G. Harvey, J. du Toit, W. Ormond, E. E. Neser, R. K. Macroberts (captain, London Scottish), J. B. Risk, P. K. Albertijn, N. M. Holloway, F. G. Hutchinson, J. W. Finnemore, W. Meissner, V. W. Percival, L. Nurick, C. L. Steyn, T. Eckhoff, W. F. Roper, A. C. Brown, E. F. N. Wallis, J. L. H. Miller, J. G. Van Schalwijk, Sir J. Wood, J. Lindsey, C. S. Clarke, G. Rennil, R. M. Stordy, J. D. Smith, E. T. Scott, J. T. Macpherson, and W. H. Anderson



H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The Oxford University Hockey Team, Beaten by Mid-Surrey by 2 Goals to 1

This match was played at Richmond, and resulted in a victory for the home team. The above group shows the players of both teams who took part. Their names are as follows, from left to right: In front—E. D. Leadnam (Christ Church), Sir J. Hanham (Magdalen), C. A. P. Tuckwell (St. John's), R. C. Allen (Queen's), R. C. Summerhayes (Brasenose), D. H. Scott (Balliol, captain), D. O. Light (Mid-Surrey, captain), C. L. Hawker (Keble), F. E. Bebb (New College), O. L. Bateson (Wadham), G. Macdonald (Balliol), and C. B. Fairbanks (Keble). Standing behind are: G. B. Pittar, H. G. Taylor, T. A. Grose, A. G. Denniston, R. W. Stevenson, E. L. Armitage, D. L. Utting, R. W. Blundell, W. A. Lauderdale, and J. P. Macnamara

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled. Essington later discovers that he is being watched by two men. Essington feigns illness, and whilst being confined to his own room is handed a letter which has just arrived. To his astonishment he finds it is from a lady: he manages to keep the appointment, but has to leave very hurriedly, as he suddenly catches sight of a familiar figure. In order to cover his tracks he joins a band of "minstrels," and as a minstrel catches a train away from the danger area. From the train in place of the minstrel there emerges a magnificent Hindu priest, "Mr. Gottasittah Singh," emissary of the Indian Maharajah who has hired Stopeley Park for his stay in England. His stay here, however, is very short; soon he finds it advisable to appear as a "detective," and leave the Park far behind.*

IV.—A SERIOUS SITUATION.

While Mr. Bumberley's battalions were investing the empty bedroom, its late occupant was in the happiest state of mind imaginable. Never since his adventures begun, he said to himself, had he been better furnished with everything needed for a pleasant holiday. The Maharajah's tweeds and overcoat fitted him quite reasonably well, and in style, material, and colour he could not have selected better himself. His Highness's dressing-case was worthy of his wardrobe. Besides the most complete collection of razors, brushes, manicure implements, and everything else that the skin and hair of man could require, it contained space enough to hold a suit of pyjamas, a few clean collars, and a pair of pumps, and it is hardly necessary to add that its present proprietor had seen that these comforts were included.

Finally, he was now in possession of one of the most delightful means of getting about the country conceivable. His horse was fast and fresh and glossy, beautiful to look at and a good 'un to go, while his dogcart was one of the smartest things ever turned out of Long Acre. By avoiding localities plagued with telegraph and police offices, he counted confidently on at least twenty-four hours' pleasant driving, and then, with any reasonable luck at all, selling horse and trap for a very tidy penny indeed.

"One could have a devil of a time on the price of this gee and trap!" he said to himself. "I think I might almost risk running up to town for a night or two if I get 'em well disposed of."

Musing thus happily, he sped at a terrific pace till he had placed some seven or eight miles betwixt himself and his late quarters, and then, slackening speed, drove quietly between the autumnal hedgerows in perfect sunshiny weather, entirely content with the world. For the moment his only definite object was an inn where he could lunch without fear of interruption. To escape the interruption, he carefully avoided all roads accompanied by telegraph posts, but, unfortunately, this procedure also avoided the inns, and he was just beginning to grow a trifle impatient and exceedingly hungry when he came upon a sleepy-looking railway line, and presently found himself passing a quiet station. The station-master happened to be coming out of his house, and the adventurer stopped and asked if there was such a thing as a village with an inn in the neighbourhood.

"Turn to your left, and you'll find the Sarcombe Arms in 'alf a mile, sir!" cried the station-master. "You can't do better'n that."

"Is there a village there too?" inquired the fashionable-looking gentleman in the dogcart.

"There's Sarcombe, sir, but it ain't much of a place, I'm afraid."

"Has it got a telegraph office by any chance?"

The station-master shook his head.

"No, sir; you won't find that, not for five or six miles, whichever way you drives."

"Sarcombe's the place for me!" said Mr. Essington to himself as he cracked his whip and turned to the left.

When he reached the little village a few minutes later, and saw the ancient thatched houses overshadowed by as ancient trees, with no sign of constable or telegraph posts, or any passing traffic that might bring news of the strange affair at Slopeley Park, his contentment increased; and when he arrived at the inn and discovered it to be no mere ale-house, but a clean, commodious, picturesque little hotel, with a stout and genial landlord and an exceedingly trim maid, he told himself that his luck was really phenomenal. It appeared that the inn was much frequented by artists in summer, but this was the slack season, and the arrival of such a promising-looking customer was evidently regarded as a windfall. His horse and trap were led to the stables by a groom, and he himself conducted by the landlord into an oak-panelled room looking on to an old-fashioned garden.

"Undoubtedly this is one of my luckiest days!" he said to himself as he ordered luncheon.

A little later he had sat down to a meal worthy of the panelling, and, that the liquor might be worthy of the meal, he ordered a pint of champagne, followed it by a couple of glasses of port, and then, finding that they kept quite tolerable cigars, filled up his case. At last, with the smoke of one of the cigars drifting up to the oaken beams above, he looked at his watch, saw that it was now half-past two, and very reluctantly decided that he was still too near the scene of his late exploits to linger longer.

"Bill, please, Jessie!" he said to the trim maid (who by this time was his firm friend and admirer), and in a moment the bill appeared.

"Lunch 4s., champagne 6s., port 3s., cigars 4s., coffee 1s.; total 18s., due to Mr. Johnathan Timms," he read over to himself, "leaving 2s. for Jessie; a devilish well-spent quid."

Thus reflecting, he felt for his hip pocket, in which he always kept his purse, and suddenly his lucky star seemed to give him one last ironic twinkle and then expire. There was certainly no purse in his pocket now. He tried each pocket in turn before the chilly truth came home to him. He had left his purse in the pocket of the Rev. Gottasittah Singh's trousers.

Of loose change in his trousers pockets, he had 5s. in silver and 5d. in coppers; and there before him lay that bill for 18s., besides the charges for stabling and feeding his horse. For a moment he was on the verge of a gaily frank confession of his plight. Jessie was too pretty not to be sympathetic; but what about Mr. Jonathan Timms? Mr. Essington had a shrewd eye for faces, and Mr. Timms's, though genial, had struck him as capable of looking formidable on occasion. He threw a quick side glance at Jessie, and all at once a further observation struck him. She was looking at him a little oddly, and her expression was not nearly so good-humoured when she looked like that.

Mr. Essington grasped the whole position in a flash, but he realised then that the flash had come half a minute too late, and that his unconcealed search of his pockets had been a tactical mistake. A gentleman in his delicate position, with a stolen horse and trap, no card case, no references, and the hue and cry probably already raised within a dozen miles of him, could not afford to do a number of things which a less handicapped gentleman might have done. Would Mr. Timms accept his assurances that he would send him a cheque next day? It was possible but not very probable, and the correct move would have been to say in a casual voice that he would settle when he departed, and then depart quickly and surreptitiously. But since Jessie had seen him search his pockets, the correct move was barred.

These reflections took place while he was apparently studying his bill afresh with an abstracted but perfectly easy air. They actually lasted only a comparatively few seconds, and then he looked up with his pleasantest smile.

"I am afraid, Jessie," said he, "I shall either have to get a cheque cashed or a £25 note changed. However, there is no hurry about it, as I have decided to stay here over night. Can you give me a room?"

There were plenty of rooms, she said; and after smoking for a few moments longer Mr. Essington strolled out to interview his landlord. He found Mr. Timms perfectly polite and very happy to have the distinguished-looking stranger as a guest for as long as he cared to stay, and yet it struck him that there was not quite the same air of open geniality.

"I can see in his eye that Jessie has told him I haven't the money on me!" he said to himself.

He selected his bedroom with some particularity, insisting on a room that faced south-west, and having at last chosen one to his taste, went round to the stables, brought in his dressing-case, and placed it in the favoured apartment. And then for half an hour he smoked in the garden, gossipped with the landlord, and conducted himself exactly as if he had settled down for a week at the Sarcombe Arms.

At half-past three, as the coast seemed clear, he slipped up to his room, took the dressing-case, and bore it softly out into the passage. And there

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he saw a maid, not Jessie, but an older, sharper-looking girl, who stopped short when she spied him and then turned back.

"The devil; they are watching me! And now she has seen me shifting the bag!" he thought, and with a sigh resigned himself to the loss of the Maharajah's dressing-case.

Resourceful as ever, he instantly hailed the maid, informed her that he now thought he would prefer the bedroom next door, and carried the case into it. He then selected and pocketed one or two smaller toilette requisites, came downstairs, and strolled round to the stables, where he explained to the stableman that he was spending a few days in Sarcombe and making it a centre for drives into the surrounding country.

"Just harness my horse now, will you," he added; "I am going to take her out for an hour or so."

The man looked at him doubtfully.

"I'm just going to see Mr. Timms first for a moment, sir," he muttered, and walked off towards the house.

Mr. Essington realised the full seriousness of the situation at last. Suspicion had evidently been aroused, and he was clearly not even going to be permitted to take out his horse and trap till Mr. Timms's mind was at rest. With another sigh he resigned himself to their loss also, and set out on foot down the village street.

"I must get off by train, and as quick as I dashed well can!" he said to himself.

The prospect of a swift and efficient train service from the small station he had passed seemed remote, but the prospects of any other means of escape seemed remoter still, so he turned into the village post office, explained that he expected a friend to come down by rail and join him, and made inquiry as to the trains. His fears were confirmed. There was no other station within many miles, and no train in either direction till 8.12. The railway was an obscure branch line leading eventually to Southbourne, and the 8.12 was an exceedingly slow train getting to that town in the neighbourhood of ten o'clock at night.

Once more the baffled adventurer sighed.

"Of all infernal entertainments this sounds like the damndest!" he said to himself. "But I'm hanged if I see anything else for it."

By this time he had quite resolved not to face Mr. Jonathan Timms again, so he proceeded to make minute inquiry as to localities of interest in the opposite direction from Sarcombe railway station, purchased a few biscuits and a couple of bars of chocolate, and, shaking the dust of the village off his feet, set forth as directed. It was now half-past four, and he proposed to walk for half an hour or so, seek the shelter of a wood till dark, and then eventually turn back and make his way to the station by 8.12.

His purchases had reduced his capital to the sum of five shillings, and as he intended to mitigate the horrors of the journey by travelling first class, his railway ticket would absorb most of that. The thought of the potential wealth latent in the horse and dogcart and the comforts contained in the dressing-case was irritating even to one of his philosophical outlook, while the further reflection that these treasures were in the possession of a tun-bellied, suspicious curmudgeon, within a mile of where he tramped with only five shillings, some chocolate, and a toothbrush in his pockets, was enough (he said to himself) to madden an abbess.

"What the devil can I do on the remains of five bob?" he asked himself. "And where the deuce can I go except back to Southbourne? There's nothing else larger than a village on the dashed line, and I've had enough of villages to last me for the rest of my natural life!"

But Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, even in his most commonplace condition, had never been lacking either in spirit or resource, and in his present super-sprightly state he was as resilient as a tennis ball. He had hardly reached the shelter of a thick plantation a short way off the road, and lighted a cigar to soothe his feelings, when a bright inspiration came to him.

"By jingo, I'll go back to Uncle Theodore's and raise the wind somehow, either by burglary or kindness! Lumsden must know I've gone by this time, and he'll never dream I'd come back again. Yes, that's the game, obviously."

It was in this mood of renewed optimism that he reconnoitered Sarcombe Station about three hours later. Night had fallen some considerable time ago, and under cover of the darkness he approached the platform stealthily and peered into the booking hall. Evidently the hue and cry had not yet reached this remote corner, for apart from its one official, there was not a soul about the station. With his old confidence restored he bought his ticket, and a few minutes later was reclining in a first-class carriage, rattling through the dark from one lonely wayside station to another, and consoling himself with the reflection that the cigar wherewith he beguiled the tedium of the journey represented some small offset to Mr. Timms's scandalous treatment of his distinguished guest.

"After all, I scored a devilish good lunch and four cigars," he reflected. "It's a nuisance losing that nag and dogcart, not to speak of the dressing-case; but, hang it, one must expect the other fellow to run up a few points sometimes!"

PART IV.

I.—THE MAN IN THE BED.

At the last stop before Southbourne Mr. Essington left the train and walked out of the station into the night. It meant a dark tramp of several miles over unknown roads, and he had already had more than enough of this gloomy form of exercise that evening. On the other hand, to walk out of Southbourne Station in the full glare of the lamps, conspicuous among the small party of passengers travelling by that train, seemed too great a risk. So he lit yet another cigar, and stepped out with creditable spirit.

It was overcast and pitchy dark at first, but gradually the stars came out by ones and twos, and then by dozens, and at last by myriads to cheer him. In time the lights of the town appeared too, getting brighter and brighter, till, finally, they shone at the tops of lamp-posts on the very footpath where he walked. Mr. Essington was always exhilarated by the gaiety of streets at night and the cheerful radiance of lamps. Even this suburban road on the far outskirts of the town, with its single string of gas jets, improved his spirits mightily, and he felt sorely tempted to enter further in and roam the streets for awhile. He looked at his watch, and saw that it was nearly midnight already; and so, with a pang of regret, turned off and held on through the outskirts towards the slumbering Manor House.

It was well after twelve o'clock when he stood at last in the shade of the privet hedge beneath his old bedroom window. The starlight was now very bright, and as he looked up at the dark house he could see quite clearly the dull gleam of the glass with a black strip above and below. Evidently it stood a little open top and bottom.

There was just enough breeze to make a rustling and sighing of the branches in the trees close by, and drown a stealthy movement. He found a foothold, swung himself up on to the flat roof, and warily tip-toed to the window.

Bending a little, he peered through the lower opening. It was pitch dark within, and at first silent as the grave. And then with startling distinctness he heard an unmistakeable snore.

"The devil!" said he to himself. "I'm hanged if they haven't given my bedroom to someone else already!"

For a moment he hesitated, and then, very, very carefully, raised the sash. And still the sleeper slept. With equal care he put in his head, his shoulders, and a leg, and a minute later was standing on the bedroom floor; while the sleeper still snored gently.

Growing ever bolder, he guardedly struck a match, lit the gas, and instantly turned it low. And then he looked at the bed. The sleeper was masculine and fair haired, he perceived, but as he lay with his face to the wall and the bed clothes heaped high over his shoulder, this was all he could see.

"Who the deuce can the infernal fellow be?" wondered Mr. Essington.

He next surveyed the room, and his displeasure increased. Though far from being fussy, he had that general regard for tidiness possessed by most men brought up in well-ordered households and disciplined at public schools. But this person in the bed had thrown his clothes promiscuously over a couple of chairs, and some articles even lay on the floor. Mr. Essington decided that he was a very beastly fellow indeed, and next turned his attention to the dressing-table. That was in the same state of litter, and, mixed up with odds and ends, he saw a letter.

"Gad, this ought to show who he is!" he said to himself as he tip-toed across and picked it up.

He looked at the address, and in his amazement nearly exclaimed aloud. For the legend ran, "J. Hayward, Esq., The Manor House, Southbourne." And then, as he began to recognise the writing and perceived, moreover, that the letter had been opened, amazement became indignation, and for a moment emptying the slop-pail over the stranger's head seemed the only adequate procedure.

With commendable restraint, however, he contented himself with carrying the letter to the gas bracket, and there perusing it himself. At the top of the paper was the address—11, Waldock Gardens, Southbourne, and the note itself ran:—

> Dear MR. HAYWARD,—I don't know what you will think of me, but I simply must see you again. I ought to have been franker last time. I didn't tell you the truth, and I have been sorry ever since. Don't please think too badly of me, but do please see me

(Continued on a later page)



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"For a moment he was on the verge of a gaily frank confession of his plight. Jessie was too pretty not to be sympathetic. . . ."

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

By Marjorie





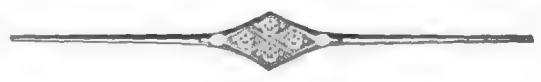
A Hand Mirror
At Mappin and Webb's

Christmas Gifts and Where to Buy them

A little more than a fortnight, and Christmas Eve will be here, and unless we act on the motto, "Shop early," we shall be in a state of mind bordering on frenzy. All and sundry are inclined to look on the selection and purchase of presents as a matter requiring only a few minutes, and quite forget all about the congested state of the shops just before Christmas. Those who are wise will carefully study the pages of THE SPHERE devoted to Christmas presents and where to buy them, writing direct to the shops for their Christmas lists. It is a foregone conclusion that they will prove full of useful suggestions.



A Handsome Brush



A Fashionable Brooch
At Mappin and Webb's

assortment of jewelled headdresses for 29s. 6d., while ostrich-feather waist garnitures are 35s. 9d. As usual, the toy department is a veritable fairyland; a slight idea of the *embarras de choix* of interesting novelties may be gleaned from the Christmas catalogue, sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of this paper.

Presents a Little Different

Many of us wish that our presents shall be out of the rut of the commonplace, and be a lasting link between the donor and ourselves. Therefore a visit must be paid to Mappin and Webb's, Oxford Street, W., as it is a real pleasure to walk round the galleries. It is well to carefully study the illustrated catalogue sent gratis and post free. Pictured on this page is a handsome hand-mirror and brush, which is part of a toilette set that cannot fail to increase the beauty of any toilet table. Also portrayed is a gold wristlet with cabochon sapphire button, which on moiré band is £15. The really unique value is present in the gold and platinum brooch, set with diamonds, for £9. Again, there are pretty gold, enamel, and blister-pearl brooches for £1 15s., while aquamarine *négligées* are from £4.



Gold Wrist Watch
At Mappin and Webb's

Cigarettes as Christmas Gifts

Boxes of cigarettes make excellent gifts for Christmas, and are always appreciated. Cope Brothers and Co. state the Kenilworth crop now being used has developed magnificently in store, and is making some of the finest Virginian cigarettes procurable to-day at any price. Kenilworths are packed in particularly attractive boxes of 50 and 100, and can also be obtained in airtight tins for sending abroad.



A Box of Kenilworth Cigarettes

The Lure of Furs

It is absolutely impossible to visit the International Fur Store, 163, Regent Street, W., without finding just the very fur needed. When the superior quality of the pelt and the unique working of the skins are taken into consideration, the prices are exceptionally moderate. In the domain of stoles there are blue wolf for £8 10s., while it is really wonderful the return one is able to obtain for £20. Sketched on this page is an exceedingly beautiful cross-fox stole; it is one of four perfect specimens that this firm was fortunate enough to obtain earlier in the season. There is a splendid assortment of others not quite so perfectly marked. No one must leave these *salons* without seeing the moleskin and skunk wraps, as they are altogether charming, to say nothing of the white and silver fox stoles.



A Cross Fox Stole
At the International Fur Store

Chocolates for Christmas.

A reputation dating from before Victoria was Queen is worth keeping, and Barker and Dobson of Liverpool and London are adding to their laurels with their delightful Viking chocolates assorted, and their even more luxurious Belmont chocolates. They are not only unusually fine in flavour but are of guaranteed purity. The velvet-smooth chocolate is made from the very finest cocoa beans (the unpleasant husk being altogether discarded) and the purest cocoa butter. The centres are exceptionally delicious, including orange fruit and cream, roasted almond, liquid fruit, marzipan with almonds, nougat strawberry cream, pistachio, etc. A box of Viking or Belmont chocolates will make a memorable Christmas gift.



Barker and Dobson's Chocolates

Gifts for Everyone

A happy hunting ground indeed is Harrods, Knightsbridge, S.W., for all engaged in the quest of Yuletide offerings. Reproduced on this page is a swathed jade-green velvet headdress with a cleverly arranged tissue ornament in front. The floral mount at the waist is destined to be seen in conjunction with it; it is of jade tissue, from which depends a cascade of green beads weighted with pearls. Furthermore, there is a splendid



Waist and Coiffure Ornaments
At Harrods

Gloves that Please

There is a wide field to explore in the matter of gl... at Shoolbred's in the Tottenham Court Road, W. T... toy department is a veritable fairyland where Fath... Christmas rules supreme; he stands at the entra... to the fairy cave surrounded with sacks of toys. T... illustrated catalogue will give a slight idea of the fa... nation of the toys themselves. A whole tome might... written regarding the merits of the gloves, were it n... that they are so well known. Illustrated on this pa... is a pair of doeskin gauntlet gloves trimmed with fur for 21s. Gauntlet gloves of natural coney lined with wool are 31s. 6d., while those of a similar character carried out in tan cape lined with fur, with elastic at wrist, are 29s. 6d. A feature is also made of men's fur and fur-lined gloves for motoring at exceptionally moderate prices; they will be sent on approval.



Fur-trimmed Doeskin Glove
At Shoolbred's

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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DRAWN BY F. MATANIA

THE FASCIST PREMIER OF ITALY ARRIVES IN LONDON

Signor Mussolini's arrival for the Allied Conference on German Reparations was the occasion for a great demonstration on the part of London Fascists and the London Italian colony. These turned up in great force at Victoria, the Fascists forming a guard of honour on the platform. As the Premier arrived, the band of Italians struck up the Fascist song, "Inno di Giovinnezza" (the Song of Youth). It was only with difficulty that Signor Mussolini was able to reach his car. Policemen even then had to ride on the footboards until the car was out of the station

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Somebody's Christmas Dinner—A Prize Turkey at the Olympia Poultry Show



A Wintry Sunshine in Hyde Park—Feeding the Birds by the Serpentine

A RUNNING COMMENTARY on the week's news.

The Kemalist at the Hellespont

The question as to whether the Turk was to regain full control of the Dardanelles waterway, or whether Europe would be able to hold a check upon the Kemalists at this point, occupied the Powers during the week-end, while the man on the spot was enduring as uncomfortable a time as well could be imagined. Our special correspondent's article which will be found upon another page reflects the almost impossible condition of affairs which has slowly developed in Constantinople. Read Mr. Scotland Liddell's narrative and then the following lines from Monday's telegrams. "On the new and urgent request of Ismet Pasha, the Allies have decided on the removal of the Greek Commissary and Consulate at Constantinople, says an Exchange message from the Turkish capital. The Greek authorities will leave this week." One must be at the limit of patience.

The Prime Ministers Meet

Again we have the Allied Premiers in conference, this time inexpensively in London. From a popular point of view the gathering has gained interest owing to the presence of Signor Benito Mussolini, "the great new Italian Premier," as they described him at the meeting of "The Friends of Italy" at the Wigmore Hall on Sunday. The Italian Premier was to have appeared at this interesting gathering, but sent instead an envoy, a real live Fascista, with the hope that "The Friends of Italy" would multiply and prosper and help in the great work of bringing the two countries closer together. Much has been written about this astonishingly interesting character. We note that one writer says that: "Those who prophesied that when the time came for Mussolini to frame a policy he would collapse were sadly disappointed! He was able to frame such a complete programme for the restoration of Italy's industrial prosperity that it has been accepted by statesmen in every constitutional country in the world as an expression of political genius."



Lord Howard de Walden's Daughter Christened

A picture taken outside St. Marylebone Parish Church, where the infant daughter of Lord and Lady Howard de Walden was christened on Saturday last. The parents with their two daughters, and the nurse with the infant daughter



Lassano

The Marriage of the Daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace

This marriage, between Lady Phyllis King and Mr. W. E. D. Allen, took place at St. James's Church, Piccadilly, a few days ago. Here are seen the bride and bridegroom, the best man (Mr. Casson), the train-bearer (Miss Sheila Graham), and the bridesmaids—Lady Diana King, Miss Mildred Egerton, Lady Joan Fitzwilliam, Miss St. Maur, Miss S. Portman, Miss Vaughan Morgan, Miss Ryder, Miss Suzanne Allen, and Miss Emmet

Ilford and Egypt

According to their kind, various sections of the public followed with keen interest either the fate of the ill-starred couple at Ilford or the news from Egypt concerning the discovery of the Great Hoard. The reader will find on other pages a further series of notes and pictures dealing with the painted tombs of Egypt's great ones. Lord Carnarvon's letter to *The Times* adds some human touches to the story that we already know. Few will, perhaps, have realised the amount of work which he and Mr. Carter went through to gain very little—until this last moment when the hoard was discovered. The italics are our own. "Mr. Carter and I therefore decided that we must excavate down to actual bed-rock, and pay no attention to former workers' rubbish. Thus we have, I suppose, moved something like *one hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand tons of rubbish.* In doing so we came across much untouched ground, but beyond the finding of some alabaster vases and a few minor and mostly broken objects, nothing had rewarded our efforts until this autumn." Then came the great discovery. Mr. Carter pushed his head through the aperture. "With the help of a candle he could dimly discern what was inside. A long silence followed, until I said, I fear in somewhat trembling tones, 'Well, what is it?' 'There are some marvellous objects here,' was the welcome reply. Having given up my place to my daughter, I myself went to the hole, and I could with difficulty restrain my excitement. At the first sight, with the inadequate light, all that one could see was

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England in Sight!

Lord Louis Mountbatten and his wife on the deck of the "Olympic" after their 10,000 mile trip through the States



Shooting at Broadlands

With Colonel Wilfred Ashley after their return to Broadlands Park from America

what appeared to be gold bars." We have to wait for a month or so for any further detailed news of the discoveries and the contents of the unopened chamber.

Charm

It is curious to note how certain people attract notice. They charm the public from a distance. The "richest girl in the world" and "the King's cousin" are, of course, in a singularly advantageous position for attracting notice, but they undoubtedly possess something in addition to these obvious advantages. The safe return of the happy pair from their American honeymoon is a matter of pleasant interest to many thousands who have never seen them other than through the pictures in newspapers and on the screen.

A Pleasant Play

In this issue it is our happy task to record the appearance of a very pretty and appetizing play at the St. James's. Mr. Ian Hay has given us something very pleasant to the eye and to the sensibilities in *The Happy Ending*. Admirers of Mr. Robert Loraine will regret that he has to play a part of which Cyrano de Bergerac would not have approved. Up at Hampstead the record run of *Mary Stuart* has come to an end. On Saturday one saw for the last time the distraught queen among her varied suitors. Mr. Harcourt Williams's "Darnley" was a historical vignette which one carries in the memory with the keenest satisfaction. *Mary Stuart* has been a great effort, and has added to the laurels of the Everyman Theatre.



A Group of Dancers at the Three Arts Ball

A group at the "Bohemian Revels" at Covent Garden. Mr. G. M. Clifford as a matador, Miss T. Johns as Poudré, Captain Hugh Jones as Pierrot, the Ranee of Sarawak as a Chinese girl, the Rajah of Sarawak as Pierrot, and Mrs. Hyne Gillan as a Spaniard

Centemporary Architecture

Readers of THE SPHERE should not miss the Exhibition of Contemporary British Architecture now being held at the Royal Institute of British Architects' Galleries in Conduit Street. The exhibition remains open until Friday, the 22nd inst.

Carols

Lovers of carol music should not forget that during Christmas week the Westminster Abbey choir will sing some delightful carols, old and new.



Which is Which?

The two Eton twins—the Hon. E. F. and the Hon. G. R. Ward—sons of the Earl of Dudley, whose identity is a puzzle to the Eton masters

The Word of Praise

The newspapers continue to say nice things about our Christmas Number. Scotland in general and *The Scotsman* in particular have been full of praise during the past few days. It is very gratifying to all concerned in this production. *The Scotsman* says the production is admirably attuned to the spirit of the season from cover to cover.

A New Story

The adventures of Mr. Mandell-Essington are approaching their end—at least for a time—and a new story is in sight. On January 6, 1923, we shall have the pleasure of starting a new serial story by Mr. J. S. Fletcher. Those who remember his *Heaven Kissed Hill* will look forward to some good reading for January and the two succeeding months.

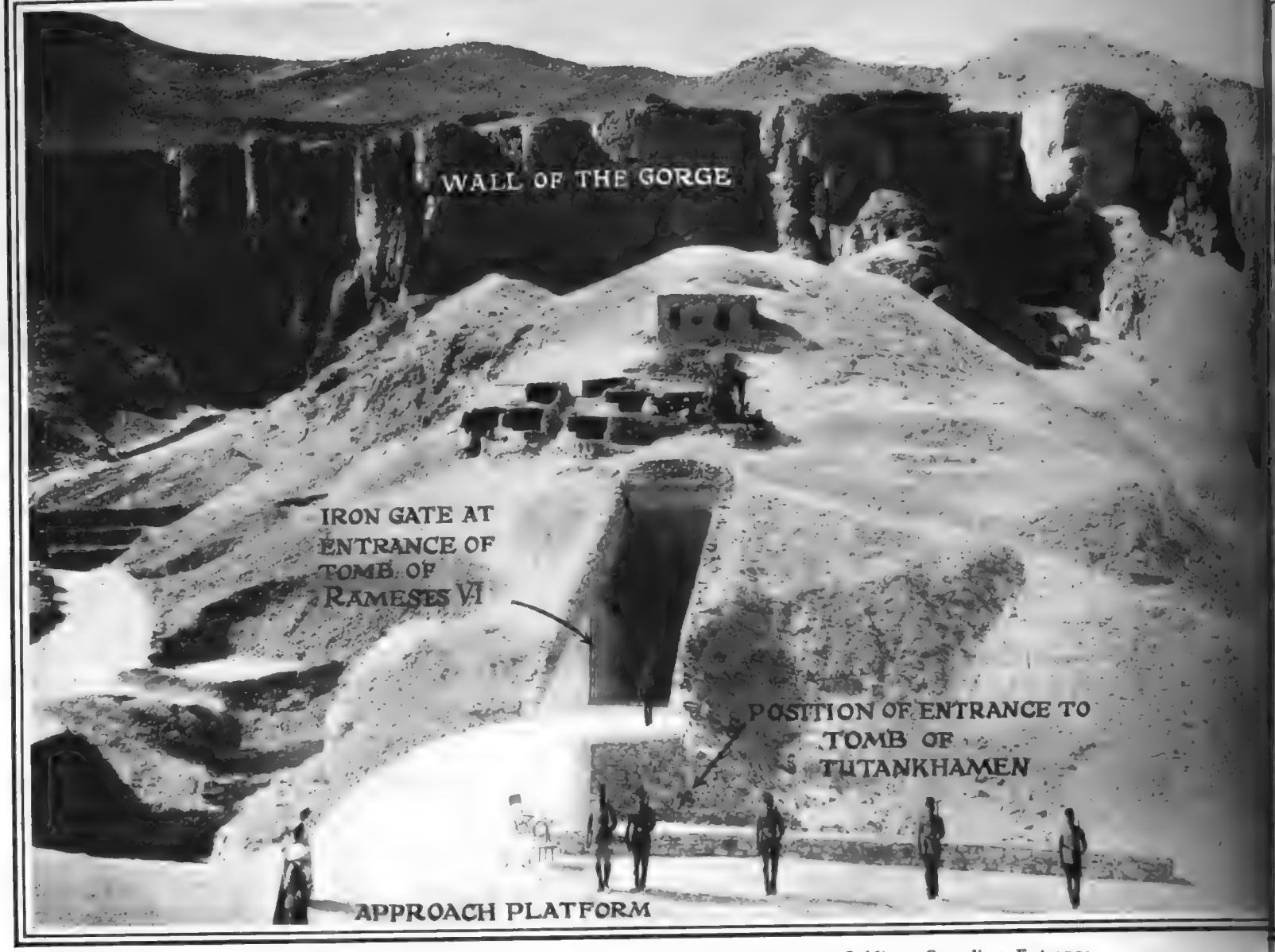


At the Old Berkeley Meet

The youngest member of the hunt, Miss Doreen Pamela Benson (mounted), Miss Hester McDowell, and Mrs. F. J. Benson at the meet at Latimer, Bucks

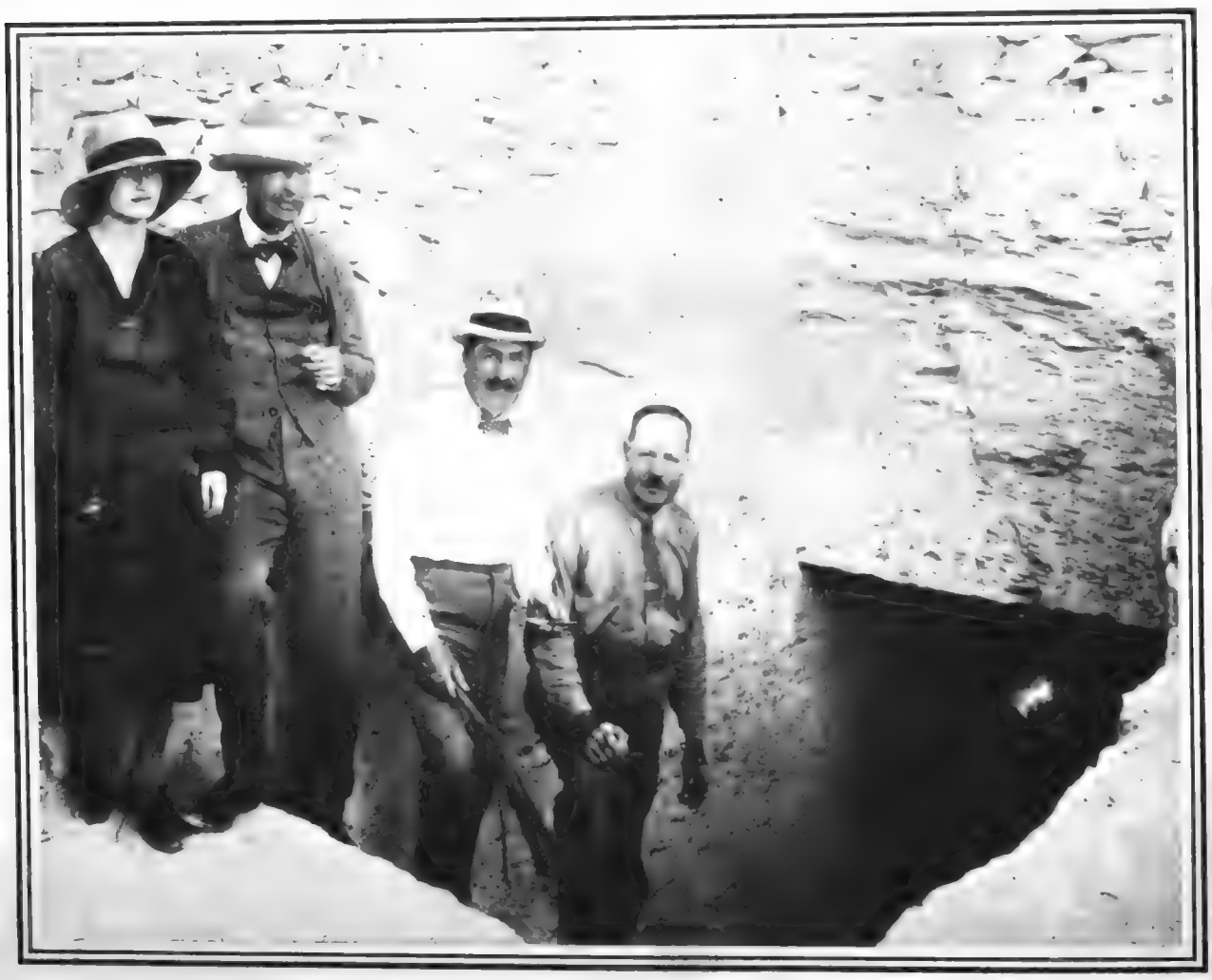
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THE EGYPTIAN HOARD DISCOVERY : First Photog



The Entrance to the Tomb of Tutankhamen, with Egyptian Soldiers Guarding Entrance

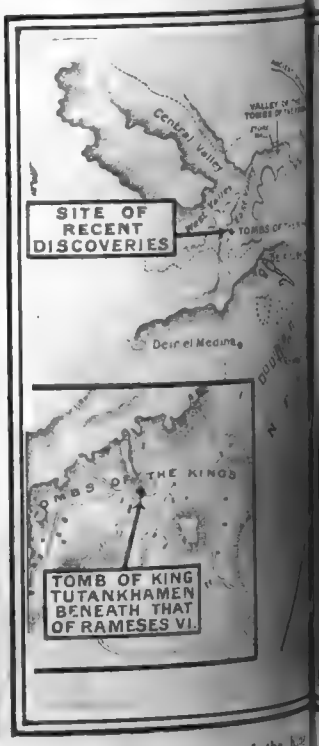
This view, which has just arrived from Egypt, shows the position of the tomb of Tutankhamen in Biban-el-Muluk, or necropolis of the Kings of Egypt, at Thebes. In front of the spectator is the approach platform, reached by the pathways in the eastern valley. This platform faces the entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI. Looking over the little parapet one now sees in the hollow space below the entrance slope to the Tutankhamen tomb. The entrance to the tomb of Rameses VI. is guarded by an iron gateway. A similar one is being prepared in Cairo and will shortly be placed in front of the entrance to the newly-discovered tomb



The Discoverers of the Tomb Standing on the Steps Leading to the Doorway

This picture, taken a few hours after Lord Carnarvon's arrival from England, shows him standing by the side of his daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, while lower down the steps are Mr. Howard Carter (fly-whisk in hand) and Mr. B. Callender, his principal assistant, whose researches are at last handsomely rewarded

We are now able to pu... our readers a set of ... which has just arrived ... Thebes showing the actual ... to the tomb of Tutankhamen, ... portraits of Lord Carnarvon a... assistants, photographed on th... of the opening of the tomb. ... most curious fact in connection ... these pictures is the extra... proximity of the newly-dis...

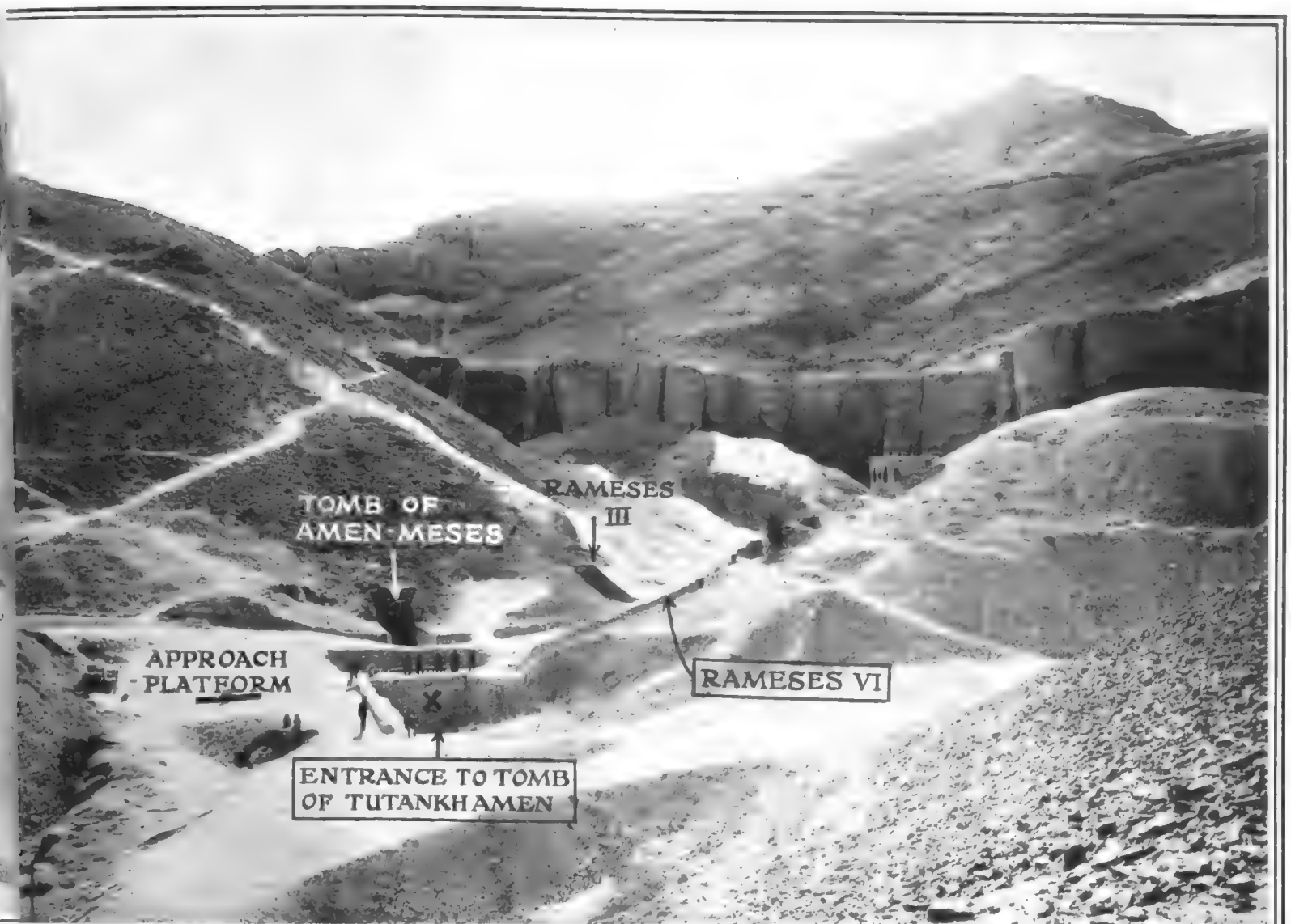


The Tombs of the K...

A plan of the valley, showing the ... the Tutankhamen tomb in relation ... Rameses VI. (No. 9)

Google

Photographs from the TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN.



The Position of the Tutankhamen Tomb among those of his Royal Compeers in the Theban Necropolis

...iew is taken at right angles to the one shown on the left. In the middle distance is the same approach platform, and on the right is seen the approach to the tomb of ...es VI. (seen in profile). The spectator is in this case looking down the approach to the newly-discovered tomb. At the top of the slope can be seen two Egyptian soldiers, who ...arding the gateway to the great storehouse. In the background the entrances to two other tombs are visible—namely, No. 10, the tomb of Amen-meses, a claimant to the throne at the end of the 19th dynasty; a little to the right is the tomb of Rameses III., the chambers of which are full of very varied sculpture

...E are not... our rea... whic... to that of Rameses VI., which fact, almost above the Tutankh- tomb.

...hebes shows... ...will be noted from the various ...es given that many a trained ...ator must have been working ...a short distance of this entrance, ...ssibly the very proximity of the ...s tomb (No. 9) reserved it as a ...d for the persistence of Lord Car- ...n and the *flair* of Mr. Carter.



Guarding the Entrance

...e discovery of the hoard it has been ...y to guard the entrance day and ...t, for the district is a lonely one



An Interesting Moment at the Tomb's Entrance

Mr. Howard Carter handing to his assistant, Mr. B. Callender, the key to the door which has been placed on the exterior of the newly-discovered tomb



Looking Down the Steps Leading to the Actual Entrance

With the antiquity registration mark with the Carnarvon monogram. Built up above is a rough stone parapetting and a portion of the iron grill guarding the entrance to the Rameses tomb

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"PATIENCE" IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

By Scotland Liddell.

The Latest Dispatch from "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in Constantinople



The British Naval Lighter, "K 30," which Took the Refugees out to the Ships in the Bosphorus

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 6.

I am rather concerned about Lord Curzon and General Harington. According to the British press, they are suffering from a disease called "Patience." "The patience of Lord Curzon," I read, and again, "The patience of General Harington." Hardly a mention of their names without a reference to the malady. British policy has doubtless been infected, too — and that explains its weakness here to-day.

In weeks gone by a host of us have ailed in sympathy, but most of us have not a single germ of patience left.

Let us consider certain facts.

According to Angora's press, we British are "the enemy." As far as we are not at peace with Turkey, this is true. By "Turkey," I mean old Turks and Kemalists alike—a dog remains a dog no matter what its breed, no matter what the colour of its coat.

Secondly, pending the signing of a reasonable peace, Constantinople is occupied by Allied troops. We are the guardians of the house—caretakers who keep the place from falling down while waiting would-be tenants' references.

Perfectly clear. . . . The terms of residence have not yet been signed; the references have not yet been verified. Obviously, the new folks cannot yet come in.

What do we do? . . . Not I, of course, nor all of us who have got rid of Patience long ago—but WE, the guardians of the house. . . . We open our door to Mr. Kemalist. We do not open it widely—just a wee bit ajar. The Kemalist shoves in his foot—we cannot close the door again! And then he wedges his big shoulder in! And, finally, he squeezes slowly through! And thus he finds himself inside the house. Eviction orders are in vain. . . .

The Kemalist grins unholily.

"I'm the new boss," he says. "I'm going to run this place."

"Right oh!" says the caretaker-in-chief, with stabs of Patience running through his frame.

"And the native servants," says the Kemalist. "I'm going to run them too."

Native Servants

"Native servants?" says the caretaker-in-chief. "You mean, of course, the Turkish police?"

The Kemalist nods smilingly.

"Well—er—" says the caretaker-in-chief—but a sudden spasm of Patience shatters him. "Right oh!" he says.

Then, later:

"I want to have a look at everything you write," says Mr. Kemalist. "You have a little press in here. I must control it too."

"Well——" says the caretaker-in-chief, trembling with Patience now, "Right oh! . . . Er—by the way—here is a little item which I would like to print. We call it a 'G.H.Q. Official Communiqué' . . . ."

"Allah!" cries the Kemalist, and then he says the Turkish word for "Damn" and tears the little note in fifty-two.

"Er——" says the caretaker-in-chief, "Right oh!"

Just then the two bosses of the native servants come along. To be absolutely exact, their names are Colonel Ballard and Colonel Maxwell. A hard job they had, but excellently they had kept the house in order and at peace. Rightly, they resign. . . . Colonel Ballard says that he is going to another house across the Orient Express and English Channel.

"You've got to get my permission first," says Mr. Kemalist.

"M'm!" says the Colonel in Turkish . . . .

The House Too Full

"Look here," says the Kemalist to the caretaker-in-chief. "This house is far too full!"

"We've given refuge to a lot of homeless folk—poor devils of Russians, you know, and Greeks and Armenians——"

"Greeks and Armenians!" shrieks the Kemalist. "You surely don't think the house is big enough for them and me as well?"

"Don't worry!" say the Greeks. "We're leaving you! We're off!"

"You've got to get my permission first!" says Mr. Kemalist.

"M'm!" say the Greeks in their best French . . .

"Er——" says the caretaker-in-chief—but Patience prostrates him. The patience of Job of, possibly, a very awkward job . . .

. . . . .

Revenons à nos Kemalists.

Let us return also to certain words of explanation . . .

Briefly, the Kemalists in Constantinople now control the press. The first thing that they censored was a G.H.Q. communiqué . . . The Kemalists now control the Turkish police. When under Allied control, the latter regularly received their pay. The Kemalists have reduced their wages by twenty-five per cent. One might also say by a hundred per cent., as they have not thus far had any pay at all under the new *régime!*

Even a policeman in Constantinople must live. Therefore——

A Policeman's Pay

In Pera two neighbouring shops are occupied by Greeks. Into the first of these some Turkish policemen went.

"You are a Greek?" they demanded of the proprietor.

"Yes."

"Then what the devil do you mean by having a Turkish flag displayed outside your premises!"

No answer. . . . . Fifty lira fine!

Into the second shop the policeman went.

"You are a Greek?" they demanded.

"Yes."

"Then why the devil don't you fly a Turkish flag in honour of the Kemalists!"

No answer. . . . . Fifty lira fine!

Thank God and Allah for a sense of humour in these times!

. . . .

Allies!

Meanwhile, Constantinople is emptying. Not that one notices this unless one goes down to the wharves. Here refugees in thousands can be seen each day. Some of them are local folk; some the wretched people who have come from Anatolia. Greek churches have been housing these latter refugees. Great Britain has been feeding them. Our British lighters have been taking them out to the ships that anchor in the Bosphorus. Our British men have helped them with their clumsy loads. Our British police have guarded them and to these terror-stricken folk the British military police have been as gods.

"I say!" I asked a British soldier who had been helping some old folks to get on board, "Who's doing all this?"

"We are, sir!" he answered.

"We?" I asked. "The Allies?"

"Yes, sir, the Allies," he answered. "England, Scotland, Wales, and Ireland, sir—the only Allies that folks care about!"

Well, then I went home, and I thought to myself, "It's a pity about that Patience malady." . . . But my heart was singing a glad song of praise, the last line of which was something about "Britons never, never, never will be knaves! . . ."



A British Military Policeman Acting as Guard for the Wretched Folk on the Galata Wharf



Exclusive SPHERE *pictures*

Greek Refugees from Anatolia in Constantinople

Outside the British base naval headquarters in Galata, Constantinople. These people were housed in Greek churches while waiting for a ship to take them off to Greece or the Greek Islands

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THE LONDON CONFERENCE ON REPARATIONS.



Mussolini as a Swimmer

In the garb which he considers shows man at his best



The Staffs of the Allied Premiers at the Conference on German Reparations



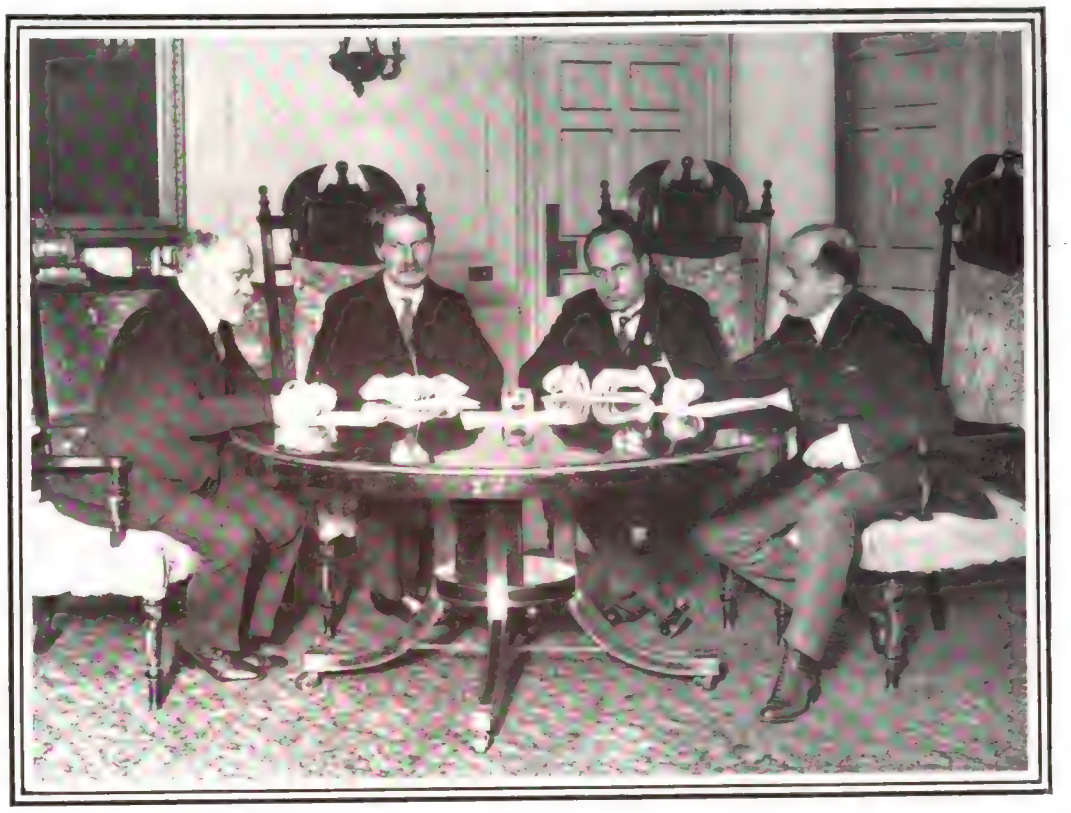
Mussolini as a Fencer

Taking exercise before beginning his Ministerial duties



The Belgian Premier and Minister of Finance

M. Theunis and M. Jasper at the Ritz Hotel on their arrival in London



The Four Premiers in Conference at No. 10, Downing Street

M. Poincaré (France), Mr. Bonar Law, Signor Mussolini (Italy), and M. Theunis (Belgium) at the opening of the London Conference on German Reparations and Inter-Allied Debts. The Conference opened at Downing Street on Saturday, when morning and afternoon sessions were held. On Sunday morning the three visiting Premiers were received by the King at Buckingham Palace, and the Conference consequently did not resume until Sunday afternoon



Signor Mussolini at Claridge's Hotel

With two of his Fascisti, visitors in their black shirts. He arrived in London late on Friday night, and proceeded straight to Claridge's, where he occupied a suite



The London "Black Shirts" Welcome the Italian Premier

A group of London Fascisti, wearing their black shirts and war decorations, on the platform at Victoria Station to greet the Fascist Premier of Italy

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The Production of a Villon Play at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, "If I Were King," by the Stock Exchange Society

François Villon, poet and thief, lived about the middle of the fifteenth century. Among his deeds (or misdeeds) was the slaying of a priest in a tavern brawl. Little is known of the man's life, and nothing of his death.

Some writers have seen only the bad side of Villon's character, notably Stevenson, who painted it in a spirit of dislike and contempt. Others have been kindlier, more humane. Among them is Justin Huntly McCarthy, who in his play, *If I were King*, makes the poet a fine figure—devil-may-care, resourceful, lovable.

The play, first produced about twenty years ago, has seldom been revived, even by amateurs. Several reasons may be assigned for this—the need for a large stage, the labour entailed, and the cost. The latest revival is at the hands of the Stock Exchange Dramatic and Operatic Society, who are giving the play during the present week at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith.

The acting was good, and sometimes touched a high level. Mr. Godfrey Washington gave an excellent performance as François Villon (the late Sir George Alexander's part), while Miss Valerie Reynell Taylor as the heroine was all that could be desired. The rest of the company were a credit to the producer.



The First Governor of Ulster

The Duke of Abercorn, who is now Governor of Northern Ireland. He is fifty-three years of age, and is a grandson of the first duke, who was twice Viceroy of Ireland



Welch

The Seat of the Duke of Abercorn

Baronscourt, in County Tyrone, is the new Governor's Irish seat. This picture shows the famous Italian garden, and on the left, marked by a tiny cross, is the tree planted by Queen Elizabeth



Russell

The New Bishop of Gloucester

The Rev. A. C. Headlam, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, Oxford, since 1918, and Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford. He was for thirteen years Principal of King's College



Russell

The late Lord Sudeley

Who has just died at the age of eighty-two. He was a Member of Parliament from 1863 till his succession to the peerage in 1877. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society, and was mainly instrumental in obtaining guide-lecturers for the public at the London museums



Elliott & Fry

The late Sir Ernest George, R.A.

A distinguished architect who has just died at the age of eighty-three. He was famous chiefly for his country residences, but he was also the architect for whole London streets. He was President of the Royal Institute of British Architects in 1908-9. He lived at Streatham



Lafayette

The late Colonel Sir W. R. Olivey

Sir Walter Rice Olivey, K.C.B., whose death has just been announced, had a long army career. He was an ensign in the 91st Argyllshire Regiment in 1851. Later he served in the New Zealand War, and in the Egyption campaign of 1882 as chief paymaster



Elliott & Fry

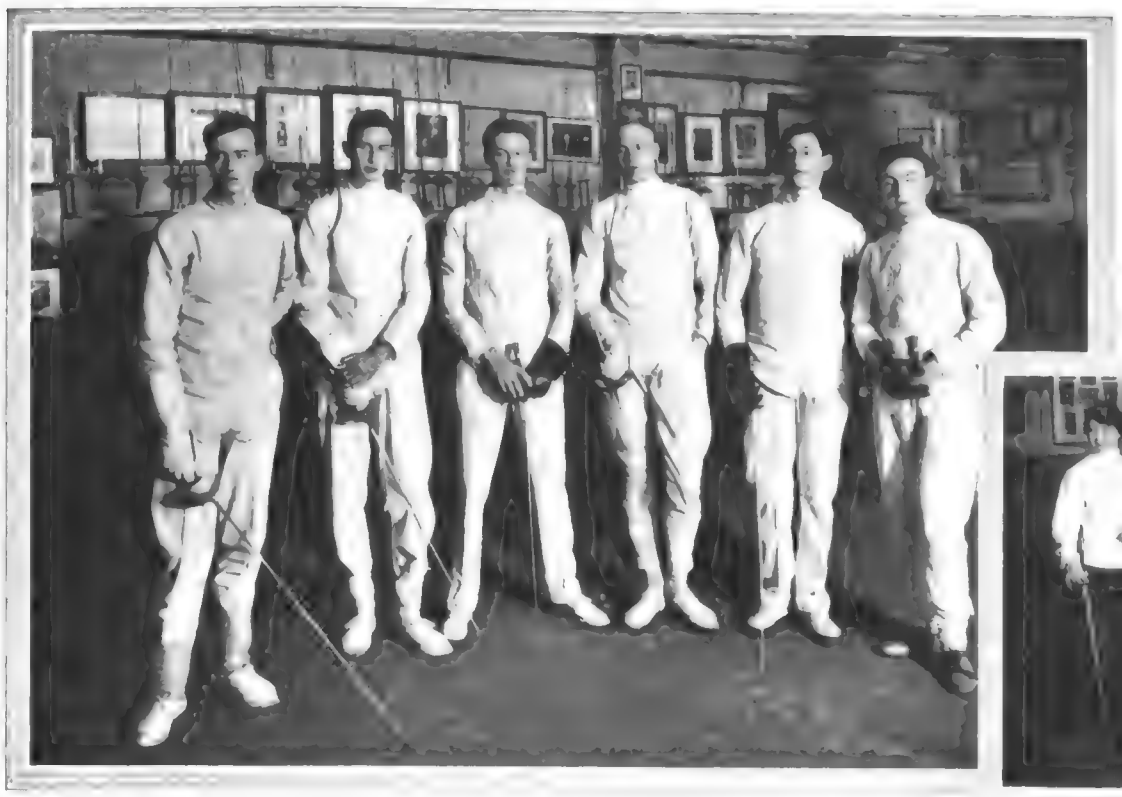
The late Mr. G. Hastings, K.C.

Mr. G. Hastings was a Senior Bencher of Lincoln's Inn, and was one of the last of the barristers who had practised in the old Courts of Westminster. He was ninety-two years of age, and died at the house in Hyde Park Street where he had lived for fifty years

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FENCING at BERTRAND'S ACADEMY.

Special "Sphere" Pictures



The Oxford Team Beaten by Salle Bertrand

This team was composed of—Mr. Tevis, Mr. Titmas, Mr. Campbell Gray, Mr. J. Alexander, Mr. Hammersley, and Mr. Sillery. The match with foil and épée was won by Bertrand by foils 7—2; Oxford gained the épée event by 5—3. Thus Bertrand's won by 10 points to 7



The Team of Stempel's School of Arms

Here are seen Miss Battersby, Miss O. Pearce, Miss K. Pearce, and Miss Winifred Davis (captain)



The Semi-Finalists, The Salle Gravé Team

This team fought their way to the semi-final round, where they were beaten by the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, the winners of the Martin Edmunds Inter Salle Challenge Cup, by 9—3. From left to right are: Miss Forbes-Crombie (captain), Miss A. Woodroffe, Miss Muriel Smalley, and Miss D. Longman



The Winning Team

Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, the holders, who retained the cup—Miss Gladys Davis, Miss A. B. Walker (captain), Mrs. C. Davies, and Miss E. Gray



The Central School of Speech-training

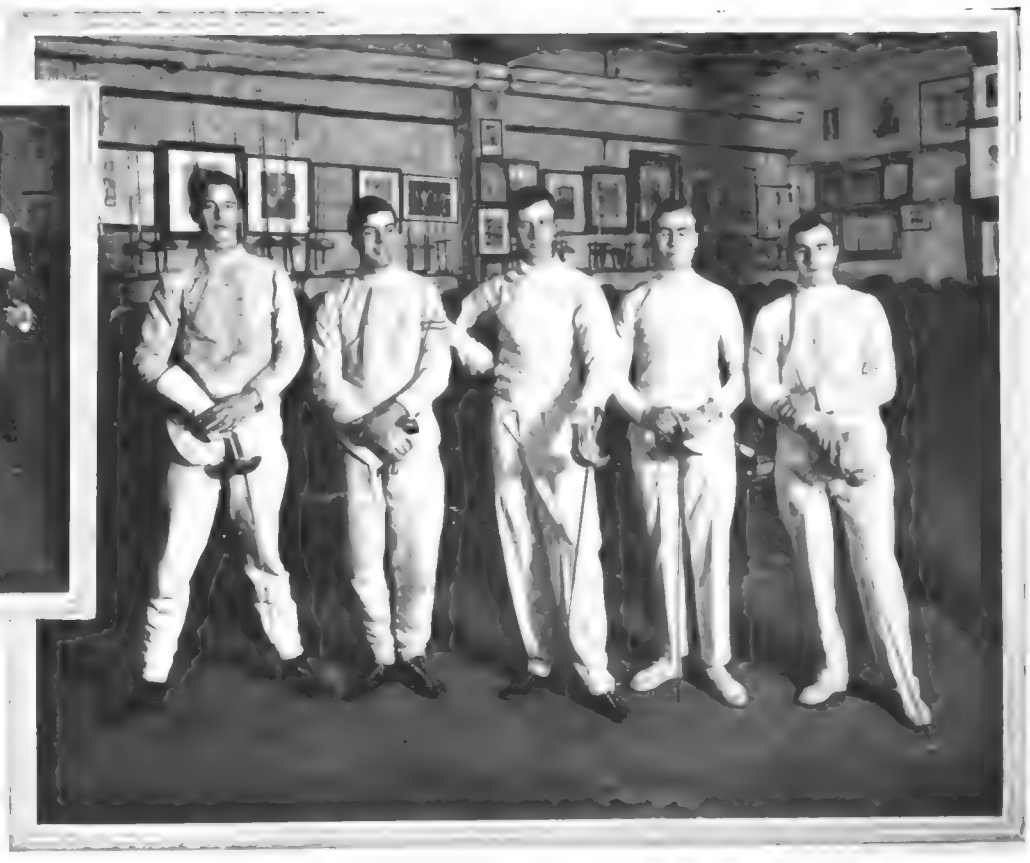
Miss G. Thurburn, Miss O. Todd-Naylor, Miss Southwell Sarder, and Miss S. Solomon—one of the eight teams entered for the challenge cup at Bertrand's Academy



The Salle Bertrand First Team—Runners-up

Miss L. Gossage, Miss Rosamund Johnstone, Miss C. Benest, Miss Sybil Hurter. This team were the runners-up for the Martin Edmunds Inter-Salle Challenge Cup. The competition was held at the Salle Bertrand, and eight ladies' teams were entered. Of these the holders, the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, retained their title and cup

(For notes on this subject see page 294)



The Cambridge University Team, which Beat the Sabre Club

This event took place at the headquarters of the Sabre Club, and resulted in a win for Cambridge by three events to nil. The names of the team, from left to right, are—Messrs. H. Foss, J. Raphael, R. S. S. S. Meade, M. Babington Smith, and C. L. de Beaumont

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ST. OSWALD'S COLLEGE, ELLESMERE—An Eng



Students Waiting for Assembly in the Ante-Hall

This hall leads to the proposed permanent chapel, designed by Sir Aston Webb, R.A., which is to be the College's war memorial



The Headmaster of Ellesmere Colleg

Who has been headmaster for twelve years. H at Trinity College, Dublin. He is seen



A Portion of the South-west Quadrangle of St. Oswald's School, Ellesmere

St. Oswald's College, Ellesmere, was founded in the year 1884; it is healthily situated in picturesque and historical country overlooking the Shropshire plain, with a wide range of the Welsh hills in the distance. Its 240 students are drawn from all parts of the country, and as outdoor life is very much encouraged, and the College has a very fine record at games and athletic sports, it is hardly to be wondered at that the boys, without exception, have an alert, healthy appearance. The College buildings are handsome, spacious, and very lofty, and represent an expenditure of £55,000; a gymnasium and new science rooms have recently been added;



Boys at Afternoon Tea in the

This is a lofty vaulted chamber with mass length of the hall to se



Preparation in Big School—The Studious Youth of Ellesmere Hard at Work

The boy at Ellesmere College works hard, but he also plays hard—to compensate for his work. The evening preparation here, as at other schools, is a time of rigorous work under the shrewd eye of one of the masters



The Kitchen Staff

Like most of the College architecture re with up-to-date contrivances

Google

lish Public School in Shropshire : Special "Sphere" Pictures.



—The Rev. T. H. Hedworth, M.A.

was educated at Denstone College, Staffs, and interested in sports of all kinds



Some of the Boys at Leisure in the College Library

Where the older boys spend a fair part of their leisure time in the evening in the comfortable book-lined room which serves as the library



arge Dining-room of the College

ooden beams. The tables are arranged down the mall groups of boys together



Rugby at Ellesmere—A House Practice-Game in Progress

also a preparatory school in the care of the resident medical officer, Dr. W. R. L. Drawbridge. Boys enter the preparatory school at the age of seven and may remain until they are between thirteen and fourteen. Much might be written of the excellent educational advantages offered by Ellesmere College, Shropshire, and the notable renascence of the school during the last twelve years under the headmastership of the Reverend T. H. Hedworth, M.A. It is due to him in a large part that the College is in the flourishing position it now enjoys amongst the public schools of Britain.



usy in the Kitchen

tchen is a high, spacious room, well-fitted the College meals are prepared

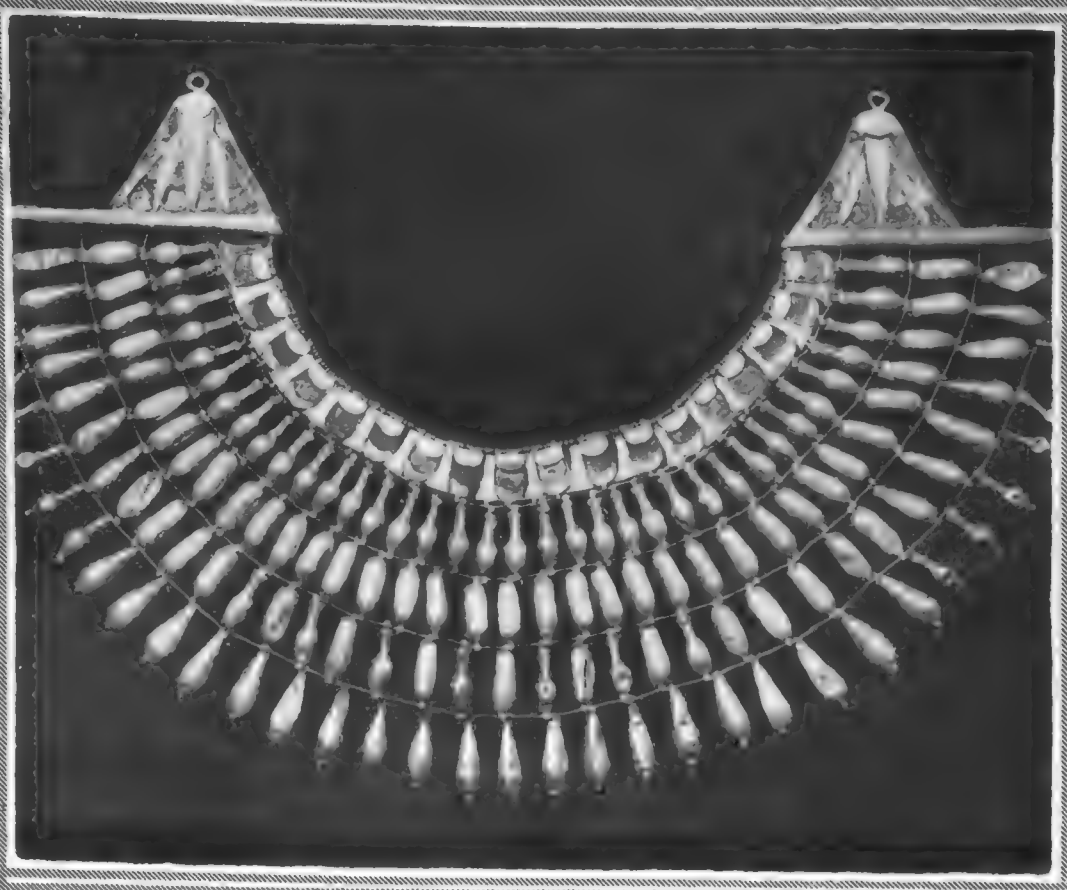


One of the Dormitories, Showing the Inter-House Athletic Trophies

At the side of each bed is the boy's locker and stool. The dormitory is divided into two portions by a low partition, thus allowing four rows of beds. The shields on the walls are awarded for inter-house athletics

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THE SENSATIONAL DISCOVERY IN E



Gold Necklace Found on the Body of Akhnaton



British Museum photograph
The Head of Akhnaton
From a fragment in the British Museum. The fragment shows the extraordinary backward development of Akhnaton's skull

The interest in the discovery of the tomb of King Tutankhamen has not waned with the passing of the days. Numbers of people have been touring the British Museum in order to gain some impression of the nature of the discoveries reported by Mr. Howard Carter. The period sought is that of the 18th dynasty, about 1350 B.C. We reproduce here a variety of objects and portrait statues relating to that period; for some of them we are indebted to the courtesy of the Earl of Carnarvon, who possesses a splendid Egyptian collection at Highclere Castle. It is interesting to note how recent discovery has thrown light upon this particular epoch, as Mr. Arthur Weigall (late Inspector-General of Antiquities to the Egyptian Government) says in his *Akhnaton, Pharaoh of Egypt*, just revised and published in a new edition by Thornton Butterworth, Ltd.: "In 1903 the tomb of Thutmosis IV., the paternal grandfather of Akhnaton, was discovered; in 1905 the tomb of Yuaa and Tuau, the maternal grandparents of Akhnaton, was found; in 1907 Akhnaton's body was discovered in the tomb of his mother, Queen Tiy; and in 1908 the tomb of the Pharaoh Horem-Heb, one of the immediate successors of Akhnaton, was brought to light."

In his book Mr. Weigall has pieced together the story of Akhnaton from the various fragments of evidence available, and composed a highly interesting narrative. Concerning the accession of Tutankhamen (whose tomb has just been discovered) to the throne of the Pharaohs, he writes: "Smenkhkara died, or was deposed, about a year after Akhnaton's death. He was succeeded by another noble, Tutankhaton, who obtained in marriage Akhnaton's second daughter, Ankhsen-



Tomb Fresco Showing Music and Dancing
From the tomb of Nakht at Thebes. All three musicians are wearing wigs. Reproduced from the Metropolitan Museum of Art's volume



A Bronze, Ebony, and Gold Mirror
And an obsidian and gold necklace from Thebes. From "Lord Carnarvon's Five Years' Exploration at Thebes" (Oxford University Press)



Gold Statuette of the God Amon
This statue, 7 in. high, is one of the gems of Lord Carnarvon's wonderful collection of antiquities. The statuette wears the crown of A-

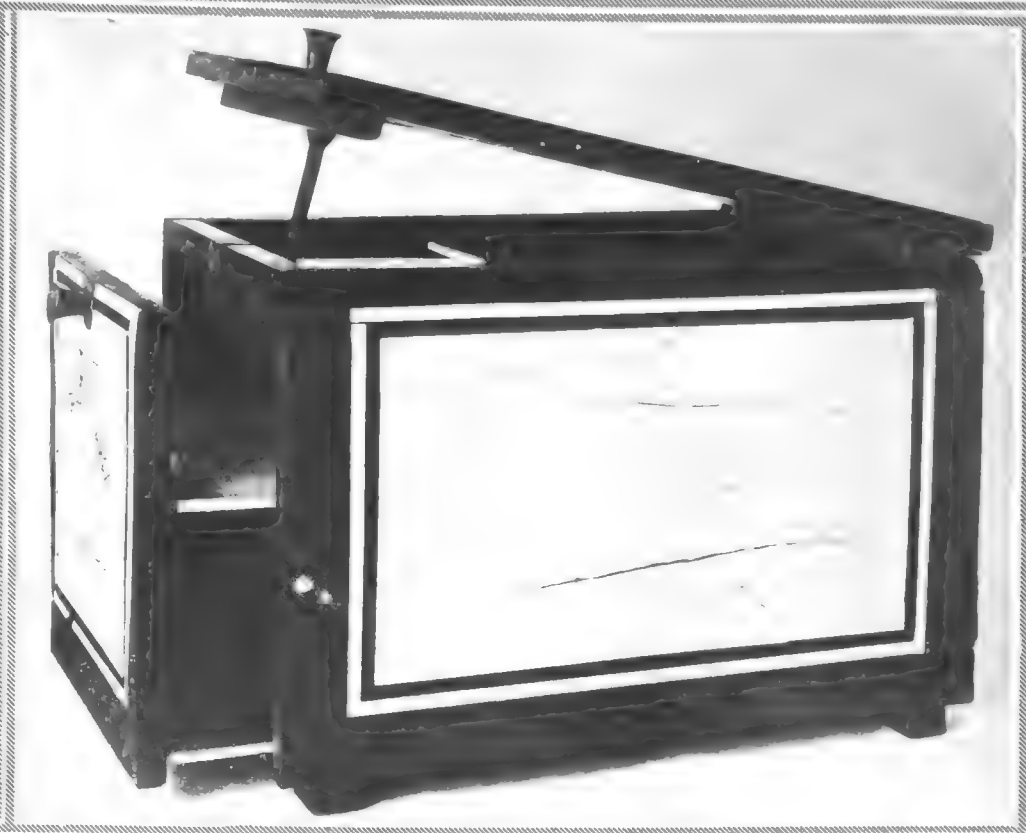
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EGYPT (Part II.) : *Some Details Concerning King Tutankhamen's Family Circle.*



Queen Tiy, the Mother of Akhnaton

Who exercised a great religious influence, thus helping to introduce the worship of Aton, the all powerful and beneficent sun disc



By courtesy of the Earl of Carnarvon

An Ebony and Ivory Toilet Box Found in a Tomb at Thebes

paaton, a girl barely twelve years old. Thus Smenkhkara's wife, Merytaton, became a dowager-queen at the age of thirteen or so, and her little sister took her place upon the throne. . . . The new Pharaoh now changed his name from Tutankhaton to Tutankhamen, and, to the sound of martial music, returned to Thebes."

The discovery of the tomb of Akhnaton himself was of more than ordinary fascination. "It happened," writes Mr. Weigall, "that there was a fissure in the rocks in which the sepulchre was cut, and during the rains of each season a certain amount of moisture managed to penetrate into the chamber. This gradually rotted the legs of the bier upon which Akhnaton's body lay, and at last there came a time when the two legs at the head of the coffin gave way and precipitated the royal body on the ground. The bandages around the mummy had already fallen almost to powder, and this jerk sent the golden vulture, which was resting upon the king's face or breast, on to his forehead, where it lay with the tail and claws resting over the left eye-socket of the skull.

"Presently the two remaining legs of the bier collapsed, and the whole coffin fell to the ground, the lid being partly jerked off, and thus revealing the king's head at one end and his feet at the other, from all of which the flesh had rotten away."

Now it is possible that we may be able to add the discovery of the body of King Tutankhamen, if the tomb just discovered should prove to hold the actual body of this deceased Pharaoh. In the meantime, readers of THE SPHERE cannot do better than read Mr. Weigall's fascinating volume.



Statue of Akhnaton in the Louvre

This fine statue forms the frontispiece to Arthur Weigall's "Akhnaton," published by Messrs. Thornton Butterworth



The Lips of Queen Nofretete (18th Dynasty)

The upper of these wonderfully cut fragments is of calcareous limestone; the lower one is cut in yellow jasper. In the possession of the Earl of Carnarvon



The Golden Vulture of Akhnaton

Which lay upon the King's breast. Discovered in the tomb of Akhnaton and Queen Tiy. Reproduced by courtesy of Messrs. Thornton Butterworth

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BEHIND THE SCENES IN SWITZERLAND.

Preparing for the Winter Visitor. By WARD MUIR

Behind the scenes of the spectacular comedy of the Swiss winter-sport resorts there are many unguessed activities and much hard toil. The average English visitor, arriving at Davos or St. Moritz for Christmas, finds all the amusements ready, and takes their existence for granted. The outdoor life and indoor life are both, so to speak, in full blast, and have the appearance of being permanently so, like the operations of Nature. But though the snow and the frost are Nature's affairs, the pleasure purposes to which the snow and the frost are put can hardly be trusted to Nature, and require some considerable guidance on the part of man.

The skating rinks are begun in the autumn. As all Swiss visitors are aware, comparatively little skating is done on lake ice. Both at Davos and at St. Moritz the lake-ice skating is superb but short-lived. It automatically ceases when a fresh snowfall occurs. For not only would the clearing of the lake be a physical impossibility but the reflooding of its surface presents insuperable difficulties. At these great resorts, therefore, as well as at the ones which are situated on mountain sides and possess no lakes, artificial rinks are constructed, with special facilities for clearing snow, for reflooding, and for surface spraying.

Making the Rinks

Hence the rink-making involves the levelling of a huge area of ground and the laying-on of water mains carefully protected from frost, and hydrants for the hoses. In some of the resorts the levelled ground is inundated with skin after skin of water as the autumn advances; in others the rink is not commenced until snow falls, because the basis of the rink is snow, packed solid, and, when it has reached the consistency of a marble pavement, sprayed and sprayed again till it becomes glassy.

The overseer in charge of the rink-making and rink-maintenance at any of the major resorts is a highly-paid expert whose craft almost deserves the title of engineering—though it must be combined with considerable acumen in weather-prophecy. The building of the larger toboggan runs is also a job demanding technical knowledge. The visitor who has seen one of these big winter-sport resorts at midsummer—Davos, for instance—will find a wide, bare path winding through the woods and down the mountain side; and here and there this inexplicable path is still more inexplicably crossed by foot-bridges, arched like those on a willow-pattern plate. This path (or, in most of its course, rather a trench than a path) is the toboggan run. Its gradient and its curves have been engineered at enormous expense—and it has no use whatever in summer. At its hairpin bends it is banked like the Brooklands track. Some of these banks, occurring on the lip of a steep declivity, are shored up with masonry and are as high as a house. When the first snow falls, gangs of men hammer it down and coat it on the banks—all of which are subsequently iced with water. The making of a first-class toboggan run involves an amount of labour and money which is little guessed at by its merry users; and, of course, the safety foot-bridges which cross it have to be kept in repair.



Full Speed on the Schatzalp Bob-run at Davos

This run is two miles in length and has a gradient of nearly 1 in 10, and provides excellent sport for the many bob-sleighing parties who frequent this delectable winter resort



A Long Run on the Skating Rink at Davos

The Forerunners of the "Season"

An early arrival at a winter-sport resort would find all these activities in progress. He might also find that the third-class compartments of his train were full of other early arrivals equally significant. Incredible armies of waiters and chambermaids are shifted at this period of the year from the lower resorts, patronised by a summer and autumn public, to the high-altitude places. Hotel orchestras make a like transfer, from the plains to the mountains. "Dancing couples" (and no hotel *de luxe* is complete now without its "dancing couple") are similarly nomads. All these servants of the winter pleasure-life are at this moment on the wing or have already alighted, and by the time that you, who read these lines, reach your destination and look forth on to the glittering rinks or the glittering ballroom, everything will be ready, running like clockwork. But there is no harm in giving a grateful thought occasionally to the humble folk who made the preparations behind the scenes.

TO PRAGUE BY AIR. A Note by Colonel A. Stead.

While there is universal interest in flying and belief in its becoming a very vital part of everyday life, there is so much glamour and unreality about much that is heard about it. What the average reader wants to know is how practical has flying become; special records or races under abnormal conditions bewilder and make for doubt rather than conviction. The fact that insurance rates are lower for goods carried by air between London and Paris is a much more valuable argument than a non-stop flight round and round an aerodrome. It is of interest, therefore, to give a brief account of a recent flight to Prague and back, which was made by General Sir William Brancker, Director of Civil Aviation, in the course of his work of extending British aviation. I had the pleasure of accompanying the general, and can testify to the complete absence of any special arrangements or exceptionally favourable circumstances. It was simply a flight on business to save valuable time, decided upon at forty-eight hours' notice. The machine was a de Havilland taxiplane, engaged in the ordinary way. A second similar journey would be much easier, and as the route becomes organised, flying to Prague will no longer be an adventure but commonplace occurrence.

The machine had competed in the King's Cup round England, and had an approximate speed of a hundred miles an hour. The engine was not in first-class order, and so slower time was made. Captain Barnard piloted, and the machine carried General Brancker and myself as passengers. We left Lympne aerodrome at six one Saturday morning, and flew across the Channel into the dawn against a strong east wind. Over Calais to Brussels, flying over historical and hallowed battle spots, Messines Ridge being specially noticeable. Soon the massive Palais de Justice of Brussels loomed above the morning mists; no stop was made at the Belgian capital, and, passing over Liège and Aix-la-Chapelle, we reached Cologne aerodrome in three-and-a-half hours from Lympne. Here the machine was filled up and prepared for its flight beyond organised routes. The regular Instone aeroplane left the aerodrome for London soon after our arrival, full to capacity. On the former German hangars the Instone Air Line was blazing its name in large white lettering.

We left Cologne at noon, and flew up the Rhine and Main rivers, passing the towns and cities beloved of tourists and great business centres such as Mainz and Frankfort. Over wooded regions and busy factories to Nuremburg, where we descended for petrol, not having sufficient to reach Prague. A fine military aerodrome, with polite officials, but bad petrol. German flying had ceased for the winter on October 1, so our advent was an event. Bad petrol and indifferent engine necessitated considerable taxi-ing about the aerodrome, an amusing feature of which was the number of hares put up and seen running bewildered in every direction. The officials informed us that there would be light till 6.30, but had not reckoned with the fact that in flying to Prague we were flying due east into the darkness. The east wind was still against us, making constant delay, and finally a forced landing in the dark was inevitable near Pilsen. Here the ground was very unfavourable, but the pilot with much coolness and skill achieved an excellent landing with small damage. An immense curious crowd at once assembled, their excitement being explained by the fact that they had watched us skim a few yards over a high-tension cable of some 5,000 volts leading to the Skoda powder factory! Everyone was anxious to help, and we arrived at Pilsen in the Skoda Works automobile, leaving gendarmes on guard over the de Havilland. Prague was reached by train at ten the next morning, and the aeroplane followed after repairs had been made. Monday was filled with official conferences and inspection of aerodromes and aeroplanes. The aerodrome at Prague lies excellently high and open, and only quarter of an hour from the city. Many French planes were there, for the Franco-Roumanian Company maintains a daily service to Prague; they have not, however, succeeded in securing the confidence of the Czech travellers.

On Tuesday morning at 10.30 the return journey was begun, this time with the wind more favourable. Flying over Prague we were able to admire the city, which ranks among the most picturesquely situated in Europe, and then headed over hilly country to Carlsbad and Eger. At Eger there is a military aerodrome, but it will probably be made the central aerodrome for European airways. Here we filled up with petrol, and the machine was the centre of interest, being the first British machine to descend there. The weather very cold. Eger lies nearly 2,000 ft. up. Away over higher hills covered with clouds—impossible to make a straight course by compass to Cologne as the compass had been damaged by the sightseeing crowds at Eger. *Via* Marburg, Wurzburg, and Frankfort, over most wonderful autumn-tinted forest to Mainz and the Rhine. All the cities seemed full of activity, and the railway lines crowded with trains. The flight along the Rhine was most enjoyable; ruined castles, vineyards, and historical monuments succeeding one another in rapid succession—what takes hours for the average tourist we saw in minutes, without any sense of rush. The Lorelei rocks, the dismantled fortress of Ehrenbreitenstein, with Stars and Stripes flying over it, the Sièges Denkmal opposite Bingen, all passed in panoramic review, while on the Rhine an endless procession of steamers and barges testified to business activity. There is no doubt that the Rhine by air will become one of the most inevitable and enjoyable items in the tourist programme of future years.

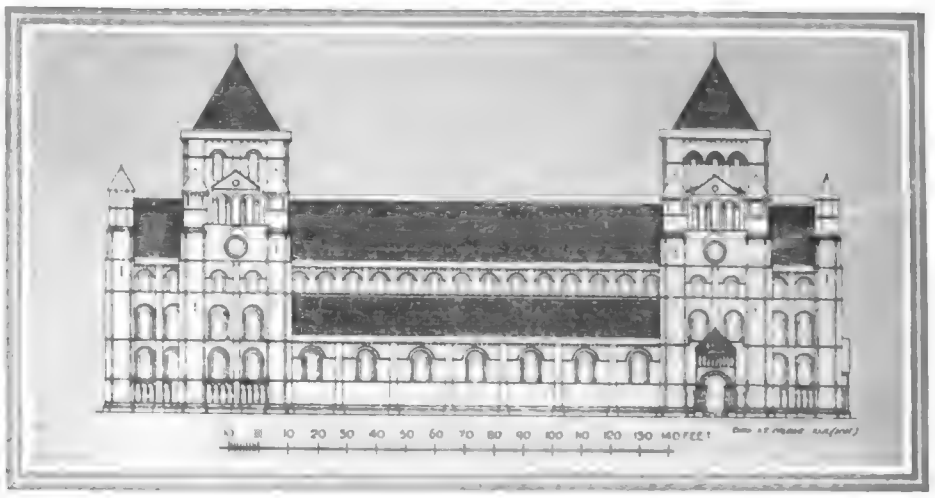
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The West Tower of Kelso Abbey

No longer regarded as the central tower crossing

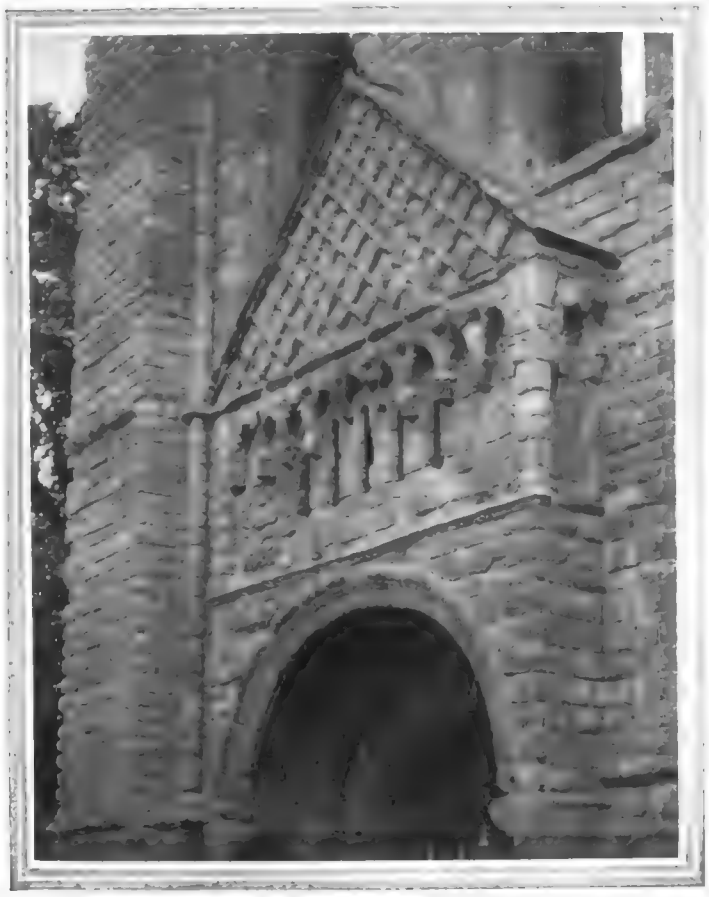
THE PUZZLE OF KELSO ABBEY SOLVED.



The Double-ended Abbey Church of Kelso as it Originally Appeared

Mr. Calder's drawing shows the position of the north-west door, a photograph of which is given on this page

The form of the remains of Kelso Abbey have long been a puzzle to the student of architecture. The puzzle has recently been solved, but although the solution is now recognised in architectural circles, the story of its unravelling is not generally known to the tens of thousands of visitors who have paid a visit to this beautiful relic of monastic Scotland. It is due to the wide knowledge and indefatigable efforts of Mr. John Ferguson (F.S.A., Scot.) that attention has been directed to a document preserved in the archives of the Vatican. The document relates to the *Monasterio S. Mariæ de Calco* of the Order of St. Benedict; it was written in 1517, and gives a very full and clear description of the Abbey church and buildings twenty-eight years before their destruction by the Earl of Hertford. The document states that the church has at both ends, on either side, "two very lofty chapels like wings."



The Norman North-west Door of Kelso Abbey



The Western End of Kelso Abbey. From a Drawing by D. Roberts

The tower was over the west end, and not over the centre of the church, as was previously supposed

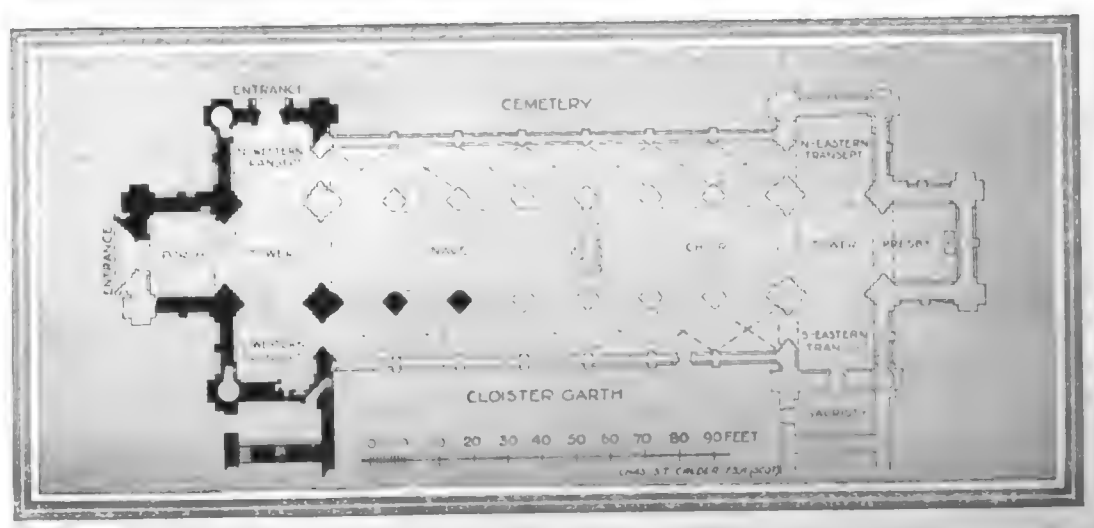
thereby constituting the church a double cross. It is evident, therefore, that the ends of the church resembled the west end of Ely Cathedral, a resemblance which Mr. Macgregor Chalmers endeavoured to establish some years ago. The portion of the Abbey which we see to-day is evidently the west end of the building, and was not the tower crossing and the short huddled nave that we had been compelled to accept from our previous knowledge.

We are indebted to Mr. J. Ferguson and to the Berwickshire Naturalist Club for the two plans reproduced here. Both the erection and plan are from drawings by Mr. Charles F. Calder (F.S.A., Scot.).



The West End of Ely Cathedral

To which the west end of Kelso Cathedral is compared



Kelso Monastery as a Double Cross (Black Indicates Existing Portion)

A plan of the monastic church as it doubtless appeared. Drawn from a description recorded in the unindexed Vatican document discovered by Mr. John Ferguson

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The Lowestoft Motor-Boat Manœuvring Near the Partly-submerged Wreck of the "Hopelyn"

Coxswain J. T. Swan



The Gold Medal

THE LIFEBOAT-MEN'S V.C.

In the long story of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution only 109 gold medals have been awarded. It can thus be realised that the medal in gold ranks almost with, if not equal to, the Victoria Cross. Recently two of these medals have been awarded—one to Coxswain Swan of the Lowestoft motor life-boat, and the other to Coxswain Fleming of the Gorleston No. 1 boat. Both medals were earned during the great deeds carried out by the crews of these lifeboats in the rescue of the crew of the S.S. *Hopelyn*, which was wrecked on the Scroby Sands off Gorleston on Thursday, October 19.

On the night of October 19 the Gorleston boat went to sea owing to the failure of Caister to get their boat away. Arriving off the wreck in the black, howling night, with terrific seas running, it was impossible for the lifeboat crew to get their boat near enough to the *Hopelyn* to do anything towards the rescue of her crew. In the early morning, observing nothing, they at last turned and made for the port, arriving about 9 a.m. About 3.45 the Lowestoft motor lifeboat arrived at Gorleston, and, picking up the district inspector, proceeded to the scene of casualty. At 4.30 a.m. they worked down to windward, fighting madly (and with wonderful skill) against the terrific seas. At long last they steered alongside; all the cramped, half-drowned men of the *Hopelyn*, who had for so long crouched in their little nest, were called out, and in a tumbling mass they jumped for life or slithered down the ropes into the lifeboat. In thirty seconds every man had been rescued (including the ship's cat). G. H. D.



A Lifeboat V.C.

Coxswain William Fleming of the Gorleston No. 1 lifeboat, recently awarded the gold medal of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution for very gallant work in connection with the wreck of the S.S. "Hopelyn"

THE ROMANCE OF EXCAVATION: *By EDWARD HUTTON.*

The marvellous discovery in the Valley of the Kings at Thebes of Egypt has astonished and delighted the world at a particularly opportune moment. It is worthy to stand beside the still more astonishing achievement of Schliemann at Mycenæ in 1876, though I suppose the material value of this Egyptian find far surpasses his. But the fascination and romance of excavation have little to do with the mere money's-worth of the finds. In all these admirable endeavours the measure is something quite other than cash. Has there ever been an excavator worthy the name of archæologist who would not rather have found the Apollo of the Museo Nazionale at Rome than a million pounds-worth of crude gold? Or who would not rather be the first to look on the real Aphrodite of Cnidus than a vault full of Abyssinian ingots. No, it is not the hope of material gain that drives men to spend their lives and their wealth in digging; it is the desire of the unknown, that half divine passion we call curiosity. I suppose our grave archæologists to be in the grip of much the same delight as possessed the hero of "Treasure Island," a delight as old as the hills.

It would be interesting to know who first began to dig up and to treasure the works of a dead and past civilisation.

Did Shem, whose descendants founded the greatest empires of antiquity—Assyria, Babylonia, Phœnicia, Egypt—begin to excavate the antediluvian ruins as the Venetians did their ancestral ruins of Altinum thousands of years later? We do not know. The history of the most romantic of all sciences has yet to be written.

The Greeks knew little and seem to have cared less for the ruins of Troy, though the story of the war is the foundation of so much of their poetry and drama.

The Romans were curious of antiquity, but casually. Cicero collected furniture, and paid enormous prices for old and beautiful pieces, and books, of course, have always been collected, yet it was not the Romans but ourselves who discovered the marvellous statues buried by the Athenians of the fifth century about the Acropolis when the Persians sacked the city 480 years before Christ.

But after the fall of the Roman Empire and the more than 500 years of barbarism which followed it, one of the first things to emerge in the earliest Renaissance is archæology, though it was little enough of a science then.

Ghiberti, the sculptor of the "Paradise" gate of the Baptistery at Florence, records in his *Commentary* that in the time of the long wars between the city of Florence and the city of Siena, in the city of Siena there was found a statue of Venus which bore the name of the Greek sculptor, Lysippos, "to the great joy of the citizens; and they placed it by the Fonte Gaia in the Piazza. The people came in crowds to admire the Venus. But one of the governors stood up in the Council and said: 'Citizens, the Church forbids, and rightly, the cult of idols. I judge, then, that our army suffers defeat at the hands of the Florentines by the fault of this Venus that we have erected in the chief Piazza of our city. The curse of God is upon us. I counsel you, therefore, to break the idol and to bury it in Florentine territory so as to draw upon our enemies the wrath of Heaven.' And thus did the citizens of Siena."

The enthusiasm of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Italy for antiquity was no doubt very great. The Medici vied with the Popes for the possession of any works of art that were found. But for the most part, all that was found was found by chance. In spite of the eagerness, not only of great princes but of great artists, of Raphael, for instance, and the architect, Bramante, the mighty Temple of Pæstum, the most enormous and perfect Greek remains in the world, though only four miles from an episcopal city and but twenty-five miles from the university city of Salerno, were quite unknown till they were "discovered" by Conte Gazolo in 1740; while Henry Swinburne was the first to describe them, in 1779, and they were first mapped by Wilkins in 1807.

It would seem that it was not till the nineteenth century that archæology became a systematic science and excavation was undertaken methodically. And it was Schliemann who made the most marvellous discovery of that, and perhaps of all time, in finding the tombs at Mycenæ. He it was who sent a telegram to the King of the Hellenes to say he had found the body of Agamemnon, king of men, and looked on the face of Cassandra!

There is still an infinite variety of precious half-forgotten things to be delivered from the earth and the sea—the poems of Sappho, the lost books of Livy, the lost plays of Æschylus and Sophocles, the Aphrodite of Praxiteles, and the loot of Imperial Rome, which was drowned in the sea, to say nothing of the Sapphire altar of Glastonbury. But who will write the history that one would so much like to read, and especially the history of the beginnings, of all this curiosity and romantic endeavour, the results of which are among the joys of civilisation?

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"THE HAPPY ENDING," at the St. James's Theatre.



"I'm not naughty—I'm just human"

After the return of Dale Conway (Mr. Robert Loraine), who was thought to have been drowned at sea, he resumes his amiable rogueries, acting as treasurer to a local charity, and enjoying himself with the proceeds



Mildred Forces herself to be Nice to Conway for Appearance Sake

The unpleasant arrival of her "dead" husband seriously grieves Mildred Cradock (Miss Ethel Irving). Whilst the servant is in the room she forces herself to be nice to him, and asks him to tell her about his war adventures



HAROLD (Mr. Miles Malleson): You won't put mine through for a day or two, will you? I want to send a carefully worded post card to my banker first. He has a weak heart

Mr. Miles Malleson as Harold Bagby, Mr. Robert Loraine as Dale Conway, and Mr. F. B. J. Sharp as Mr. Moon



"I am so glad Molly had the sense to bring you"

Mrs. Cradock welcomes Phyllis Harding (Miss Joan Clarkson), a school friend of Molly's. Left to right: Mildred Cradock (Miss Ethel Irving), Denny Cradock (Mr. John Williams), Phyllis Harding (Miss Joan Clarkson), and Sir Anthony Fenwick (Mr. F. Kerr)



MOLLY (Miss Adèle Dixon): "Who was he? He was my father!"

The young girl, Molly Cradock, tells her own father how he met his "death" gallantly saving a little girl in a shipwreck. Molly tells the unprincipled father that she was "brought up" on this story



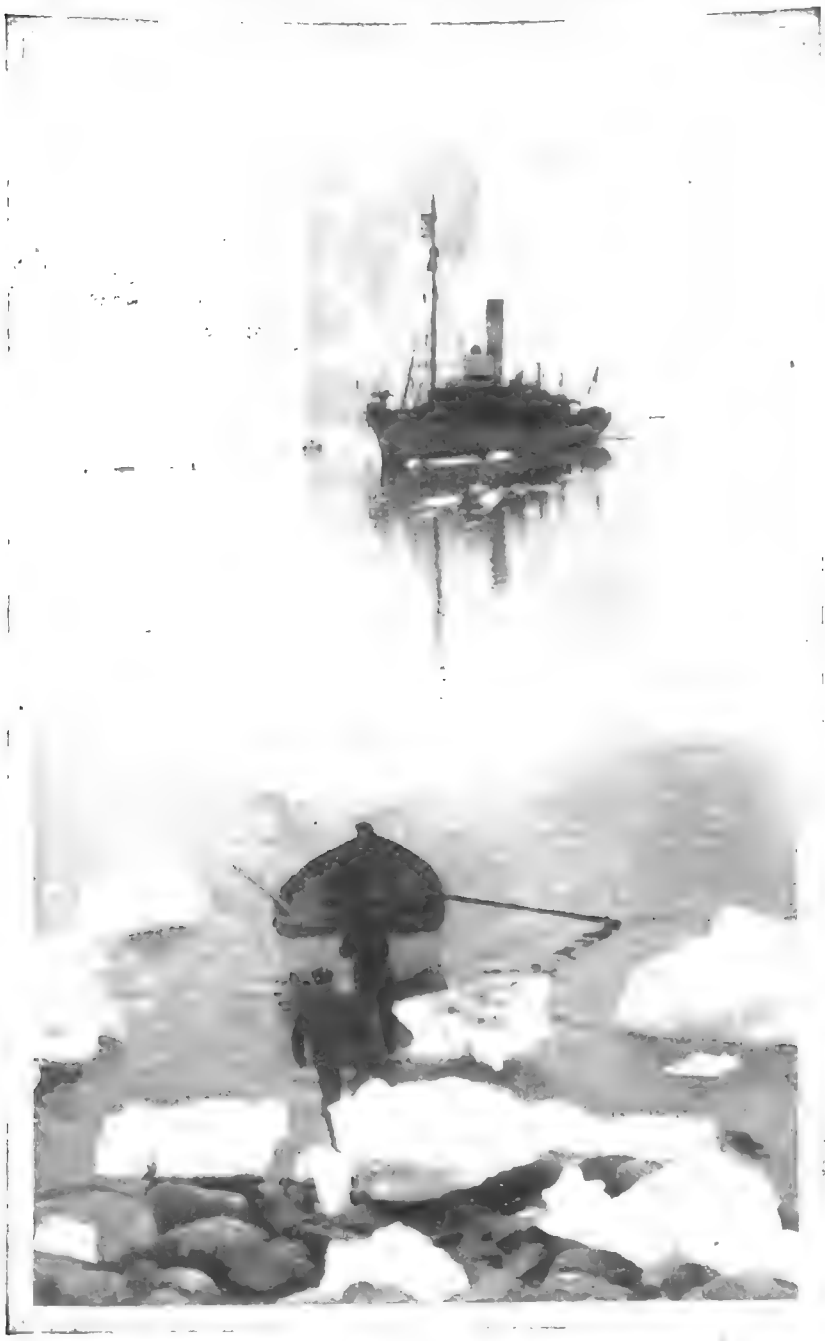
Foulsham & Banfield

CONWAY: If I had a hat on I would take it off to you

The sudden realisation of his own meanness impels Conway to leave the house on which he had been forcing himself. As he punts away he saves a child from drowning, and loses his own life in the attempt

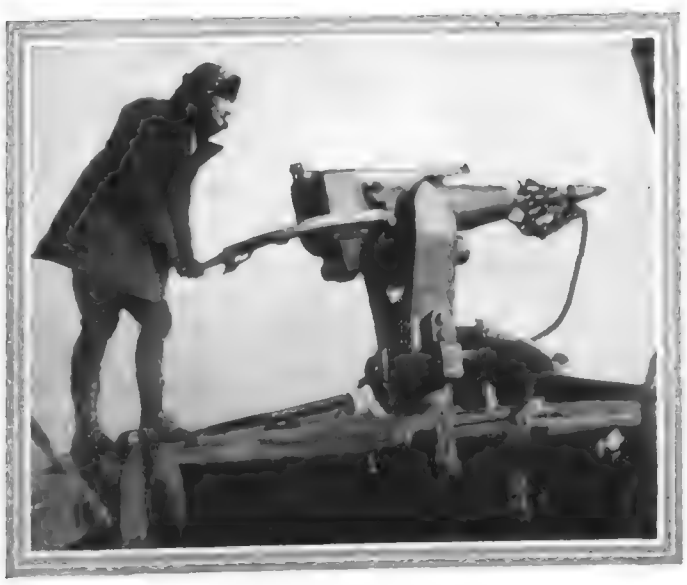
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NEW PICTURES FROM ANTARCTIC WATERS—II. : Wh



The Cope Expedition Landing Stores

At Waterboat Point, an island near Andvord Bay on the west coast of Grahamsland, which was one of the Cope Expedition's bases. The picture shows stores being brought off by means of a whale-catcher



Ready to Launch the Harpoon at the Whale

The pictures we reproduce here are a further series from the recently-returned Cope Expedition to the Antarctic. The main objects of the expedition were economic, and were especially concerned with whaling conditions in Antarctica. For this purpose a base was formed on Deception Island, which is a volcanic island in the South Shetland group directly south of Cape Horn; despite that it is composed for the most part of ice-covered rocks, there is also a crater lake five miles in circumference, surrounded by hot springs.

It is here that a whaling station has been founded—in the midst of the whaling area. The whales that are caught out in the ocean are brought in by the "catcher" boats,



A Whale Coming Up to the Surface to Breat

All whales breathe atmospheric air; unlike fishes, they have to come up to the surface again inte or late they must emerge, and this gives the whaler his opportunity. To pierce a whale



Dead Captured Whales Alongside the Whal

The whales are captured by "catcher" boats—small vessels which sight and kill the whale. operations for getting the oil and whalebone can be begun. As soon as the whales

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haling Scenes with the Recently-returned Cope Expedition.



le Coming eathe after a Long Cruise Below

intervals for this purpose. The length of time they can remain below varies, but soon nale as she comes up, however, is an opportunity that occurs but very rarely



A Sledging Boat Found on Waterboat Point

This boat is capable of sailing or being drawn over snow and ice. These were tried for the first time in the Antarctic, but did not prove a great success



Cope Expedition photographs

nning to Swell Up Through Decomposition

hales Alon captured, the whale is flagged, and later towed in to the whaling ship; here they are secured until position sets in, and the carcasses swell up to huge sizes, sometimes even bursting



An Elephant Seal "Roaring" on the Rocks

and are dealt with either by the big floating factories—steamers specially built for this work—or by the land factory.

The whale fishery is an industry with a wonderfully romantic history; it has, in fact, achieved a literature of its own, of which Melville's "Moby Dick" may be regarded as the masterpiece. The views we give here will doubtless help our readers to visualise something of the life of the whale fishers. Concerning the picture reproduced above of an elephant seal, it is interesting to note that it is so called from its tubular prolongation of the snout, which becomes dilated in excitement and remarkably **like an elephant's trunk.**

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MUSIC of the Week

By FRANCIS TOYE.



MISS MONA BATES—The Canadian pianist now in London



M. GRETCHANINOFF—The Russian composer and pianist

A British audience is usually calculated to drive the musical enthusiast, especially if he be of a critical turn of mind, to something like despair. Its applause is so certain, so indiscriminate. That it should show any capacity to differentiate between the good and the indifferent, much less between the perfect and the good, is hardly even expected. Everything is accepted—provided always that the performer be famous enough. Wherefore, when, as happened at the Albert Hall the other day, two artists equally familiar to and perhaps equally beloved by the British public appear together, and the greater artist receives decidedly the greater applause, one begins to hope that we stand on the verge of better things.

Clara Butt and Fritz Kreisler

No one doubts the popularity of Dame Clara Butt. It is as considerable as her marvellous voice deserves, which is saying a very great deal. Nevertheless, few musicians will claim that her abilities as an executive artist are equal to her natural gifts. Had they been so, she would undoubtedly occupy the first place among the contraltos of the world. Kreisler has, obviously, a natural aptitude for the fiddle as remarkable as Clara Butt's natural voice. In addition, however, he is a marvellous musician. He transforms everything he touches as if by magic. I am not thinking now of a first-class piece of music like the Elgar Concerto (which, incidentally, he played with consummate perfection), but of the little pieces—the arrangement of Cyril Scott's "Lotus Land," the Rondino on a Theme by Beethoven, composed by himself, and so on. These are trivialities, if you will, but as interpreted by Kreisler they become ravishingly beautiful. Now Clara Butt also gives us trivialities—quite often—but they remain trivialities except in so far as they show off the beauties of her voice.

Paucity of Stars

It is sometimes asked why we produce so few "star" artists of international reputation. The answer, I think, may be found largely in the fact that our public is too easily content with something less than perfection—and it is for this reason that I welcome particularly the marked tribute paid at the Albert Hall to the undoubted perfection of Kreisler. If British audiences (which seems almost incredible) are really going to reserve their full enthusiasm for performances that are perfect in the true sense of the word, British artists will soon learn that such perfection must be attained. That they can attain to it I have no doubt whatever. Our race is as talented musically as any other. We have already several performers who are very good indeed. All that is needed to develop the "very good indeed" into the wholly perfect is a little more stimulus from the outside. The law of supply and demand holds good in musical as in other matters.



Vaughan & Freeman

Miss Mary Mackie

The Scottish soprano, who has just returned from South Africa, and will shortly be heard again on the London concert platform

Why, for instance, should a singer possessed of a lovely voice bother to acquire a flawless control of it, or to use it to the best possible advantage as regards musical interpretation, if the mere possession of a lovely voice is a sufficient passport to the fullest measure of success? A few, a very few, artists of exceptional conscientiousness may feel themselves impelled to do their very best in every respect, whether public recognition takes account of the fact or not. As a rule, however, such artists are notoriously not those possessed of the greatest natural endowments. As regards the others—well, human nature remains human nature in the musical as in every other profession. If a large income and complete public recognition can be obtained by taking only a moderate amount of trouble, only a moderate amount of trouble will be taken. And nobody ever became a great artist without taking a very great deal of trouble indeed. There may be other explanations of our acknowledged failure to produce artists of world-wide fame—I myself can think of one or two subsidiary causes—but I feel fairly confident that this uncritical sense on the part of our public lies at the root of the matter. Is there a change impending? I wish I could really think so.

As if on purpose to check any undue optimism in this respect, I listened to the audience at the Philharmonic Concert applaud rapturously what I thought to be a distinctly moderate performance of the Tchaikowski Piano Concerto the other evening. It may be, however, that the audience merely intended to express its affection for such familiar and straightforward music after the unfamiliar Stravinski-flavoured dissonances of Arnold Bax's new symphony. But in this case they should not have applauded it so heartily! For my part, I thought that, as regards presentation of ideas pure and simple, the symphony marked the high-water mark of Bax's achievement. And the second movement, at any rate, seemed to me as successful altogether as anything that Bax has ever done. Some of the fundamental ideas in the other movements struck me as not quite up to the highest level of his inspiration. But the symphony as a whole is undoubtedly most effective—and who without a score, or even with it, can hope to judge such a work on a first hearing?

Possibility of Judging New Music

After all, take the case of the Brahms symphony at the same concert, which Albert Coates knows well enough to conduct without a score, with which both the orchestra and presumably the audience are thoroughly familiar. You might quite conceivably have liked the interpretation of it, you might have been carried away by the dynamic vitality of the reading—but you could not surely think that Brahms ever intended it to be played like that, because you know that Brahms was classically-minded and worked for classical effects. In such a case, where the music and the composer are both familiar, an audience can differentiate for itself between the score and the interpretation of it. And some members of the audience, at any rate, know that on many occasions the interpretation, however brilliant it may sound, is not faithful to the composer's intentions. I do not say that such a method cannot conceivably be defended. I do say that in the case of new and unfamiliar music, an audience is often unable to distinguish between the music and the performance of it.



Hall & Russell

The Principal of the Guildhall School of Music

A new and unpublished portrait of Sir Landon Ronald, who is one of the most considerable figures in British music to-day, as Principal of the Guildhall School and as composer and conductor

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FASHIONS FOR THE RIVIERA.



Wherever women are gathered together, there are fashions for the Riviera being discussed. Summer weather prevails in the morning on the Côte D'Azur, but when the sun has lost its power the chilly blasts of winter come into their own, so warm wraps are indispensable



Black velvet and fur are essentially wintry, hence a wrap like the model portrayed must be included in the outfit for the south of France, or it may equally appropriately do duty as an evening wrap at any of the fashionable winter sports resorts, including Norway and Switzerland



For luncheons and teas at the clubs and restaurants this simple black crêpe marocain frock is perfect. Its sleeves initial it as having come hot-foot from Paris—so what could the vraie élégante desire more?

In Paris velvet continues its triumphant career. The evening frock on the left is of old-rose chiffon velvet, the draped skirt reinforced with pointed trains, which lightly rest on the ground a few inches

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A Film "Location" on an Historic Piazza—A Film Rehearsal on the Piazzetta of St. Mark at Venice

An enterprising Italian film company has just secured a real historic "location" for the scenes of part of a medieval film they are preparing—the famous Piazzetta of St. Mark. This picture was taken during the course of the production. The square was roped round by the police, and camera men and directors took up their positions to photograph the action. In the scene shown above is seen the procession towards the scaffold of a young man condemned to death. On the balcony of the Doge's Palace, to the left, are some of the film spectators of this scene. The gibbet was erected between the two famous columns surmounted by the Lion of St. Mark and St. Theodore on a crocodile, on the site of the old execution place

BENITO MUSSOLINI, the Italian Premier.

By HERBERT VIVIAN

When everybody in Italy began to talk of Mussolini a couple of years ago, I thought they referred to the famous brigand, a national hero of the Robin Hood type, whose name is still borne by clubs and coffee-houses in the lawless south. But no, it was quite another Mussolini they had in their minds as the man of the hour. What had he done? Oh! nothing much. He was the editor of the *Popolo d'Italia*, a new paper with enormous influence. He objected to all parties, considered them effete, said the only thing that mattered was national unity. He wanted to go back to the days of ancient Rome and to spread civilisation over the whole world. The symbol of his partisans was the fasces or faggots, which the old Romans carried in processions to proclaim that union is strength. He was a visionary, a prophet, an eccentric, what Arnold Bennett would call a "card."

When I first met Benito Mussolini at his newspaper office I was impressed by his magnetism, determination, straightforwardness, and self-confidence, but he struck me as the most unlikely leader of Latin mobs. He might have been the preacher of a mystical religion with his glistening gipsy eyes, bulging forehead, slow oracular speech, and perfect repose. Or he might have been a prize-fighter with those bull-dog jaws, immense shoulders, and that watchful pugilistic glance which seemed ever on the alert to dodge a blow. I noticed the big thumbs which chiromancy attributes to born rulers, and once or twice when he was giving an order or dictating a manifesto he had that inspired look which sycophants have imparted to portraits of Napoleon.

There was never the faintest semblance of a demagogue about him. It was only when I saw him speaking to a crowd that I realised something of his power. He did not rant or beat the air or strike theatrical poses. In simple, almost Biblical language, he spoke of the grandeur that was Rome, he recalled the glories of the Middle-Ages, while the gist of his discourse was self-sacrifice. He played upon the souls of his hearers like a master on his violin. Now they were moved to wrath, ready to set forth at a nod and burn Communist clubs; then the tears streamed down their cheeks as they knelt with outstretched arms in a sacrament of patriotism; or a few minutes later they would be convulsed with rude laughter over some Rabelaisian quip.

There can be no denying that Mussolini knows mankind. He was brought up in rebel Romagna by his father, a village blacksmith—an *analfabeto*, without an alphabet, as Italians politely describe an illiterate. Almost self-taught, Benito became at twenty the teacher of yokels more illiterate than himself, and eked out his pittance by writing for Socialist papers. Then he started a whirlwind paper of his own, but it soon collapsed, and he went off to serve his apprenticeship of life as a casual labourer. Still a young man, he became editor of the chief Socialist paper in Italy, and ran it remarkably well without experience or journalistic training.

Like many another, he was suddenly converted by the war. Spurning Socialism, he joined the bersaglieri, most exacting of troopers, became a corporal, suffered wounds, and returned to found the *Popolo d'Italia* and the Fascist party. Like the model he borrowed from Cæsarian Rome—he came, he saw, he conquered.

FENCING AT THE SALLE BERTRAND.

The Martin-Edmunds Challenge Cup and Inter-'Varsity Fencing (*see pictures on p.* 281)

Large attendances, both on November 28 and 29, to witness the seventh annual competition for the Martin-Edmunds Inter-Salle Challenge Cup at Bertrand's Fencing Academy in Hanover Square, amply testified to the popularity of the only ladies' foil team tourney of the season. Conducted on the "knock-out" system, the tourney was inaugurated in 1909, following the victory of the donor, Miss Martin-Edmunds, in the ladies' foil championship of that year, when it was won by the Salle Bertrand thrice in succession. In 1912 the trophy was gained by the Salle Tassart, who lost it in the following year to the former holders. The war then intervened, and the competition was revived early in the present season, the spoils being captured by the Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime.

In the semi-finals the best fencing of the competition was witnessed. The Ladies' Cercle d'Escrime, represented by Miss A. B. Walker (captain), champion 1913 and 1914, Mrs. C. Davies, who as Miss C. A. Walker held the title in 1920, Miss Gladys Davis, and Miss Gray, beat the Salle Gravé by 9–3. A feature of the event was the splendid form displayed by Miss Muriel Smalley. She was solely responsible for the losers' three points and was undefeated, securing victories against Mrs. C. Davies (4–2), Miss Gray (4–0), and a piquant triumph over Miss Gladys Davis by 4–1.

The other semi-final tie, between the Salle Bertrand and the Ladies' London Fencing Club, was completed in its entirety, and provided the most keenly-fought and exciting contest of the series. At the half-way stage the latter held a winning lead of 6–2. The former, however, made a remarkable recovery. Scoring seven bouts to one of the last eight, they ultimately prevailed in a close finish by 9–7. Prominent foilists of pre-war days in Miss Martin-Edmunds, champion 1909, Miss Colmer, and Miss C. de Benest made a welcome reappearance.

The strenuous and prolonged exchanges of this encounter had a marked effect on the result of the final match, which followed immediately. It can be best described as a hollow rout.

The 'Varsities in Town

A unique spectacle was furnished at Tenterden Street, Hanover Square, the headquarters of Bertrand's Fencing Academy and the Sabre Club, last Saturday week, when the home teams opposed Oxford and Cambridge Universities respectively. It provided one of those rare occasions of witnessing simultaneously the Light and Dark Blues in action, but not in opposition.

The first-named match was fought with foil and épée. With the former, the Salle Bertrand, represented by Major Stenson Cooke, Mr. E. Lefroy, and Mr. E. Rechnitzer, found the orthodox and conventional play of the Oxonians much to their liking, and expressed their satisfaction in terms of a 7–2 victory. The first-named two were successful in all their bouts, while Mr. J. H. B. Alexander and Mr. C. Hammersley notched the losers' two points. Messrs. H. Tevis, Campbell Gray, and J. M. Ditmas avenged their colleagues' defeat with a 5–3 margin in the épée contests. Mr. Tevis and Mr. Campbell Gray were mainly instrumental, with three and two successes respectively. Señor Pinto Leite, Mr. E. Rechnitzer, and Mr. H. S. Riant, for Bertrand's, were collectively consistent, each member registering one win. Thus the events were halved, the latter gaining the match by the total aggregate of wins favouring them 10—7.

The Cantabs inflicted a severe defeat on the representatives of the Sabre Club in the latter's initial fixture of the season, securing the honours by three events to nil. The victors were successful with foil, épée, and sabre by 8–1, 5–3, and 5–4 respectively, scoring a total of eighteen wins to eight. They were immeasurably superior in the foil bouts, R. S. S. Meade and M. Babington Smith emerging undefeated, ably supported by Mr. Foss with one point less. Mr. J. L. Lake annexed the club's sole victory. The second-named maintained his unbeaten record in the épée assaults. Mr. Campbell Dick was foremost for the Sabre Club, securing two wins and sustaining one loss. LEON BERTRAND.

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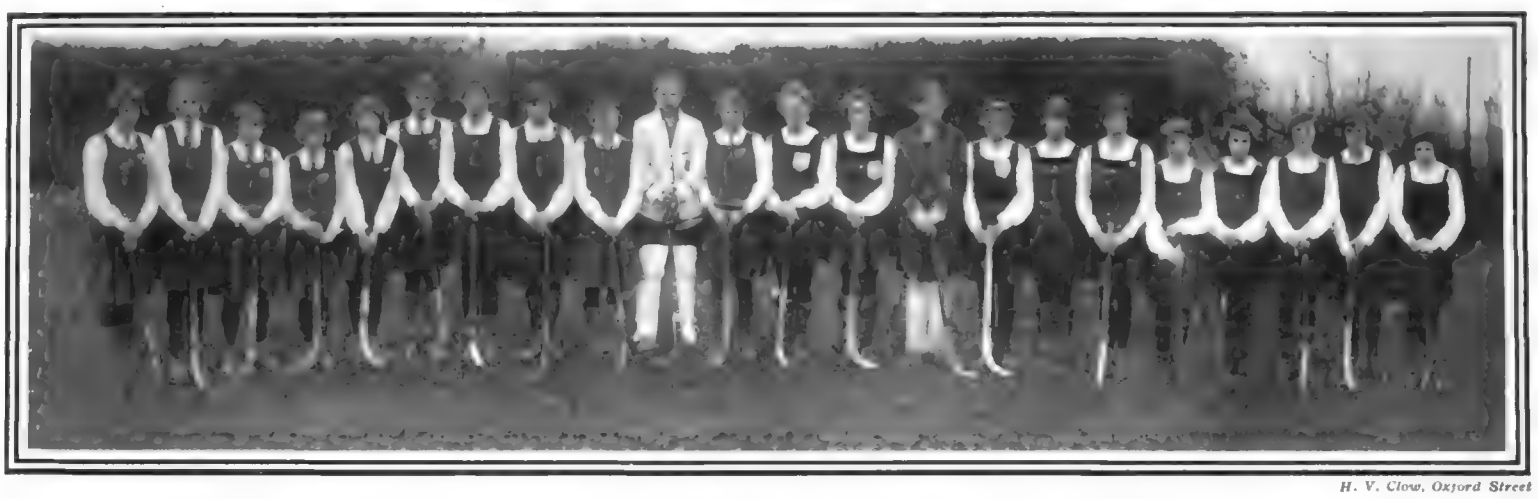
The WOMEN of TO-DAY and of YESTERDAY.



H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The Herts and Surrey Teams which Met at Lacrosse at St. Albans. Match Won by Surrey by 8 Goals to 3

The Hertfordshire team is seated in front. The names are as follows: The Misses Hunt, G. Mason, E. Mason, Smallwood, B. Fricker, Ingall (captain, Herts), Simpson (captain, Surrey), J. Fricker, Schreiber, Wren, Cross, Hogg, and Blundell. Behind are the Surrey team: The Misses K. Inge, V. Straker, P. du Bingson, L. Brash, Godby, Martyn, R. Straker, T. Riley, R. Shutle, E. Briscoe, and Grieve



H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The Gloucester and Sussex Teams, which Met at Hockey at Kew. Match Won by Gloucester by 3 Goals to Nil

On the left is the Gloucester team, consisting of the Misses P. N. Price, B. Gauntlett, V. Brain, K. Sessions, C. M. Coad, E. de Putron, O. Bennett, C. Franc-Hayhurst, K. Finnemore, D. Speak, and K. Lidderdale (captain, Gloucester). On the right are: Miss M. Hulbind (captain, Sussex), Miss J. Speaking, Mrs. Maltby, the Misses N. Stacy, H. Leighton, R. Banister, M. Bennett, Armstrong, M. Collins, K. Gilligan, and M. Archdale



The Fashions of Long Ago—1878



A Victorian Lady—Mrs. Clifton, 1868



Miss Marion Hood—A Famous Gaiety Star

There is now being held in London an exhibition of photographic art which vividly recalls to the mind the forgotten glories of the Victorian age. In order to commemorate the opening of their new premises in Baker Street, Messrs. Elliott and Fry, the well-known photographers, have arranged the exhibition to show some of the celebrities of the 60's, 70's, and 80's of the end of the last century. The firm of Elliott and Fry was founded in 1863, and since that date most of the notabilities of England have been photographed by them. The style of dress, the coiffures, elaborate and in many cases unbeautiful to modern eyes, the very gestures of the various "sitters," bring home to one vividly the modes and manners of an interesting period of the Victorian age

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined, causing much worry and anxiety to his former keepers and medical advisers. The introduction to the story presents to our readers a little group of unsavoury villains hatching a plot to share in some ill-gotten spoils which they hope to receive. The first chapter proper of the book shows the scene in "The Retreat," where the doctors receive a report concerning the movements of the "Lunatic." The scene then shifts to a small hotel in the Euston Road, where the plot to impersonate a dead man, the heir to a fortune, is taken a stage further by "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent." Meanwhile, Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, a seaside resort, has already had one pleasant encounter with a lady, but leaves her hurriedly as one of his former keepers approaches. He finds refuge in a funeral cortège as one of the mourners, where, to his great astonishment, he is hailed as a "long lost heir." He is introduced to the family. At the same time Palmer and Dent journey to a Southbourne hotel, to discover that they have been forestalled. Essington later discovers that he is being watched by two men. Essington feigns illness, and whilst being confined to his own room is handed a letter which has just arrived. To his astonishment he finds it is from a lady; he manages to keep the appointment, but has to leave very hurriedly, as he suddenly catches sight of a familiar figure. In order to cover his tracks he joins a band of "minstrels," and as a minstrel catches a train away from the danger area. From the train in place of the minstrel there emerges a magnificent Hindu priest, "Mr. Gottasittah Singh," emissary of the Indian Maharajah who has hired Stopeley Park for his stay in England. His stay here, however, is very short; soon he finds it advisable to appear as a "detective," and leave the Park far behind. He makes off to a small village some distance away, from which he has to bolt as he has not sufficient to pay the hotel charges. He returns to Southbourne, and scrambling back into his room as the "long-lost heir" again, he finds another occupant of his bed!*

II.—AUNT MARY.

Mr. Essington sprang up, the empty bottle of orangeade in his hand, ready to fight, fly, or argue. And then he saw who it was.

"My dear Aunt Mary!" he cried, and laying down his weapon, advanced with an affectionate smile towards the dressing-gowned figure trembling by the door.

But instead of seeming relieved to find it was only her nephew thus marvellously restored to her, she gave another little cry, and her hand shook so that the candle clattered on to the floor.

"A thousand apologies for alarming you!" he said soothingly as he picked it up. "Did you think it was a burglar? And did you actually venture down to tackle him alone? My dear, plucky Aunt!"

"I—I thought it was my cat," she stammered in a strange, uncertain voice, her eyes wide open, and staring at him as though he were an apparition from another world. "I—I had no idea——"

"That I had returned? Yes, Jack has come home again! But come, Aunt Mary, sit down and I'll tell you all about it."

For a moment she seemed to shrink from his touch, and then timidly let him lead her to a seat. His own manner was the happiest blend of soothing courtesy with the deference of an affectionate nephew as he began in an easy conversational tone.

"You were no doubt a little surprised when I went away so suddenly. I meant, of course, to leave a note to tell you I'd be back to-night, but I happened to be in rather a hurry, and I am afraid I forgot. One gets into careless ways at sea. However, I was sure you would quite understand that my absence was merely temporary and that nothing could really keep me long away from my family and the dear old place!"

She gazed at him with parted lips, but they said nothing, so he took a sip of orangeade and continued in the same reassuring voice.

"I meant to have come back in time for dinner, but I happened to be a little delayed, and so I took the liberty—feeling sure you really would not mind—of coming in through my bedroom window. In fact, seeing it open, I naturally thought you had meant me to enter that way in order that I might not disturb the household."

He smiled at her pleasantly, but she still seemed under a spell of frozen silence.

"When I found another guest installed in my bedroom I perceived that I was probably mistaken; but there I was, and it seemed a pity to climb out again and wake up poor old Rickett by ringing the bell. I'm sure you will agree that I did the best thing. By the way, who is the gentleman in my room.

Aunt Mary found her voice at last.

"That is Jack Hayward, our nephew!"

For once in a way Mr. Essington seemed disconcerted.

"The devil and all!" said he. "I never thought of that!"

For a moment they looked at one another in silence, and then he began to smile, humorously, insidiously, infectiously.

"It's rather a joke, isn't it?" said he.

"A joke?" she repeated faintly.

"Of course!" he cried gaily. "Aunt Julia perhaps may take an absurd view of my harmless little jest, but I am sure you will see the fun of it!"

She looked at him piteously, and then suddenly burst into tears. He sprang up and laid his hand on her shoulder.

"My dear Aunt! You will let me call you Aunt a little longer, won't you?"

"You—you shouldn't have made us so fond of you!" she sobbed.

Mr. Essington made no reply at all this time, and his smile died completely away.

"I—I'm awfully sorry!" he murmured.

"You shouldn't—you shouldn't!" she repeated.

"I *have* been a bad 'un!" he said contritely. "But look here, why shouldn't you still keep on being a little fond of me all the same? I've known lots of nice girls quite fond of fellows who weren't their nephews. I'm fond of you, and *I* don't mean to stop!"

She looked up and stared at him again.

"Who are you really?" she asked, her voice still unsteady.

"Well," he began guardedly, "I quite admit you have every right to ask me that, and I can at least tell you this - I meant no mischief whatever to the other fellow."

"Yes, yes," she said with a trace of eagerness, "I felt sure of that when they insisted that my brother shouldn't tell the police or make any trouble or fuss."

Mr. Essington began to open his eyes pretty wide at hearing of this remarkable magnanimity.

"Really?" said he.

"They said they knew all about you, and that you were quite harmless, and they didn't want any publicity."

His eyes opened wider still.

"Didn't they say who I was, then?"

"No. I don't quite know why. Julia rather wondered whether they really did know much about you. It seemed curious, she thought. But I am not naturally suspicious of people; I believe them perhaps too easily, Jack——" she broke off suddenly, with a catch of her breath. "I forgot—you aren't Jack!"

"Call me Francis!" said he. "That's my real name."

"Oh, but I can't——"

"If you don't, I'll walk straight out of the house again! Say 'Francis'!"

At last she smiled faintly back.

"Well, Francis, if I must," she murmured.

"I'm still going to call you Aunt Mary," he added, and thereupon sat down and faced her across the corner of the table. "So they said they knew all about me, did they? By the way, who are 'they'? Is there more than one heir?"

"Jack has brought a friend of his, a Mr. Palmer, with him."

Mr. Essington looked very thoughtful.

"This is devilish rum!" he said to himself. "These two fellows don't want a fuss, shrink from publicity, and say they know all about me!"

"When did they turn up?" he asked aloud.

"They only came this afternoon."

"And did they know about my visit before they arrived?"

"Oh, yes; they had heard all about it."

"And that I had gone?"

"Yes, they had evidently heard that too."

"Has anyone else called—anyone to inquire for me; a man with a black beard, for instance?"

She shook her head decidedly.

"No; nobody has been to ask about you."

A sudden suspicion struck him.

"Mr. Palmer hasn't a black beard, has he?"

"Oh, no; he is clean shaved."

Again for a moment he fell thoughtful.

"Lumsden doesn't seem to have tracked me here after all!" he said to himself. "Who, then, was watching at the gates?"

"Mary!" cried a guarded voice from somewhere in the darkened house.

"It's my sister!" she gasped.

He whispered a word in her ear, and the next instant was under the table.

She went to the door and answered the call.

"Is that you, Julia, dear? I am just trying to catch poor Binkie. She has got into the dining-room!"

"Shall I come down and help you?" asked the voice.

"No, no!" she cried, "I have almost caught her! I shall be up in a very few minutes!"

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE (*Cont.*)

The rest of the conversation in the dining-room was conducted in hurried whispers.

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

"Here."

"Here?" she repeated wildly.

"Tell me where to find a quiet attic. I won't give you away if you won't give me! Now, Aunt Mary, be a darling!"

"Mary!" cried the voice again.

"I have caught her! I am just coming!"

Five minutes later Aunt Mary was back in her room listening and trembling. She thought once she heard the faintest of footfalls passing along the passage.

III.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

Mr. Robert Palmer had just been awakened from a refreshing night's slumber, and was wondering whether it would be more *comme il faut* to array himself for breakfast in his best broad cloth with his squeaky boots, or an easy lounge suit surmounted by his purple and yellow dressing-gown and finished off by his carpet slippers, when an urgent message arrived bidding him come instantly to Mr. Jack Hayward's bedroom.

"P'r'aps Bill's wondering likewise," he said to himself as he rolled out of bed and thrust his feet into the carpet slippers. "Somehow or other Bill don't seem quite as much at home here as I'd have expected, seeing as how he always used ter say he was a gentleman born. Strikes me I'm feelin' more at home myself nor him!"

There was certainly no signs of embarrassment about Mr. Palmer as he strolled into his friend's bedroom, wrapped in the purple and yellow dressing-gown, with a beatific smile upon his large countenance. The luxury of his fortunate friend's new home gave him, in fact, such pleasure as he had rarely enjoyed. It had, indeed, convinced him immediately that this was the life for Bob Palmer, and that if he ever loosened his grip of the late William Dent, he would be the biggest fool that ever went out of Australia.

"Mornin', Jack!" said he. "Well, ain't this the proper house to come to, my son?"

Bill Dent sat up in bed and gazed at him fixedly.

"So you've been at your blank tricks again, Bob!" he replied.

Mr. Palmer's smile died away and his eyes opened very wide.

"What'cher mean?" he inquired.

"Oh, don't think you can humbug me! Where's that letter?"

"Which letter?"

"The letter from that Carey girl making an appointment for ten o'clock. I left it here—right here on this very spot!" He leapt out of bed and laid his finger on the dressing-table. "And this morning it's gone!"

"Searched your pockets?"

"I took it out of my pocket. I remember distinctly! I looked at it again last thing before I got into bed! I thought it was that damned flunky when he came in this morning, but he said it wasn't."

"Probably he lied."

At that moment Dent's eyes fell upon the gas bracket. He started, and exclaimed with fury in his voice again:

"No, he didn't! Look there! See, the gas has been lighted in the night!"

Mr. Palmer looked at the little blue jet and then at his friend.

"Sure you turned it out?"

"Sure and certain! What have you done with that letter, Bob?"

Mr. Palmer's air became a compound of calm dignity and injured innocence.

"Bill Dent, there's times when your head's no bettern'n an empty cocoa-nut. What should I be adoin of with that there letter? I'd read it, same as you. I was a dam sight too comfortable in my downy bed to be agettin' up and lightin' your gas and stealin' a letter that makes no matter which of us happened to have it in his pocket! Did you think I'd gone dotty?"

"Then will you please to tell me who walked into my room in the middle of the night and lit my gas and stole my letter?"

Bob Palmer frowned in silence for a few moments.

"That's for us to find out, and we've gotter find out, Bill! You keep your eyes skinned and I'll keep mine."

Bill Dent sat down on his bed and looked up at his friend, with the confidence gone from his face.

"I don't half like this, Bob," said he. "There's some derned mystery about this place. Who was the fellow that was here playing at being Jack Hayward? We've never yet found out who he was, or what was his game, or why he scooted all at once."

"He scooted because we saw him and chased him, and a dam good reason, too! I'm not easy frightened, but if I'd been in his shoes I'd have cleared out pretty quick, too."

"But who was he, and what was he playing at?"

"That's to be found out too."

"And then this letter vanishing, and the gas! I don't like it, Bob, I tell you honest!"

A thoughtful, frowning look came over Bob Palmer's face. He drew a chair towards the bed, and sat facing his friend.

"Keep your hair on, Bill, and don't get nervis at what I'm agoin' to tell you," said he. "I woke this mornin' round about daybreak, and happened to have a squint out of the window before I got inter bed again. It was just casual like, sort of to make sure I was really in your ancestral home, Bill. And I seed a man movin' in among the trees, like as if he'd been leaving the house. There wasn't light enough to see him distinct, and, besides, the trees partly hid him, but naturally I thought as he was one of the gardeners or such like. And maybe he was, Bill; just keep calm. He wasn't comin' from the direction of your room, and, besides, there was daylight enough then. He didn't need to light the gas, supposin' he had paid you a visit."

"And couldn't you recognise him at all?"

Mr. Palmer shook his head.

"I tell you I could only just see it was a man, and no more. Don't you get excited, Bill. I'll just find out quiet like if there was anyone movin' about the place at that hour who'd any business to be. If there wasn't, then it's time enough to start fussin' round."

"When it'll probably be too late. I tell you, Bob, I don't half like —."

"Bah!" his friend interrupted contemptuously. "Stow it, Bill. You're agoin' on like a blank chicken. Just talk business for a minute instead. What d'yer want me to say to this Carey girl?"

Bill Dent looked at his old friend with a mixture of suspicion, irresolution, and ill humour that made his face for the moment the less prepossessing of the two.

"Why should we meet her at all?"

"Why?" repeated Mr. Palmer, with concentrated scorn. "Because we don't know what she knows or what she's got to say, and we want to find out! Also, because we don't know which Jack Hayward she's writin' to; and if it's this mysterious chap, we may learn all about him right off. A pair of blighted fools we'd be to lose such a chance!"

"But if it's a plant?"

"It isn't," said Palmer, with conviction. "But even supposin' it was, I'm going to stand the racket. They won't see you at all."

For a moment Dent frowned at the floor. Then he exclaimed:

"I'm going with you!"

"Oh, you don't trust me, then?"

"I tell you I'm going with you. If there's anything to be learned, I want to hear it, too."

Mr. Palmer rose from his chair, shrugged his shoulders, and walked to the door.

"Very well," said he, "I've given you a fair chance of avoidin' the risk, but if you want to run it, that's your look-out."

"Who was just saying there wasn't any risk?"

Mr. Palmer made no answer, and the door closed behind him.

"I trust you just as far as I see you, Bob Palmer!" said Mr. Dent *alias* Hayward to himself.

8.30 was the breakfast hour at the Manor House, so that the two devoted friends had plenty of time to set out for the ten o'clock rendezvous on the esplanade without any appearance of undue haste to be gone.

As the note had merely mentioned a certain bench near the western end, and as the pair had no clue to the appearance of Miss Carey, there was nothing for it but pacing a considerable stretch of esplanade with an eye to a girl on a seat. At that hour, however, and in that quiet section of the sea front, the problem turned out to be simple enough. Apart from a couple of nursemaids sitting together, there were no girls at all on any bench that could possibly be considered as near the western end. Evidently Miss Carey had not yet arrived, so Mr. Palmer lit his pipe and Mr. Dent a cigar, and they strolled slowly backwards and forwards waiting the arrival at the rendezvous.

Meanwhile, in the middle of the road a certain elderly cab-horse seemed also to be taking the morning air on similar principles. Behind him moved a closed four-wheeled cab, and on the box sat a leizurely-looking cabman, and the whole equipage followed precisely the same programme as the two gentlemen on the pavement. It moved at a slow walk, up and down and up and down for some quarter of an hour, and only at rare intervals did a face peer for an instant out of the window and then vanish into the seclusion of the back seat.

"I don't believe she's coming after all!" exclaimed Mr. Dent at last.

"Never give a woman up under half an hour" said his experienced friend. "What they does with their time I dunno, but they wastes it somehow."

The cab had gradually edged over to the seaward side of the road, and was now following close behind them. A moment later it stopped, and a broad-shouldered, black-bearded man got quietly out and stepped briskly after the pair.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said he, with a friendly smile. "I'm thinking we've had the pleasure of meeting afore," and then, perceiving that the pleasure seemed to have been somewhat one-sided, he added in a confidential and reassuring voice, "Ye needna be feared of me, gentlemen, I'm no connected with the pollis. It's just that I'm thinking we mebbe have a mutual friend, and a wee crack might be beneficial to me and, for a' I ken, to your advantage likewise."

A minute or two later the three were slowly walking along the esplanade deep in conversation, and with every appearance of mutual confidence.

(To be continued)



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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

"Instead of seeming relieved . . . she gave another little cry, and her hand shook so that the candle clattered on to the floor"

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A LITERARY LETTER: Architecture and Travel.

LONDON, December 11, 1922.

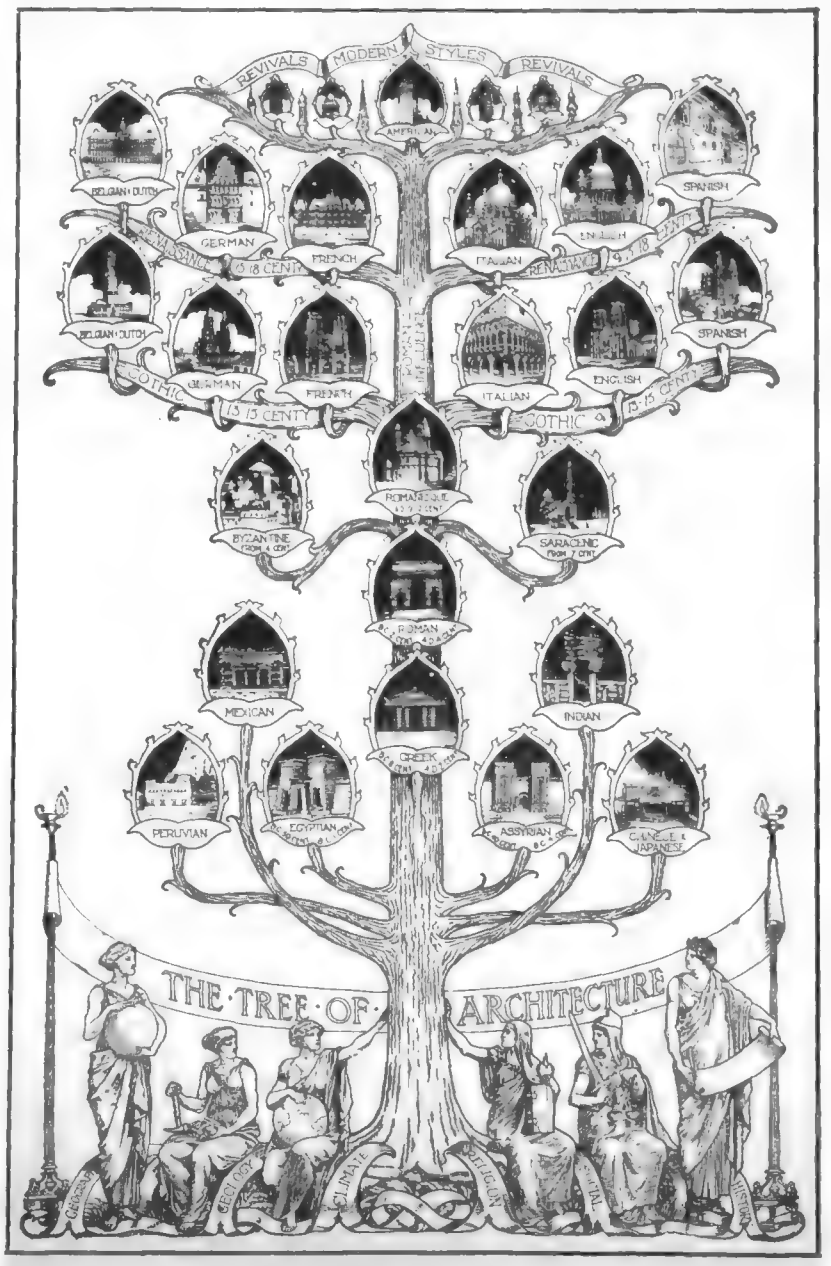
I have been reading an enchanting volume, *A History of Architecture in the Comparative Method for Students, Craftsmen, and Amateurs*, by Sir Banister Fletcher (B. T. Batsford). Frankly, I have no qualification for reviewing this noble volume, so full of minute detail and rich in pictures of architectural effort. I am not a student or a craftsman, scarcely an amateur. Yet the book promotes vanity in me, as it may in many of my readers. I am impressed with a certain luck that has come to me with the years in that good fortune has enabled me to cherish memories of so many fine buildings described in Sir Banister Fletcher's pages. I have stood in front of the Pyramids and seen the Temple of Karnak by moonlight. I have climbed the Acropolis, and rested under the shadow of the Parthenon. I have walked many times in the Roman Forum, and have stood amazed in the Palace of Nero. I have visited the church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura at Rome, and the Basilican Church at Ravenna. From Milan to Naples, indeed, there is not a poem in marble quite unknown to me. I have seen within and without the mosque of San Sophia at Constantinople, and the beautiful cathedrals at Toledo and Burgos, Seville and Granada. I have found joy in many an English cathedral.

I recall all this not in the arrogance of tourist memories, but with some sense of humility that I did not have the good fortune to read and to digest just such a book as this *History of Architecture* before I started on my *Wanderjahre*. Sir Banister Fletcher's book comes to me in its sixth edition, rewritten and enlarged, with some 3,500 illustrations. It carries the reader through prehistoric architecture, though the Egyptian, the Greek, the Roman, the Byzantine, even to the modern world. Every detail is illuminated by an illustration, and if I wanted a perfect example of how architecture should be taught to the amateur, I should instance the account with diagrammatic drawing of St. John's College, Cambridge. Nothing seems to be omitted. When I saw the illustration of the Gualda at Seville I was reminded of the Woolworth Building, which is to me the crowning glory of New York. Our author has not forgotten it. He has indeed visited places I am destined never to see. India and Japan are included in his survey. It is impossible for me to write about this book as it deserves to be written about, to describe its thousand meticulous pages ("meticulous" is *the word* here). It needs but to record that here is a book alike invaluable for the traveller and the tourist as well as for quick reference in the study.

Not all the best books in a good English library are the products of our own country. They may come from any part of Europe, and now the exchange has fallen in France, Italy, and Germany, they are coming in unusual numbers. But America daily and weekly swells the roll of beautiful books, and very noble are some of the volumes which have come from across the Atlantic. One of the latest, and perhaps the most surprising, is *English Pageantry: An Historical Outline*, by Robert Withington, published in two fine volumes by the Harvard University Press at Cambridge, Massachusetts. Strange that this voluminous but well-written record of the old-world customs of England, brought down to the present day, should emanate from so far away.

Mr. Withington has not spared himself. He has spent a long time in England making his researches, and he tells very fully the story of the development, the decline and fall of our out-of-doors amusements in the way of pageants. Pageantry may be said to have come with trade, and to have gone with trade. That is to say, the pageant doubtless started with the trade guild. Each trade marched with banners symbolic of its craft. And the pageant has been killed by the utilitarian methods which have gradually made our commercial life so matter-of-fact and ugly.

One is impressed in reading the chapter on Elizabethan pageantry to see how beautiful a thing it was and to wonder that it became so prosaic in a later century; one is impressed by the beauty of Royal Coronation Processions and Royal Progresses, to marvel that they should have dwindled to the sights we are wont to see. The Lord Mayors' Shows are fully described from the thirteenth century, year by year, to 1914. That there is a decline in the old-world charm of the thing is certain, as any man of sixty who has witnessed half-a-century of this type of pageantry will bear witness, even if we allow for the glamour which old memories cast on early experiences. Mr. Withington sees progress of late which I cannot see.



The Tree of Architecture

Reproduced from Sir Banister Fletcher's "History of Architecture." Published by B. T. Batsford, Ltd., 94, High Holborn, London. It is intended to show the main growth or evolution of the various styles

But any man of sixty will bear witness to deterioration in many particulars. He will remember the Jack-o'-the-green of the London of his boyhood, the May-day festivities in the Norfolk, let us say, of his childhood, and he will see how much of beauty has gone out of life. Mr. Withington, indeed, recalls three English towns which still have a Jack-o'-the-green. Puritanism, doubtless, has had something to do with the destruction of what Foxe called "vain pageants." But our author points no moral. He is a relentless historian, but his chapter on "Survivals and Revivals" offers a note of hope, and the account of the "Parkerian Pageant"—the splendid work of Louis N. Parker in certain old cities of England—is well worth reading. Those of us who saw what was done at Winchester and St. Albans will not speedily forget it.

Perhaps it will be in the United States of America that the pageant will come back in finest form. Judging by all account here printed of what has been done there, I am inclined to think this is the case. Doubtless Mr. Robert Withington's two splendid volumes are written with an eye to this contingency. In any case, they are very beautiful and useful books.

In my obituary notice of the late Alice Meynell, whose death all lovers of literature so deeply deplore, I inadvertently referred to Elizabeth Browning as being named for the Laureateship at the death of Tennyson. I should, of course, have written "Wordsworth."

There are no reference volumes in my library to which I more frequently refer than the row of *Book-Prices Current*, published by Elliot Stock. Volume XXXV., 32s. 6d. net, has just reached me. It has a new editor. The earlier volumes were compiled by the late Mr. J. Herbert Slater. This one is edited by Mr. W. Roberts, who has long been responsible for *The Times* notes on book sales, and has made many valuable contributions to bibliography. Mr. Roberts gives a great deal of space to the American sales at the Anderson Galleries and the American Art Association Galleries in New York, as well as of the sales at Sotheby's, Hodgson's, and Puttick and Simpson's here in London.

The whole book reads like a fairy tale to the lover of the first editions of English classics. The books once little regarded are now greatly sought, and cost many pounds. There is Shelley's *Adonais*, for example, published by him in Pisa in 1821. Once you could have bought it for a few pence. It now sells for £330. *An Address to the Irish People*, which Shelley threw broadcast from a window in Sackville Street or O'Connor Street, Dublin, in 1812, sold in November of last year for £150. Dr. Rosenbach bought a note book of Shelley's at Sotheby's for £1,750. One copy of Shelley's crude romance, *Zastrozzi*, in bad condition, sold for £37, and another for £75.

But living authors have their enthusiasts. Mr. Masefield's *Salt Water Ballads* sold for £10 15s. last year, and has almost doubled its price since; Sir James Barrie's *Peter Pan*, illustrated by Rackham, sold for £16; a former library copy of Mr. Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* sold for £46, and a first edition (with second title-page) of *The Dynasts* for £10 10s.; Mr. Kipling's *Schoolboy Lyrics* was sold for £200; a first edition of Mr. Conrad's *Nigger of the Narcissus* sold for £13 10s., and a first edition of Mr. George Moore's *Confessions of a Young Man* went for £18. I am left with a sense of bewilderment as to which of the obscure men of the moment will be the "first favourites" to another generation. To all book-buyers, at any rate, *Book-Prices Current* is an indispensable volume. C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

AUTHORSHIP: A Guide to Literary Technique. By a Well-known Author. 6s. net. (*Leonard Parsons.*) OUTSPOKEN ESSAYS (Second Series). By William Ralph Inge, Dean of St. Paul's. 6s. net. (*Longmans.*) YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY. By Ralph Nevill. Illustrated. 15s. net. (*Methuen.*) THE PIT-PROP SYNDICATE. By Freeman Wills Crofts. 7s. 6d. net. (*Collins.*) DOMENICO. By H. M. Anderson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Collins.*) TYLER OF BARNET. By Bernard Gilbert. 7s. 6d. net. (*Collins.*) KNUCKLES AND GLOVES. By Bohun Lynch. With a Preface by Sir Theodore Cook. Illustrated. 15s. net. (*Collins.*) THE BEST I REMEMBER. By Arthur Porritt. 7s. 6d. net. (*Cassell.*) SONNETS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER, AND OTHER SONNETS. By Arthur Davison Ficke. (*Mitchell Kennerley.*) THE TRAIL OF THE ELK. By H. Fonhus. Illustrated by Harry Rountree. 6s. net. (*Jonathan Cape.*) THE BOOK OF FAIR WOMEN. By E. O. Hoppe and Richard King. Limited Edition. 25s. net. (*Jonathan Cape.*) THE TRICOLOUR: Poems of the Irish Revolution. By Dora Sigerson Shorter. 3s. 6d. net. (*Maunsel & Roberts.*) BRITISH ARTISTS: LELY AND KNELLER: Edited by S. C. Kaines Smith. Volume V. By C. H. Collins-Baker. 5s. net. (*Philip Allan.*) BARRIE MARVELL: His Dreams and Adventures. By Charles Vince. 7s. 6d. net. (*Philip Allan.*) WHO WAS JANE? A Story for Young People of All Ages. By Evelyn Sharp. With Illustrations by Charles E. Brock. 7s. 6d. net. (*Macmillan.*)

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

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Foulsham & Banfield

THE CHRISTMAS PRODUCTION OF "PETER PAN," AT THE ST. JAMES'S

As usual at Christmas, Sir J. M. Barrie's delightful fantasy for children, old and young, is being revived at the St. James's Theatre. This year it is Mr. Lyn Harding who takes the part of the villainous Captain Hook. Above is a study of this fine actor in his make-up for the part. The picture inset shows Mr. Gordon Carr as The Dog

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CHRISTMAS WEEK, 1922.

THE SONG OF THE HOLLY LEAVES.

Oh, what is your story, green holly leaves,
That in fair vista frame
The green of moss-grown walls, a castle gate,
Where silver poplars sigh: "The hour grows late,
And hawthorns fade—white rowan blossoms fall
O'er ivied towers." Oh slumb'ring heart! Oh wall!
Gate ne'er unlock'd, by trees o'ergrown . . .
The span
Of years long past, strong clust'ring holly leaves,
Is magic lore—to a child.



THE SONG OF THE HOLLY LEAVES

Oh, what is your story, bright holly leaves?
Red fires 'mid gleaming snow!
Gold from a desert land o'er distant seas;
Lullaby, fairy song? No — 'tis not these.

Tidings the angels gave, that winter morn;
Peace on the Earth! Good will! The Christ is born!
Oh hearken to the love which spans the years,
The heart, the world, for all eternity ——
The song—the song of a child!

IRENE E. OSBORNE.

Stormy Hours Precede Christmas

On the eve of Christmas one has to record certain happenings of great gravity. There has been the organised attempt of certain Labour members to "break the atmosphere" of Parliament. Little groups of men have appeared in the Lobby and have attempted to remain covered while the Speaker passed by. A prolonged and noisy sitting was followed by a stormy afternoon, when the Labour back benches foamed around Mr. Bonar Law, who stood his ground with calmness and a certain native dignity. He is determined to do what he can to restore trade and prosperity to this land, but in his own way. A happy augury was the rise in the value of the pound sterling.

Official Memoranda

Discussion raged round the question of the Greek appeal to this country and Lord Curzon's answer to it. M. Gounaris's request for a decision rings true. It reads as a frank and sensible statement of a situation demanding attention. We now know the amount of attention it received from important members of the late Coalition Government. Did anyone read the appeal and the reply? One knows the dire results—the executions in Athens, the tragedy of Smyrna, the pressure of a victorious Kemalist army against Europe's bulwarks. Suddenly the limelight has been turned upon an incident which may well have been the crucial moment in the recent history of Greece. Students of the Near East are reading Mr. G. F. Abbott's new book, *Greece and the Allies*. It has a preface by Admiral Mark Kerr, and contains much new matter.

The Hidden Hoard

Interest in the great Egyptian discovery continues. There are lectures by the Egypt Exploration Society and other learned bodies, and the topical films are showing Thebes and the neighbouring temples. It is urged that, should the royal mummy be found, the greatest care should be taken with any unwrapping of the body. We give a further SPHERE diagram this week showing the position of the newly-discovered tomb.

CHRISTMAS MUSIC IN LONDON

Westminster Abbey:

Special Christmas carols on Holy Innocents' Day.

Southwark Cathedral:

December 27. Special carol service.
December 30. Usual Cathedral carol service.

St. Paul's:

Numbers from the "Messiah" and Bach's Christmas Oratorios. Mozart in B flat.



A Princess at the Claridge's Christmas Fair

Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, opened the Christmas Market Fair at Claridge's Hotel a few days ago. Here she is seen with the prettily-attired bodyguard of children who escorted her to the fair



Inter-'Varsity Football at Crystal Palace

The Cambridge team which defeated Oxford by two goals to none at the Crystal Palace on Wednesday of last week

Little Failings of the Film

On other pages in this issue will be found a selection of pictures from recent films. They have been selected for their pictorial virtues. Sometimes, in the open air, in real scenery, the film scores heavily, as in the picturesque little group on the steps of the Saluta in Venice. Some keen rapier work is afoot, one is sure. But turn to the centre picture and study the mechanical action of the crowd. It would appear that each member of the vast assemblage had been instructed to raise the *right* arm and to clench the fist at the precise moment. There seem to have been no left-handed men at this period. Some of the action of *Robin Hood* takes place in picturesque settings, but why such a Cyclopean hall? The desire for bigness grows upon certain producers.

Christmas is Coming

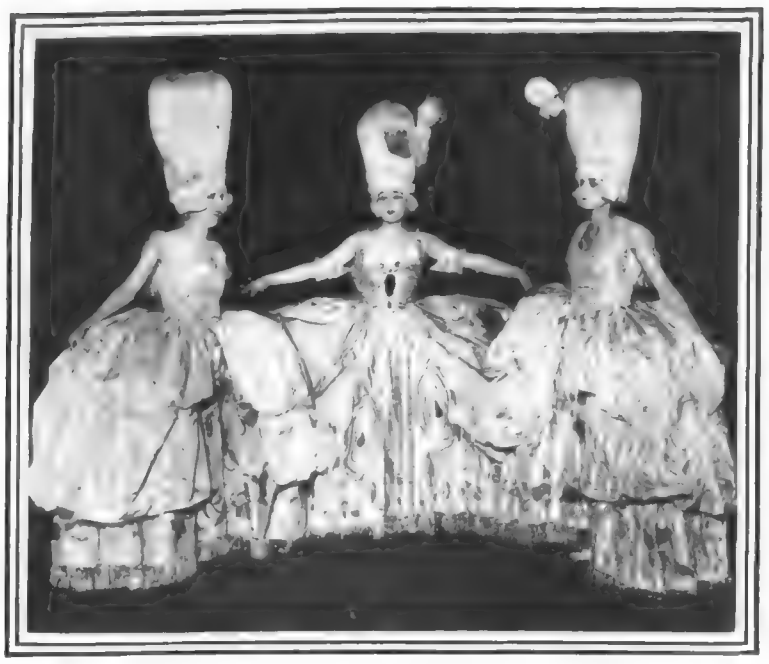
There has been a slight waning in carol singing during the past few nights owing to the near approach of Christmas; the youthful carol singer crowded the lighted shopping centres, often in company with his parents, and secured many a casual present by being upon the spot. The theatres have been completing their final rehearsals for the holiday play, and by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers some of the plays will already be attracting Christmas audiences. The favourite winter plays, such as *Peter Pan*, *The Windmill Man* (last season's success), *Where the Rainbow Ends*, *The Christmas Party* (at the Regent's), and a host of others, will provide many happy hours for the young. The Hippodrome pantomime will be a great effort and at Olympia there opens once again a giant circus.

Christmas Carols

Those who are wise will not miss the carol music which is to be heard at the great churches during Christmastide. If one visits the Abbey on Holy Innocents' Day in the middle of next week, much sweet carol music will be heard; and if a pilgrimage is made across the water to Southwark one can hear that beautiful carol, "The Holly and the Ivy"; the old traditional words are sung to a Walford Davies setting.

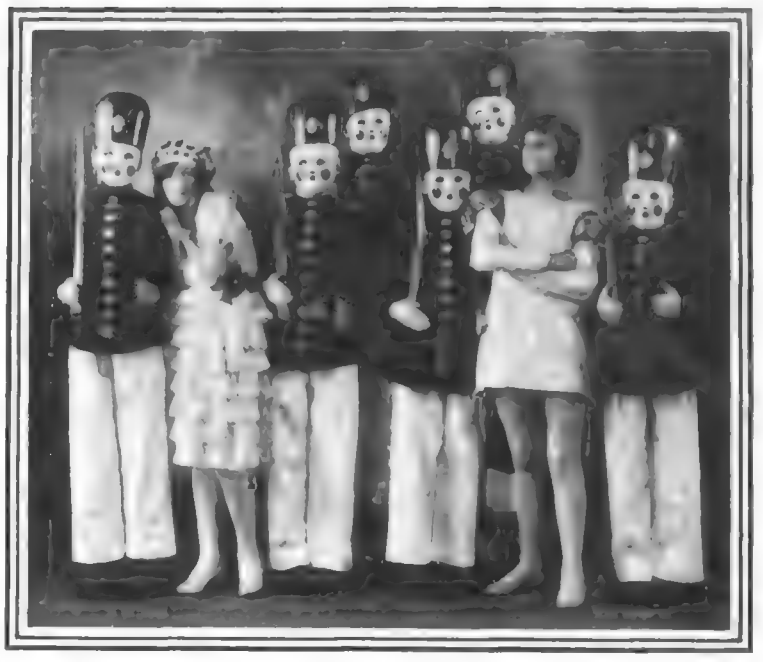
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CHRISTMAS Plays for the CHILDREN.



Towering Head-dresses in the Hippodrome Pantomime of "Cinderella"

Some of the gorgeous ballroom dresses (of the period of Louis XII.) worn in the production



Bassano

"The Windmill Man," at the Victoria Palace

The arrest of the Prince and Princess, who are to be tried by a jury of dolls which they have broken



The "Blue Bird," to be Revived in London

Miss Nora Johnston will shortly produce at the Duke of York's Theatre Maeterlinck's classic fantasy, "The Blue Bird." Here Miss Johnston, who is to play Night in the production, is seen introducing a real "blue bird" to Mytyl and Tyltyl (Phyllis Jay and Joan Duan)



Poulsham & Danfield

Miss Edna Best as Peter Pan

This year, at the St. James's Theatre, Miss Edna Best is again playing the part of Peter Pan in Barrie's ever-fresh children's play



"Cinderella," at the Hippodrome



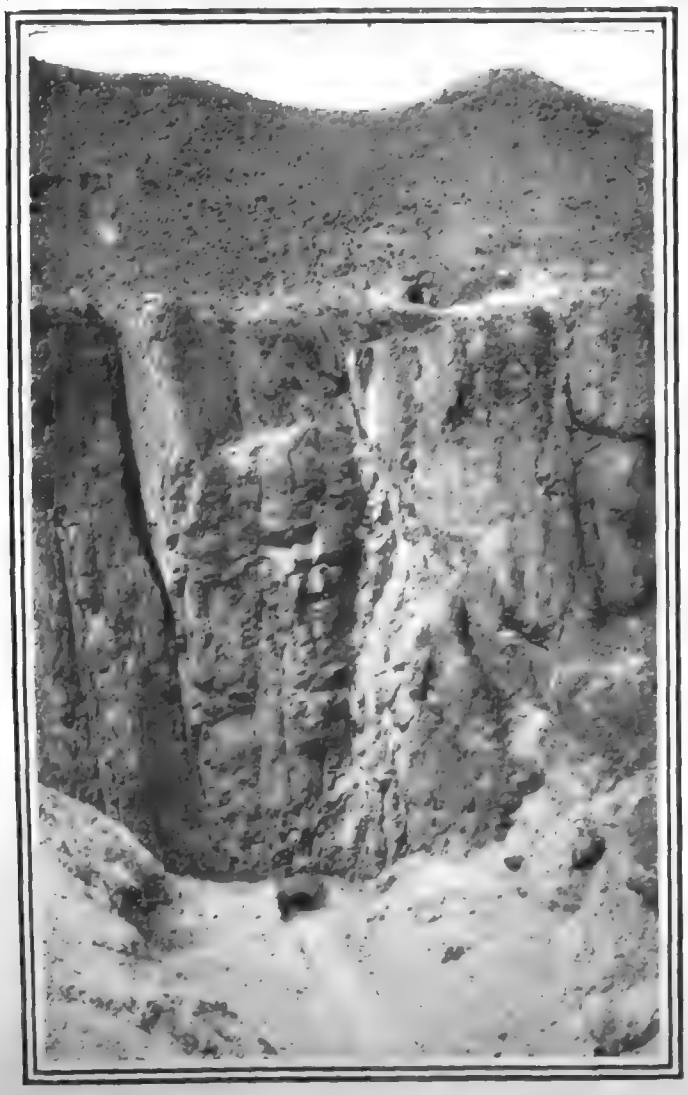
The "Hippodrome Mites" Rehearsing One of their Dances

The old favourite, "Cinderella," is this year's pantomime at the London Hippodrome. The production is on the style of magnificence usually associated with this famous theatre, and some wonderful dresses are appearing in the various scenes. The picture on the left shows some of the Prince's guard helping the "mites" to put on their grotesque masks; and on the right Mr. Gus Sohlke is seen rehearsing some of the mites for one of their dances

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The EGYPTIAN TREASURE HOARD DISCOVERY:





A Tomb Built into the Perpendicular Cliff

A picture taken at Thebes, showing part of the precipitous valley wall, with one of the excavated tombs at its base. The tomb seen is that of Amenhetep II.

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How the Newly-Discovered Tomb of Tutankhamen

This special "Sphere" diagram shows in section the approximate position of the newly-discovered directly beneath that of Rameses VI. These tombs

The photographic illustrations given in last week's SPHERE revealed the fact that the entrance to the newly-discovered tomb of Tutankhamen lay directly beneath the famous tomb of Rameses VI.—a fine example of the long-drawn-out corridor tomb, which has made the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings famous. The above diagram has now been prepared in order to show more distinctly the initial chambers of Tutankhamen's tomb. There is an inclined way, with steps leading to the first inner door of the tomb. the first two chambers only have been penetrated. These are here shown in section. How much lies beyond cannot yet be told. Above these two chambers, separated by the rock forming the low hill, is the long-drawn-out tomb of Rameses VI. The first half of the tomb was constructed for Rameses V., the second half for Rameses VI. The whole, as we now find it, consists of a series of corridors and antechambers and pillared halls.

These rooms, which are some 12 to 15 in height, extend in a length of 320 ft. Above the second half of the tomb, and almost at right angles to it, is another series of corridors and chambers. This is known as tomb No. 12, and is otherwise unnamed.

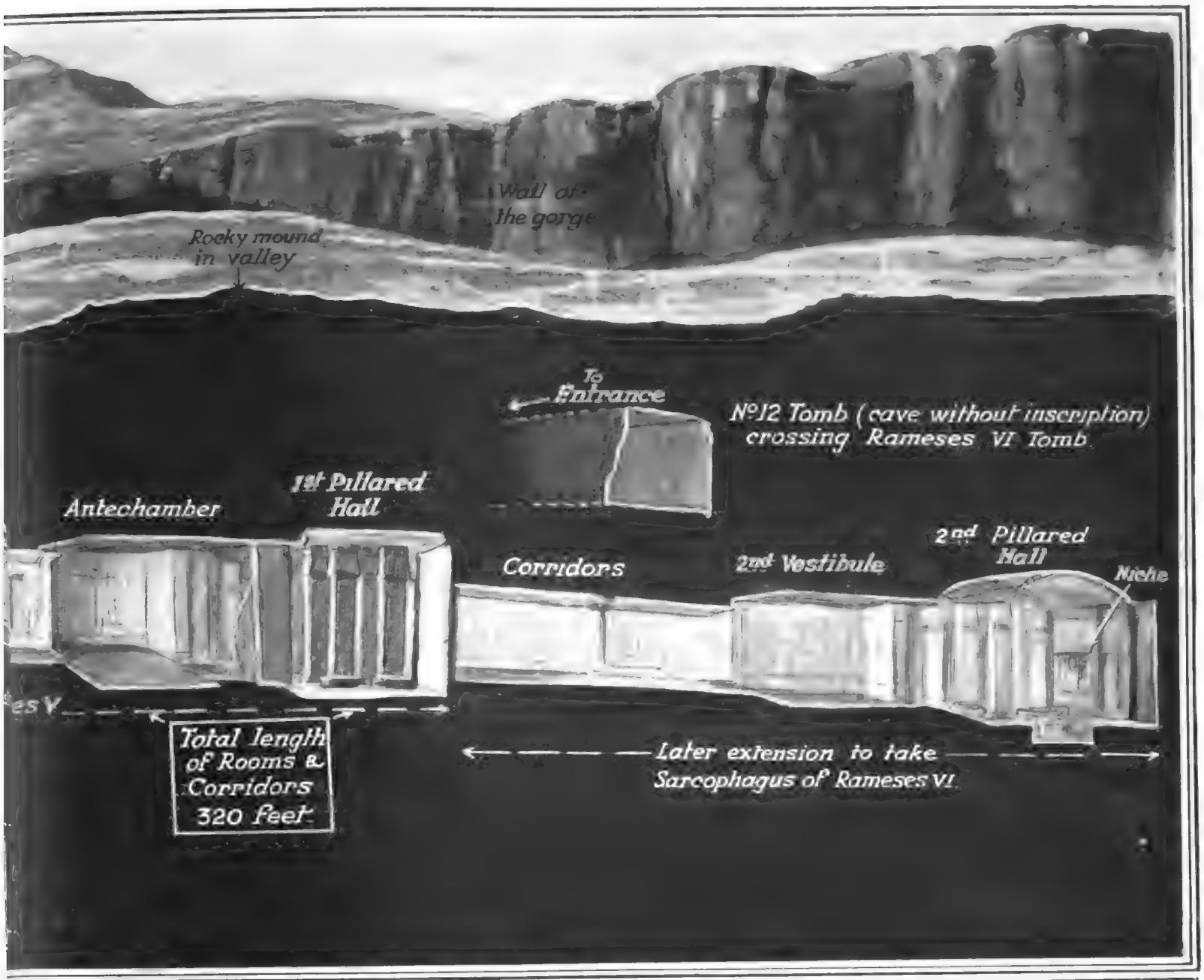
The three [illegible] it will be noticed, cut through a [illegible] at the foot of the [illegible] of the necropolis gorge. Other [illegible] are cut right into the heart of this perpendicular wall, as shown in the plan given here.



Returning from Market—From the Tomb of Mehenkwetre

Google

The Position of the Newly-discovered Tomb in Relation to its Neighbours.



DRAWN BY D. MACPHERSON

s Beneath the Long-drawn-out Tomb of Rameses VI.

b in relation to that of Rameses VI. Part of the front section of the newly-discovered tomb lies built into the wall of the gorge, but into a low hill

e are indebted to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York for two of the interesting pictures reproduced on this page, and for a full account of the dis-eries made at Thebes by Mr. Burton and Mr. Winlock.

These discoveries were made at the tomb of Mehenkwetre—an important dignitary he eleventh dynasty (about 2,000 B.C.)—a Chancellor and Steward of the royal palace. excavators came on a small, totally-untouched chamber full of hundreds of little htly-painted statuettes of men and animals and models of boats. After casting about a satisfactory explanation, the explorers realised that this must have been part of the b equipment of Mehenkwetre himself. A thousand years before his day it had been custom for the tombs of the lthy to contain such a chamber. er, it had been the custom to beside the statue a few figures servants at their daily tasks, nally preparing food and drink the dead owner of the tomb.

When discovered, these latter e grouped in models of work-os or on boats performing their yday tasks, and the master's ue had become a figure in the eau watching the work done for

The models supply us with a ndid picture of life and condi-s in Egypt 4,000 years ago, and this point of view these little are of the very greatest im-tance.

The series found in Mehenk-e's tomb offered some fasci-g problems to the discoverers. e of the models were broken. parts missing, and one of them been burnt in two.

Possibly the models stayed in house for several years, during h time not only did the flies spiders and mice rest in them, even the children of the family have sneaked in and played them, and they were the ones had broken and burnt the els.



Girls Bringing Baskets of Food and Wine

SOME OF THE TREASURES OF TUTANKHAMEN'S TOMB

As Described by Lord Carnarvon to "The Times" Representative at Marseilles.

The chamber has been sealed for thousands of years. It is very hot; I have been in the chamber three or four times, each time in trousers and vest. Precious objects are scattered about the floor in extraordinary confusion, and one has to tread very warily to avoid injuring them. The outer chamber runs north and south. It is roughly twenty-five to thirty feet long, about fifteen to eighteen feet wide, and from ten to twelve feet high. The entrance is in the centre of the east wall. Arranged along the opposite wall are the three state beds or couches. They are very spacious, and could easily accommodate three persons lying abreast.

•

Under the bed at the south end of the west wall is the state throne of King Tutankhamen. It is the first of the thrones of the kings of Egypt revealed to modern eyes. The back panel consists of a portrait of the king and his queen, protected by Aton rays skilfully carved in semi-precious stones inlaid in the wood.

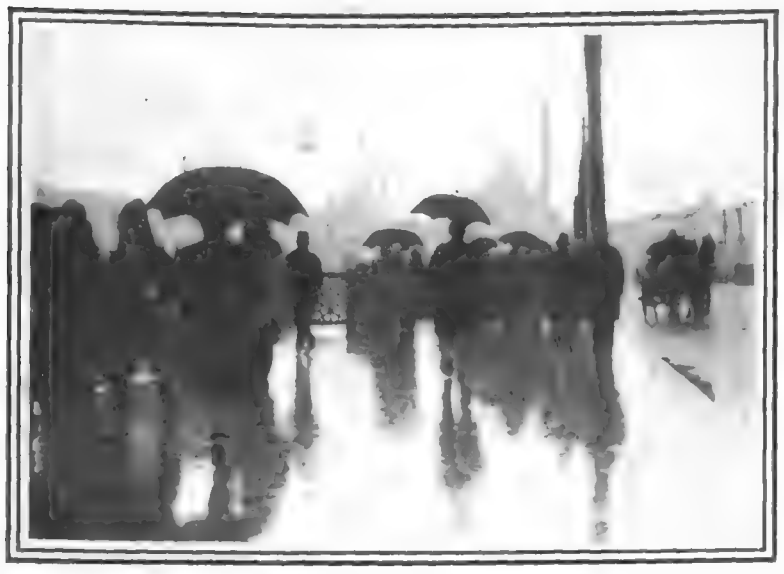
•

In the south-eastern corner of the chamber are the four gold chariots. They are, as I have already stated, dismantled. The bodies are piled one on the other and the wheels and poles occupy a portion of the south wall.

•

There remains the mystery of the north wall of the outer chamber, jealously guarded by the two gigantic bitumenized statues of King Tutankhamen. They stand seven feet high, one in the north-east corner and the other in the north-west corner. The figures are not adorned with elaborately-dressed beards, such as one is accustomed to see in representations of the kings of ancient Egypt. They are probably authentic portraits of the king. Standing erect, holding in one hand a gold stick and in the other a mace, the costume is a tunic of the period. The handsome features, with eyes of glass, are crowned with an elaborate head-dress studded with gems. The feet are enclosed in shoes, with a ring of metal that may prove to be gold.

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Galata Bridge, with Stamboul in the Background



"The shining streets and pavements are as mirrors on wet days"

A CONSTANTINOPLE CAUSERIE.

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL.

A Further Dispatch from "The Sphere's" Special Correspondent in the Near East

CONSTANTINOPLE, December, 1922.

Sometimes I am a sociable person.

A few mornings ago I shivered my muddy way through damp and misty streets, and sought the comfort of Constantinople Club. There was a cheery fire of blazing logs. A stranger stood in front of it. A weather-beaten, healthy, red-cheeked man.

"Ah—ha!" said I, "a fire! . . . I'm absolutely cold!"

He frowned. "It isn't cold," he said.

"What?" said I.

"It isn't cold!" he repeated.

"Never mind *it*," said I. "*It* may not be cold—but *I* am."

"I don't want to argue about it," he said—and straightway started doing so.

He said something about the wind being from the south, and something about the difference that a north wind would have made; told me about winds that came from Russia (I think), and winds that came from Thrace. He also talked of snow—when all the mosques and minarets were clothed in white. And finally my coldness disappeared. The man persuaded me that I was warm—but not a little credit must be given to the fire. . . .

Now I could have sworn that I was cold when I approached the fire—I had been doing so because I was—and this man with his mocking, jeering health, had tried to raise an argument. One cannot work life's problems out by rule of three, but I thought to myself: If two men disagree on weather, which is very definite, how much more varied will views be on what is vague—the situation here to-day?

"Look here!" I said to the man. "You'll admit that it is foggy?"

"Well ——," he said, "misty, perhaps ——"

"Foggy!" I roared. "Foggy! . . . The weather's foggy, and the streets are foggy, and the whole d—— state of things is foggy. It's a fog here, and a fog in Anatolia, and a fog in Lausanne, too. We're all groping in a fog of misty politics, and no one knows just where to turn."

And then I lit my pipe and went to get a magazine.

. . . . .

The weather? . . . Yes, that is a safer subject, except with red-faced men who suffer from exuberance of health.

The club's back windows overlook the Golden Horn. There is a dampness in the air. Across the muddy water lies Stamboul, veiled in soft mists of grey. Of darker grey are the old Turkish battleships that lie down by the arsenal.

Torrential rains of several weeks ago, that turned the hilly streets to mountain burns in spate, have given way to gentler showers. The shining streets and pavements are as mirrors on wet days. At night, when all the lamps are lit and when the nervous little tramway cars go clanging through the narrow streets, the muddy roadways glisten with gold and silver lights.

Towards the evening the daytime mists grow thicker, more mysterious. There is something home-like about them. They take one back to London town. Memories arise, memories of many night-like days in years gone by. One calls to mind the discomfort, the humour—banging into cheerful folk in darkest Strand!—orange lights, belated trains, omnibuses looming up through banks of gloom. . . .

Well, we have no mists in Turkey to compare with London's fogs, but never was a London fog so thick as that in which the politics out here are wrapped to-day.



The Devil's Aqueduct in Belgrade Forest

This is said to be the oldest Byzantine aqueduct. It is about six miles east of Purgos, near Constantinople, and crosses one of the tracks leading through the forest



The Courtyard of the Mosque of Goebze, Showing the Fountain and the Doorway of the Inn



The Main Gateway, Leading into the Courtyard of the Goebze Mosque on the Ismid Peninsula

A correspondent sends these interesting pictures from Ismid, from a now inaccessible district. Goebze is in Anatolia, on the Ismid Peninsula. In old days it was the first stopping-place on the caravan route between Constantinople and Damascus. Goebze was formerly in the neutral zone, but it has now been handed over to the Kemalists. It is about thirty miles from Constantinople. The interior of the mosque is interesting, but an even greater interest attaches to the Kutaya tiles on each side of the doors. The latter are beautifully inlaid

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The CHRISTMAS LATIN PLAY at WESTMINSTER.

Terence's "Andria," or "The Woman of Andros"



A Group of the Principal Actors in the Westminster Play

The King's Scholars of Westminster School, who performed the "Andria" of Terence in the old dormitory



"Sponsam hic tuam amat" (Pamphilus on right)

The slave, Byrria, relates that Charinus is in love with Philumena, the girl whom Simo desires his son, Pamphilus, to marry



"Quo portas puerum?"

Mysis, the nurse, is astonished at Davus's appearance with the baby



"Utinam aut hic surdus, aut haec muta facta sit"

Davus (on right), the crafty slave, is horrified at his plans being checkmated by Simo's overhearing the conversation between Mysis and Lesbia, the two nurses



"Certe mea est"—Chremes Finds that Glycerium is his Daughter



Special SPHERE *pictures*

Simo Tells Pamphilus that he Wishes him to Marry Philumena

There is a cycle of four plays of Terence performed by the scholars of Westminster School; this year the play is the "Andria," or "The Woman of Andros." The heroine of the story is Glycerium, a daughter of Chremes, who leaves her under the care of his brother, Phania. The latter follows his brother with the child later, but is wrecked on the island of Andros, where Glycerium is brought up as an Andrian woman. Later she goes to Athens, where Pamphilus, only son of Simo, falls in love with her and marries her secretly. The love of Pamphilus and Glycerium is discovered, but Simo hopes eventually that the match he has arranged with another daughter of Chremes will take place; in order to attempt to disconcert him Pamphilus suddenly agrees to the marriage; a series of amusing complications follow. In the end, however, Glycerium's true identity is revealed, and Pamphilus is not only able openly to acknowledge his wife, but also receives a handsome dowry.

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Students Awaiting the King's Arrival in the Courtyard of the Mosque

The Royal Procession Through the Courtyard of the Al Azhar Mosque

A few days ago the King of Egypt made his first entry into the Al Azhar Mosque, the famous University mosque in Cairo, since the disturbances in 1919. Fifty thousand spectators lined the route on the occasion of his visit. The King was accompanied by all the palace officials. He was received by the Governor of Cairo and the high officials, and troops of the Royal Bodyguard were among the 20,000 worshippers inside, who cheered his Majesty with "Long live the King of Egypt and the Sudan." A cashmere shawl was presented to the mosque from the Royal Palace, and money was distributed among the servants. The King had one of the greatest receptions from his people on this occasion; they strewed his path with flowers on the occasion of his first prayer at Al Azhar.

The mosque was converted into a university in 988; the original building was entirely rebuilt in 1303, but it has been so frequently restored that only the central part of the sanctuary, with its cupola, remains of the old building. The University is the most important in Islamic territory, and the students have numbered as many as 15,000.

The King Leaving the Mosque

With the new Prime Minister, Nessim Pasha (on left)

THE LATIN PLAY AT WESTMINSTER

By Russell Green

It is to be suspected that the performance of plays—French, German, and English—at many schools is perhaps rather designed to appeal to the pride of the admiring parents in the audience than for any nobler reason. But for the annual performance of a Latin play at Westminster School there is no less weighty authority than the ordinances of Queen Elizabeth, who re-founded the school in 1560. In those days, of course, the acting of a Latin play was not peculiar to Westminster, but was common to all schools of good standing, and to the Universities. As Latin was the medium for the acquisition of all knowledge, the acting of a play in the language served a useful function in increasing the colloquial facility of both actors and audience. Thus the Westminster play has continued, with but few interruptions, for nearly four centuries, and it will no doubt still continue when Latin is as little known in England as Sanskrit and Gothic. Even now it is found necessary to equip the audience with a summary in English of the Prologue and Epilogue; and the acting versions of the plays published by the school have an English translation facing the original, page by page. So much for the decay of classical culture! But as the play survived, and was the only school play to survive, the repressive energy of the Puritans, it may be expected to outlive the even more deadly discouragement of neglect and ignorance.

Since 1860 the play has been restricted to a cycle of four—the *Trimummus* of Plautus, and the *Andria*, *Adelphi*, and *Phormio* of Terence. The play given this year has been the *Andria*, a mild comedy of amatory entanglement, in which the blundering ingenuity of the slave, Davus, attempts in vain to save his master's son, Pamphilus, who is already secretly wedded, from a "mariage de convenance," until in the nick of time arrives Chremes from Andros to prove that the secret wife is the sister of the intended bride, so that Pamphilus secures an unexpected dowry, the intended bride is freed for a man of her choice, and all are content.

The peculiar feature of the Westminster plays (a feature introduced at the beginning of the eighteenth century) is the Epilogue, in which contemporary events are satirised in excellent Latin, the "personæ" being the characters of the play. Thus in the 1893 Epilogue there are references to "Codac" ("tu premis umbonem; cetera nos facimus"), "Optio Localis," and to our disasters in the race for the America Cup. This year we are shown the chagrin of a fallen statesman, Davus, who complains as he leaves Downing Street, "Why this zeal for the Turk?" and becomes sure of victory in the election when his private secretary produces a sandwich-man whose board proclaims, "Cave ne Labor omnia vincat." The election is won by Simo, who thus addresses the bystanders: "O citizens, how deeply you will be able to sleep while I am leader . . . and with this sign reversed," as he turns over the notice outside No. 10, Downing Street, from "Stabilitas" to "Tranquillitas."

WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S NEW BANNER

The Gift of the G.F.S.

On the page opposite is reproduced a coloured plate of the banner given to Westminster Abbey by the members of the Girls' Friendly Society throughout the Empire as a thank-offering for the self-sacrifice of the men who gave their lives in the Great War.

This banner has been designed by one of the ablest artists in England, Mr. Ninian Comper, whose beautiful works are well known.

The central feature is the Blessed Virgin, as representing the highest type of womanhood. The figure of the Virgin appears in the centre of a group of figures surrounded by a magnificent wreath of red and white roses. On her lap she supports the Infant Saviour, while in her right hand she holds a lily, the emblem with which she was so often associated by the painters and craftsmen of the Middle Ages. She is flanked on either side by two male figures, which indicate the close association of the banner with the Abbey Church of Westminster. On the Virgin's right hand stands St. Peter. He is holding in his right hand the characteristic bunch of keys. The figure on the left is St. Edward the Confessor, holding a sceptre in his right hand as indicating his royal rank.

At the foot of the wreath of roses will be seen the Virgin's emblem once more, namely, a pot of lilies. It is flanked on each side by a shield. One of these, consisting of a pair of crossed keys on a red ground, is that of St. Peter, while its companion shield is mainly blue and gold in colour, representing the official arms of Westminster Abbey.

The finial with which the pole of the banner terminates consists of a monogram on which appear the initials, G.F.S., and which will serve to recall the donors of the banner.

The back is of blue silk, on which is worked a gold cross, together with five small heraldic birds known technically as martlets, a device always associated by medieval heralds with St. Edward the Confessor, and which appears in not a few places in the general architecture of the Abbey.

The inscription, in gold letters, is worked under this cross, and consists of the following words written by Mr. John Drinkwater: "We died that freedom still should live; In life, O friends, as proudly give."

The banner was dedicated in Westminster Abbey by the Dean of Westminster on November 4 in the presence of over 3,000 G.F.S. members and workers representing all parts of the Empire, a great feature of the service being the procession of girls in white dresses and blue veils, pictures of which appeared in THE SPHERE of November 11. Such a procession was unique in the history of the Abbey, and the reverent demeanour of the white-clad girls helped to create an atmosphere of real devotion. The music was very beautiful, and the muffled peal on the bells, as well as Mr. Nicholson's organ recital, formed a fitting prelude to the service.



The late Lord Marcus Beresford

A personal friend of the King and of King Edward, who for thirty years had been in charge of the royal racing stables. He was found dead in bed at his flat in St. James's



Russell

The late Lord Annaly

Permanent Lord-in-Waiting to the King, and a former master of the Pytchley for twelve years, who has just died at Holdenby House, Northampton, at the age of 55



Elliott & Fry

The late Mr. Sydney P. Hall

A painter well known in Court circles; he painted many of the more notable Court functions during the reigns of Queen Victoria and King Edward



Russell

The late General Sir G. M. Harper

Who has died as the result of a motoring accident. He was the G.O.C. Southern Command. His car skidded, ran into a bank, and overturned

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WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S NEW BANNER.



Special Supplement plate

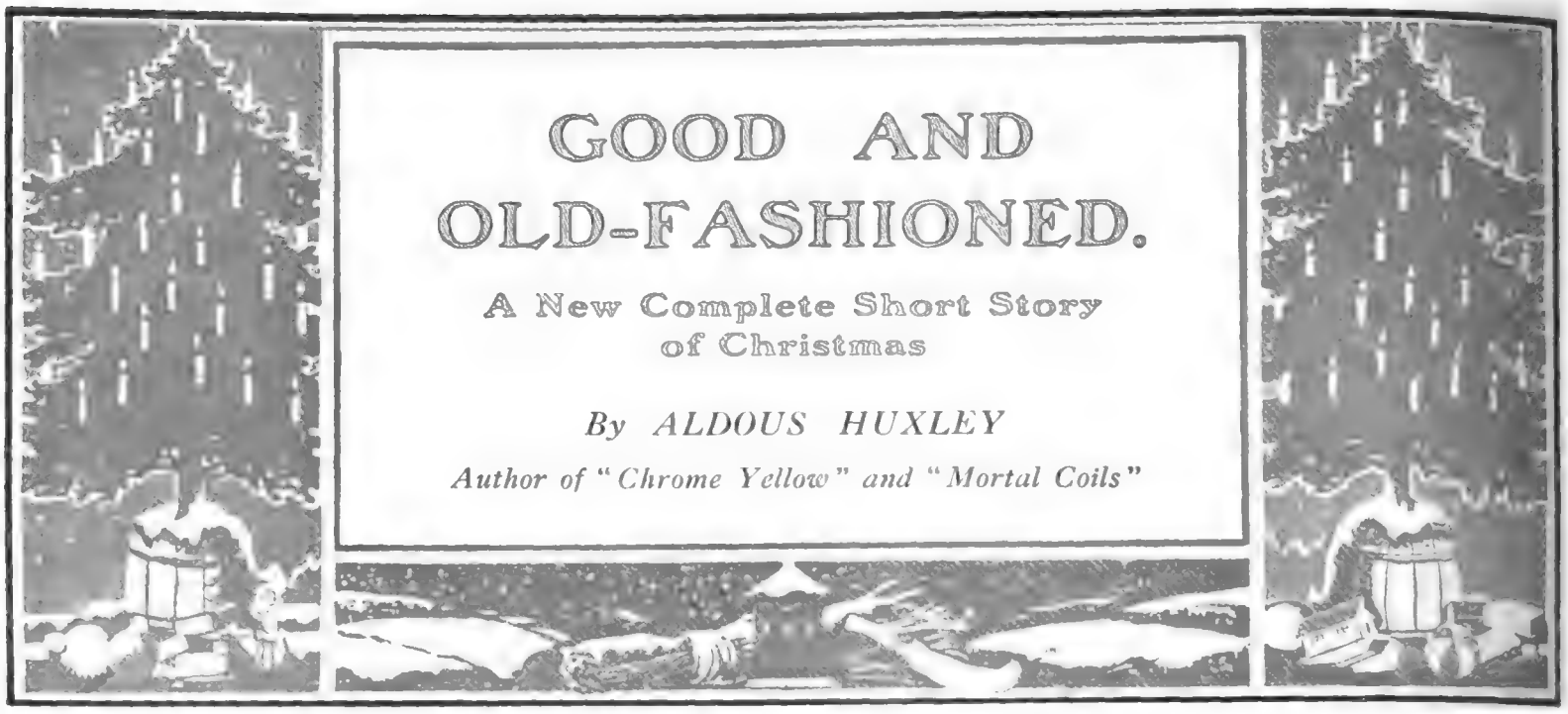
THE WAR MEMORIAL BANNER PRESENTED BY THE GIRLS' FRIENDLY SOCIETY TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY

This beautifully worked banner was recently presented, as our readers will remember, to Westminster Abbey by the Girls' Friendly Society as a memorial of all those connected with the Girls' Friendly Society who fell in the Great War. It is here reproduced in the colours of the actual banner. In the centre are the Virgin and Child, with St. Peter with the keys on one side and St. Edward the Confessor holding the ring on the other. *(Further notes will be found on another page)*

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GOOD AND OLD-FASHIONED.

A New Complete Short Story of Christmas

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

Author of "Chrome Yellow" and "Mortal Coils"

"I am surprised," said the old Italian, smiling towards me a little mockingly, "I am surprised that you, an Englishman, a compatriot of Dickens, should choose to spend your Christmas here, in Calabria, so far from—*come si dice?*—Home (is not that the word?) and in a city whose customs are so singularly unlike those of your native land."

He waved his hand towards the great piazza that lay beyond the café windows. The glaring arc lamps revealed a scene that certainly wasn't particularly English. The huge florid baroque cathedral, for example; that would give you a bit of a shock if you saw it from an English deanery window. What swaggering grandiosity of plan! What energetic luxuriance of detail! Oh, most decidedly, Timbalo's masterpiece of ecclesiastical architecture didn't look, this clear, warm Christmas night, at all orthodoxly Anglican. And the little, dark young men, in their fabulously elegant clothes and their skewbald boots of patent leather and brown box-cloth—they, too, were very foreign, as they strolled back and forth under the electric glare, talking, gesticulating, laughing, with sudden flashes of bright teeth.

"And what have you eaten for your Christmas dinner?" the old gentleman went on. "Not turkey, I'll be bound; not plum pudding."

I laughed. "Cabbage soup, fried octopus, stewed goat, and a platter of whipped cream. That was my dinner; and very good it was, too."

"And you, an Englishman, you, a compatriot of Dickens!" The old man shook his head in mock horror.

"I have nothing to make me want to spend Christmas at home," I explained. "All my relations are dead. I would eat my Christmas dinner as solitarily in London as I would here in your Guarino. And what is more," I bowed in his direction, "what is more, I should never in a London restaurant have made the acquaintance of so courteous and hospitable----"

The old man waved away the rest of the compliment. "We see so few strangers down here. It is you who do us a favour by coming to the town and letting us talk to you. Another glass of liqueur?" He beckoned to the waiter.

There was a silence. Pensively we sipped at our coffee. From time to time I looked curiously at my companion. He had a brown, wrinkled face, and the dark glitter of his eyes proved how black his hair and moustache, now startlingly white against the brown skin, must once have been. A fine, intelligent face, I reflected; and how courteous, how charmingly cultured in his speech! He had come up to the table at which I was sitting alone, in the café, had bowed, had entered into conversation. Was I English? Yes. (It was my shabby clothes, I suppose, that betrayed my nationality; my clothes and my boots, that were plain brown all over, instead of being ringstraked and speckled in the correct Calabrian fashion.) Would I permit him to sit at my table and offer me a cigar and a little glass of Strega? With the greatest possible pleasure. And so we had sat down and we had talked; or rather he had talked about the town and its antiquities; about its immortal architect the prodigious Timbalo; about the art of the *seicento*, and the music of the *settecento*, and the brigands and the revolutions of the dreary eighteen-hundreds. I could not have wished for a more entertaining companion.

The old man suddenly looked up; within their wrinkled sockets his eyes twinkled. Slowly and with deliberate care he spoke—"'A goo-ood auld-fash-i-onéd Chrees-mas.' Is that right?" he added in Italian.

"Perfect," I assured him.

He repeated the phrase two or three times, evidently proud of his accomplishment. "I have read your Dickens," he said. "And what is more, I know something about your English Christmas by personal experience. Oh, yes, indeed!" He cocked his head on one side and wagged a finger in knowing affirmation.

"You have been in England?" I asked.

He nodded. "Once, a long time ago. Twenty-five years at least. Before there were automobiles. London then was full of those little—how do you say?—kebss."

I looked at him blankly, uncomprehendingly.

"Kebss," he repeated, "those little carriages with two wheels and the driver sitting up behind, high, high up." He pointed skywards.

"Oh, cabs. Hansom cabs. Yes, yes."

"And many omnibuses, green and yellow and red. Those are all gone now, I suppose?"

"All gone."

"Everything goes," said the old man, sighing; "everything that is beautiful. But I liked London. It is so delightfully dark. Here in Calabria we have the sun, always the sun, all the time. One gets so tired of it; and the glare is so painful to the eyes, and the heat is so fatiguing. We have too much sun here. But in London, ah!"—he raised his shoulders and made a gesture with his hand expressive of admiration—"in London you are never troubled by it. Always that pleasant greyness, every day. It is so restful. At Manchester, they tell me, it is still better. But I have never been there myself."

"You would adore Manchester," I told him.

The old man lit another cigar. "It was in London," he said, "that I came to know about your 'goo-ood auld-fash-i-onéd Chrees-mas.' Not in Dickens; in life." He clicked his tongue against his teeth. "In real life."

"Did you enjoy it?" I asked.

"Well——" the old man paused to grope for the right word. "It certainly interested me. But let me explain."

I leaned back in my chair and waited.

"When I set out to London," the old man began, "I took with me several letters of introduction. They were mostly from professors and dilettanti and editors of learned journals—people interested in the same things as I and they were addressed to similar people in London. Like always finds like; it is inevitable, but at the same time it is a little dull. Not that I disliked your professors and dilettanti; they were charming. And what pictures there are in your English private collections! And the British Museum! Body of Bacchus! But I divaricate." He took a sip of coffee. "At a dinner party at the house of one of these learned gentlemen, I forget which, I had the pleasure of meeting a most agreeable young couple, Signor Francesco Robinson and his quite exquisite wife. Signor Robinson spoke Italian badly, but very fluently, and he knew a great deal about our ancient art and literature. The Signora spoke very little, and I imagine knew nothing at all. But it was enough that she should merely exist; enough that she should look at one occasionally with those large pale-blue eyes, like the eyes of a Siamese cat; look and perhaps smile and murmur something quite inarticulate in her soft, hoarse voice, and smile again. It was enough." The old man nodded and placed his hand on his heart. "And they adored one another in a quite absurd and embarrassing fashion. I remember dining with them one night at a restaurant; they spent the whole evening treading caressingly on one another's feet under the table. Sometimes one of them would make a mistake and tread on my foot. It was idyllic. I felt as though I were sixteen again. And they were most kind and hospitable, these young people. December was drawing on, London was becoming more and more deliciously dark every day. 'In a fortnight,' they said, 'it will be Christmas Day. You cannot spend it alone in your hotel. If you come and dine with us we will show you what a goo-ood auld-fash-i-onéd Chrees-mas is really like.' I accepted gratefully. Signor Robinson gave me his address; all was settled.

"It rained on Christmas Day, steadily, the whole day long. So I took one of those large kebss with four wheels, all shut up. I said to the driver very clearly"—and the old man uttered the words carefully, syllable by syllable "'Chi-ches-ter House, Camp-den Hill'; and then I got into the carriage. It was then just after seven o'clock. Plenty of time, I said to myself, since dinner is at eight. Off we started. The rain went sliding down the windows of the cab." He drew his fingers several times down an imaginary sheet of glass. "The gas lamps looked very green and sick in the darkness. It was cold, and the horse was antique, very antique and slow Clop, clop; clop, clop." He imitated the noise of the hoofs. "Slowly we went along. Time passed. Clop, clop." With a rhythmical jigging motion he drew his hand horizontally through the air. "Slowly, slowly," he repeated.

"At about five minutes to eight the cab stopped. Ha, I said to myself, here we are. And I opened the door to get out. But then I saw that the driver had only stopped to ask the way from a policeman. I shut the door again; the cab started off. Clop, clop—slowly. At five past eight we stopped again. Another policeman. I like your policemen," the old man remarked parenthetically. "I like the way they stand in the rain, like monuments, with the water slithering down the folds of their oilskin capes; I think it's magnificent. Well, the man said something to the policeman and the policeman said something to him, and we moved on once more. Every two minutes I looked at my watch; I was distressed at the idea that I should be late. It was nearly twenty-five past when we next came to a halt. The driver opened the door and said something, which of course I didn't understand. Then he walked up the front steps of a house and rang the bell. Somebody popped a head out and there was a long conversation. Then the door shut, the driver descended the steps, made another incomprehensible remark to me through the window, climbed on to the box and drove off. The same thing happened at two other houses. Then we stopped in front of another policeman—or perhaps it was one of the old policemen we had seen before. The driver and the policeman talked; several passers-by stopped and joined in the conversation. I looked at my watch for the hundredth time; it was seven minutes past nine. The policeman opened the door; everybody began to talk to me at once. I understood nothing. All I could do was to repeat the address of Signor Robinson. 'Chi-ches-ter House, Camp-den Hill.' I said it twice; it made a great impression. 'Camp-den Hill,' exclaimed the driver, as though he were astonished, and then everyone began talking again. The only words I could make out were Camp-den Hill and Cam-den Town, constantly repeated. Camp-den Hill, Cam-den Town—that was the secret, as I discovered afterwards. They are two distinct localities."

I nodded. "Very distinct, indeed."

"Nine and a half kilometres apart," the old gentleman went on. "Your London is too large. That is the one fault I have to find with it. It is too large, and most of its streets are called by the same name. Well,

(*Continued on a later page*)

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THE ART OF GOYA.

The Spanish Painter as a Portraitist

A Handsome New Volume for English Art-Lovers



"Mariano Goya"—the Artist's Grandson

The six illustrations given on this page are reproduced from a handsome volume on "Goya as Portrait Painter," published by Messrs. Constable. This volume is the work of Señor A. de Beruete y Moret, the Director of the Prado Museum in Madrid, and has been translated from the Spanish by Mr. Selwyn Brinton. The book consists of a life of the painter and a critical study of his work as a portraitist; this is only one aspect of the great Spanish master, yet the difficult task has been magnificently carried out. The volume is handsomely produced, and contains fifty-eight plates, which more than serve to show the art of one of the greatest portraitists of his time



"Don Sebastian Martinez"

A portrait painted in 1792, when the painter was forty-six years of age



"The Marquesa de Villafranca"

Painted in 1804; wife of the 12th Marquis and one of a series of family portraits by Goya



"The Condesa de Haro"

"A very refined work, recalling in some points the art of France, and especially that of Prudhon," the property of the Duquesa de San Carlo of Madrid



"The Duque de San Carlos"

Painted in 1815. The 3rd Duke was major-domo of Ferdinand VII. in his exile, and later he became Spanish ambassador in Lisbon and Paris

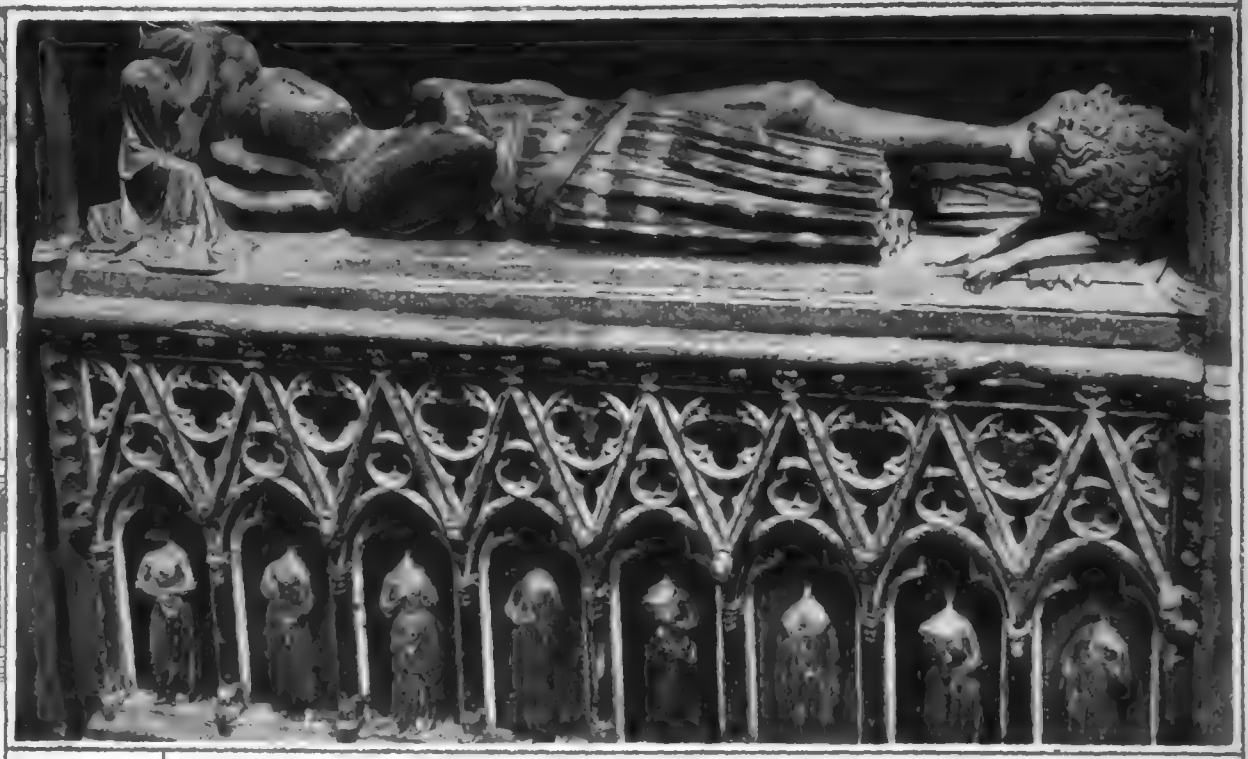


From a Private Collection in Brussels—"Rita Molinos"

"It may be noted that this work was done with special love and care. . . . Only two tones, combined in the most masterly manner, fill this canvas—that of the fresh and rosy complexion, and the black of the mantilla and background"

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DISCOVERIES AT THE ABBEY : The

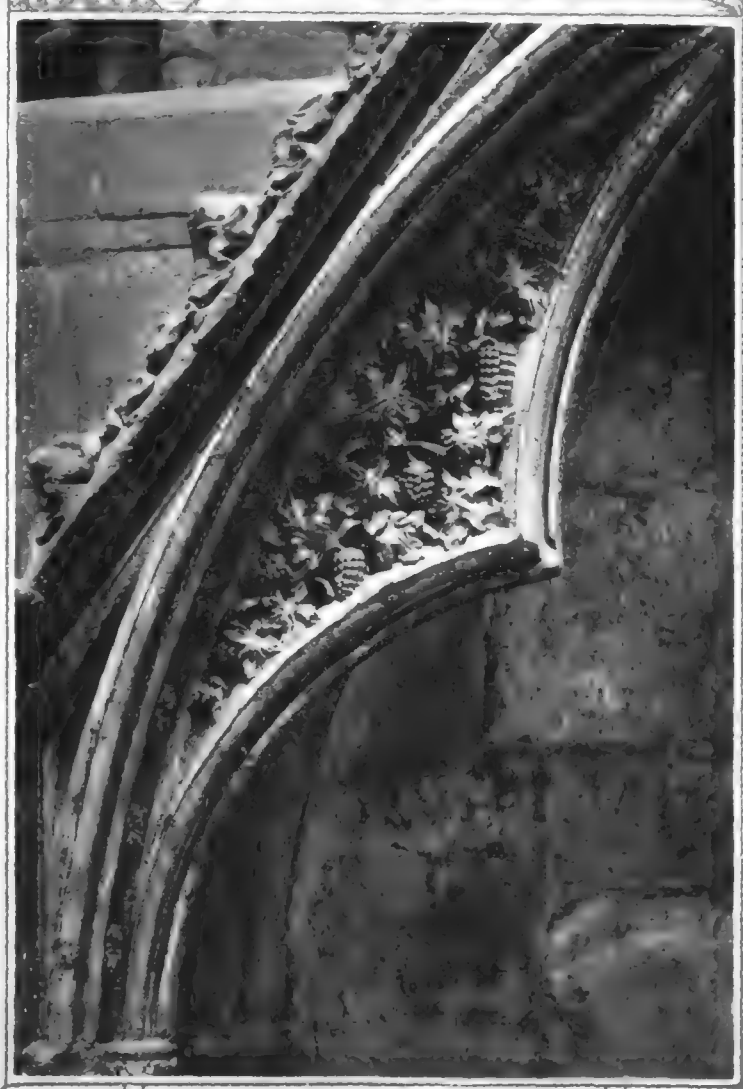


The Surcoat of Aymer de Valence, Again Visible after Many Generations

The splendid Gothic tomb to Aymer de Valence, which faces the sanctuary, had always, within the living memory of many, presented a uniform dull chocolate appearance to the eye—only in a few crevices was colour visible to the peering eye of the antiquary. Now, under the special treatment which has been applied, the accumulated dirt and varnish has been effectually removed without in any way disturbing the former colouring which remained beneath. As this photograph shows, the former colouring of the surcoat is now distinctly visible.

It was not hitherto known that this outer robe bore any distinguishing marks, but we now find that it is decorated with the yellow and black bars which denoted the de Valences heraldically. Other touches of colour have revealed themselves on all parts of the monument. The eight little figures below, with their moulded canopies, each reveal a subdued though rich colouring. At the head of the figure is the knight's soul, wrapped in a mantle between two supporting angels.





Vine Decoration

In the illustration on the left we have a close-up view of the decoration filling the spandril above Aveline of Lancaster's tomb. This vine decoration was all picked out in colours. The golden richness of the effect as now revealed is very pleasing



Two Sculptured Figures on the Base of Crouchback's Tomb

This photograph has been specially taken to show the beautiful detail of these small figures. The arms above are now clearly revealed. The drapery of these little figures is full of the artistry which characterised this fine period of tomb architecture



Edmund Crouc

On the tomb of E... Crouchback, in addition ... recumbent effigy, the E... Lancaster is also shown ... on horseback. This repre... ation occurs in the ... foll in the central pa... the canopy. The horse ...



A Coloured Re...

One of the most unexpected ... results of the cleaning process ... carried on in the Abbey is the re... the carved rebus of Abbot Isl... last abbots under the pre-R... régime. The little carving now ...

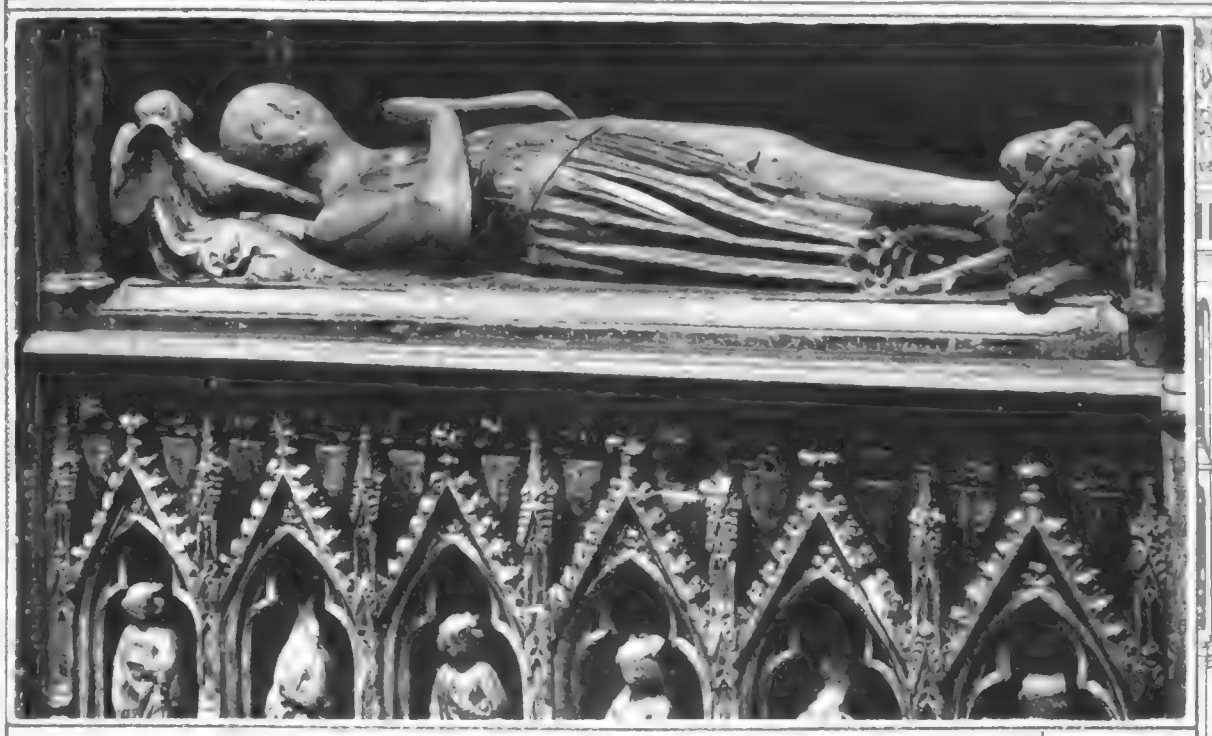
Go gle

Former Colours of Old Westminster Revealed.



r Crossback) Riding

ping forward, with his coat appings flowing out, as also the mantling around the lmet. The whole figure of e horseman is set out in llef against a background of wers within diamonds, as own abcve.



The Newly-cleaned Monument to Edmund Crouchback, Earl of Lancaster

The recumbent figure of the earl lies under a rich triple canopy; now, since the accumulated dirt of London's atmosphere has been removed, the ancient colour is everywhere revealed. Even the buttresses are divided as if into smaller stones. The figure of this noble earl, founder of the House of Lancaster, is shown in chain mail with surcoat. The hands are pressed together in the attitude of prayer, the mailed head being supported by winged angels.

Below are ten exquisitely carved and painted figures, the heads of which have in some cases suffered mutilation. Over each figure are two small coats of arms with heraldic bearings; the colours of these little shields are now revealed by the cleaning process. The earl, who was the second son of Henry III., died in 1296. It was from Edmund's house at Provins that there came the famous red roses which were destined to become the Lancastrian badge. He died at Bayonne, within a week of his half uncle, William de Valence, whose tomb is also in the Abbey.



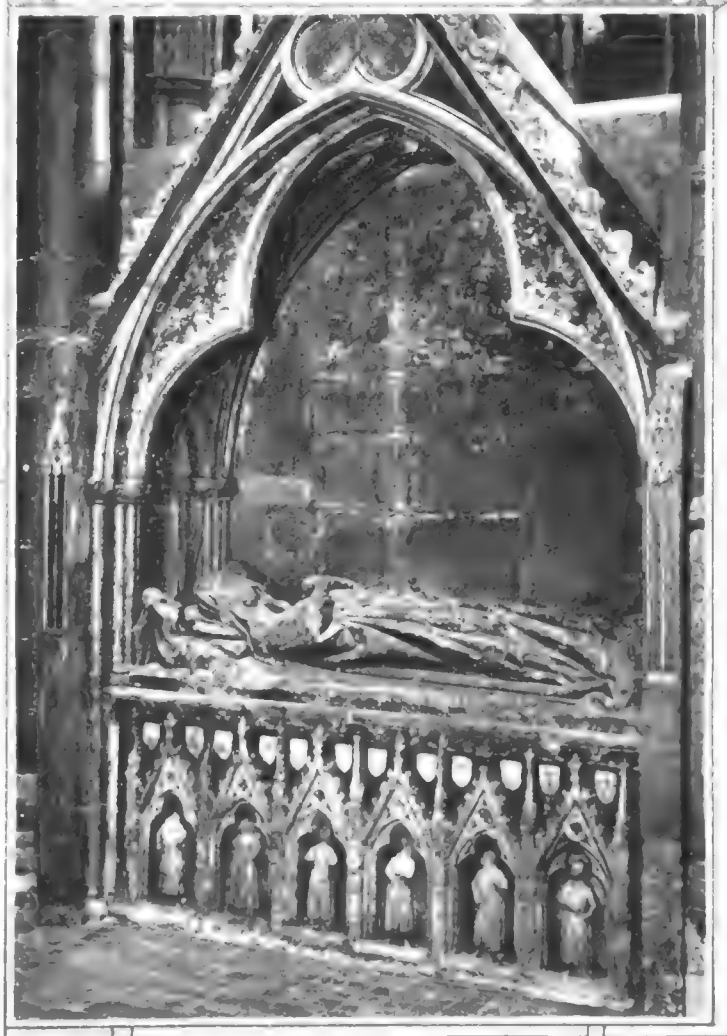
the Islip Chapel

wealth of colour; the green of the tree is still quite brilliant. Someone is slipping between the boughs, and an eye, cut in stone and painted, conveys in punning form the name "I-slip." The work is to be seen in the north ambulatory.



The Head of Edmund Crouchback

During the cleaning of Edmund Crouchback's tomb it has been possible to obtain this close-up view of the earl. Though somewhat worn by time it shows the strong, regular features of the Norman. The cushion under the head is supported by angels



Aveline of Lancaster

The picture on the right shows the tomb of Aveline of Lancaster, the heiress who married Edmund Crouchback. She was married in the Abbey, and dying young, she left her great wealth to the earl, whose tomb lies next but one to hers

H. N.

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GOOD AND OLD-FASHIONED.

By ALDOUS HUXLEY

(*Continued from p.* 310)

to cut a long story short, off we went again—clop, clop—slowly, slowly. The rain still trickled unceasingly down the windows; the gas lamps looked greener and sicker and fainter than ever. The horse seemed to grow more and more antique, and time passed, time passed. I had got beyond impatience—I was broken. I sat in the corner of the carriage and watched the gas lamps slowly approach and slowly, slowly pass. At a quarter past ten we began to walk uphill, more slowly than ever. A few minutes later we stopped to talk to a policeman. At twenty-six minutes past we came, for the last time and definitively to a standstill. It was Chi-ches-ter House. I got out. The driver wanted fifteen shillings; except for a few pence, it was all the money I had in my pocket. I gave it him. Very slowly he drove away—clop, clop—into the rain. I was left alone on the doorstep. I rang the bell. Zzzz . . . it buzzed like a wasp somewhere far away, underground. I waited. Nothing happened. The rain came down steadily. I rang again. *Niente*—not a sound, not a sign of life. Time passed, time passed; there was only the drip of rain and the noise of water running in the gutters. And then, all at once, I began to get angry. After all those hours and hours in the cab, getting colder and stiffer and hungrier every moment, this was altogether too much. With one hand I pushed the bell and with the other I knocked: zzz, bang, bang, zzz! And at the same time I shouted. I swore and cursed, and when I got to the end of my invention, I began to quote Dante. In those days I knew most of the *Divine Comedy* by heart; I could have gone on for hours shouting it through the keyhole. Now, alas, my poor memory— " He tapped his forehead two or three times and murmured, " Old age, old age," and then sighed.

" I began with the 'Inferno,' " he went on, after a pause, "and had just reached that admirable passage in the first canto about the wolf—you remember it no doubt—

> 'Tal mi fece la bestia senza pace,
> Che venendomi incontro, a poco a poco
> Mi ripingeva là dove il sol tace.'

I had just reached that point, accompanied all the time by the bell and the knocker—zzz, bang, bang, all the time—when, to my surprise and almost consternation (for I had given up all hope of getting in, and was only shouting and banging for the mere sake of shouting and banging, if you understand me, and because the actions relieved my irritation of spirit), the door opened, and I found myself face to face with Signor Robinson. In one hand he held a candle and with the other he shielded its flickering flame. 'Oh, it's you, is it?' he said in Italian. 'I'd forgotten you were coming.' He didn't seem at all pleased to see me. All my irritation had suddenly subsided, and I began very abjectly to apologise for being so late. I tried to explain. Camp-den Hill, Cam-den Town; the very antique horse; the cretin of a driver. He didn't listen, but only told me to come in and shut the door behind me. I followed him into a large, dark hall, where I left my hat and coat. My host opened a door, and we were in a candle-lit dining-room where, on a sparkling table—*ah, che gioia!*—I saw a truly English Christmas banquet attending me. An immense cold turkey, a ham, a plum pudding that looked like the cannon ball of a hundred-ton gun; and there were bottles—champagne bottles, bottles of claret, a decanter of port, a straw-jacketed flask of maraschino. How beautiful it looked! *Bello, bello, bello,*" the old man repeated, as the Italians do when ordinary superlatives are inadequate.

" At the moment it seemed to me that that dining-table was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. I turned to my host, I clapped him on the shoulder, and I said to him in English: 'By Jové, a goo-ood auld-fash-i-onéd Chrees-mas!' And I laughed. And then he laughed too; but in such a very peculiar way, so violently and hysterically, that I became quite alarmed. 'What is the matter?' I asked. 'Nothing,' he said, and he made me sit down at the table, while he himself began to carve the turkey. While he was carving that turkey I had time to notice several curious things. The first was that the bird was still quite intact; nobody had eaten, and the plates were clean. The next thing I noticed was that there was no sign of the Signora Robinson—no sign at all, except the empty place where I was now sitting. And the third thing I noticed was a writing table in the window, with lighted candles standing on it, and a litter of scribbled paper lying on the blotter; it was evident that my host had been writing when I disturbed him. 'Am I to have the pleasure of seeing your charming wife?' I inquired. 'No,' he said, 'she isn't here.' I could see that I had touched on a delicate subject, and I made haste to change the conversation. 'You have been writing,' I said, pointing to the table. 'The Christmas muse has inspired you, perhaps?' 'No,' he said, and passed a plateful of turkey and ham. 'Why don't you eat?' I asked, seeing that he had put down the carvers. 'Not worth it,' he said, laughing once again, in that curious violent way. 'Why not?' He put his hand in his pocket and pulled out a revolver. 'That's why,' he said, and laid the thing down on the table between the champagne bottle and the turkey."

The old man paused dramatically. I waited.

" In the end," he went on at last, " it all came out. It made him feel easier in his mind, I imagine, to confide in somebody. It came pouring out in the most extraordinary Italian you can imagine. The gist of it all was this: they had quarrelled—oh, quarrelled most horribly, I forget what about; but that hardly matters, does it? They had quarrelled; they had said unforgivable things to one another, those two absurd young lovers—terrible, hurting things. And then he had slammed the door and gone to dine at his club. And while he was dining at the club she had written a little note to say that all was over, and that he would never see her again—in this life, at any rate; and she, too, had gone out, slamming the door. And when he got back in the small hours of Christmas morning, all ready and ripe for a scene of reconciliation, he had found no wife, but only a note. He sat up all the rest of the night waiting. And all Christmas Day he had waited, expecting her to come back. There had been hot turkey and hot plum-pudding at lunch, and she hadn't come. There had been a huge iced cake at tea, like a wedding cake (oh, irony!); still she hadn't come. And in the evening the same huge turkey, the same plum pudding, but cold, had waited vainly for her return. He sent the servants to their quarters early in the evening, forbidding them on pain of instant dismissal to come near him, and there, in front of the turkey and the pudding and the champagne, he had sat through interminable hours, listening for the sound of her footsteps in the hall. They had not made themselves heard; he was certain, now, that they never would. At ten o'clock, while I was still creeping along through the rain behind my antique horse, he went to fetch his revolver; he lighted the candles on the writing-table, and he was half-way through his last farewell letter when my ringing and knocking shattered the funereal silence. He had crept to the hall window, he had peeped out into the darkness, he had detected, dimly, a form that was not hers, and he had gone back to his farewell letter. But he had reckoned without my tenacity. After listening to a hundred lines of the first canto of the 'Inferno' bellowed through the keyhole, he gave in. This sort of thing, he perceived, would go on indefinitely, or until the servants at last ventured to break his commandment and came to see what was wrong. And, besides, to his poor distracted mind there came suddenly the memory that he had indeed asked someone to come and spend an 'auld-fash-i-onéd Chrees-mas' at his house. It was his duty to open; he opened. And now I was eating his turkey and listening to his heart-breaking confidences as they gushed out in that unspeakably comic English-Italian of his."

The old man coughed once or twice. He was getting dry, he explained, with too much talking. The waiter was ordered to bring us a bottle of red wine.

" One of the great differences between you northerners and us Italians," the old man went on in a sententious voice, " is to be found in our respective attitudes towards suicide. You in the north, you are perpetually committing suicide. It comes from thinking so much about the soul and metaphysics and the future and the ideal escapes from harsh reality. When things go wrong, suicide seems to you the obvious way out. But we are different. We are realists; we think about life as it is, and we value it too highly to throw it away. If anyone has to be killed, we prefer that it shall be someone else, not ourselves. A young Italian, in Signor Robinson's position, wouldn't have wanted to blow his own brains out because his wife had run away. He would have wanted to blow out hers or, better still, her lover's—if she had happened to have one. But I could hardly explain that to him in his present condition. Still, something had to be done; for, what with having neither eaten nor slept for twenty-four hours, what with having brooded and brooded as only an Englishman, or a German, or a Russian can brood, he was capable of anything. If I left him like this he would infallibly put that pistol to his head the moment my back was turned. It was essential to gain time. Save him for the moment at least, and see what the next few hours would bring. I began by telling him that I thought he was a fool, but that if he had made up his mind, I couldn't do anything to stop him being a fool. All I asked was that he should eat a little turkey, just to keep me in countenance while I was eating mine. He tried to refuse at first, but I insisted, and he cut himself a good slice of ham and some breast of turkey. Then I opened a bottle of champagne and filled two glasses. After that I made him talk. I started an argument about suicide. He got excited; I worked him up; he talked with frenzy, and while he talked, quite absent-mindedly, as it were, he finished off his turkey and replenished his champagne glass. I began to feel that the position was perceptibly easier."

I laughed. But the old man held up his hand to check me, frowning.

" You oughtn't to laugh," he said. " Though I admit it's my fault; it's the way I told you about that champagne—caustically, with a sneer. I oughtn't to have done that; but then, when one's telling a story, it's hard to resist the temptation of being smart and clever when the opportunity offers. No, no. It wasn't in the least amusing while it happened; it was horrible. That poor young man, so pale, so dark under the eyes—it was painful to see him, painful to hear how he talked, raving away about his guiltiness, his sin against love, his unforgivable sin against the Holy Ghost, he called it, and put the muzzle against his temple. Oh, I had a fright! But I managed to persuade him to put it down; it wouldn't be courteous, I explained, to kill himself in front of his guest. It wouldn't be hospitable. He agreed, and I filled up his glass again and continued the argument. By midnight all was well. We had eaten our plum pudding what a horrible dish that is, by the way! Strange that you English should be quite incapable of cooking; but let that pass. We had eaten our pudding, and we had got on to port and maraschino; that quieted him down. At the second glass of port he burst into tears; after that long fast of his, the alcohol acted quickly and thoroughly. He became maudlin and incapable. I put him in an armchair in front of the fire and encouraged him to weep.

" What ought I to do next? To put the revolver unobtrusively in my pocket was clearly the first and most important step; but that alone didn't solve the problem. I was still wondering, when I heard a little noise behind me. I looked round; the door had been quietly opened, and there in the doorway, lit up against the darkness of the hall outside, there stood the runaway signora. She was still in her outdoor clothes, dripping wet, as though she had newly come out of the Thames. White-faced, haggard, bedraggled, she stood there staring in at us, the picture of misery. I jumped up, and with my finger to my lips I tip-toed across to her. '*Eccolo*,' I whispered, pointing to where he was sitting, still unconscious that anything had happened, still maundering on about killing fear and becoming God. 'He is waiting for you.' I took her by the hand and led her to the fire. Poor little creature! She was trembling with cold and emotion. When we were quite close behind him, I leaned forward and shouted rudely in his ear, '*Basta!* It is time to stop talking.' He turned round towards me, he saw. Oh, the expression on his face! It would have made a fortune on the films. First there was a look of annoyance; he was angry at being interrupted. Then there came astonishment—he had seen who stood behind me—blank, stupid astonishment for an instant, then dawning intelligence, then comprehension, then rapturous delight. It was perfect, quite perfect.

" After that, when they were safely in one another's arms, I felt that my presence was probably no longer needed. I fired off one last piece of advice, which was that the young lady should instantly take off her wet coat and her shoes and stockings, should drink a glass of port, and go to bed as quickly as possible. Then I left them. It was still raining when I got outside the house, raining hard, raining steadily. I didn't know where I was; I saw nobody from whom to ask the way; I had spent all my money except fourpence, and even if I hadn't I should never have found a cab. I walked unceasingly for three and a half hours through the rain before I got back to my hotel, and the next day I had a cold—such a cold, ah! but *such* a cold." The old man went through a pantomime of blowing his nose, coughing, sneezing, wheezing. " Such a cold. Ah, your 'auld-fash-i-onéd Eng-lish Chrees-mas!' Only too well I know it."

He emptied his glass, and waving his hand towards Timbalo's fantastic church and the loiterers outside under the glaring lamps, he added, " I prefer this—oh, very decidedly, this!"

THE END

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THE GREAT EGYPTIAN TREASURE TROVE.

Some Examples of Egyptian Art of the 18th Dynasty to be Seen in London



Red Granite Lion Carved for Tutankhamen about 1400 B.C.

The inscription on the pedestal of this lion records that Tutankhamen restored the buildings of his father in the Northern Sudan. It is to be seen in the Northern Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum. Its length is about seven feet



A Queen of the 18th Dynasty

This fascinating portrait of Queen Teta-Khart, wife of Amasis I. of Egypt, shows her wearing the vulture headdress of Mut. She is robed in a closely-fitting tunic reaching to her feet



By courtesy of Rev. W. McGregor

Two Faïence Hippopotami with Lotus Leaf and Flower Ornamentation

These two quaint figures, in the possession of the Rev. W. McGregor, are from an early dynasty period (the 12th). They are interesting examples of the capability of the earlier Egyptians to copy animal forms



Interior of the Golden Hall of King Harmhabi's Tomb

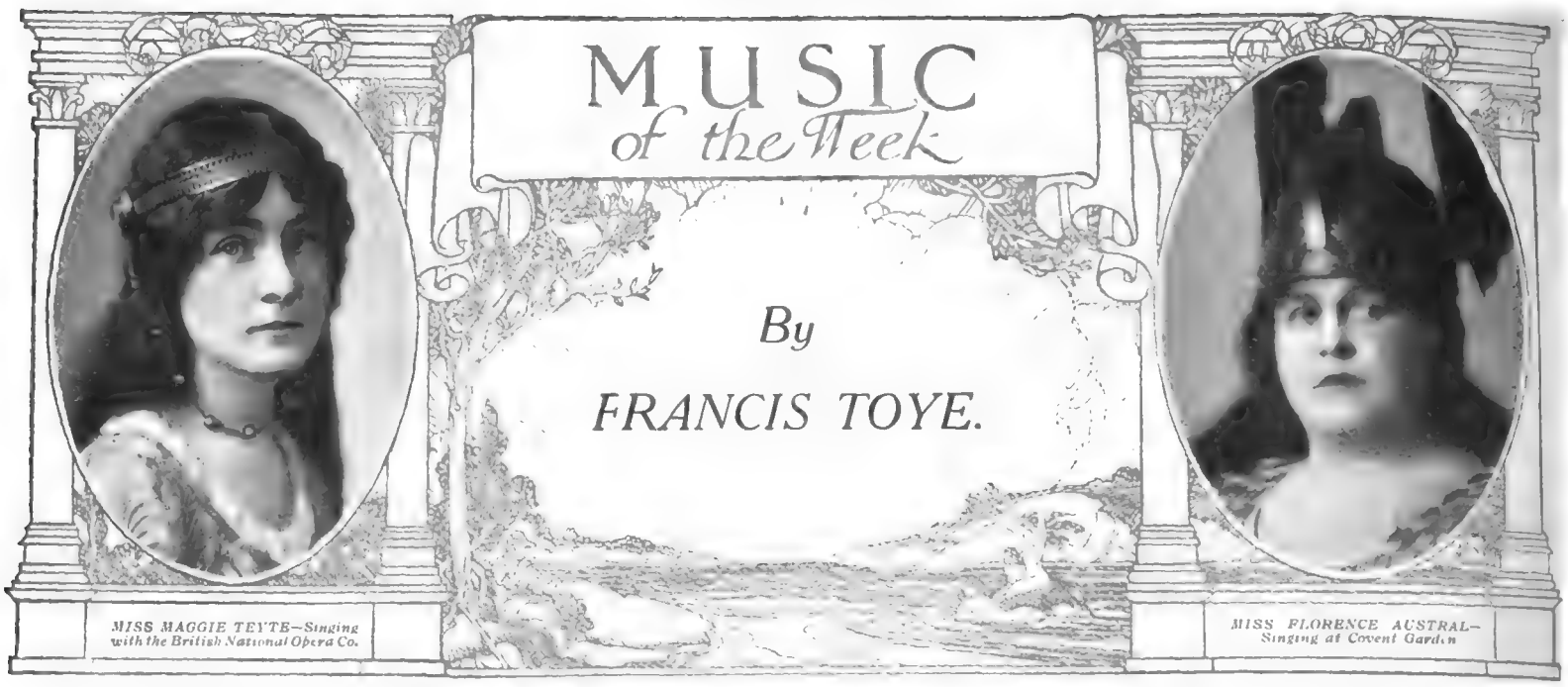
This tomb was discovered by Mr. Theodore M. Davis. The floor of the interior was covered with a mass of stone splinters, apparently fallen from the roof. The chambers discovered by Lord Carnarvon do not appear to be encumbered in this way



The Father of Akhnaton

Who in his turn was the father-in-law of Tutankhamen. This splendidly carved head of Tutankhamen's predecessor, Amenhetep III. (B.C. 1450) is to be seen in the North Egyptian Gallery of the British Museum. The height of this sandstone head is 3 ft. 10 in.; the lips are very full

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Few musicians, perhaps, realise fully the amount of amateur music of real importance that takes place in London. A number of the big banks have their own orchestras; the railway companies can boast their own musical societies; so can some of the large stores. As is to be expected, the quality of performance and of music performed varies, but on the whole the level is decidedly high. The other day I was fortunate enough to receive an invitation to witness the exploits of the latest recruit to the noble army. I can say with truth that I have never enjoyed a concert more. We sat in Lloyd's room at the Royal Exchange, and there, in the very hub of the shipping world, so to say, listened to the newly-formed Lloyd's choir sing those delightful sea-chanties which should be familiar to every Englishman. Could anything have been more charmingly appropriate?

It is no present concern of mine to praise the choir or the soloists, though they were in fact far better than many of their more strictly professional colleagues on whom it is my business to sit in judgment week in week out. After all, practically the whole of our choral singing is amateur in a sense—and it is not without significance that the performances of our choruses are certainly as good as those of our professional orchestras. An amateur orchestra cannot, I think, hope ever to reach the highest level of accomplishment. The technical difficulties to be surmounted are too various and too pronounced. But amateur choirs, in Great Britain at any rate, can and do frequently give perfect performances of really difficult music. We have a very high standard in this respect, higher, I believe, than that of any other European country. One sometimes wonders if our more advanced composers take sufficient account of this fact.

Needs in English Music

Modern music, generally speaking, is thought of in terms of the orchestra for the very good reason that the vast majority of the masters of modern music are to be found on the Continent, where choirs are few and not, as a rule, very proficient. Naturally they write with a view to the requirements of their own environment. Now our environment in England is fundamentally different. We have little opera, and orchestral conditions are distinctly unfavourable. Nevertheless we seem to have lifted Continental ideals *en bloc* and to strive continually to live up to them despite every natural disadvantage. Yet it is difficult to see why the composition of a one-act opera that will almost certainly not be performed should be more admirable than the composition of an unaccompanied motet that may well be. Nor can I see that it is necessarily more virtuous to write a symphonic poem which (if it be really successful) may be performed five or six times altogether, and as likely as not indifferently at that, than to add to the permanent repertory of our innumerable choral societies.

The Primary British Tradition

Nobody will, I hope, imagine that I am advocating the total elimination of orchestral or operatic composition in this country. Needless to say, nothing of the kind is intended. As regards orchestral music, at any rate, the natural inclination for any modern composer to write it is so strong that the supply is always certain to exceed the demand in any circumstances. But I do feel that our musicians have erred somewhat in striving (albeit unconsciously) to do the same things as Continental musicians, or, to put the matter more accurately, in wishing to maintain the same standard of musical values here as obtains on the Continent. The first and most important object of any British composer should be to write well and often for unaccompanied chorus. This is our primary musical tradition; this satisfies the most obvious musical need of our musical community. For reasons already stated, such an ideal does not hold good abroad. But our music, if ever it is to regain the pre-eminence it once enjoyed, must dare to be itself; it must contribute something distinctive and original to the common fund of European music. This it will never achieve by imitation, however clever, even though those imitated may, naturally enough, pat their imitators on the back and tell them what good boys they are. In choirs and choral singing and choral writing lies the great chance for British composers. This discovery is neither new nor startling. One of the tragedies of life for any writer is that platitudes are so often true.



Mr. William Boland as Radames in "Aida"

One of the principal tenors of the British National Opera Company at Covent Garden



Mr. Robert Parker as Kurvenal, in "Tristan"

Mr. Parker is singing at Covent Garden during the winter season with the British National Opera Company. He has been singing with great success in Wagnerian opera for a number of years in Germany, America, and Great Britain

The Music of Mr. Delius

The Royal Philharmonic Society, at their last concert before Christmas, gave a good performance of Delius's "In the High Hills," a very beautiful work for orchestra, chorus, and tenor solo. There are two mysteries to me in music. One is the comparative unpopularity of Dvorak, who of all composers should surely be a popular success; the other is the infrequency of performances of Delius's music in England. Is there any other composer identified with our modern school who can equal him in poetical feeling, in delicacy of imagination, or in sheer musical beauty? His one defect—which he shares with other composers whose music enjoys almost continual performance—is a certain lack of musical co-ordination, a certain tendency to prolixity. But the musical ideas that lie at the base of his compositions are characterised by a loveliness and a loveableness that are all his own. Nor is his music difficult to listen to. It makes little demand on intellectual concentration. It has more in common with Grieg's music than that of any other music I can think of. Only it is more poetical, more sincere, perhaps. Nevertheless, if the listener will only approach it in the same way as he approaches Grieg's music, if he will not make up his mind beforehand that here is difficult modern stuff, not easily to be apprehended by the uninitiated, but will abandon himself entirely to the purely sensuous beauty of the sounds, he will, I think, experience much the same sensation in the case of both composers.

A Musician's Musician

Delius, like Grieg, is not an "intellectual" at all, but a musician pure and simple. He is concerned with beauty of sound first, last, and all the time. He has, I hope and believe, no "message" beyond that. The ladies and gentlemen who like teaching what is known as "musical appreciation" will find it difficult to use him either to point a moral or adorn a tale. He is the Occidental counterpart, in a complex development, of the Oriental musician who appeals solely, through one melodic line, to the delight of the senses. As I reminded my readers the other day, we owe our introduction to his music to Sir Thomas Beecham. With the disappearance of that Paladin from the musical tourney, Delius seems to have no champion left. All musicians love his music. He is, so to say, everybody's business without being anybody's business in particular—a fatal and hopeless situation for any artist in these days of publicity and inspired gossip!

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THE WINTER SPORTS SEASON OPENS.

The Swiss Winter Resorts Receive their First Harbingers of the Season



Preparing for the Swiss Winter Sports in London

Pupils receiving instruction in skiing at Mr. Wallace Jones's physical institute in Orchard Street

Ski-ing Instruction in London

A lady pupil learning to turn on the spot on ski—a difficult undertaking for the beginner



On Ski Amidst the Winter Snows

Despite the great quantities of snow, the weather at most of the Swiss resorts in winter is equable, and so great is the power of the sun, and so dry the air, that to be outdoors even when the thermometer is below zero is no hardship



"Look Out"—On the Bob Run on the Schatzalp

Bob-sleighing is an exciting and popular sport, especially at Davos, where the Schatzalp provides a splendid two-mile run. See second picture below



"What Happened?"—Overturned on the Schatzalp Run



Snow Sculpture at Davos

Davos is one of the best known of the Swiss winter resorts. Great numbers of English visitors are present there at this time of the year for the unrivalled sport of all kinds which the visitor is able to indulge in

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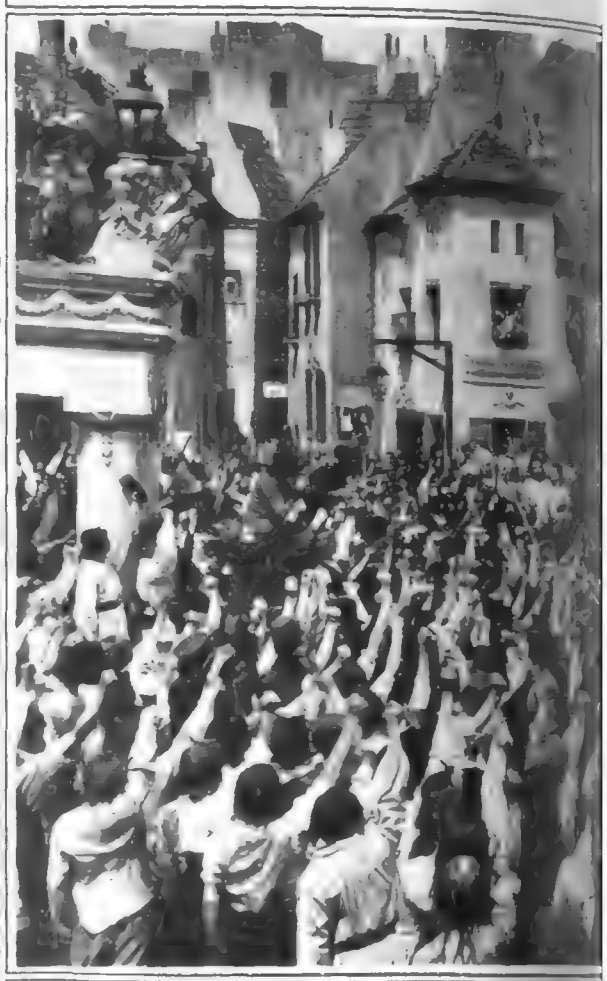
HISTORICAL DR

Some New Films o



The New Richard Oswald Film of "Lucrezia Borgia"

The spread in popularity of the historical film is one of the most pleasing features in connection with the silent drama. After Mr. D. W. Griffith, many other producers have been working along similar lines. This picture, taken from a Borgia film, shows Conrad Veidt as Cæsar Borgia and Heinrich George as Sebastian



The Execution of the Du Ba

The German film, "Passion," which has just had its first e from a humble milliner to be the mistress of a king, and ha been on the grand scale, and obviously challenges compari been carefully preserved, and the costumes used by the 5,00



A Scene from Douglas Fairbanks's New Historical Film, "Robin Hood"

The Lady Marian Fitzwalter (Miss Enid Bennett, second from right) in one of the scenes from Mr. Fairbanks's "Robin Hood," produced at the London Pavilion o The story of the chivalrous outlaw is a classic of English history, and in his film Mr. Fairbanks gives a fine presentation of the life of this romantic he

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ON THE SCREEN.

al Interest Just Produced



of the Execrations of the Paris Mob

ntry at the Scala Theatre, is the drama of Madame du Barry—her rise ine before a howling mob of infuriated Parisians. The production has ith and other productions of America. The atmosphere of old Paris has agnificent reconstructions of certain scenes, must have cost a huge sum



A Venetian Setting for a Picturesque Film

Not content with the ordinary studio "sets" of the past, many enterprising film directors are now seeking more natural "locations" for their films. This picture was taken in Venice, and shows a scene from the film, "The Man Without Desire," produced by the Atlas Biocraft Company. Mr. Ivor Novello, the famous film actor, is the topmost figure



Pola Négri as Madame du Barry with the Duc de Choiseul at the Court of Louis XV.

The acting of Pola Négri in "Passion," which has just finished its first exhibition run in England at the New Scala Theatre, has placed her at one bound in the front rank of film stars. The story of the du Barry makes excellent dramatic material, and Miss Négri's acting intensifies the drama of the great courtesan's wonderful story

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The PLAY in the MOUNTAINS. By G. D. Abraham.

A RÉSUMÉ OF THE SEASON'S TOUR

¶ *It is noteworthy that the two most serious plays in the repertory of the Arts League of Service Travelling Theatre were the two most appreciated during their autumn tour in Scotland. A mystical play by Clifford Bax called "The Cloak," presupposing, one would say, some culture in an audience, and "tried out" on the countryside with some anxiety, was received with remarkable appreciation. The stillness after the curtain fell on it was a great tribute to its power. Again, Synge's poignant tragedy, "Riders to the Sea," conquered Scottish places as it had already conquered English ones. Below we give an account of the Travelling Theatre's first arrival in Lakeland for presentation of their programme.*

Life in the mountain-girt valleys of Lakeland has changed since the days when the natives of Borrowdale built their famous cuckoo wall. The idea was that if they could only keep the elusive bird which brought summer into the dale, good weather would last indefinitely. Modern transport has brought all the world into the heart of the mountains; the latest arrival to stir the quiet dales has been the travelling theatre of the Arts League of Service.



A Group of the Players at Rosthwaite

The Lakeland tour has proved a great success. The scene in Borrowdale was a typical one. The big two-ton load Lancia car of 35 h.p. carried its load of properties, a complete stage equipment, and ten pas-engers with their baggage. Over the narrow hilly road, by the shores of Derwentwater, and along the curly banks of the Derwent, where the famous birches drooped obstructively, the bulky vehicle passed easily. Even the notorious Honister Pass on the way to Buttermere was tackled successfully.

Then came the arrival in the pretty village, and all the valley agog with excitement. The stage and its fittings, with special acetylene lighting arrangements, were quickly made up by the actors themselves, and in due course came the evening crush. The interior of the little hall was absolutely packed, and almost as many were left outside. Chairs were willingly brought from all the neighbouring farmhouses. The delight of everybody with the performance, which was carefully adapted to the audience, was unmistakable. Bernard Shaw's *Arms and the Man* had been given in Keswick the previous night, but here something more varied was acceptable.

As president of the Arts League of Service, Lord Henry Cavendish-Bentinck, M.P., has been specially interested in the tour of the northern counties, where, as a result of former visits, the practice of the dramatic arts has been fostered, with striking results locally. Undoubtedly the work of the Arts League of Service has a long, wide road of opportunity ahead of it, which more than one big Lancia and its load will follow. From small beginnings, three years ago, in the villages of Sussex, its honorary organisers have gone forward unerringly, and the movement, with its development for the aid of pictorial and literary art, bids fair to achieve successes of real national importance.



A Pretty Peep in the Shadow of Scawfell Pike—Climbing the Heights to Honister Pass



"Full to Overflowing"—The Villagers who Came to the Play in Borrowdale

LITTLE GIRLS and SLEEPING ELEPHANTS.

From the Russian of ARCADIE AVERTCHENKO. By Scotland Liddell

¶ *The author of the following short sketch, Arcadie Avertchenko, is the most famous living Russian humorist, whose books—before the Revolution—had a circulation running into millions. His work has never before appeared in English. The idea of a present-day Russian humorist is in itself a grim joke. When Mr. Liddell last saw Avertchenko in Petrograd, early in* 1918, *he was editing the anti-Bolshevik paper, "Satiricon"—with a couple of loaded revolvers on his desk.*

A little girl put her arms caressingly around my neck and told me the following story:—

"Once upon a time," she said, "there was an elephant. One day he went into the desert, and there he sat down and fell asleep. . . .

"And he dreamt a dream. He dreamt that he was thirsty and that he wanted to drink. Then in his dream he wandered along until he came to a gigantic lake, on the shore of which he found a hundred huge barrels of sugar. Terribly big barrels. Do you understand? . . . And near the lake there was something else—a high, high mountain.

"Now the elephant dreamt that he tore up with his trunk a very big oak, and with this he broke open the barrels.

"But, suddenly, a great midge came flying past. A midge—well—a midge as big as a horse. . . ."

"But listen!" I interrupted her impatiently. "Everything is so enormously great in your story! 'A gigantic lake'—'a hundred huge barrels of sugar'—'a very big oak'—'a midge as big as a horse' . . ."

She looked at me with astonishment, shrugged her shoulders in a very superior manner, and said:—

"Well—what do you think? . . . He was an elephant!"

"Well?" said I. "And . . ?"

"He was an elephant, and therefore he dreamt of things which were very big. He could never have dreamt of a glass of water, or a teaspoon, or of a small piece of sugar. . . ."

I was silent, but I thought to myself—It is easier for a little girl to understand the psychology of a sleeping elephant than it is for a grown-up man to understand the psychology of a little girl. . . .

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"THE ADORATION OF THE SHEPHERDS."



From a print by the Autotype Fine Art Co.

"LA NOTTE" (OR "THE NIGHT"), PAINTED BY ANTONIO ALLEGRI, CALLED CORREGGIO

The famous picture reproduced here is one of the great Italian master's best-known works. It was commissioned in 1522 for the Church of San Prospero by a gentleman of Reggio. It has been described by one great English painter, Sir David Wilkie, as "the most original and poetical of all Correggio's works." Since he saw it, however, the picture has been twice restored—in 1827 and in 1858

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Elliott & Fry

Dr. Cyril Alington

The headmaster of Eton, whose new novel, "Mr. Evans: a Cricketo-Detective Story," has just been published by Macmillan and Co.

A LITERARY LETTER : *The Headmaster of Eton as a Novelist.*

LONDON, December 18, 1922.

There is an element of novelty in the appearance of two stories—one of which I have already reviewed, *Strange Relations*, the other, which has just reached me, *Mr. Evans*, by Cyril Alington (Macmillan)—in that the author of these two books occupies the distinguished position of headmaster of Eton College. What some of his predecessors would have thought of two works which are the last word in frivolous and cheerful story-telling one scarcely dares to contemplate. Dr. Busby, or the equally famous Dr. Keate, would certainly have wanted to birch the headmaster of Eton for writing such stories. Personally, I am delighted that he has done so. It shows the essential humanity which should go to make a great schoolmaster.

I cannot lay my hand on my heart and assert that *Mr. Evans* is a great book, but I do find it a very entertaining one, full of high spirits and cricket talk, and a satire on the detective story and the methods of the detective story-writer. I recognise that Dr. Alington has an immense advantage as against many authors in that I imagine Eton College boys will want to read what he has written, and this secures him a good initial sale independent of the critics; but *Mr. Evans* is quite amusing enough to be read on its merits. Those of us who read a great many books of current literature will have read many that give us less satisfaction. I am the more disinterested in that this cricket story pleases me who am not a cricketer, yet I imagine it will amuse cricketers even more than it does the rank outsider.

I like books that have the atmosphere of an unfamiliar world. I find such a book in a volume of short stories, *Under Sail*, by Lincoln Colcord (Evelyn Nash). Mr. Colcord is to me a new writer, presumably American. If this be his first book, he has a great future. Of these half-dozen stories five are all but perfect; the sixth, "Rescue at Sea," is but glorified journalism. But "The Uncharted Isle," "An Instrument of the Gods," and "Under Sail" will long dwell in the memory. As I have said, there is an atmosphere—the atmosphere of the Chinese Seas, the Pacific Isles, Hong Kong. Assuredly a most enthralling volume.

In *I Have Reason to Believe*, an excellent volume of essays, Mr. Stephen Paget advises that we should have no dealings with the words *phenomenal*, *heterogeneous*, *reliable*, *adaptable*, *preternatural*, *practically*. To these I would add *literally* and the verb *to voice*. It is true that this last word has the sanction of the classics, but it has become ignoble by base use.

My old friend and colleague, Mr. David Williamson, has his name on the title-page of *The Daily Mail Year Book for 1923*, published by the Associated Newspapers, Limited. The book is a marvellous shilling's-worth of compressed information on every possible subject. A hundred specialists, many of them Members of Parliament, others well-known publicists, write on every question at issue in connection with the State. Oswald Mosley, M.P., for example, writes on "The Problem of Europe," "Labour in 1922" is by F. H. Rose, M.P., Lord Decies discourses on "Our Luxurious Income Tax," "The Drama of the Year" is by S. R. Littlegood, and our "Vanished Air Force" is by H. W. Wilson, and so on through a long string of names.

But it is not by these that *The Year Book* must be judged but rather by its facilities in affording information in a quick way on a multitude of subjects. I find special interest in the "Thousand Biographies of Men and Women of Our Time," for here we have the editor's individuality creeping out in many a piquant note concerning his contemporaries. It must have been an interesting game to decide which should be included among the thousand and which should be omitted, for there must be several thousand names in that much more voluminous work, *Who's Who*. Altogether, *The Daily Mail Year Book* is sure of a place on the desk of every busy man and woman.

Long years ago—more years than I like to recall—it was a joy to me to buy the little volumes issued by Patterson of Edinburgh, published at a shilling each and containing the best work of many American writers. It was in that little series that I first made the acquaintance of Mary E. Wilkins and Frank R. Stockton, and now for a younger generation these books reappear—it is true at two shillings each, but now they are bound in cloth, and the publisher is T. N. Foulis. I have received three volumes—Stockton's *Rudder Grange*, and the same author's *Lady or the Tiger*, and *Far Away Melodies*, by M. E. Wilkins. All three books are well worth reading, and those who have not read *The Lady or the Tiger* and *Rudder Grange* have a joy in front of them.

Of the literary men I have known through three or four decades, there are few whom I have found more personally attractive than the late Austin Dobson. He was so genuine a lover of literature, and he was so helpful and untiring in friendship. He seemed to be able to retain friendship with men who disliked one another acutely. They agreed at least in their regard for him, and his talents were remarkable. He wrote most adorable verses on every possible occasion. The Johnson Club or the Omar Club wanted a poem, and he would write the cleverest of lines. One was anxious for information on some point with regard to Lord Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, or any of the men of the eighteenth century, and he was untiring in his desire to help.

Then he wrote in such books as *Old World Idylls* and *Vignettes in Rhyme*, poems which seem to me will live for all time in anthologies, and will be the delight of our children's children. More than one selection from his verses has been made, but it was a happy idea to provide a kind of memorial volume entitled *Austin Dobson: An Anthology of Prose and Verses* (6s. J. M. Dent and Sons). Here his son, the Rev. Alban Dobson, has prepared a pleasant book in which prose and poetry are attractively mingled. It should send many new readers to Mr. Dobson's various works, of which I think I have as complete a collection as any man alive. The book contains a biographical note by Mr. Dobson's son and a foreword by Mr. Edmund Gosse.

I suppose that Charles Kingsley has few readers to-day compared with the multitude of us who read *Yeast*, *Westward Ho!* and *Hypatia* in earlier years. It is a strange destiny that he should live most vividly as a writer for children. What countless editions there have been of *The Water Babies!* And many of them have been superbly illustrated by a multitude of artists. There now reaches me a new edition from Ward and Lock uniform with their *Robinson Crusoe* and other favourites for children. This volume has forty-eight coloured plates by Harry G. Theaker.

A favourite series of mine is one published by the firm of Methuen. They are dainty volumes for the bed-side or for travel; so easy to hold, and so comfortable for the pocket. Yet the series has, I think, no name, but it is popular enough, for it contains many volumes of essays by Mr. E. V. Lucas and his agreeable anthologies. I recall a notable volume of essays by Mr. A. A. Milne, *If I May*, and a most attractive reminder to me that Mr. W. P. James can still write. His clever book, *The Lure of the Map*, has gone through more than one edition in this series. Mr. James formerly delighted me by a weekly causerie on books in a London evening newspaper. The very latest volumes of this series is *As You See It*, by "V." It would seem that "V" is Mrs. J. L. Garvin, the wife of the very successful editor of *The Observer*. Mr. Garvin is a journalist I greatly admire, not so much for his lengthy political disquisitions (these I never read, and should not read them if they were half the length they are—politics have ceased to interest me) as for his possession of a soul—a rare thing with editors, most of whom are merely machines for the propagation of opinions or the promotion of circulation. In *As You See It*, Mrs. Garvin proves herself a writer of exceptional power, brimful of sympathy, very human. Yet the book tantalises me. Half these slight sketches are the very core and kernel of a good novel. Here there is so much wasted strength. It seems like a poor joke to indict anyone of the name of Garvin for being too economic of words, but that is Mrs. Garvin's one failing. I want many more words from her about Gillian Rush and other attractive people, of whom she gives us such shadowy but enchanting glimpses. This, at least, is how I see it.

Mr. Alfred Ollivant is the author of a novel which is one of the best books by a living author, *Owd Bob*, one of the best stories of a dog ever written. I find from the wrapper of his new novel, *Old For-Ever*, that he is the author of no fewer than twelve books. Some of these I have read, and have not been able to share the enthusiasm for them which I gave to his great dog story, but I have read with considerable interest his thrilling volume, just published by George Allen and Unwin, *Old For-Ever*, an epic beyond the Indus. The scene is laid in No-Man's Land, on the borders of British India, and Old For-Ever is the name of a colonel in the famous Punjab Frontier Force. The story, we are told in those delightful notes which publishers provide for their readers, is that of the sacrifice of an officer-sahib and his mem-sahib for their regiment—a glorious sacrifice for an alien race.

While I admire the picturesque manner in which Mr. Ollivant presents the life of these sturdy fighters on the Indian Frontier, their collision with raiders, the manipulating of natives before British authority, an element of picturesqueness and often tragic excitement, it must be very much a matter of temperament as to how far one's sympathy goes out for the quixotic General Gordons of the modern world. The colonel, who is nicknamed Old For-Ever, disobeys military orders, using his own judgment as against that of his superiors to travel through a dangerous pass to join his cholera-stricken regiment. He carries with him his wife and child, and the child dies of cholera. The regiment is saved by the sheer electric enthusiasm which this daring journey excites.

I confess to more than one thrill in reading the story. Will the travellers get through the pass? But when I read of the death of the child, I confess that Mr. Ollivant does not carry me with him in his ideal of legitimate sacrifice for others. Here is one of those puzzle stories, a question of ethics, which always offer a certain measure of attraction for the human mind, and there I must leave it. One thing is clear, that Mr. Ollivant maintains his powers as one of our story-tellers who is always to be reckoned with.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books :—

PLAYS: Fifth Series. A Family Man, Loyalties, Windows. By John Galsworthy. Cloth 3s. net, Paper 2s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*) DUST OF THE DAWN. By Gladys St. John-Loe. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*) THREE NAUGHTY CHILDREN. By Orlo Williams. Illustrated by J. R. Monsell. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*) MY CHINESE MARRIAGE. By M.T.F. 6s. net. (*The Bodley Head.*) THE CHRISTMAS STORIES OF CHARLES DICKENS. Illustrated by Spencer Baird Nichols. 12s. 6d. net. (*Jonathan Cape.*) THE LUCIE ATTWELL ANNUAL. 6s. net. (*Partridge.*) DOCTOR DOLITTLE: Being the History of his Peculiar Life at Home, and Astonishing Adventures in Foreign Parts. Written and Illustrated by Hugh Lofting. 6s. net. (*Jonathan Cape.*) THE TWIN SERIES: No. 1, THE SCOTCH TWINS; No. 2, THE IRISH TWINS; No. 3, THE CAVE TWINS; No. 4, THE ESKIMO TWINS. Written and Drawn by Lucy Fitch Perkins. 6s. net each volume. (*Jonathan Cape.*) RUGBY FOOTBALL FOR BEGINNERS. By E. M. Johnstone. 2s. net. (*Grant Richards.*) PIXIES PLOT. By Eden Phillpotts. 3s. 6d. net. (*Grant Richards.*) HOW TO USE A PLAYER-PIANO. By Harry Ellingham. 6s. net. (*Grant Richards.*) AN AUSTIN DOBSON ANTHOLOGY OF PROSE AND VERSE. With a Foreword by Edmund Gosse. Portrait Frontispiece. 6s. net. (*Dent.*) LIVES ENSHRINED IN LANGUAGE. By the Rev. T. Stenhouse, Ph.D. 4s. 6d. net. (*Walter Scott Publishing Co.*) THE LADY FROM THE AIR. By C. N. and A. M. Williamson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS (1870–1920). Edited by Ernest Rhys. Volumes I., II., III., IV. and V. Each Volume 3s. net. (*Dent.*) "PUNCH" PICTURES. By Frank Reynolds. With an Introduction by E. V. Lucas. Containing over 180 Illustrations. 10s. 6d. net. (*Cassell.*) BETTY FROM THE QUAKER CITY. By Mrs. Ada Pitfield. 6s. net. (*Gay & Hancock.*) LILIAN. By Arnold Bennett. 6s. net. (*Cassell.*)

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THE CHILDHOOD OF BRITAIN : *Some New Portraits.*

English Girls and Boys in Portraiture



Compton Collier

Mrs. Harrison-Broadley and her Two Daughters—June and Heather

A picture taken at her home at Bourton, a small village six miles from Rugby. Mrs. Harrison-Broadley is a daughter of Commander E. Stratford Dugdale, R.N.



Marcus Adams

The Two Granddaughters of Sir Robert and Lady Lyle

Diana Kirkwood and Pamela Baker, the granddaughters of the chairman of Tate and Lyle, the famous sugar refining firm



Marcus Adams

David and John Hanbury-Tracy

Sons of the Hon. Mrs. Felix Hanbury-Tracy and grandsons of the late Baron Sudeley



Maull & Fox

The Two Daughters of Lady Theodosia and the Hon. A. G. M. Cadogan

Patricia and Cynthia Cadogan were born in 1916 and 1918 respectively. They are granddaughters of the 4th Earl of Gosford and of the 5th Earl of Cadogan. Lady Theodosia and the Hon. A. G. M. Cadogan were married in 1912

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined. At the same time as his escape two men, "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent," are plotting to impersonate a dead man, heir to a fortune. Meanwhile Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, finds refuge from one of his former keepers in a funeral cortège, where he is hailed as the "long-lost heir." After living happily for awhile in this rôle he finds it expedient to escape, becoming successively a minstrel and "Mr Gottasittah Singh," emissary of an Indian Maharajah. On his return to Southbourne as the "long-lost heir" again, he finds another occupant of his bed! This is none other than "Mr. William Dent," who has taken advantage of the other heir's absence to install himself in his place.*

IV.—THE OTHER RENDEZVOUS.

At eight o'clock sharp, just as a certain quiet branch post office opened, a tall gentleman with engaging manners walked in and sent off the following telegram:—

"Miss Kate Carey, 11 Waldock Gardens, Southbourne. Meet 9.30 Downs on path to headland instead. HAYWARD."

Thereafter he strolled leisurely towards the new rendezvous, smiling pleasantly at his own thoughts.

"One is having so many adventures that a little rest now and then is really very grateful and comforting," he said to himself as he threw himself down on the short turf behind a sheltering gorse bush and gazed idly upon the shimmering sea and the sunlit town.

At 9.35 he saw her coming up the slope—a trim, delightful figure, with swinging skirt—and the Irish terrier gambolling alongside.

He rose with his most agreeable smile, prepared to complete his conquest, and was a little surprised to see her, not blushing and trembling like a shy yet willing victim, but thoughtful and concerned. She assented briefly when he suggested moving over towards the cliff-edge, and she sat by his side readily enough behind a screen of gorse.

"Kate, dear," said he, gently pressing her hand, "this is perfectly charming of you!"

She withdrew her hand abruptly and her eyes arrested his ardour.

"I have come here to ask you something, Mr. Hayward," she said.

"Call me Jack, and you may ask me anything!" said he.

Her eyes grew troubled.

"I am afraid you quite misunderstand me. It is partly my own fault—entirely my own fault, perhaps."

"One cannot help one's heart," he answered tenderly, stretching forth his hand again.

She moved a little away from him, and her voice began to break.

"If you treat me like this, you make it impossible to tell you what I meant to! I hoped you might help me, but I see ——"

Her voice quite broke, and Mr. Essington knitted his brows.

"What the deuce is the best move now?" he murmured.

Folding his arms and assuming a melancholy air, he inquired:

"Have you watched many fellows committing suicide?"

"Watched them . . . never!" she exclaimed in horror.

In a still more mournful voice he rejoined:

"Just my infernal luck! I was going to ask you which was the safest way. I do not wish to have to commit it twice!"

She gazed at him very doubtfully indeed. He held out his hand once more and whispered:

"Love me a little! I may postpone it if you do!"

"If that doesn't soften her, be dashed!" he added to himself.

Evidently, however, it failed. She shed him a frosty smile and changed the subject.

"Is there any other Mr. Jack Hayward?" she asked.

Mr. Essington sat up and became much less amorous looking.

"Why?" he inquired.

For an instant she hesitated, and then, with a sudden air of resolution, she said:

"I met a Mr. Jack Hayward when we were crossing the Pacific. He was an officer in the ship, and he said he was a nephew of Mr. Hayward of Southbourne. We became engaged ——"

"You and that fellow?" he interrupted. "That mate of a twopenny-halfpenny steamer?"

"It wasn't!" she said indignantly. "It was a large liner, and he was second officer!"

"You obviously do love him," he sighed. "I hoped it might have worn off. Well, what happened next?"

"Just the other day I learned that his cousin, Mr. Alfred Hayward, had died, and that he had come home to be his uncle's heir. But he has never come to see me—or written me a line—or—or anything! I didn't know what to think! And so I wrote that first note to him——"

"And I turned up?"

"Yes, and you can imagine how I felt! I couldn't think at the moment what was the best thing to do. I felt there must be some mystery, and perhaps—perhaps it might be something that I wouldn't like known—something discreditable to him. And so I told that silly story about a friend."

"Yes, it was an indifferent effort," he admitted. "Still, even I lied less fluently at your age."

"When you left me," she went on, "my mind was in a whirl. I've been miserable ever since! I simply had to find out the truth! Who is he really? Do please tell me!"

"The simplest plan would be to tell you who I am," he replied. "My name is Francis Mandell-Essington, an excellent old name, I believe, but different from Hayward, I candidly admit."

"Then," she gasped, "do you mean to say you are pretending——"

"I was, but unluckily the dashed fellow has come back."

"Jack come back?" she cried.

"I saw him in bed with my own eyes about one o'clock this morning."

"Do you mean—I don't quite understand—were you there too?"

"Accidentally. We had, so to speak, a common window. I had no idea who the fellow was, I may add. In fact, I nearly woke him up to kick him for opening what I naturally imagined my correspondence. On second thoughts I sent you a wire instead, and here we are!"

This condensed account seemed for a moment to leave Miss Carey a little bewildered. However, she swiftly grasped the salient point.

"Then Jack has gone to meet me on the esplanade?" she cried, indignation rising in her voice.

"Possibly."

"What o'clock is it?"

"10.15. You are too late now."

"Then—then you have made me miss him!"

Mr. Essington looked into her eyes, and thought he had never seen eyes more fascinating. Tenderness, indignation, and tears seemed to have combined to bewitch him. He jumped to his feet, and for the last time held out his hand.

"My dear, delightful girl, I'll fetch him this moment! Where would you like him deposited; here, or at your house?"

"Do you really mean——," she began, wonder and a hint of a smile now joining the other charms in her eye.

"It will be my wedding present! At your house, shall we say, and as quick as he can come? Good-bye?"

He took her hand, raised it gallantly to his lips, and strode off at a pace that almost looked as though he dared not trust himself to linger.

V.—TRAPPED.

As he approached the Manor House Mr. Essington's impetuous chivalry became gradually blended with other emotions.

"I certainly deserve to be locked up for this performance!" he thought. "Even Daniel had to be pushed into the den, while I, apparently, propose to ring the bell and ask if the beasts are at home!"

His pace slackened, and for three or four minutes he fell very thoughtful indeed. This effort, however, rapidly evaporated, and he said to himself:

"Hang it! After all I have probably more resource than the prophet. These thoroughly good people are easily trapped. With reasonable luck there shouldn't be much risk."

Accordingly he strode up the avenue and pulled the bell with an air of great confidence.

"Good morning, Rickett," said he, when the aged butler appeared. "Surprised to see me back again?"

Courteous as ever, the old retainer mastered his emotions with an effort, and answered with an agreeable smile.

"Ye-es, sir, in—in a manner of speaking I am, sir; but likewise very pleased I am sure, sir. In fact, sir, I was rather wondering if you would be calling back for your luggage. I have kept it wrapped up for you, sir."

"My luggage?" said Mr. Essington in some surprise. "I'm hanged if I knew I left any!"

"Wasn't it your own boot-brush then, sir?"

"Now was it? I'm afraid I can't remember. However, I'll call for that in a cab later. Meanwhile, Rickett," he went on, his voice sinking

(*Continued on p. ii*)

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BUCHANAN'S
SCOTCH WHISKY



"BLACK & WHITE"

is of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this, owing to their holding, with their Associated Companies, the largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By Marjorie.



A Simple Jumper

Of pure silk, the turned-back collar finished with tassels. At Debenham and Freebody's

It seems almost incredible that a little more than a decade ago the woollen frock and suit were unknown quantities. Among the pioneers in the creation of the same were Debenham and Freebody, Wigmore Street, W., and it is to this firm that the models pictured on this page must be credited. Much to be desired is the powder-blue coat-frock trimmed with grey agnella, with cap to match. It can be obtained either with or without breeches, and it is excellent for skating as well as for country wear in general. Absolutely right for wearing beneath a fur or wrap coat is the artificial silk frock with its panels of silver tinsel and silk united by fagot-stitching. The well-dressed woman will promptly realise that there are a host of possibilities to explore in the pure silk jumper-blouse portrayed, the neat little turn-back collar being finished with a row of tassels. The illustrated catalogue, sent gratis and post free, must be carefully studied.

Last-Minute Presents

There is still time to shop for Christmas, to say nothing of the New Year, so here are a few suggestions of what may be termed "last-minute presents" that cannot fail to be appreciated. Morny Frères, in order to minimise as far as possible the inconvenience of Christmas-present shopping in the crowded days of December, have opened an additional showroom at 199, Regent Street, adjoining and connected with their well-known establishment at 201 (corner of Conduit Street). The productions in perfumes and products for the toilet originated by the House of Morny are attractively displayed at No. 199 in charming French cabinets of the Louis XIV. and XV. periods, and a very interesting quarter of an hour may be profitably spent there by those seeking gifts that are unusual and comparatively inexpensive. Every daughter of Eve will wish to be the fortunate recipient of a Morny presentation perfume coffret, and above all, a Morny vanity book. The descriptive booklet illustrating and describing both coffrets and vanity book will be sent free on request.



A Coat-Frock

Of powder-blue wool trimmed with grey agnella. At Debenham and Freebody's

What a Blessing!

What a blessing is the Acoustique! and for the deaf a welcome gift. It is not just a rough and-ready aid to failing nature, but a means of hearing so akin to nature that any consciousness of mechanical aid is non-existent. Mr. R. H. Dent, the originator, long since recognised the futility of trying to fit all the many and varying forms of deafness with one aid, made in one or two sizes, and he has therefore perfected no less than twenty-four distinct types, as well as a stethoscope for deaf doctors. This enables him to deal with each case on its merits, no matter what may be the cause, extent, or duration of the affliction, whilst middle-ear (catarrh) and nerve cases are specially fitted. Mr. Dent is always available to those who make an appointment with him at 95, Wigmore Street, London, W. 1, or the Acoustique can also be fitted at 51, King Street, Manchester, and 102, Union Street, Glasgow.

Kodaks and Brownies

It is indeed splendid news that all Kodaks and Brownies have been reduced in price. Here are two popular models which will make excellent Christmas presents. No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior, fitted with meniscus acromatic lens and ball-bearing shutter; takes pictures 3½ by 2¼. Price £3. 1a Autographic Kodak Special, fitted with Kodak anastigmat lens f/6.3 and range-finder; takes pictures 4½ by 2½. Price £14 14. Kodaks, Kingsway, London, will send details of their other models.

Mackintosh's Toffee

No matter the variety chosen, all Mackintosh's toffee is perfectly delicious; there is the plain, the mint, the café, and the egg and cream, all followed by the words, "de luxe." For those who prefer a variety of flavours there is the de luxe assortment, which is sold loose by weight at 8d. per ¼ lb., and in small and large tins at 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. respectively.

Charbonnel and Walker's Chocolate

Don't forget that Charbonnel and Walker's (31, Old Bond Street W.) chocolates are delicious, and everyone welcomes a box of the same. Each individual chocolate is made and packed on the premises; then everyone is numbered underneath, and a key list is enclosed in the box, which describes each particular chocolate.

The Orilux Lamp

There is no household in which an Orilux lamp will not be welcome; in case with battery, post free, from J. H. Steward, Ltd., 406, Strand, W.C., it is £1 5s. The case is fitted with a handle, so that the lamp can be carried by hand or hung on a nail. As a military lamp during the war it proved most satisfactory.

The Christmas Pudding Problem

"I always enjoy a piece of your Christmas pudding." That remark always expresses a great compliment, because Christmas puddings do vary so. The Christmas pudding which always does you credit is the one which is made according to the recipe of Borwick's. Here it is: Take ¾ of a lb. of flour; 2 large teaspoonfuls, heaped up, of Borwick's baking powder; 4 oz. of bread crumbs; ¾ lb. of suet; 2 lb. of raisins; 1 lb. of currants; ¾ of a pint of milk; 3 eggs; 10 oz. of sugar; 2 oz. of almonds; ½ lb. of mixed peel; rind and juice of 2 lemons; clean and prepare fruit, etc. Chop suet finely, also candied peel. Mix all ingredients together, and bind with the eggs and milk. Turn into greased basins, tie over, and steam for 8 hours.

The Hovis Secret

More than thirty years ago a new process of milling was introduced, which made it possible to extract the germ from white flour, and so make the flour still whiter. This quality of whiteness argued a certain fallacious food-value which was not borne out in actual fact. The germ is the very essence of the wheat. The effect of the new process was to lower very considerably the nutritive value of bread to the body. Mr. Richard Smith, of Macclesfield—the inventor of Hovis—saw the weakness of the new method. He perfected a process for correctly and scientifically treating the wheat germ, with the result that previous defects were obliterated, and in 1887 Hovis was introduced. The success of Hovis was a foregone conclusion. The public liked it, and bought it in increasing quantities.

Wilkinson's Safety Shaver

What a capital gift for a man is Wilkinson's Hollow-ground Safety Shaver. The blades are *real* razor blades, *hollow-ground* and *hand-forged*. They give a clean shave with velvet precision. Each set is complete with automatic stropper, which keeps the blades in perfect order, and setting or honing handle for very occasional use. The set, comprising seven hollow-ground blades, each etched with a day of the week, adjustable shaver holder, patent automatic stropping machine and setting or honing handle, in polished walnut case, 42s.; the set as above, with three blades, 25s., so everyone will agree that the prices are right.



A Becoming Dress

Of artificial silk, with panels of silk and tinsel. At Debenham and Freebody's

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A Négligeé, an Evening Frock, and Coat.



A Study in Gold and Black

The panelled tea-gown négligée, call it what you will, has come to stay, and has cast a shadow over the simple evening frock, as the former is now accepted for informal dinner wear. The colour scheme can be varied by changing the fourreau



A Draped Blue and Silver Frock

Shoulder-straps of simuli gems are an important feature of the fashionable brocade evening dresses. The décolletages are cut high in front and rather low at the back, the skirts being longer than those of the past few years



Fur Trims this Silver and Black Brocade Wrap

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Twink Colours for Christmas Festivities

"ORANGES and Lemons," chant the children, as if in joyous acclamation of two of the lovely Twink shades—Tangerine and Yellow! The Christmas festivities are all a tribute to the beauty and gaiety of colour; the children love the cheery decorations, the gay lights, and best of all, the party frocks of every hue. It is so easy to keep frocks bright and fresh, for Twink will dye them safely and delightfully.

There are twenty-four shades of Twink—every one exquisite. With Twink every garment can be kept fresh to the end.

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In the following 24 delightful shades:—

Navy Blue
Light Navy
Saxe Blue
Royal Blue
Pale Blue
Shell Pink
Salmon Pink
Old Rose
Rust Red
Reseda
Lilac
Wine
Purple
Old Gold
Grey
Black
Geranium Red
Pillar Box Red
Nigger Brown
Tabac Brown
Daffodil Yellow
Tangerine
Grass Green
Jade Green

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THE SPHERE

AN ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER FOR THE HOME

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

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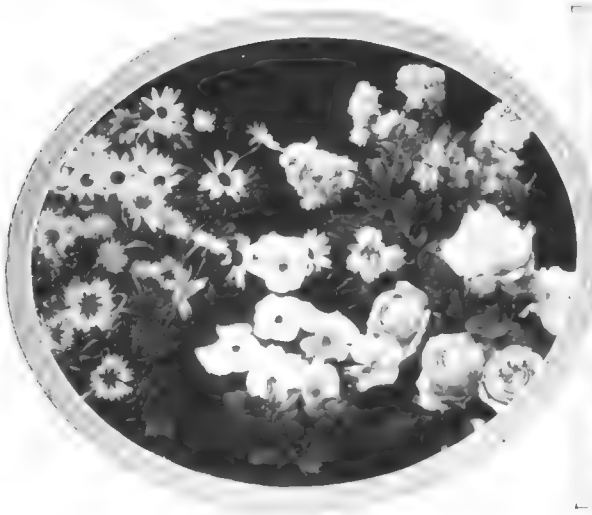
THE SUCCESSFUL STEVENSON PLAY AT THE STRAND THEATRE—MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER AS LONG JOHN SILVER IN "TREASURE ISLAND"

One of the most successful adaptations of a stirring story for the stage has just been produced at the Strand Theatre by Mr. James Bernard Fagan. The thrilling character of Stevenson's wonderful pirate story has been admirably preserved. We are introduced to Jim Hawkins and the other characters at the Admiral Benbow Inn, Mr. Bourchier himself taking the part of Long John Silver. There is much admirable acting throughout. The scene shown above depicts Long John Silver and Jim Hawkins making the discovery that the treasure on the island has already been removed

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THE THRESHOLD OF THE NEW YEAR.



Summer Flowers in December

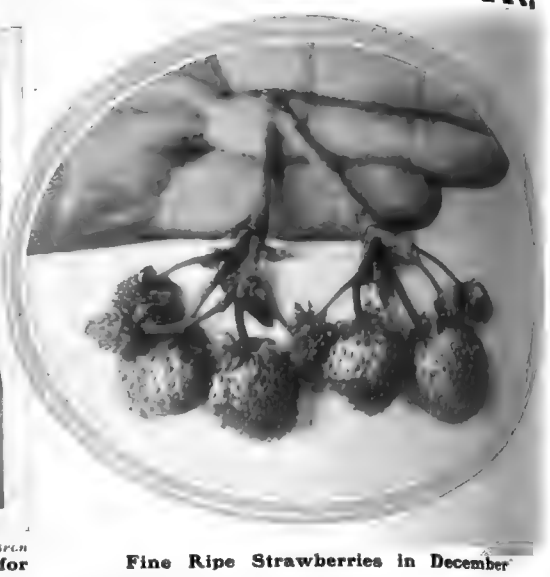
Marguerites, stocks, cornflowers, violas, and hybrid tea roses gathered on the west coast of Scotland in December



Drawn by G. Bron

What Does the New Year Hold for us All?

The question of the hour



Fine Ripe Strawberries in December

Gathered from the open garden by Mr. Frank Miles at Southwell, Notts, on December 14

Another Notch

IN a few hours' time we shall be cutting deep another notch in Time's record. We are passing through the concluding hours of an adventurous year. We have had our alarums, but on the whole we are steadier to-day than we were twelve months ago. The jangling nerves of the nation are stiller than they were. This Christmastide has not been spent under the spreading wings of the late and unlamented Coalition. Other marvels, too, the reader will discover on the little list given on this page. Outside our own borders one sees recorded the great movement of the Fascisti, who have been fighting more battles than their own in their struggle against the Russianised Communisti. It has indeed been a stirring year.

Listening to the Bells

It is characteristic of the age that the modes of celebrating the coming of the New Year are widely different in character. Some stand in the old traditional manner beneath the belfry tower and hear the clock strike out the passing of the year, undeterred by Professor Einstein's dogmas concerning the relative value of human methods of marking the passage of Time. The merrymakers, on the other hand, spend the final hours of 1922 in the gilded warmth of our great caravanserai or dancing halls, and the emotional moments are passed with the mental support of a crowd of fellow humans around one. The clock strikes—out from a bower of ferns springs a graceful figure in gauzy skirts, holding in her hand a gilded trumpet. She springs lightly to the floor and begins dancing. As she approaches you recognise her as a famous Russian dancer. By the time she has passed the clock has finished striking; you have all taken the plunge—you are in 1923, so why worry?

Egypt's Treasure

The holiday season is now upon us, and the opportunity of visiting gallery and museum is with us. Our readers will welcome, we doubt not, the illustrations given on other pages in this issue dealing with ancient Egypt. These pictures have all been taken specially for THE SPHERE, and in each case the position of the object is indicated. Take your SPHERE with you to the galleries of the British Museum and study these objects for yourself. You will get a visual impression of the great hierarchy of gods whom Akhnaton, the heretic king, attempted to sweep away with a wave of the imperial sceptre. His successor, Tutankhamen, gave up the worship of Aten for the orthodox worship of Amon, changing his name from Tutankh-aten to Tutankh-amen.

Outstanding Events of the Year 1922

Dublin Castle handed over to Provisional Government	January 16
Death of Pope Benedict XV.	January 22
Cardinal Ratti elected Pope Pius XI.	February 4
Marriage of Princess Mary	February 28
Egypt proclaimed a kingdom	March 16
Oberammergau Passion Play revived	May
The attempt on Mount Everest	May-June
King of Serbia married	June 8
First Court of the season at Buckingham Palace	June 9
Prince of Wales returns from world tour	June 20
Death of Lord Northcliffe	August 14
Greek collapse in Asia Minor	September
The Duchess of Albany, the King's aunt, died in Tyrol	September
The collapse of the Coalition and the designation of Mr. Bonar Law as Premier	October 19
The rise of Fascismo—the election of Signor Mussolini as Premier of Italy	November
General Election in Great Britain	November 15
Evacuation of Ireland by British troops	December



Masked Society Singers "Carol" in Aid of Charity

A merry group of society carol singers hit upon a novel scheme for raising funds this Christmas. After giving due warning to their friends, they called (disguised in masks) and sang appropriate carols outside their houses, in this way benefiting the funds of the Dockland Settlement. Amongst those who took part were Miss Olga Lynn, Lord George Cholmondeley, Lady Maud Warrender, Princess Obolensky, Lady Lavery, Lady Churston, Lord Gerald Wellesley, and many others

The Kingfisher Pool

A week or so ago Mr. E. V. Lucas expressed his delight at seeing a kingfisher flitting past him while on a visit to France. Others have had greater luck at less cost, for only a few weeks ago we ourselves had the great joy of seeing, within a comparatively few minutes of Charing Cross, two gorgeous kingfishers flash across our vision. The time was about two o'clock on a golden afternoon in the late autumn—the scene a pool in a backwater on the London side of Staines. This loop of the river is certainly very quiet, but one scarcely expected to see within the close radius of a busy station such a richly beautiful sight. Nothing disturbed the quiet of the stream, save only a couple of stately swans pushing idly down stream. They paused, and at this moment came a flash of pink, emerald, and blue across the stream—and yet another. It was too good to be true. There they were, two splendid kingfishers—flash, flash, flash. The tropical splendour of the sight was almost unbelievable.

Still They Come

More and more Christmas plays crowd upon us. We endeavour in this issue to cope with a few—it is impossible to treat of all within the covers of one number. A new Sutro play, with Miss Laura Cowie as leading lady; Stevenson's *Treasure Island*; *Like Time* at the Lyric; *Arlequin* at the Empire—they come rushing upon one as motley as life itself. *Peter Pan*, of course, still with us, and the scene on the pirate deck goes better than ever under the dominating figure of Mr. Lyn Harding's Hook.

A New Serial Story

Readers of stirring modern fiction will welcome the fact that next week there begins in THE SPHERE a new serial story, by Mr. J. S. Fletcher, entitled "The Million-Dollar Diamond." Those who are familiar with Mr. Fletcher's stories—and they are a great and growing band—will not fail to read this story week by week.

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CHRISTMAS PLAYS, 1922.



Stage Photo Co.

The Pool Scene from "The Windmill Man," at the Victoria Palace

This year at the Victoria Palace Mr. Bert Coote is offering another revival of his highly-popular fairy play for children, "The Windmill Man." The above picture is of the Pool scene, through which the Prince and Princess are taken on their adventures by the Windmill Man



Bassano

Miss Averil Haley as the Princess

Miss Haley is one of the talented band of children which Mr. Bert Coote has gathered around him for his production at the Victoria Palace



Stage Photo Co.

The Prince and Princess Jeer at the Mad Gardener

In this scene the cruel children (Ruby Hilary and Averil Haley) are making fun of the Mad Gardener (Mr. Bert Coote). The two footmen, John and James, provide a good deal of the amusement



Fousham & Banfield

"The Christmas Party," at the Regent Theatre

A scene from the children's play for the Christmas holidays by Mr. Barry V. Jackson of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre



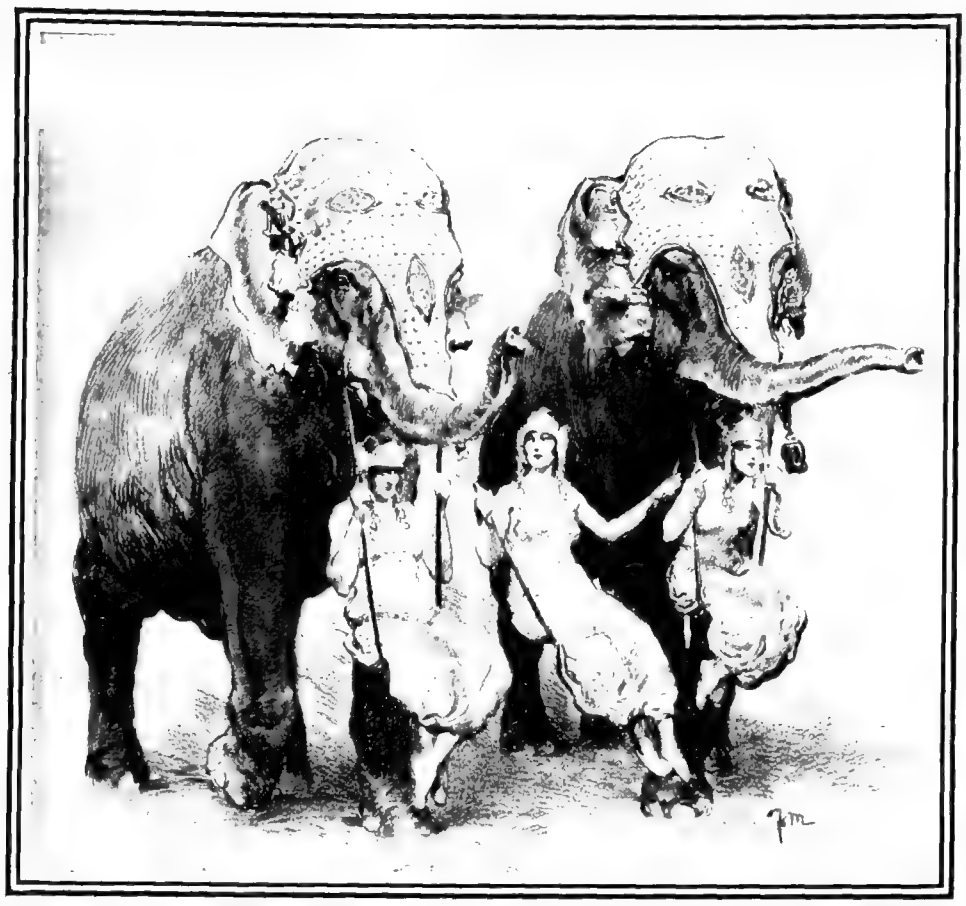
Bassano

"Cinderella"—the Christmas Pantomime at the Hippodrome

Miss Clarice Mayne as Prince Charming and Miss Daisy Burrell as Cinderella in the Hippodrome pantomime of *Cinderella*, which is being presented in the afternoons and evenings during the holiday season

The Christmas pantomime and fairy-tale season is now full upon us, and at many of the London theatres for the next few weeks will be found plays appealing to the younger generation. Here we give a selection of scenes from some of these plays

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The Mlles. Della Cassa Swinging in Front of Two of their Six Elephants



Pimpo "Charms" the Snake at the Circus at Olympia

CHRISTMASTIDE, 1922

Scenes in Sunshine and Rain

There was weather to suit all tastes this Christmastide. Those who wanted fine weather for outdoor sports and walking had it on Saturday, Sunday, and on Boxing Day. Those who revelled in fireside delights had the joy of a vivid contrast on Christmas Day itself. They could hug themselves round the fireside with the feeling that there was no better place while the rain splashed on the window panes.

The countryside was soft to the feet, but the sunshine was glorious, and the colours of woodland and moor exquisite in their delicate tones. The country towns and valleys were gay, each with their own festivities, and in London itself a host of Christmas entertainers of all kinds made the holiday a very bright one indeed.

Besides the numerous special Christmas plays, to which we refer elsewhere, there was the big circus at Olympia, with its immaculate horses, its peerless riders, and clever animals, from elephants with glittering headdresses to clever cockatoos, and Pip, Squeak, and Wilfred, the last-named performing some wonderful hat tricks.

The "star" of the circus is Madame Baptista Schreiber, who, with her horse Menelik, performs some wonderful feats. This fine animal was bought for the equestrienne out of a fund started by Lord Lonsdale to replace her former Arab steed which died mysteriously some time ago. The presentation to Madame Schreiber was made at Olympia in the presence of Queen Alexandra, who was one of the subscribers to the fund. In the arena Lord Lonsdale explained to a crowded audience how the occasion arose, and at a signal from Queen Alexandra, handed the horse to Madame Schreiber, who immediately mounted it and put it through its elegant paces. At the close of her act the equestrienne was taken to the Royal Box and introduced to Her Majesty. Mr. Matania here shows her picturesque appearance on "Menelik" in the Olympia ring.



Drawings by F. Matania

Baptista Schreiber on "Menelik"—the Star Turn at the Olympia Circus



Lafayette

The late Mr. J. M. Colles, K.C.

Who has died in a London nursing home at the age of sixty-four. He came of a family well known in Dublin, and was for a time private secretary to the 1st Lord Ashbourne. His life work was as Registrar in Lunacy



Elliott & Fry

The late Mr. Joseph Constantine, J.P.

Who has just died at the age of 66 at Harlsey Hall, Northallerton. He was the sheriff of Yorkshire in 1916-17, and was patron of the living and Lord of the Manor of East Harlsey in the East Riding



Russell

The late Dr. T. H. Kellock

An eminent surgeon of Upper Wimpole Street, who has just died, at the age of 59, as the result of an attack of influenza. At Cambridge he took honours in mathematics in 1883, and was Cheselden Medallist in 1891



Vandyk

The late Sir Edmund Robbins

For many years manager of the Press Association, and one of the best-known journalists in England, who has just died. During the war he acted as Secretary of the Admiralty, War Office, and Press Committee



Lafayette

The late Maharaja of Cooch Behar

Who died on his 36th birthday, in London, of heart failure and anæmia of the brain. His marriage to a daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda was one of the romances of 1913. He is succeeded by his seven-year-old son

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NEW PLAYS and REVIVALS to SEE in LONDON.

Some Recent Productions Newly Pictured



Foulsham & Banfield

Miss Viola Tree in "Arlequin," at the Empire Theatre

In this delightful "comedy-fantasy" Miss Tree plays the part of the daughter of the Duchess, with whom Arlequin falls transiently in love as he sees her stepping from her gondola. The play is a series of beautiful Venetian pictures, ending up with the pathetic death of Michaela, the one faithful lover of Arlequin, who meets her death through shielding him from danger



Foulsham & Banfield

Mr. Bourchier's Production of Stevenson's "Treasure Island"

This romantic masterpiece, which has so long delighted all Stevenson lovers, has now been adapted for the stage and presented at the Strand Theatre by Mr. Arthur Bourchier. The picture reproduced above shows one of the scenes from the play, with Mr. Bellenden Powell as Squire Trelawney, Mr. Halliwell Hobbes as Dr. Livesey, and Mr. Frederick Peisley as Jim



Stage Photo Co.

The Revival of Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird"

Miss Nora Johnstone as Night, with Mr. Ernest Hendrie as Tylô, the Dog, in the revival at the Duke of York's Theatre of M. Maeterlinck's beautiful fantasy, "The Blue Bird"



Foulsham & Banfield

Mr. Arthur Bourchier as Long John Silver in "Treasure Island," at the Strand Theatre

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THE TURKISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY.

By SCOTLAND LIDDELL

Special Correspondent of "The Sphere" in Constantinople



Saime Mahmoud

One of the clever Turkish medical students in the Constantinople College



The Modern Turkish Girl Studying Physics in the Laboratory



The Modified Charshaf

This is now simply a scarf, and is extremely attractive

CONSTANTINOPLE, December 13.

In Constantinople there is a very excellent American College for Girls. It stands in lovely grounds that overlook the Bosphorus. The other day I called upon the Principal, and she, Dr. Patrick, asked me if I would stay to lunch. I did—and had the shock of my young life. In the great dining-room there were at least two hundred girls, and I, a solitary Adam, found myself in an over-crowded Eden—and blushed—and lost my appetite.

Here were girls of almost every nationality. Turks and Greeks and Armenians, Bulgars and Serbs and Jews, Russians, Roumanians, and Albanians. Others . . . I do not know—it does not matter in the least. The thing that really matters is that all these girls were living in a state of harmony. Mussulmans and Christians were just the very greatest friends. Turks and Greeks, Armenians and Turks, were chums, friends of a friendship that would last through life.

Someone was speaking to me about the Saturday Forum—weekly debates—" . . . but, of course," this lady teacher said, "politics are absolutely barred. . . ."

"Of course," said I.

"Naturally, these girls are innocent of politics. . . ."

"H'm!" I thought, but "Of course," said I.

Lunch finished—the most uncomfortable meal that I have ever left untouched—I was asked if I would like to see over the college. I said that I would, so a very pretty little Turkish girl was commandeered to show me round. Off we went. . . .

"Aren't you surprised to see a Turkish lady who doesn't wear trousers?" she asked me.

I stammered something about not knowing anything about Turkish women or what clothes they wore. . . .

We reached a class-room. "This is our laboratory," she said, and closed the door. Then, eagerly, "Tell me," she demanded, "how is the Conference going on? What's the latest news from Lausanne? Do you think that the policy of Bonar Law . . ." etc., etc. . . .

A tiny little girl with sparkling eyes. "My dear child," said I, feeling very awkward and, somehow, very old, "you must not worry your pretty little head with politics. . . ."

"*Nous avons changé tout cela!*" she answered.

Well, there was nothing for it but to give her a lecture on the importance of political innocence . . . "—and if you will simply study very hard and learn your lessons here," I was saying finally, when she interrupted——

"Learn my lessons!" she said. I don't *learn* lessons, I *give* them!"

A little lady teacher! . . . But how was I to know?

. . . .



The American College for Girls in Constantinople

Standing in beautiful grounds, the college overlooks the Bosphorus



Turkish Women Wearing the Veil, which is now Rapidly Disappearing

Nous avons changé tout cela. . . .

And now the Angora forwards are doing all they can to change things back again. Anatolia has gone "dry." Adrianople, too. The importation of all alcohol to Constantinople has been prohibited. As far as the other man is concerned, I do not grieve. Even, I do not find it in my heart to mourn the fact that playing cards are also barred henceforth. Luxuries, now onwards, will be taxed enormously, and here the women must be reckoned with. Articles *de luxe* are for the greater part quite feminine. But these new rules are nothing to an even greater law that Kemal has laid down—all Turkish women must be closely veiled.

And here is a law that absolutely will not be obeyed. "*Nous avons changé tout cela!*" The colonel's lady and the O'Grady woman and the Turkish *khanoum* are all sisters. *La mode* is also feminine.

After the Turkish Constitution there was a revolt against the veil. The Turkish lady did not wish to bloom unseen. The *charshaf* (sheet) was gradually modified. First the face was left uncovered. Then the ladies let their hair be seen. And then a smaller *charshaf* was worn. The *charshaf* of the modern Turkish girl is a mere scarf, extremely charming and attractive in its simplicity. Humbly, I recommend it to the leaders of *la mode* at home.

The harem days have passed. *Nous avons changé tout cela!* The modern Turkish girls no longer live secluded lives. One finds them going out to work in offices. Some are bank clerks, some book-keepers. The war has left so many families poor, daughters of houses have been forced to work.

In Constantinople College some Turkish girls are studying medicine, some are learning shorthand and typewriting, some are studying electrical engineering, others are going in for a course

(*Continued on a later page*)



Turkish and Other Students of Medicine at the Main Entrance to the College



Turkish Women in Constantinople Wearing the New Form of Head-dress

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SPORT OF THE MOMENT : Four Notable Groups.



The Hockey Match Between the Oxford University Occasionals and the Cambridge University Wanderers

Played at Beckenham, and won by the Oxford team by 6 goals to 1. The names of the players are, from left to right, at back—Mr. G. O. Andrewes (umpire), C. L. Hawker, C. B. Fairbanks, G. W. F. Haslehurst, E. W. Gillett, B. G. Lampard-Vachell, C. H. Campbell, C. M. Skerrett Rogers, C. R. Summerhayes, T. J. Outram, and Mr. A. Swain (umpire). Seated in front are—D. O. Light, K. A. J. Mackenzie, J. K. Mathews, C. S. W. Marcon, S. H. Saville, J. H. Bennett, W. F. Smith, D. H. Scott, T. W. Manaergh, W. M. Jones, B. G. Whitfield, and O. L. Bateson



Exclusive SPHERE pictures by H. V. Crow

The Combined Hockey Teams of the Surrey Ladies and Middlesex Ladies, who Met at Richmond

The Surrey Ladies were the winners by 5 goals to 3. In the picture the Surrey team is seated in front. The names are—Miss Baggalley, Miss Reed, Miss Beauman, Miss Strong, Miss Ward-Clarke, Miss Begbie (captain and hon. sec., Surrey), Miss Bryan (captain, Middlesex), Miss Jackson, Miss Ellis, Miss Taylor, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Albright, and Miss Higgins (Middlesex goalkeeper). Standing behind are the Middlesex team—Miss Kirkup, Miss Frank, Miss M. East, Miss Bartlett, Miss Bland, Miss Gillespie, Miss P. East, and Miss McArthur



The Inter-'Varsity Cross-Country Run

Which took place at Roehampton. A group of the Oxford team—winners of the event. Left to right, in front—J. H. Dickenson, N. A. McInnes (captain), and R. E. Brown. Behind—I. B. Blagden, C. B. E. Morgan, P. H. M. Bryant, and Alfred Shrubb (trainer)



The Inter-'Varsity Cross-Country Run

The Cambridge team, which consisted of the following runners (in front)—J. Scrimgeour, W. R. Seagrove (captain), and H. B. Stallard. At back are seen—F. C. Fooks, P. W. Harris, and W. E. Yates

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A STEVENS COLLECTION at Millbank.



The Portrait of a Dead Child (Leonard Christie), 1859. By Alfred Stevens



A Cartoon in Oils by Alfred Stevens



A Study for a Kneeling Boy Bending a Bow—in Red Chalk

At the Tate Gallery at Millbank there is now being shown an extremely interesting collection of cartoons, paintings, and drawings by Alfred Stevens (1817–1875). These were intended to serve as sketches for the decoration of the dining-room at Dorchester House, and were commissioned in 1858 by Mr. R. S. Holford. Their acquisition by the Chantrey Bequest, and subsequent allocation to the National Gallery, is now under consideration.

The commission was never executed in full, only portions of it being completed before the artist's early death in 1875 The subjects were to have been classical and historical scenes.

The present collection has been lent to the Tate Gallery by Sir George Holford and Mr. Alfred Drury, R.A.



"The Judgment of Paris"—One of the Panels Projected for Dorchester House

THE CENTENARY OF LOUIS PASTEUR.

It may be truly said that no man who ever laboured in the field of science was actuated by loftier or purer motives than Louis Pasteur, the centenary of whose birth occurs on December 27, 1922. He added yet another name to the long roll of savants who, by their patient research, no less than by their illuminating genius, have shed undying lustre upon their country and made the whole world their debtor. No man ever worked with a more complete disregard of self, with a more thorough absence of personal ambition, than did Pasteur. Academic distinctions, popular applause, these were not his aim, though they came his way unsought. Beyond the narrow limits of the laboratory, beyond the frontiers of his own country, his gaze extended far and wide over the whole world; and the two great motive forces of his life, the forces which, in face of ill-health, in face of the discouragement, the opposition, which the innovator and the discoverer almost inevitably encounters, impelled him to pursue his task with stubborn energy and undaunted hope, were compassion for the sufferings of men and animals, and an unshakable determination to employ for their relief all the resources of that genius with which he was so richly endowed.

The great, the salient fact to bear in mind concerning Pasteur, is that he was not merely a great scientist, not merely a great Frenchman—though neither science whose servant and France whose loyal son he was have ever inscribed a more glorious name upon their banners—he was a great citizen of the world, and, as such, not his own country only, but every civilised community, in the Old World and the New, thrills with pride and emotion at the mention of his name, and reverently embraces the opportunity offered by the hundredth anniversary of his birth to do honour to his memory. Though the French Government has, not without wisdom, decided to postpone the official and more elaborate celebrations until the spring of next year, certain unostentatious, semi-private observances will take place on the due date at the Institut Pasteur in Paris and at the University of Strasburg. The Government decision was inevitable, since the festival of Christmas necessarily takes precedence over every other commemoration.

The all-embracimg humanity which is Pasteur's dominating characteristic excluded from his nature all those little pettinesses of spirit which are too often found to be not incompatible with brilliance of intellect. No one was more ungrudging in the praise bestowed on his coadjutor, no one viewed with sincerer or more unmingled satisfaction the progress made by his fellow scientists. So far as he was concerned, he had no rivals, only colleagues; and the cordial and, indeed, affectionate relations which existed between Pasteur and Lister, and the respect they mutually entertained for each other, makes one of the brightest chapters in the history of Science.



One of the Last Portraits to be Taken of Louis Pasteur

Because of his whole-hearted devotion to his work, because he would be impatient of interruption when engaged in an important experiment, and was occasionally at small pains to conceal his impatience, Pasteur has been sometimes represented as cold and devoid of feeling. In point of fact, no judgment was ever more remote from the truth. When the Institute that bears his name was built, and he was called upon to speak at the opening ceremony, he paid a tribute to the memory of those with whom he had worked, and whom death had taken away, in words that remind one of the touching conclusion of Newman's *Apologia*, which George Eliot knew by heart and could never recall without emotion.

"Alas!" he said, "it is my poignant sorrow to enter this great building as a man 'conquered by Time,' who has about him none of his former masters nor any of those who in former times bore with him the burden and heat of the day. Nevertheless, if I must sorrowfully say to myself, If they are no more, those men who valiantly played their part in controversies which were none of my provoking, but which it was my lot to sustain; if they cannot hear me when I proclaim how much I owe to their counsel and support; if my sense of their loss is no less keen than on the morrow of their death, I have at least the consolation of reflecting that all those things which we fought side by side to uphold will never be overthrown."

As his thoughts thus turned to the friends of former days, Pasteur's voice faltered, and he was unable to continue. He was, as numerous other episodes might be quoted to show, and as all who had the privilege of his friendship would testify, one of the tenderest and most gracious of souls.

In England the name of Pasteur is most popularly associated with the cure of rabies, but his discoveries were so numerous and so important that it would take a volume adequately to describe them. The anti-toxic treatment of diphtheria, which has been the means of saving countless lives, we owe directly to Pasteur, as we do the discovery of the cure for the "maladies" of wines and beer, for anthrax, for fowl-cholera, and for the diseases of silkworms. Add to this his researches in crystallography, his theory of molecular dissymmetry and non-spontaneous generation, his fruitful labours in the domains of physics, chemistry, biology, surgery, and medicine, and none will deny the immensity of the obligations we are under to Pasteur.

J. LEWIS MAY.

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The CENTENARY of LOUIS PASTEUR, 1822—1922.



The Father of Louis Pasteur

From a pastel done by his famous son in the year 1838



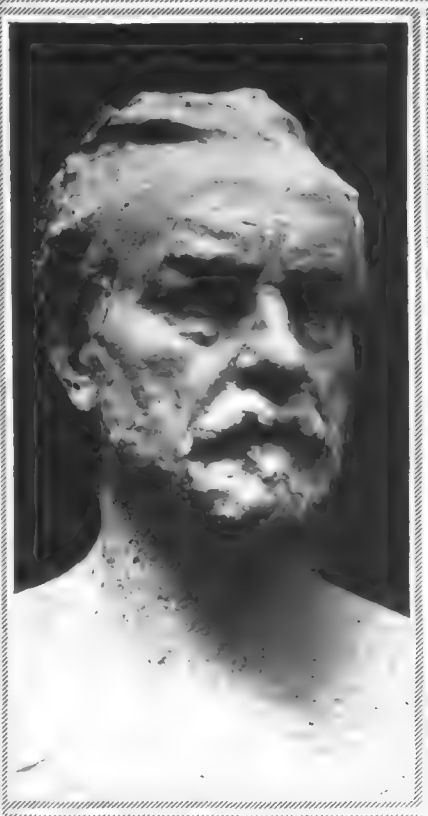
Madame Pasteur—A Portrait Taken in 1904

Pasteur's wife survived him by some years. This picture was one of the last to be taken before her death



The Mother of Louis Pasteur

A remarkably clever pastel by young Pasteur at the age of fourteen



The Bust of Louis Pasteur

Born in 1822 at Dole, in the Jura, Pasteur went to Paris in 1857 and remained there till his death, carrying out his now world-famous researches



Pasteur at Work in his Laboratory

From the painting by A. Edelfelt (1889). The Pasteur Institute, now world-famous, was opened in November, 1888. The work of the institute is divided into six sections



The Statue of Pasteur

By J. H. Hugues, in Paris, where most of the great scientist's epoch-making discoveries were thought out. The statue is a seated full-length one



Louis Pasteur Surrounded by Patients in his Surgery

From the painting by Emile Bayard. In this country, perhaps, Pasteur's name is most closely connected with his anti-rabies treatment, but this was by no means his only work. The above picture was painted shortly after the discovery of his hydrophobia anti-toxins



The Tsar at the Funeral of Pasteur

A picture by Detaille at Versailles. Pasteur died on September 28, 1895, at the age of seventy-three. His funeral was one of the most impressive of the end of the century. The Tsar of Russia, in addition to many other notabilities, was present at the funeral

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WHAT TO SEE OF OLDE

Special Pictures o



A Statuette of Bast, the Cat Goddess

She represented the useful and gentle heat of the sun, and is represented with a cat's head. The cat was sacred to her

In Egyptian Room 5—Case 238



A Statuette of Amset

One of the four funerary genii, to whom the Canopic jars were dedicated

Egyptian Room 5—Case 240



The Dog-headed Ape

The living emblem and sacred animal of the gods Thoth and Khons.

Egyptian Room 5—Case 231



An Egyptian Sickle of Iron

Egyptian Room 5—Floor case C

We are now able to give readers some example what may be seen of Egypt in the heart of Lon Other museums, notably of Edinburgh, possess Egyp relics of great interest, but cannot rival the collection in the Egyptian galleries in Bloomsbury. Certain objects special interest have been photographed for the benefit of SPHERE readers, and a instalment of them is here given. In each case the room in which the object is seen is given, and also the number of the wall case. The reader, therefore, should little difficulty in finding the objects illustrated when visiting the museum. The num of visitors to the Egyptian rooms has been steadily increasing since the Carnarvon disc aroused such world-wide interest in one of the most fascinating periods of Egyptian h The eighteenth dynasty is the period concerned.

It is interesting at this period of time, and with the knowledge which we now h to read Mr. Theodore Davis's notes on an interesting discovery he made in the v of 1906. "While digging near the foot of a high hill in the Valley of the K the Kings, my attention was attracted to a large rock tilted to and for some mysterious reason I felt interested in it, and carefully examined and dug about by my assistant, Mr. Ayrton, wi hands, the beautiful blue cup described in Mr. Daressy's catal found. This bore the cartouche of Touatânkhamanou. The year, in digging to the north of Harmhabi's tomb, we came upo of another, and my assistant, Mr. E. Harold Jones, put his men to and at the depth of twenty-five feet we found a room filled almost top with dried mud, showing that water had entered it. And curious to see the decorative manner in which the mud had dried.

"We found a broken box containing several pieces of gold le with the names of Touatânkhamanou and his wife, Ankhousnamo



A Bull-headed Figure Seated

The Theban kings took the title of a strong bull. The bull was the emblem of strength and courage

Egyptian Room 5—Case 242



A Figure of an Apis Bull and the Emblem of Osiris

A statuette of an Apis bull worshipped by the Egyptians. The bull was o with a disc and uræus between the horns. On the right is a Tat or emblem

Egyptian Room 5—Case 230-2

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GYPT IN LONDON—II.

British Museum



An Ibis—Sacred to Thoth
This god was frequently represented with the head of an ibis
Egyptian Room 5—Case 230



The Hawk—Sacred to Horus
The bird was frequently mummified, and above is seen a bronze case to hold such a mummy
Egyptian Room 4—Case 183

names Divine Father Aiya his wife Tiyi, but without or prenomen. We also d under the mud, lying on loor in one corner, the beauti- labaster statuette described in Daressy's catalogue. A few after this we came upon a pit, some distance from the tomb, filled with large earthen containing what would seem to be the *débris* from a tomb, such as dried wreaths aves and flowers, and small bags containing a powdered substance. The cover of one nese jars had been broken, and wrapped about it was a cloth on which was inscribed name of Touatânkhamanou.

The finding of the blue cup with the cartouche of Touatânkhamanou, and not far it the quite undecorated tomb containing the gold leaf inscribed with the names ouatânkhamanou and Ankhousnamanou, in connection with the Divine Father Aîya his wife Tiyi, and the pit containing the jars with the name of Touatânkhamanou, me to conclude that Touatânkhamanou was originally buried in the tomb described e, and that it was afterwards robbed, leaving the few things that ve mentioned. I fear that the Valley of the Tombs is now exhausted."

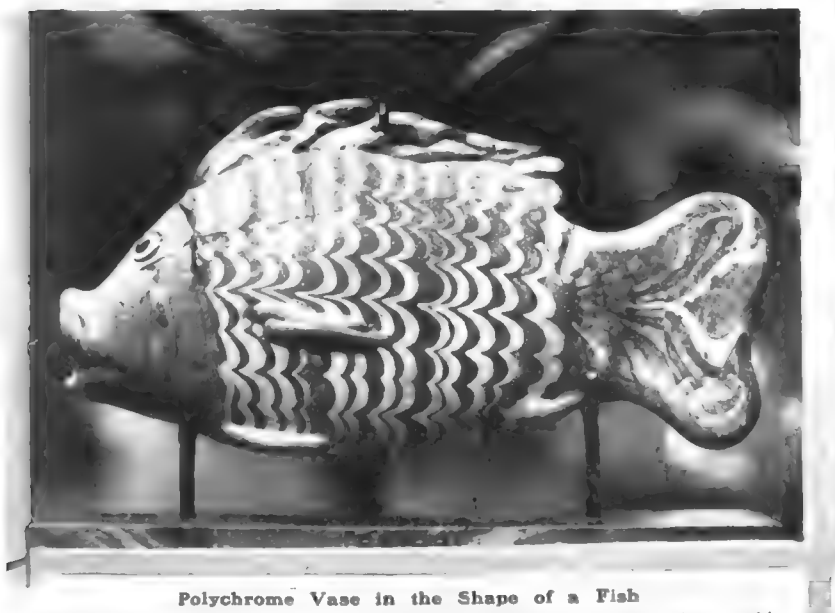
he Harmhabi Mr. Davis refers to was a Pharaoh whose reign marks of the turning-points in the history of Egypt. "Coming as he did the heretic Pharaohs," says Sir Gaston Maspero, "Harmhabi gave inal victory to the priests of Amon and established the supremacy of sacerdotal over the warlike spirit. After him, Egypt had other con- ing rulers who attempted to maintain or restore her domination over , but these sovereigns, more and more bound and weighed down by ious practices, knew not how to preserve their independence against the ges of priests. Thebes, which had given the land its most warlike asties, gradually became the mere appanage of a god; the city became seat of a veritable theocracy.



Mut—The Wife of Amen-Ra
An important goddess—the second of the Theban Triad. Her name signifies "the mother"
Egyptian Room 5—Case 235



A Human-headed Hawk—Emblem of the Soul
Egyptian Room 5—Case 234



Polychrome Vase in the Shape of a Fish
This fish comes from Tel-el-Amarna, the city of Akhnaton, sacred to the worship of Aten. The blue colouring is excellently preserved
Egyptian Room 5—Floor case F



A Gold-encrusted Figure of an Ibis
This mummy case held the mummy of an ibis Æthiopica, found as far north as Wadi Halfa. The bird was sacred to Thoth
Egyptian Room 4—Case 185

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A LIVERPOOL TR

The Opening of the Lady Lev Art



One of the Two Domed Sculpture Halls

These are at each end of the building (as indicated in the plan reproduced below). The classic simplicity of the building is here well accentuated, while the sixteen columns, grouped in pairs, give one the impression of chaste but dignified beauty



The Empress Josephine's Work-table

In mahogany and gilt; the centre flaps open out to form an adjustable slope for reading. On the left is a mother-of-pearl and gold needlework set, and on the right a similar set of gold

At the opening ceremony, which was graciously performed by Princess Beatrice a few days ago, Lord Leverhulme made a graceful reference to his late wife in the help that he had received from her during her life, for, as he said, without her help there would have been "no Port Sunlight and no Museum of Art." To show that the desire to appreciate and possess beautiful things need not necessarily wait until one has amassed riches, he told how he bought the two little Derby biscuit-ware shepherdess groups to be found in one of the galleries in the days when he was a young grocer at Wigan. As an example of what may grow out of such modest beginnings, the Lady Lever Treasure House of Art is a notable one, and forms as magnificent a memorial to the dead as even the Pharaohs of old Egypt attained.

In the central hall are displayed several famous pictures. Sir John Millais's masterpiece,



The Exterior of the Building which Contains the Superb Collection

The design of the Art Gallery has been carried out by William and Segar Owen of Warrington. The gallery is of a simple classic design



The Queen Anne or Kent Rooms, Showing the Col

A noticeable feature of this room, as also with the Tudor and the W... and Mary rooms, are the exquisite examples of old needlework which are framed and hung as pictures. The curtains to the windows are a choice sel... in green and white, toning in well with the sombre green panelling of the w...



Containing Some Intimate and V...

The decoration of this room is carried out in replica of the room at Mal... and contains as its principal interest the bedroom suite of Napoleon and his Em... Josephine. This suite, carried out in dull mahogany and gilt, has a very... appearance. In the centre of the room on a similar mahogany table is the...

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ASURE HOUSE.

t Gallery at Port Sunlight



me and Arrangement of a Room of the Queen Anne Period

ng above the mantel is a fine example of a Queen Anne mirror adorned trophies; at the far end are two examples of Chippendale lacquer stands in hinese period; in front of the fireplace is a very fine Queen Anne fire-screen. hole room provides a fine reconstruction of the early 18th century period.



oleon Relics—The "Napoleon Room"

of Napoleon cast in bronze, and underneath is the actual death mask in er. In the left foreground is the work-table of the Empress Josephine (of a picture is reproduced on this page). The chairs in the room are a suite mpire chairs presented to Cardinal Pecchi by Napoleon.



A Vestibule, with Suits of Scottish Armour

This picture shows the style of the corridors in the new building. Along the walls are ranged suits of armour, both full size and models. The latter in most cases have served the armourer as models for the full-size suits

"Sir Isumbras at the Ford," is the most arresting one, while other "pictures of the year" are recalled by "The Young Duke," by Sir W. Q. Orchardson, "May Morning," by Holman Hunt, the celebrated "Daphnephoria," by Lord Leighton, the "Beguiling of Merlin," by Sir E. Burne-Jones, and "The Al-fresco Toilet," by Sir Luke Fildes.

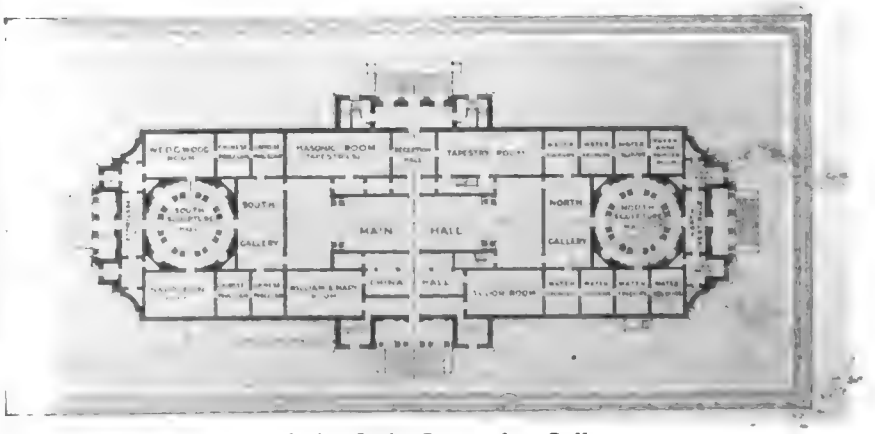
Reynolds and Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn, Hoppner and Lawrence, are numerously represented, as are also the great British landscapists, Crome, Constable, Turner, and Cox.

Fine as are the pictures, they are rivalled in interest by the wonderful collections of porcelain and pottery, furniture and needlework. It is, perhaps, not too much to say that nowhere out of the London museums is to be found so complete a collection. Both the inhabitants of the immediate neighbourhood and the art connoisseur from all nations will profit by this newly-opened hall of art.



William and Mary Lacquer Cabinet

In black and gold. A great feature of the central gallery, in addition to the pictures, are the fine specimens of bureaux and lacquer cabinets which adorn the walls



A Plan of the Lady Lever Art Gallery

This plan will show the disposition and arrangement of the various art treasures. The main picture gallery is in the Central Hall

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MUSIC of the Week

By FRANCIS TOYE.



MR. W. BACKHAUS — Who recently played with Pachmann



MR. DESMOND ROBBERTS—A county cricketer, now a singer

It is never kind to pillory unnecessarily the work of a student, nor yet choose his work as a text on which to hang a sermon. Wherefore the subject of this article shall remain anonymous, and, should he or his friends guess at identity, let it be remembered that the following remarks are intended as strictly impersonal in their general application.

For explanation's sake, however, it is necessary to state that there took place the other day an important orchestral concert given by one of our principal schools of music. At this concert there was produced a choral work by one of the leading scholars at the musical institution in question. It was very ambitious both as regards the words set and the manner in which they were set, for chorus, full orchestra, organ, and solo soprano voice were used. The music was well-scored for the orchestra, and well written both for chorus and solo —but it shocked me to the bone!



A Sacred Music Drama by Mr. Rutland Boughton

One scene from "Bethlehem," by Mr. Boughton (composer of "The Immortal Hour"), as performed by the Glastonbury Players at Bath and Bournemouth

Never in all my life, I think, have I listened to such an outrageous piece of musical respectability from the pen of a young man of talent. The idiom, at its most advanced, was that of *Meistersinger*, Act II.; more often it was that of the "In Memoriam" overture. In listening to it one wondered whether the composer had heard of not only Stravinski and Ravel, but even Strauss and Elgar. For all their influence on his music they might never have existed. As for the æsthetes in *Patience*, art "stopped short at the cultured court of the Empress Josephine," so for him, music ceased with the influence of King Ludwig of Bavaria. Even earlier, as a matter of fact, for the already outmoded dissonances of *The Ring* appeared to stand well outside the ambitions of this youthful reactionary.

The Force of Environment

Readers of these articles will not, I think, readily accuse me of unrestrained enthusiasm for all new music just because it is new. There is no magic in modernity as such. Nevertheless, I could not have believed that a young musician should or could so escape the influences of contemporary environment. Apparently I was wrong. Apparently it is possible for a musical student in England to write in the idiom of the day before yesterday with the full approval of his pastors and masters. That is what shocks me, because such easy acceptance of a past convention is surely the worst possible training for an artist. If anybody in the world ought to be revolutionary it is a young musician of to-day. The art of his choice is bubbling and seething with new ideas and new ideals. Of all the arts, probably, it is the most alive. Facile respectability is an æsthetic vice of the first magnitude in the young. Once out of the chrysalis stage they must spread their wings and fly independently or, in my view, be adjudged of no account.

Everybody is familiar with the good boy at school who keeps all the rules, carries off all the prizes—and eventually adorns the Church, the Civil Service, or the pages of *The Times* Literary Supplement. For such a one there are still safe jobs in after life, despite the turbulence of the times. But for the musical "good boy" there is, so far as I can see, no career at all beyond a minor professorship at one of our musical academies. As a composer, at any rate, he is doomed from the outset, because composition, to win success, must be inspired by genius and originality in some shape or degree. A music student who merely pleases his teachers is likely to please nobody else. Teachers are not there to be pleased, but to develop, so far as in them lies, the natural talents of their pupils. Ten to one, if the natural talents of the budding musician are of any value, he will quarrel violently with his teachers, although he may respect their attainments, and work hard to assimilate all the learning that they have to impart.



The Children of the Chapel Royal

The boys chosen for their voices to form the choir. They often sing at Buckingham Palace

Genius and Revolution

It is not natural that A, aged 20, should begin where B, aged 60, ends, even though B is his teacher; and if B is wise he will neither expect nor desire him to do so. To take a concrete example, it is natural and right for Sir Charles Stanford to write in the idiom that he does because it is the idiom of his generation, and his musical ideas find natural expression in it. But the same idiom would not and should not come as a natural means of expression to a boy now studying composition at the Royal College. His daily musical companions and prophets are those whom Sir Charles Stanford inevitably regards as heretics and revolutionaries. Which is not to say that his pupils would not be very foolish if they failed to profit by their teacher's fine musicianship and great experience. But the world will not stand still, much less go back, for all the accumulated lore of all the professors in the world.

It is well here to utter a caution. A musician is not necessarily a genius because he is a revolutionary. One can think of plenty of instances where a young genius has found the current idiom of his day a sufficient vehicle for the expression of his ideas. There is no merit in change for its own sake. Only, as a rule, the young man who has something new to say finds himself impelled to say it in a new way. And never, to my knowledge, has a young genius deliberately adopted the idiom of yesterday or the day before with any fruitful results to himself. It simply is not done!

The Vice of Respectability

Some people may be inclined to think that all this amounts to much ado about nothing. So it would, speaking generally, if respectability had not been, notoriously, the besetting vice of British music for generations, which has gone far to stultify their more serious musical efforts. We imagined that at long last the exploits of our Goossens, our Blisses, and our Baxes had killed this tendency once and for all. Some of us even recalled the fights waged by their predecessors — for Wagner by Stanford, for independence by Elgar. Two or three generations of such striving, we thought, had put our music on safe ground for ever. It is disheartening to see the old Adam peeping out again after all these years—and in such a youthful guise.



Homage to Elgar

A chaplet of palms and laurels from the professors and students of the Guildhall School of Music

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THE COASTGUARD WATCH ROUND THE BRITISH SHORES.

Exclusive "Sphere" Pictures, Taken by Special Permission



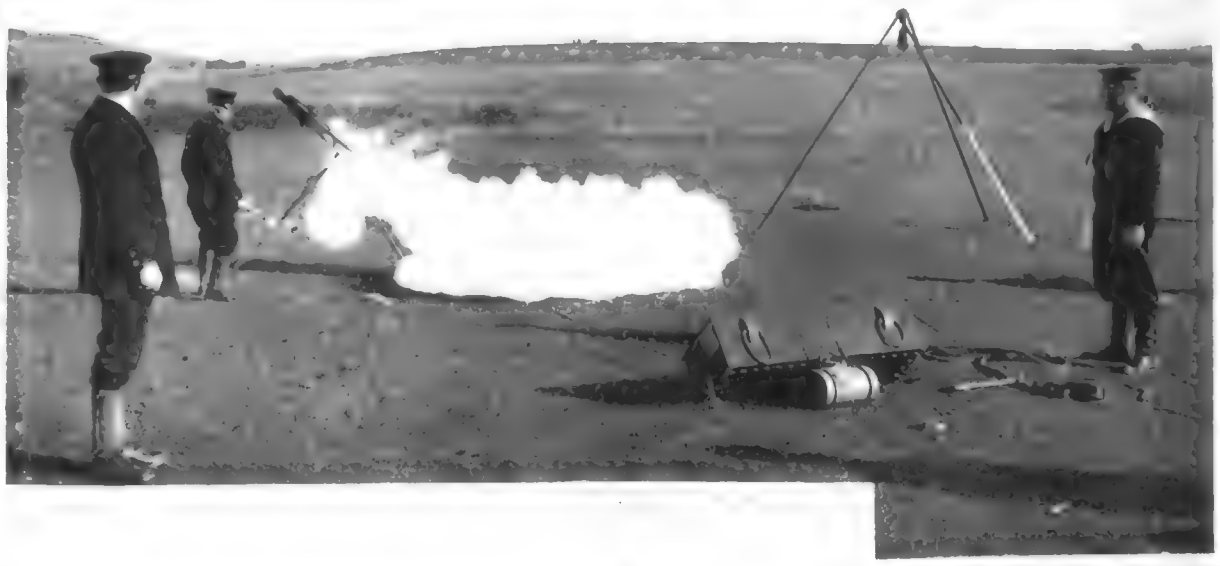
The Officer in Charge and the Look-out Man on Beachy Head

The duties of the coastguards around the British shores are many and various, and chief amongst them may be mentioned the communication they maintain between the fleet and the Admiralty by wireless and by visual signalling; information supplied to the Admiralty of the arrivals and sailings of foreign ships of war, as well as those of British ships to the local commander-in-chief. The look-out station we illustrate here is that on Beachy Head, which commands a wide vista over the English Channel



The Life-saving Apparatus Arrives at Birling Gap

Another portion of the coastguard's duty undertaken for the Board of Trade is the assistance of ships in distress. In furtherance of this object every endeavour is made to save lives in shipwrecks. As soon as a wreck is reported the life saving apparatus is brought up, and communication attempted with the doomed ship





Life-saving Rocket Practice at Birling Gap

This is a spot on the Sussex coast one or two miles from Eastbourne and Beachy Head. It was formerly a smugglers' favourite landing-place. The coastguards have charge of nearly all the rocket life-saving apparatus, and work them with the assistance of trained civilian volunteer companies

Bringing a Rescued Man Ashore by Means of the Breeches Buoy

As soon as communication has been effected, by means of rockets, the breeches buoy is erected. By this means the crews of wrecks are brought safely ashore, one at a time, in the fashion illustrated here

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GUARDING BRI

The Yearlong Watch of th and in

Exclusive series of pictures taken



The Coastguard Searchlight and Signals on Beachy Head

The powerful searchlight is to aid in the duties of the coastguards by picking up ships in the Channel at night. The signals, worked on the semaphore system, speak to passing vessels, giving and receiving necessary messages



Preparing to Launch the L R

The apparatus is fired by hand from shore, and by this means a rope is sent to the means of the breeches buoy. The man with the telescope is ... out.



After the Rescue—Applying Artificial Respiration After Life-saving by the Breeches Buoy

The Coastguard force numbers at present about 3,200 men; it is recruited entirely from the Navy. Each of the six districts into which the United Kingdom is divided consists of a number of divisions, which again are made up of a series of stations, generally with a petty officer in charge

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AIN'S SHORES:

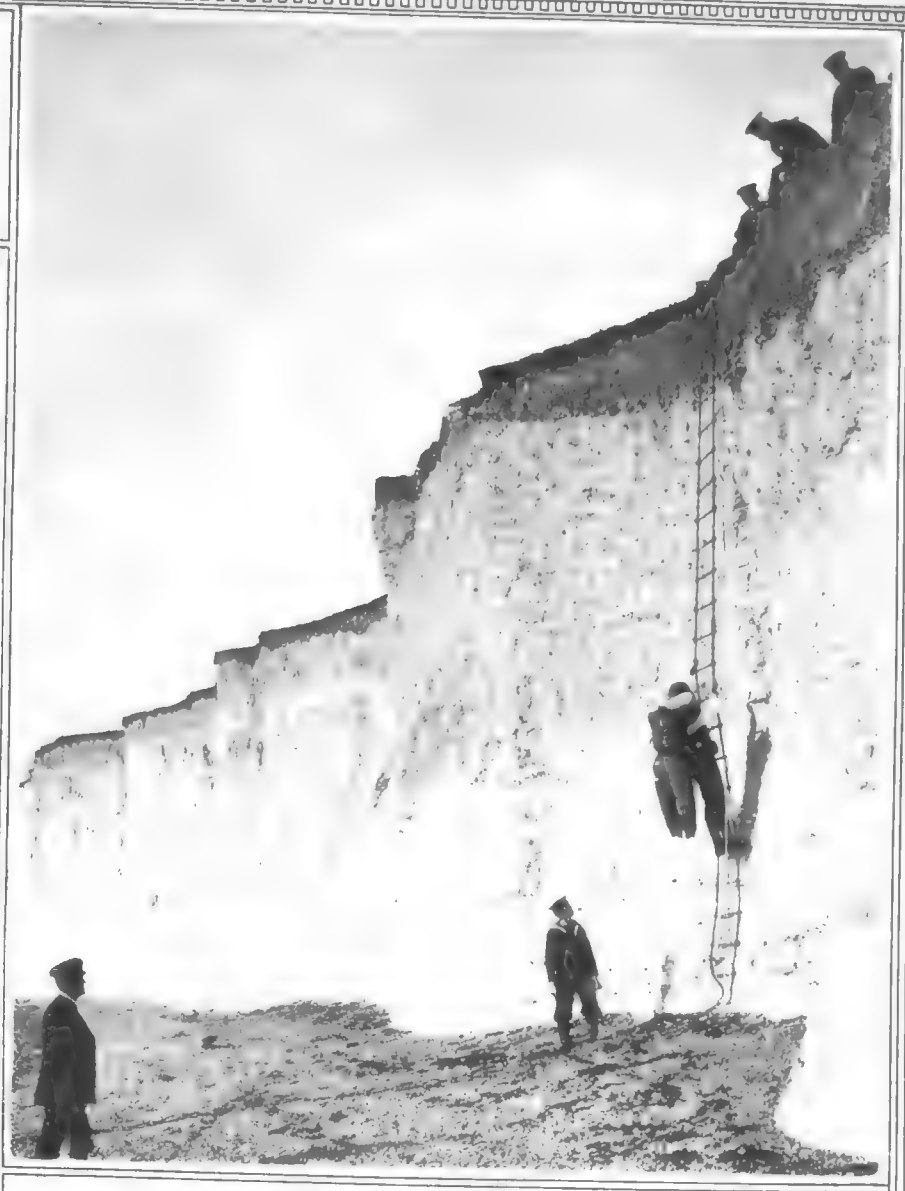
Coastguards in Sunshine form.

cachy Head Coastguard Station.



ocket from Birling Gap

ship. With the aid of this rope the crew can then be rescued by next him is one of the coastguards in "night-duty attire"



Rope Ladder Drill with a Dummy at Birling Gap

British coastguards are frequently drilled in life saving under actual conditions. Part of this drill is illustrated here. One of the guards is clambering up a rope ladder with a dummy, which in this case takes the part of a half drowned inert sailor



Coastguards Putting Off to the Rescue of a Ship in Distress at Sea

oastguards have here brought down their boat to the water's edge, and are rehearsing the start-off of a rescue at sea. It will be noticed that the crew are all wearing life-belts. This picture was taken near the famous "Seven Sisters," between Birling and Seaford

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A LITERARY LETTER : On "the Blue Train."

LONDON, December 20, 1922.

I am supposed in this letter to write about books, although there are frank readers who tell me they would always prefer that I write about places. But after all, I write this letter to please myself mainly, and so take things as they come.

Since I last wrote I have spent forty-eight hours on the Riviera, and have taken about the same length of time in reaching that beautiful land and returning from it. One solicitous friend, whose good opinion I value, suggested that once on the Riviera I should stay there for a few days, that the vibration involved in travelling 2,000 miles in a four days' holiday would do me more harm than good. But to me the exhilaration of a long railway journey is what horse-riding or a sea voyage is to another man. To me that journey from London to Monte Carlo and back, with only one night in an hotel, was a crowded hour of glorious life. Then I am entirely dependent on companionship in travel, and the prospect of seeing once again that gifted and kindly Frenchman, M. Margot, the president of the P.L.M. Railway, was itself an inducement.

Moreover, I am a creature of sentiment, and thirty years ago Mr. Henry Snow, the London Chairman of the International Sleeping Car Company, came to me and invited me to go to Bosnia and Herzegovina with him. The Austrian Government of that day were anxious to show French and English journalists what they were doing with these Balkan provinces they had just taken over from the Turks. I recall that M. de Blowitz was of the party, and I have very interesting impressions of Sarajevo and Mostar. I had scarcely seen Mr. Snow in the interval, and here he was, still full of enthusiasm for this famous Sleeping Car Company. And so, when I was told that Sir Davidson Dalziel had invited a party of railway magnates and a few journalists to the inauguration of a new method of travelling, I gladly accepted an invitation to accompany the party.

For the first time in the history of railway enterprise the continent of Europe has adopted the system in vogue in England—one sleeper for each person. Hitherto, I understand, sleeping cars have been constructed on a framework of wood. In these new cars of the Sleeping Car Company, wood has only been used for the interior decoration of compartments and corridors, and the framework and all other parts of the car are made entirely of steel. Vibration has, moreover, been reduced to a minimum. Hence this journey was not as formidable as it might appear, and, indeed, I feel all the better for it. It is ever the cross-Channel passage that perturbs me. I am not a good sailor. But at the cost of three pounds sterling I secured deck cabins from Dover to Calais and return, and this, with the prospect of being a guest for the rest of the journey, even a poor journalist could afford.

That journey to Nice was a delightfully comfortable experience. It is pleasant to get into a train at Calais and to pass in the night into the glorious sunshine of the Riviera. It is true that to me the pleasure is chastened by the knowledge that I am missing in the hours of sleep some of the most entrancing spots in France, the varied picturesqueness of Provence—Avignon, Tarascon, Arles, and Nîmes. But the memories of these towns must always be cherished. Then there were the friendly hours of lunch and dinner, meals which one may be sure were the more perfectly served in that we carried so many railway potentates among the guests. My companion at dinner was Sir Henry Lunn, whom I have known for long years, and with whom it was pleasant to talk over old times.



Cultivating Literature

In the luxurious surroundings of the International Car Company's carriages from Calais to Nice and Monte Carlo

Then I was glad to meet again Mr. James Greig, the art critic of *The Morning Post*, the biographer of Gainsborough and Raeburn, whose name appears on the title-page of the first volume of *The Farington Diary*, just published by Hutchinson. Mr. Greig's romantic discovery of this diary, which has occupied so many vivid columns of *The Morning Post*, is set forth in his introduction to the first volume. I was glad also to meet again Mr. Sutherland, the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette*. He is young and gifted, and I hope will outlast in time of office very many of his predecessors, for I think in my journalistic career I have dined with a full dozen of *Pall Mall* editors, including Greenwood, Stead, Morley, Straight—names upon which I could write columns of reminiscences. But I must not talk about the journalists I met in "the Blue Train," for these were completely overshadowed by the magnates of the great English railways, some of whose names, like that of Sir Sam Fay of the Great Central, have been household words with me for many years.

To give a logical completeness to the scheme of things, a thick fog had settled over London when we embarked at Victoria. A popular and vivacious M.P. enlivened my journey across the Channel, and there at Calais was the brand new train of deeper blue awaiting us, and the compartments, with our names on each, duly in evidence. I was disposed at first to criticise the narrowness of these compartments, for I am a portly person, if not Falstaffian. But it was explained to me that the railway companies—the combined North of France and Paris-Lyons—demand that there shall be sixteen compartments in one carriage, whereas the L. and N.W. Railway and the Great Western in England are content with but nine compartments to a carriage. Be that as it may, the new order of things is an entire success. Most of my readers have travelled in the *wagon-lits*; have, if with a friend, "tossed up" as to who should sleep in the upper berth, or have hated the stranger whom fate has ordained should have captured the lower berth before they arrived. Now there is but one berth in each compartment, a neat wash-hand basin, and a variety of deft conveniences, including a light for reading. One could easily devour half-a-dozen novels on this journey across France, but I had so many friends with whom to compare notes, and was content with one wonderful story, *Futility*, which Mr. Cobden Sanderson sent me just before I started.

I am not going to attempt to describe Nice, which we found that morning bathed in perfect sunshine—the majority of my readers are familiar with it. Nor will I dwell upon the pleasure with which I looked out upon the Mediterranean from the windows of my room at the beautiful Hotel Ruhl, nor the motor drives to Monte Carlo and Mentone, the wonders of the Corniche Road, nor the drives on the Monday to Saint Raphaël, whence we took train back to Paris and London. The Riviera is a veritable paradise, and I marvel that the people who can afford it do not spend the winter there in much greater numbers.

* * * *

By a curious coincidence, two books have just appeared in which Dr. Johnson is skilfully parodied. The first is *The New Boswell*, by R. M. Freeman (John Lane), the second, *Dr. Johnson in Cambridge*, by S. C. Roberts. Of Mr. Freeman's book I have already had many pleasant foretastes in the pages of the old *Westminster Gazette* when it was an evening paper and beguiled the hours of the railway traveller by its many brilliant excursions in literature. One was enchanted by the picture of Boswell and Johnson in Elysium discussing a hundred and one modern topics, Johnson showing all his capacity for verbal dialectic. The picture on the wrapper of Dr. Johnson on the telephone is a key to the attempt to present the great Cham in the modern world.

This is truly a delightful book for every Johnsonian, and if I might offer one remonstrance, it would be that although Boswell had a prejudice against Goldsmith, based upon the fact that he was really jealous of Goldsmith's influence with Johnson, and was able to distort the character and mentality of the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield* to a degree which has lasted to our own day, that when Boswell and Johnson had reached another world I venture to think that both would have taken a more enlightened view of Goldsmith's character, and would have seen through superficial traits what a really great man he was. This is a small matter. On the whole, the Johnson of Mr. Freeman is a delightful personality. The spirit of Boswell has been captured by this book.

Mr. S. C. Roberts has attempted the same thing in what he calls essays in Boswellian Imitation in *Dr. Johnson in Cambridge* (G. P. Putnams Sons). Mr. Roberts is the new secretary of the Cambridge Press in succession to my old friend, Mr. A. R. Waller. His little book is quite in the spirit of Boswell's narrative. One is surprised to think that it should be possible for two men at almost the same moment to capture so cleverly the spirit of Boswell. But Mr. Roberts's is a very small volume. It is published at 2s. 6d., whereas the *New Boswell* is published at 6s. 6d. This does not indicate the relative value of the books but their relative sizes. Both will become the property of every good Johnsonian.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED. By F. Scott-Fitzgerald. 7s. 6d. net. (*Collins.*) DANDELION DAYS. By Henry Williamson. 7s. 6d net. (*Collins.*) AS OTHERS SEE US. By Marmaduke Pickthall. 7s. 6d. net. (*Collins.*) AUCTION BRIDGE STANDARDS. By Wilbur C. Whitehead. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*) ROSSETTI AND HIS CIRCLE. By Max Beerbohm. 25s. net. (*Heinemann.*) HIS DOG. By Albert Payson Terhune. 4s. 6d. net. (*J. M. Dent.*) ELIZABETH ANN'S DELIGHT. By Maud Dowson. Pictures by Ethel F. Everett. 6s. net. (*J. M. Dent.*) GARDEN COLOUR. By Mrs. C. W. Earle, E.V. B., Rose Kingsley, and the Hon. Vicary Gibbs. Coloured Sketches and Notes by Margaret Waterfield. 18s. net. (*J. M. Dent.*) TRIAL OF GEORGE JOSEPH SMITH. Edited by Eric R. Watson, LL.B. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net. (*William Hodge.*) MISS MAPP. By E. F. Benson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*) THE OPTIMIST. By E. M. Delafield. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*) THE BOX OF SPIKENARD. By Ethel Boileau. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*) TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH. By Leonard Merrick. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) THE HIDDEN RICHES. By David Lyall. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) EL DIABLO. By Brayton Norton. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) THE UNSPEAKABLE GENTLEMAN. By J. P. Marquand. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) ALAS, THAT SPRING! By Elinor Mordaunt. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*) PUPPETS OF FATE. By Selwyn Jepson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*) THE RIDER OF GOLDEN BAR. By William Patterson White. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*) A CHRISTMAS CAROL IN PROSE: Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. By Charles Dickens. With Four Illustrations in Colour and Four Woodcuts by John Leech. A facsimile of the Original Edition. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton and a Preface by B. W. Matz. 6s. net. (*Cecil Palmer.*) BILLY BARNICOAT: A Fairy Romance for Young and Old. Written by Greville MacDonald. Illustrated by Francis D. Bedford. 8s. 6d. net. (*George Allen & Unwin.*) THE VELVETEEN RABBIT. By Margery Williams. With Illustrations by William Nicholson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*) CERTAIN PEOPLE OF IMPORTANCE. By Kathleen Norris. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*) THE ORDEAL OF MARK TWAIN. By Van Wyck Brooks. 12s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*) PLAYS FOR CHILDREN: "Goldilocks and the Three Bears," etc. "St. George and the Dragon," etc. "Bluebeard," etc. By S. Lyle Cummins. 1s. 6d. net. (*Methuen.*) A KIPLING ANTHOLOGY: "Prose." 6s. net. (*Macmillan.*) THE LAND OF THE LIVING. By Calcott Reading. 7s. 6d. net. (*Leonard Parsons.*) THE LITERATURE OF ECSTASY. By Albert Mordell. 7s. 6d. net. (*Melrose.*)

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CHRISTMAS STUDIES OF BIRD AND PLANT.



A Bunch of the "Mystic Plant," Mistletoe

This plant, which enters so largely into Christmas festivities, enjoyed great importance even in Druidic times in Britain



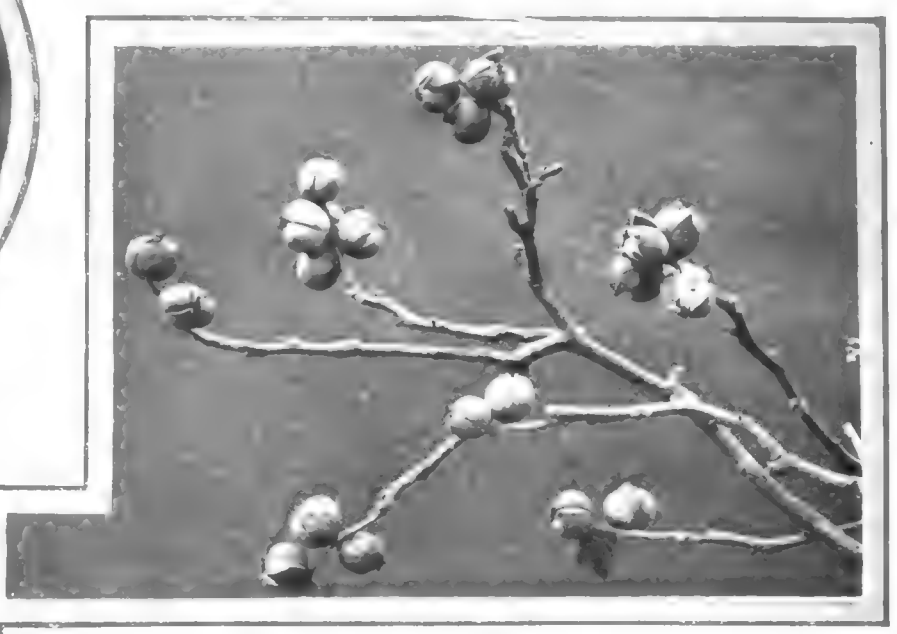
Special SPHERE *picture*

The Kingfisher Pool near Staines

Where the patient visitor may be rewarded by a sight of this brilliant, shy bird



The Blue Tit—A Nature Study by Stanley Crook



A Bunch of the Pig-nut Hickory

From the wood of this tree the handles of golf clubs are frequently made. The nuts are enclosed in husks which split up into four equal valves



Special SPHERE *picture*

The Kingfisher Pool near Staines

In a recent article published in "The Sphere" Mr. E. V. Lucas related the great joy he felt at Ville d'Avray at the sight of a kingfisher, and how he had not previously seen one for years. A pair was recently seen at this backwater pool



Reginald A. Malby

A New Study of an Old Christmas Friend—A Bunch of Holly

Holly and mistletoe are the two plants most closely associated with Christmas. The former is one of the most beautiful of evergreens. Sometimes it appears as a bush and sometimes as a tree of considerable size, 20 ft. to 50 ft. high. The name, holly, was derived from the very ancient use of the branches and berries to decorate churches at Christmas, from which the tree was called Holy Tree

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. STORER CLOUSTON.

SYNOPSIS.

¶ *Mr. Francis Mandell-Essington, the "Lunatic," escapes from the home where he is being confined. At the same time as his escape two men, "Mr. Palmer" and "Mr. Dent," are plotting to impersonate a dead man, heir to a fortune. Meanwhile Mandell-Essington, at Southbourne, finds refuge from one of his former keepers in a funeral cortège, where he is hailed as the "long-lost heir." After living happily for awhile in this rôle he finds it expedient to escape, becoming successively a minstrel and "Mr. Gottasittah Singh," emissary of an Indian Maharajah. On his return to Southbourne as the "long-lost heir" again, he finds another occupant of his bed! This is none other than "Mr. William Dent," who has taken advantage of the other heir's absence to install himself in his place. The last but one instalment describes the return of still another "long-lost heir"—this time the real one.*

VI.—THE FINAL CLAIMANT.

For a moment there was a dead pause. Poor Mr. Hayward seemed too bewildered to reply, and it was Aunt Julia's sharp voice that answered the young man.

"Are you really our nephew, John Hayward?"

"I am," said he.

"Can you prove it?" she demanded.

He pointed to the last claimant.

"That scoundrel will answer you! See here, you two beauties, Bloody Bill Dent and Bob Palmer, I've told the police all about you, and if I choose to prosecute, you'll be in their hands in the next quarter of an hour. If you don't want me to prosecute, you've got to answer the questions put to you, and answer them straight! Do you tumble to that, the two of you?"

"We tumbles, Jack," said Mr. Palmer meekly. "And we axes your pardon——"

"Shut up!" commanded the young man. "Answer my questions and keep your lies to yourself!"

"What a refreshingly brisk young man!" murmured Mr. Essington in cordial approval. "This heir evidently has really been at sea!"

The genuine Jack addressed the company generally.

"One meets queer company when one's knocking about the world, but this couple of rascals are the queerest I ever struck. They were by way of being friends with me out at the diggings, and when they heard of your letter to me, Uncle Theodore, and knew that I was coming home, what do you suppose the precious pair did? They got another waster of their own kidney to do me in, meaning to palm off this skunk Dent as the real Jack Hayward! They say he looks a bit like me, which no doubt put it into their heads."

The others looked from the real heir to the imposter, and there was no doubt of a certain general resemblance, with one or two remarkable similarities in detail.

"It was that as tempted us, Jack," Mr. Palmer confessed with a contrite air.

"Will you hold your tongue, or do you prefer a dose of hard labour?" said young Hayward. "Well, that was their scheme, and if the skunk Haines had had a little more nerve it might have come off. As it was he picked my coat pockets when I wasn't inside it—that was to get my letters and pocket book, had a long shot at me, and then bolted when I loosed on him. Unluckily he did manage to hit me, and I was laid up with a sore shoulder for a couple of months. Naturally I didn't suspect at that time why he had turned on me like this, and just took it easy getting my shoulder right before coming home. Meanwhile this bright couple got home ahead of me and started in to play their game. Now, you two, speak up and say if that isn't the true story? You, Bob Palmer, first—come on!"

"Ladies and gents," said Mr. Palmer with the same melancholy and penitent air, "I'm sorry to say there's something in what this here young man has been atellin' you of. We was tempted by that villain, Chimpie Haines, as he has been amentioning of——"

"Stuff and nonsense!" interrupted Hayward. "The man hadn't the guts to murder a baby if you hadn't put him up to it. What's become of him, by the way?"

Mr. Palmer shook his head sorrowfully.

"I don't rightly know, Jack, but I have heard as how he comed to a bad end."

"Which probably means that you got rid of him. Well, you confirm what I've said then?"

"It's a true yarn, ladies and gents. You can take my word for it, this is the genuine Jack Hayward!"

The young man turned sharply on Mr. Dent.

"You, Bill Dent, speak up, and answer me! Is that story dead true?"

"Yes," said Mr. Dent, eyeing his partner askance, "it's true enough, and if you wish to know whose idea it was . . ."

"I know already," interrupted Hayward. "You had neither the brains nor the pluck for it yourself. You can now walk out with your friend Mr. Palmer, and tell him what you think of his idea!"

In dead silence the pair marched out, and the first sound that broke it was a deep sigh of relief from Aunt Mary. The next was the voice of Mr. Essington, who could control his pleasure no longer.

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir!" he said, holding out his hand cordially. "I shall know exactly how to play the seafaring hero the next time I get loose! By the way, perhaps I ought to introduce myself. I was your first understudy, Mr. Hayward."

The young man smiled.

"I take it you're Mr. Essington," said he. "I have just come from seeing Miss Carey, and she has told me of your sporting offer to tackle that scoundrel, Dent."

"Don't mention it, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Essington, assuming a modest yet manly air. "I assure you half the fellows in my asylum would have jumped at the chance. Still, if you think we should celebrate . . ."

He was interrupted by the hand of destiny being laid once more upon his arm.

"We'll have to be moving, sir," said Lumsden, kindly but firmly. "I've got a cab waiting, so we'll get to the station quite private like."

Mr. Essington regarded him reproachfully.

"My dear Lumsden, have you no natural feeling? We cannot possibly think of breaking up this happy family party already!"

Lumsden wagged his black beard sympathetically, but as firmly as ever.

"They're no wanting us to bide here longer," said he. "Come awa' now, like a sensible gentleman."

"But damn it, I'm not a sensible gentleman!" replied Mr. Essington with spirit, "or what the deuce are you holding my sleeve for?"

While this debate was in progress the real Jack Hayward had been receiving the congratulations of his uncle and aunts. Now Aunt Mary was saying something very earnestly in a low, pleading voice, and the eyes of all four were turned towards the unfortunate gentleman who was so soon to leave them.

"Poor chap!" said Jack. "So that's his story, is it? Well, one can but ask this black-bearded fellow. He looks a good sort." Raising his voice, he turned and addressed Lumsden. "I say, can't Mr. Essington stop and have lunch with us before he goes? My uncle would like it, and so would we all."

"Oh, do let him!" said Aunt Mary. "And Rickett will give you dinner at the same time!"

"We accept with pleasure," replied Mr. Essington promptly and graciously. "The fact is, we had just been wondering where we were to get a little lunch. I hesitated to suggest staying here, but if you are really kind enough to insist upon it, we wouldn't think of refusing."

Lumsden looked at his patient sternly, yet with a hint of twinkle in his eye. With the eye of prophetic fancy he looked at the promised dinner, and decided that he was undoubtedly hungry. And finally he took out his watch and looked ostentatiously at that.

"We'll not catch that train now," said he, "so if you're sae vera kind, m'em, we might mebbe wait till the next train."

"Isn't he a fine fellow?" cried Mr. Essington enthusiastically. "I never knew him to refuse a good offer!"

VII.—A TEMPORARY LOAN.

There was still some time before luncheon, and at their amiable visitor's special request, strongly backed by the returned heir, a bottle of champagne was opened in order that a few appropriate toasts might be drunk to celebrate the auspicious occasion. Aunt Julia had looked a little grim at the proposal, but on the rare occasions when her brother took the bit between his teeth he was very unmanageable indeed.

"I am averse to alcoholic stimulants as a rule," said he, "but I think, Julia, this is such a very exceptional occasion ——"

"The most exceptional I am likely to meet with for many a long and dreary day!" Mr. Essington interposed with emotion.

There was something so moving in his voice that even Aunt Julia ceased to oppose, and the bottle appeared. The first gleam of the bubbles seemed

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

to relieve the unfortunate gentleman's feelings remarkably. A certain tender melancholy indeed remained, and added greatly to the success of his toasts, but on the whole they all considered he faced his approaching captivity with praiseworthy spirit.

"I ask you first to drink to our jaunty and genuine Jack!" said he, raising his glass. "May he love you all as well as a certain unlucky occupant of his berth once did, and behave himself rather better!"

Encouraged by the smiles and applause of his audience, he struck an even more sentimental note.

"To the dear family who once treated me as a son, and who will never be forgotten by the affectionate recipient of a thousand favours, even though stone walls and iron bars will soon, alas, divide his heart from theirs!"

Their knowledge of his unhappy malady had already entirely removed all feelings of displeasure, and these earnest words, spoken with all the melody of which he was capable, restored him so completely to favour that even Aunt Julia smiled kindly, while poor Aunt Mary had to turn away and wipe her eyes.

Lastly he proposed one toast that excited considerable speculation in their auntly hearts.

"To a certain lady!" said he, looking knowingly at the returned heir, "with my love and yours!"

His aunts noticed that their nephew drained his glass to the dregs in reply to this toast, and thereafter accepted a very hearty handshake from the proposer, and seemed, moreover, to return it with equal vigour. So interested did they feel that in a moment they had drawn the young man aside, and it was clear that leading questions were being asked, and apparently satisfactorily answered, for Mr. Essington overheard Aunt Julia's voice saying, without any acidity, "Those Careys? They are a very good family, I believe, Mary."

Seeing them thus pleasantly engaged, he himself drew his late uncle aside, and after impressing that gentleman afresh with the warmth of his feelings and charm of his manner, he assumed a graver voice, and asked if he might have a few moments' private conversation with what he was pleased to term his benefactor.

"Certainly, my dear Mr. Essington; certainly!" Mr. Hayward replied cordially, and the two retired to the library.

"I dislike exceedingly the very thought of suggesting any further favours at your hands, Mr. Hayward," Mr. Essington began; "but the fact is that unless you are good enough to assist me, I am afraid I shall find myself in a somewhat uncomfortable position on my return to the Retreat."

"Indeed?" said Mr. Hayward, with much sympathy. "If there is anything I can do for you ——"

"There is! Thank you a thousand times! I don't know whether you are aware that it is the rule in such establishments for the unfortunate inhabitants to defray all expenses beyond the barest necessities of life."

Mr. Hayward was vastly surprised to learn this remarkable fact, and exclaimed with some indignation that it seemed to him a monstrous imposition.

"Monstrous — that is the very word!" Mr. Essington agreed. "Moreover a handsome donation to Lumsden is quite essential to secure the treatment that a gentleman requires."

At this news Mr. Hayward became very indignant indeed.

"But if it is really necessary," said he, "perhaps you will allow me to give him a little present myself."

"It will be much more efficacious if it comes directly from me," Mr. Essington assured him. "If you could possibly manage to lend me, say, a tenner for Lumsden, and—well, say we say forty for my own expenses? — fifty pounds in all — would that be asking too much? You quite understand that it is merely a temporary loan!"

"My dear Mr. Essington, I shall have much pleasure!" said Mr. Hayward, taking his keys out of his pocket and going over to his desk.

A few minutes later the two passed out again into the hall, fifty pounds now in Mr. Essington's pocket and a philanthropic expression on Mr. Hayward's face. The sound of voices came to them through the drawing-room door, but there was no one in sight in the hall, except a glimpse through the glass front door of the cabman standing beside Lumsden's cab.

"If you don't mind," said Mr. Essington, "I think I shall just slip along to Lumsden now and give him his tenner. The sooner it is done the better. In the meantime, perhaps you will be kind enough not to mention to the others what I am about."

"Certainly," said Mr. Hayward cordially; "certainly, my dear fellow!"

He re-entered the drawing-room, and the door closed behind him.

. . . .

Meanwhile Mr. Lumsden was enjoying a pleasant little dinner with Mr. Rickett, and the conversation naturally enough turned upon the gentleman who was about to take leave of the Manor House under such remarkable and pathetic circumstances.

"A real gentleman he is," said Rickett with his kindly smile, "even with him having a tile loose. In fact, Mr. Lumsden, to my way o' thinking, it gives 'im a kind of freshness in a manner of speaking. When one gets old one likes to see the young 'uns fresh and spirited."

"There's nae doot he's speerited right enough," Mr. Lumsden agreed. "Man, if you'd seen him chasing one of the nurses round and round a holly bush, and the haill staff rinning to separate them, you'd ken, Mr. Rickett!"

"Did I understand you to say you was trying to *separate* them?" asked Mr. Rickett, a little puzzled.

"Aye, he'd catched her."

"Well, well," said Rickett benevolently, "young gentlemen is apt to be forward even if their heads isn't always cracked."

"He's auld enough to ken hoo to behave better nor that, cracked or no cracked," replied Lumsden. "The man is just the vera deevil to manage. He's that polite and that fair-spoken ye'd think butter wouldna melt in his mouth, and the next meenute God knows what he's no daeing!"

Old Rickett gazed out of the window, smiling benignantly.

"For all that, Mr. Lumsden, I likes 'em with a bit o' spirit; I likes to see——" He broke off suddenly and seemed to be staring very hard at the glimpse of the avenue seen through the shrubberies.

"You didn't happen to tell your cab not to wait, Mr. Lumsden?" he asked.

"No, I told him specially to wait till we was ready."

"It's driving off down the avenue now; pretty fast, too."

Lumsden dropped his knife and fork and leapt to his feet.

"What the deevil——!" he muttered as he rushed from the room.

In the hall he met old Mr. Hayward with an anxious look upon his usually vague countenance.

"What has become of Mr. Essington?" he inquired.

"Become of him!" shouted Lumsden. "Is he no wi' you?"

"He—he told me he was going to see you. I lent him some money——"

"Ye lent him some money!" He glanced towards the front door. "And the cab's aff! God help us!"

THE END.



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Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead

"'Ye lent him some money! And the cab's aff! God help us!'"

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

Now that Christmas is over, the event of paramount interest is the sales, the majority of which begin on January 1; a notable exception to the rule is Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, W., that begins on January 8. The catalogue is ready, and next week further details will be given of the same. Harrods' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) one-week sale also begins on the 8th, and it is no exaggeration to state that the bargains to be obtained will be quite unprecedented.

New Year's Day

Owing to the pressing need for space on account of rebuilding, Jays, Regent Street, W., find it imperative to dispose of all of their season's stock regardless of cost; the first day of the sale is January 1. Standing out with prominence among the various attractions are the evening wraps trimmed with fur; the actual value is 35 guineas—they are to be sold for 17 guineas. They are fashioned of short lengths of velvet and gold brocades that were produced exclusively for Jays for Court trains; they have now been written down to less than half cost. In striking contrast to these lovely affairs are the kid and suède gloves, in sizes 5½ and 5¼, for 3s., usual prices 8s. 11d. and 10s. 6d. Balbriggan lisle hose have been reduced from 7s. 6d. to 6s. 6d., and silk stockings from 31s. 6d. to 25s. 6d.

The Usual Attractions Multiplied

It is no exaggeration to state that at Marshall and Snelgrove's (Vere Street and Oxford Street, W.) sale, which begins on Monday next, the usual attractions are multiplied. Pictured on this page are a trio of dresses that are sojourning in the inexpensive dress department; surely nothing could be more attractive for the New Year dances. An illustrated catalogue will be sent on application to all who mention this paper. In the lingerie department there are cotton nightdresses with long sleeves and high necks for 12s. 9d., and boudoir caps from 5s. Crêpe de chine nightdresses are 29s. 6d., and Japanese silk princess petticoats 18s. 9d. In the domain of tea-gowns unique value is present in the crêpe de chine models designed for the well-developed figure for 98s. 6d.; then velvet tea-gowns of the modified surplice persuasion, which are marvellously becoming, are £5 19s. 6d., while crêpe de chine tea-frocks suitable for the *thé dansant* are 55s. 9d.



A Débutante's Frock

Of velvet, the corsage caught with crystal motifs, finished with a gold lace berthe. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

Admirable Raincoats

There are a host of possibilities to explore in raincoats of all kinds at Elvery's (31, Conduit Street, W.) sale, which begins on Monday next. Incredible as it may seem, nevertheless it is a fact that there are a limited number of mackintoshes for £1 1s., while the A1 Stormproofs have been reduced to 35s. Splendid value is to be obtained in the West of England raincoats; many of them have had their prices curtailed by half. Then the tweed wraps, which fulfil so many missions, cost one-third the amount they did a few days ago.

For a Few Days Only

Madame Barri's (33, New Bond Street, W.) sale is for a few days only. She is offering her slightly shop-soiled things at ridiculously moderate prices. Especially is this noticeable in the baby-linen department. It seems almost superfluous to add that the prices of the day and evening gowns, to say nothing of those of the sports coats, have been literally slaughtered.

Battalions of Bargains

It may with justice be stated that there are literally battalions of bargains in Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) winter sale, which begins on Monday next. A slight idea of the same may be obtained from the catalogue, sent gratis and post free. There are many trifles that are perfect for New Year offerings; there are silk and brocade covered biscuit boxes that range in price from 5s. to 12s. 9d.; then in striking contrast to these are the fine straw hats, suitable for spring wear, for 30s. Picture hats in satin and lace are 49s. 6d., and pull-on satin toques are 35s. 9d.

Gilt-edge Investments

All seeking gilt-edge investments in the domain of fashion must visit Woollands' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale that is now in progress. A veritable mine of information regarding the notable attractions is the catalogue, sent gratis and post free. Just imagine, there are skirts of fine quality check or striped tweed, well-tailored and well cut, for 15s. 11d., and there are suiting coats and skirt for 3 guineas, those of tweed being 45s. 9d. Standing out with prominence in this constellation of unprecedented values are the chiffon velvet evening gowns in all pale colours for 5½ guineas, and there is an infinite variety of dresses for the débutante from 4 guineas. Furthermore, marabout capes, lined with satin, are 2½ guineas, and those modish affairs of the animal character, also expressed in marabout, are 39s. 6d. These are just right for early spring wear.

Burberrys' Sale

It is safe to predict that there will be a constant *va-et-vient* of well-dressed men and women on January 1 at Burberrys in the Haymarket, as that is the day on which their sale begins. Their well-known weather-proofs have been reduced to 73s. 6d. The prices of boys' and girls' overcoats have been submitted to drastic reductions, and there is a limited number of Parisian topcoats for women that have been sent for disposal. An illustrated sale catalogue, descriptive of all bargains, will be sent free on application.

From 1st to 13th January

There are a host of possibilities to explore in Samuel Brothers' (Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill) sale, which begins on the 1st January and terminates on the 13th; ere a visit is paid the catalogue must be carefully studied. There are 200 "Jack and Jill" coats for 39s. 6d., while the wool tumbler suits are 10s. 6d. Alone well worth a visit to view are the tweed coats and skirts for 35s. 9d. It must be mentioned that the Omne Tempus rubberless raincoats have this year been reduced to 4½ guineas.



An Evening Dress

Of Parma-violet georgette enriched with gold lace. At Marshall and Snelgrove's





A Simple Dress

Of turquoise-blue satin with corsage of gold and silver brocade. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

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FASHION'S EVER-VARYING SILHOUETTE.



The question regarding the fashionable silhouette is attractively answered by the photographs on this page, and in a manner most convincing. There is the pillar-box, Directoire, and Victorian



The fabricating medium of this frock of the Directoire character is peach - coloured velvet ornamented with lace dyed to tone. An innovation is the chiffon panel which rests on the ground



The demi - toilette above is of black crêpe marocain enriched with crystal garnitures and platinum lace. The medieval outline and draped sleeves are important features

Fashion dictates the Victorian silhouette for the débutante, with the décolletage falling off the shoulder and the skirt clearing the ground by a few inches, revealing the feet

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Madame Barri's (33, New Bond Street, W.) sale is for a few days only. She is offering her slightly shop-soiled things at ridiculously moderate prices. Especially is this noticeable in the baby-linen department. It seems almost superfluous to add that the prices of the day and evening gowns, to say nothing of those of the sports coats, have been literally slaughtered.

Battalions of Bargains

It may with justice be stated that there are literally battalions of bargains in Harvey Nichols' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) winter sale, which begins on Monday next. A slight idea of the same may be obtained from the catalogue, sent gratis and post free. There are many trifles that are perfect for New Year offerings; there are silk and brocade covered biscuit boxes that range in price from 5s. to 12s. 9d.; then in striking contrast to these are the fine straw hats, suitable for spring wear, for 30s. Picture hats in satin and lace are 49s. 6d., and pull-on satin toques are 35s. 9d.

Gilt-edge Investments

All seeking gilt-edge investments in the domain of fashion must visit Woollands' (Knightsbridge, S.W.) sale that is now in progress. A veritable mine of information regarding the notable attractions is the catalogue, sent gratis and post free. Just imagine, there are skirts of fine quality check or striped tweed, well-tailored and well cut, for 15s. 11d., and there are suiting coats and skirt for 3 guineas, those of tweed being 45s. 9d. Standing out with prominence in this constellation of unprecedented values are the chiffon velvet evening gowns in all pale colours for 5½ guineas, and there is an infinite variety of dresses for the débutante from 4 guineas. Furthermore, marabout capes, lined with satin, are 2½ guineas, and those modish affairs of the animal character, also expressed in marabout, are 39s. 6d. These are just right for early spring wear.

Burberrys' Sale

It is safe to predict that there will be a constant *va-et-vient* of well-dressed men and women on January 1 at Burberrys in the Haymarket, as that is the day on which their sale begins. Their well-known weatherproofs have been reduced to 73s. 6d. The prices of boys' and girls' overcoats have been submitted to drastic reductions, and there is a limited number of Parisian topcoats for women that have been sent for disposal. An illustrated sale catalogue, descriptive of all bargains, will be sent free on application.

From 1st to 13th January

There are a host of possibilities to explore in Samuel Brothers' (Oxford Circus and Ludgate Hill) sale, which begins on the 1st January and terminates on the 13th; ere a visit is paid the catalogue must be carefully studied. There are 200 "Jack and Jill" coats for 39s. 6d., while the wool tumbler suits are 10s. 6d. Alone well worth a visit to view are the tweed coats and skirts for 35s. 9d. It must be mentioned that the Omne Tempus rubberless raincoats have this year been reduced to 4½ guineas.



An Evening Dress

Of Parma-violet georgette enriched with gold lace. At Marshall and Snelgrove's



A Simple Dress

Of turquoise-blue satin with corsage of gold and silver brocade. At Marshall and Snelgrove's

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FASHION'S EVER-VARYING SILHOUETTE.



The question regarding the fashionable silhouette is attractively answered by the photographs on this page, and in a manner most convincing. There is the pillar-box, Directoire, and Victorian



The fabricating medium of this frock of the Directoire character is peach - coloured velvet ornamented with lace dyed to tone. An innovation is the chiffon panel which rests on the ground



The demi - toilette above is of black crêpe marocain enriched with crystal garnitures and platinum lace. The medieval outline and draped sleeves are important features

Fashion dictates the Victorian silhouette for the débutante, with the décolletage falling off the shoulder and the skirt clearing the ground by a few inches, revealing the feet

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK



What Every Woman Knows

Some Feminine Superstitions Still Prevalent

THAT—

Every telegram should contain exactly twelve words.
All men like all girls who talk baby talk.
All men are afraid of all girls with brains.
Any fool can learn to keep house "when the time comes."
The ideal husband is one with a knack (1) for fixing plumbing in an emergency, (2) for looking adorable in dress clothes.

—"H. B. J.," in *Life*.

In Racing Parlance

He was a racing man, and wanted fried plaice and chips for lunch. Chips, however, were off, so he agreed to French beans as a substitute, but the portion he received was very small. The meal finished, he gave sixpence to the waiter—"Threepence for yourself, and threepence for the beans." "But what about the plaice, sir?" inquired the waiter. "There's never any 'place money' for only three runners," he said.—*The Daily News*.

Parental Ignorance

TOMMY: Father, how far is the earth from the sun?

FATHER: I'm sure I don't know.

TOMMY: Don't know, father?

FATHER: No.

TOMMY (*in aggrieved voice*): Well, I hope you'll feel sorry to-morrow when I'm being punished for your ignorance.—*The Morning Post*.

Certainly Not

Scene: An hotel in Buenos Aires.

HOTEL CLERK (*registering new guest*): Foreigner, sir?

NEW ARRIVAL (*testily*): Certainly not. English.—"Beachcomber," in *The Daily Express*.



Pulling the Giant Christmas Cracker

Two children pulling the huge cracker used in the palace scene of this year's production of "Cinderella" at the London Hippodrome

In Unhappy Memory

November's rainfall, say the weatherwise, was unusually slight

I have placed to your credit, November,
As a wreath of good will on your bier,
That you passed as a pussyfoot member
Of the circle of months in this year,
But I also recall
How you treated us all
To a soup that was not over-clear.
I remember full well your devices
For avoiding the usual tear,
How you dosed us with carbonised ices,
Aye, and drugged us with elements queer;
We would scarcely complain
Of legitimate rain,
But your fog was like bad ginger-beer.

"A. W.," in *The Daily Chronicle*.

Improving the Importunity

THE TRAMP (*at the back door*): Lady, will you please give me a glass of water? I'm so terribly hungry that I don't really know where to spend the night.—*Le Rire* (Paris).

His Reception

The comedian's invalid wife eagerly awaited her husband's return from the first night of a new piece. As he came in she inquired impatiently:

"Were you well applauded, John."

"Applauded?" replied he. "They made as much noise as a caterpillar with rubber heels crawling over a carpet."—*Weekly Telegraph*.

The First Step

"I have just been elected Grand Imperial Potentate of my lodge."

"Congratulations, old man. That's fine."

"Well, it's a beginning, anyhow. I hope to get one of the really important offices later on."—*New York Sun*.

FOR CHILDREN ONLY. By A. G. Thornton.

Primarily, of course, pantomimes are for little folks. They only come once a year, and at the children's festival. Hence we older people forego our usual prior claim on the theatre, and hand it over lock and stock to the kiddies. In the main our visit to the pantomime is undertaken in a spirit of hard labour.

Taking Henry to his first pantomime, I explained the scheme of things. First of all, said I, there would be a demon or two in the dark, but he was not to worry over that, as a beautiful fairy would soon appear with some poetry and a magic walking-stick.

Before the stick the Demon would gnash his teeth in impotence. The Fairy would tell the Demon pretty straight that she would see Cinderella through. The Demon would say, "No, you won't," and the Fairy would say, "Won't I just," and then the Demon would gnash his teeth again and sink through the floor, still gnashing.

"Will the Fairy hit the Demon with the stick?" asked Henry.

I explained that it was a magic stick, and it was only necessary to point it at the Demon and he would gnash forthwith.

"Oh!" said Henry, meaning that it would be more satisfactory if the Demon were properly hit.

When we glanced at our programme, what was our surprise to find that in addition to *Cinderella* we were to have a real old-fashioned Harlequinade. This was a discovery I had not expected to make, and we rejoiced at the prospect of seeing Joey and the Old 'Un and the sausages and the Policeman. How Henry chuckled when I explained to him the fun caused by the Harlequin's magic wand, which is not the same as the Fairy's magic wand. In fact, it is a bit more interesting, because Harlequin always whacks his magic on things.

"Does he whack hard?" asked Henry.

"It goes smack like that," said I. "He whacks the stairs just before the Clown comes down, and the stairs make the Clown slide all the way down."

"And does the Clown whack the Harlequin?" asked Henry.

"No; he can't see him," said I, and was glad that the band struck up to rescue me from a very difficult explanation.

"Now," said I, when the lights went down, "now for the fairy glade."

"The Demons can't get us, can they?" asked Henry, pinching my leg hard. I gripped his hand reassuringly.

I might have spared him the doubt of apprehension, for the fairy glade was not a dark place given over to immortals, but an ordinary woodland scene. There was not a Fairy or a Demon on the sky-line. Only Cinderella sat with a bundle of wood, and sang a song about being all alone in the world with nobody to love her. She got sadder and hungrier in every verse, and Henry obviously was sorry we had eaten all the cakes.

As she dragged her weary limbs, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes, off the stage, Henry whispered, "Where's the Fairy?"

"Coming now," said I.

She came, but had to go back for her walking-stick. Then, with a little encouragement from the wings, she explained, in a couple of couplets, that Cinderella's fortune was soon to undergo a change. Enter Demon Sprite, with other couplets, indicative of a counter offensive.

"There's the Demon," I whispered.

"Where?" asked Henry.

"That's not a Demon," he added, "that's a lady."

His observation was only too true. This modern pantomime Demon was not the acrobat of my youth, springing lightly through traps and looking as malevolent as his poetry. She was a well-developed young woman, wearing black silk tights in one piece, and sporting a very pretty hat instead of demoniacal ears.

"Never mind," said I, "you'll see the funny Ugly Sisters soon."

The Ugly Sisters came on to the accompaniment of shrieks of feminine laughter. They had gone the whole hog and were very ugly indeed.

"Aren't they ugly?" said I to Henry.

Henry climbed down from my knees, and sat with his face turned to my chest. "Don't like them," said he. Also, after five minutes' cross-talk, "Have they gone yet, dad?"

They had not gone. Henry's frown was almost episcopal when at length they departed.

"Here's the funny Page Boy and the Baron," said I.

I gave a sigh of relief as I noticed we were going to have some good old tumbling at last. The page did some smart things with the table, which Henry admired. Then the Baron tried to do them, and came some awful croppers. When I had done laughing, I turned, to see Henry frowning again.

"What's the matter, old chap?" I asked.

"Will he hurt himself?" asked Henry.

"Of course not," I said, and roared again as the table fell on top of the Baron.

But Henry saw nothing to laugh at. Odd, when he had seemed so keen at the prospect of the Clown's misfortunes. One never knows. However, it was up to me to explain things.

"You see," said I, "all these funny men are daddies, really. They have to do this to get money to take home to their little boys. If you don't laugh they won't get any money, you see."

"Have they got little boys like me, dad?"

"Yes. This is their work, and it doesn't hurt them, really."

"Ha! ha!" said Henry, weakly. And every now and then he said it again. But when the comedians began to smash up plates he began to look apprehensively in the direction of the theatre policeman. "Will the policeman take them to the police station, dad?" he asked.

"Of course not," I said. "Look, he's laughing."

"Is the Fairy coming back now?" asked Henry. "When will the pantomime start?"

It certainly was a long time starting, and the Prince was as big a disappointment as the Demon. There was only one great moment in the pantomime for Henry, and that was when the magic coach came on. But it was only a moment, for it was then nearly five o'clock, and three more scenes to be got through. Something would have to be cut.

On the whole, perhaps it was just as well that Henry fell asleep soon afterwards. For the Clown and the Old 'Un only lined up with the others at the final curtain fall, and just twirled round and smacked each other only once.

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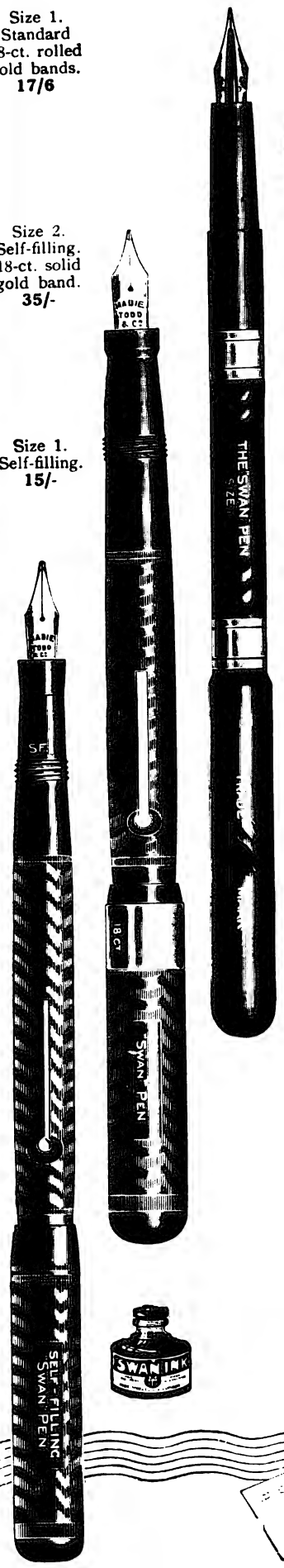


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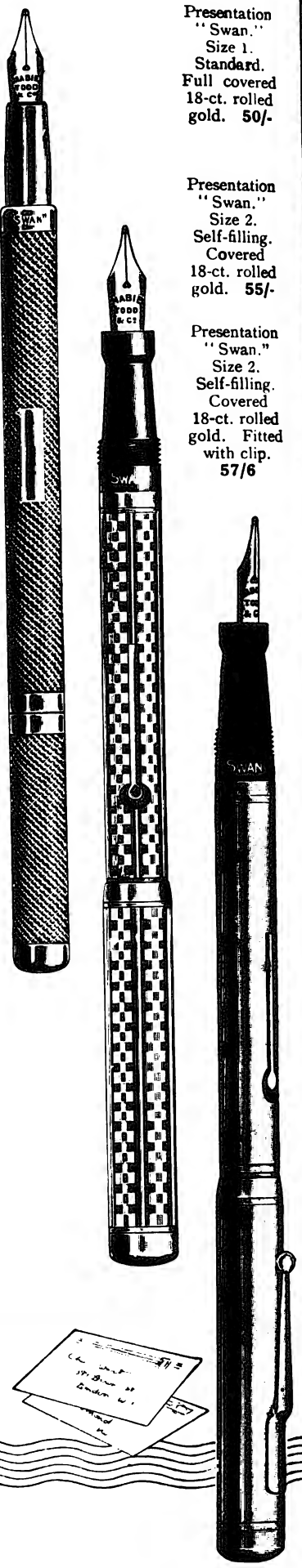
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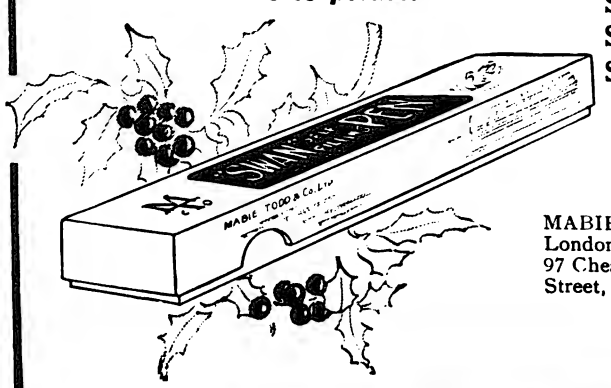
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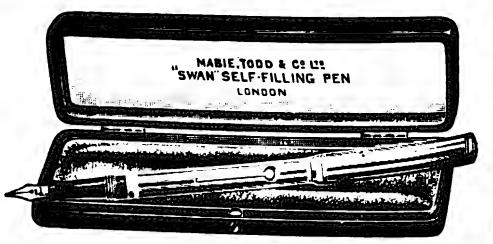
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This simple test has won millions to this new way of teeth cleaning. Half the world over, careful people now use this method. Leading dentists everywhere advise it.

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Why teeth discolour

Your teeth are coated with a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays there.

That film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. It is also the basis of tartar. It is that film-coat that discolours, not your teeth.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth and the acid may cause decay.

Most tooth troubles have a potential origin in film. Despite the tooth brush, those troubles have been constantly increasing. For the old brushing methods have failed to end film.

Now a new method

When you visit your dentist he removes the film and tartar. But in months between, the film may be ceaselessly at work.

So dental science has for years sought a daily film combatant. It has now been found. Able authorities have proved its efficiency. Now millions of people daily employ it, largely by dental advice.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It is now in use half the world over. And to careful people of every race it is bringing a new dental era.

What Pepsodent does

Pepsodent attacks the film in two effective ways. Then it leaves teeth highly polished, so film less easily adheres.

But there are other requirements and Pepsodent meets them all.

It multiplies the salivary flow—Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That to digest starch deposits that cling. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which may cause tooth decay.

Twice a day Pepsodent brings all these natural forces to the aid of the teeth. The results you see and feel will surprise you.

Twice Every Day
You need these four effects

Film must be removed.

Starch deposits must be digested, else they may ferment.

Acids must be neutralized—they may cause decay.

Teeth must be polished so that they shine.

Pepsodent does all these things with every application. It does them in a natural and effective way.



Stains disappear with the film

Men who smoke see conspicuous results, for the stains disappear with the film. Women see them also, for any film-coat is more or less discoloured.

Children obtain most important results, for their teeth are markedly subject to the effects of film.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The book we send will tell the reasons.

Then you will know what clean teeth really mean, and you will always want them. Cut out the coupon now.

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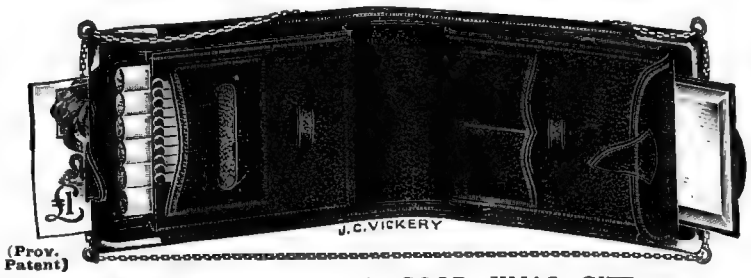


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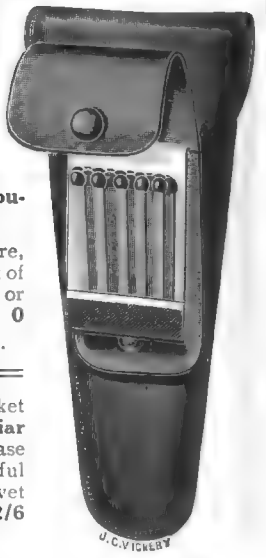
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First, it tones and invigorates the nerves controlling the stomach, bowels and digestive organs—so that appetite and nutrition improve, ordinary food is better assimilated, the excretory functions are more regular, and weight increases without accumulation of fat.

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Extract from a published analysis of Sanatogen made by **SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, C.B., M.B.**, etc., formerly Senior Public Analyst of the United Kingdom, President of the Royal Institute of Public Health in London, Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, etc., etc. :—

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Extract from a published statement made by **THOS. B. STILLMAN, M.S., Ph.D.**, Member of Société Chimique de Paris, etc., etc. :

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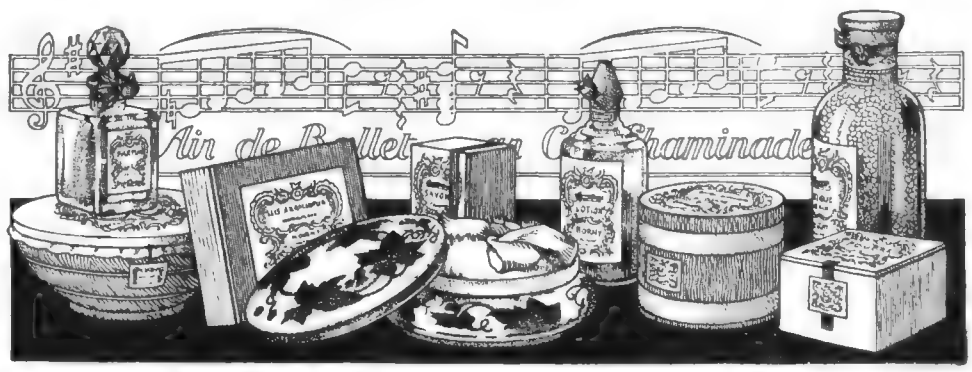
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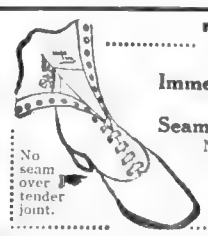
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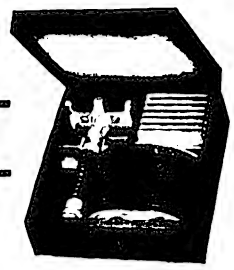
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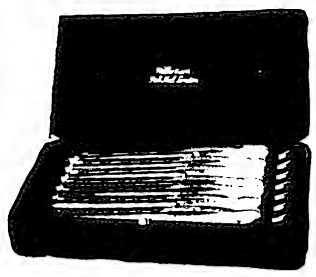
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Super quality mercerised **Lisle Hose** (as sketch), fully fashioned, specially strengthened feet, excellent in wear, and having a very silky appearance, embroidered silk clox. In black, white, silver, grey, putty, coating, mole, nigger, tan and brown. Per pair **6/6**
3 Pairs in Fancy Box for **19/6**

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Pure **Silk Hose,** strengthened lisle feet and extra wide garter tops, perfect fitting and thoroughly recommended for wear. In black, white and all the new season's colours. Per pair - - - - - **7/11**
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Wide ribbed **Scotch Wool Hose,** exceedingly durable and soft in wear, suitable for either town or country wear. In black, fawn, putty, brown; also in mixtures of nigger white, fawn white, silver white, grey white.
Per pair **8/6**
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Pure **Silk Hose,** Kayser make, with the patent marvel ladder stop line. In black, white, grey, beige, brown, silver, pearl, nude and nigger.
Per pair **14/6**
2 Pairs in Fancy Box for **29/-**



Fine French Silk Hose, double soles and heels, open lace clox (as sketch). In black, white, silver, mole, grey, beige, putty, beaver, brown, nigger, pink, gold, and a large variety of shades for evening wear. Per pair **18/11**
2 Pairs in Fancy Box for **37/9**

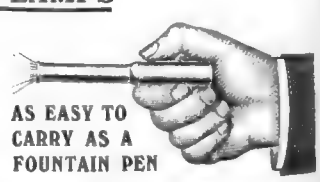
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Polished Hardwood case, nickel plated fittings, and bull's-eye lens which greatly intensifies the light.
Intermittent and permanent switch.

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A Christmas Carol—*modernised*

"Suppose the pudding should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard and stolen it while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid. In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed but smiling proudly—with the pudding like a speckled cannon ball and, to balance it for weight, for astounding goodness, for sheer compelling deliciousness—a tin of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe."

TO the traditional good things of the Christmas table, Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe is added—naturally—for it is goodness itself.

Have your share of Mackintosh's Toffee-de-Luxe this Christmas—order early, enough for the whole family.

Seven Varieties —all delicious

Egg and Cream-de-Luxe
Almond Toffee-de-Luxe
Cocoanut-de-Luxe
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Mint-de-Luxe
Plain Toffee-de-Luxe
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MACKINTOSH'S
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Sold loose by weight at 8d. per ¼-lb., and in Baby Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 1/3 each, Junior Oval Tins and Tall Tins at 2/6 each, and in 4-lb. Tins. ℗ A

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1922

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The Problem is:

They were introduced at a dance recently. Now he has walked home with her and has given her a beautiful box of "Viking" Assorted Chocolates -evidently a man of good judgment and discriminating taste. Surely there would be no harm in introducing him to the family?

Prizes Offered.

Give your idea (in not more than 50 words) of what she may do and why; add your name and address, clearly written, and attach to it a ticket to be found in any 1-lb. or ½-lb. box of Barker & Dobson "Viking" Chocolates Assorted.

£2.2.0, £1.1.0, 10/6 and 5/- boxes of Chocolates will be given for the best answers received not later than December 30. Mark envelope in left-hand corner "Sphere Problem." Our decision final.

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Also by weight at 1/3 per ¼-lb.

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SUNDOUR UNFADABLE FABRICS

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Volume XCI. No. 1192a. The Sphere, November 27, 1922

The Sphere Christmas 1922

With which is incorporated BLACK & WHITE

Price Two Shillings.



Heres to good Friends all — from a Drawing by J. Millar Watt

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THE FAMOUS LADY WHO WROTE THE LAUD.

Lucrezia Tornabuoni, wife of Piero de' Medici and mother of the Magnificent Lorenzo, was a remarkable woman, whose tact, kindness of heart, and intelligence did much to preserve the pre-eminence of the Medici. Her husband, Piero, consulted her on political matters, and whenever she was absent from Florence kept her well informed on all passing events. Niccolò Valori praises her rare eloquence and her translations of Holy Writ into Italian, while her sacred plays and lauds, showing deep religious feeling, were popular among the people. At the same time hers was a merry joyous nature, as is shown in her delightful letters, and accounts for her friendship with Luigi Pulci, whom she encouraged to read cantos of the Morgante aloud in Palazzo Medici. Poliziano writes to her from Cafaggiuolo, where he had been sent with Lorenzo's wife and children when cholera broke out in Florence: "I do not find my Madonna Lucrezia in her room with whom I can unbosom myself, and I am bored to death"; she having refused to leave her son during the epidemic. No wonder he wrote to the Duchess Eleonora of Este, on March 25, 1482: "Illma. Domina mea, the duty I owe your Excellency compels me to communicate to you the terrible and disastrous blow that has to-day befallen me through the death of my most beloved mother, Madonna Lucrezia. This leaves me utterly desolate as your Excellency can think, for I have lost not only a mother, but the only person I could turn to in many vexations, and who aided me in many troubles. . . ." The following is a literal translation of one of Lucrezia's Christmas Lauds.

Behold the Messiah,
Behold the Messiah and
His Mother Mary.
Come celestial spirits
From the heavenly choir,
Come and greet with joy
The great Lord of Lords.
Come and with you bring
The hierarchy of heaven.
Behold the Messiah,
Behold the Messiah and His
Mother Mary.

Come ye holy angels
With music loud resounding,
Come ye everyone
Praising Jesus Christ
And singing to His glory
With sweet melody.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

Come ye holy Patriarchs,
Come in joyous troops;
From strife He has freed you,
Delivered you from bondage;
Come chanting the praises
Of the Virgin Mary.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

Come O holy Prophets
Who prophesied this day,
Come with joyful hearts,
See now He is born,
And unto us is given
The tiny wee Messiah.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

O wandering shepherds
Standing near to watch,
Banish all fear from you.
Hear you not the singing?
Come hasten to adore
With pious hearts our Lord.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

You will find Him born
Between an ox and ass,
Swathed in meanest bands;
He has not e'en a cloak.
Bend the knee before Him
And before Saint Mary.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

The Magi have come hither
Guided by the star,
Bringing their rich tribute;
Low on earth they kneel
And greatly are consoled
Adoring the Messiah.
Behold the Messiah, etc.

A CHRISTMAS LAUD.

By Lucrezia de' Medici

Written about the year 1458

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Drawing by W. Smithson Broadhead

"She was . . . ceaselessly at it, imploring, beseeching; and the man, basilisk, imperturbable. . . ."

"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."

By A. S. M. HUTCHINSON

Author of "If Winter Comes," "This Freedom," etc.

A Story Complete in this Issue

I.

His parents called him Hector. When he and Tom and Harry, his brothers, were tiny things, his pretty young mother used to stand them about the piano and sing pretty old-fashioned songs to them. Presently she would beam at her firstborn and cry, "Now Hector's song!" and then the piano would change from the plaintive melodies and thump and jingle out the defiant, blaring strains, and they would all shout:—

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and such great names as these. . . ."

What fun! How they would all jump about and shout it, while his mother laughed and nodded from the piano! What jolly, jolly fun!

But from the age of twelve, when first he went to boarding school, when first he heard fully of the redoubtable Trojan whose name he bore, acutely aware by then how ill, how grotesquely, it suited him—from then onwards, all his life, how he hated the name! How he loathed and detested the defiant, blaring tune!

Nobody knew how much he hated the name. He hated it so much that, after that first term at school, when the mortification of the thing was new and bitter upon him, he never could respond lovingly to the name on his parents' lips. That damped whatever demonstrativeness of affection he ever showed towards his parents, and equally damped whatever depth of affection he ever felt; and neither, as he came out of babyhood, was remarkable. Demonstrativeness and depth, applied to any affair, were two of the many gifts forgotten by the fairies at his christening.

When he was sixteen he was entered with others of his form for the London Matriculation examination. He dreaded the examination, as he always dreaded any ordeal, whether of mind or muscle, but he dreaded much more the public exposure of the hated name entailed by his master checking over the list of candidates before the entries were sent in.

"Tell me if I've got any of your christian names wrong," said the master; and misery descended upon him whose christian name was Hector.

"Abney," read the master. "Abney, John. Allen, Henry James. Bartlett, Phillip. Brown, Arthur George. Bywash, Hector."

A titter ran round the class. All the lusty young barbarians—possible Hectors any of them, but bearing such common names as James and Frank and Charles—all looked and grinned at the crimsoned, gawky youth who bore the name of the most valiant of all the valorous Trojans, and who in every line of his face and figure mocked that name to scorn.

One boy among the grinning desks puffed out his chest and drubbed it, and pointed derisively at the hollow chest of Bywash, Hector; another pantomimed in the air, and suggested with wordless lips the hateful tune—

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and such great names as these!"

How he hated it! How he hated his name! Why, why didn't the master go on?

The master, an indulgent person—and the formality upon which he was engaged an indulgent interval in the morning's discipline—looked up at the disturbance. He apprehended its cause, and himself contributed a comprehending and sympathetic smile to the mocking grins, whereat the joke was taken up with loud and noisy delight; and the hatred of his species and of his name, and the smouldering sense of wrong done him by his parents in giving him such a hateful name, flared deeply on Hector's scarlet cheeks.

Everybody enjoyed the joke, and the master joined in it because it *was* a joke that such a fatuous person as Bywash should have such a dashing name as Hector. For Bywash was a notorious ass. The butt of the form. Played no games, had no hobbies, did nothing, knew nothing, chummed with no one, slovenly, shiftless, characterless, gawky, unhealthy—and called Hector!

Ha! ha! ha! What a name! What an ass! "Look out, Bywash!"

Bywash always flinched and ducked when anyone shouted, "Look out, Bywash!" as if he feared something was being chucked at him.

Things very often were chucked at him.

The holidays at this period of his life were not much relief from the unhappiness of school. He passed his time in doing what his father called "lounging about the house." He was not even fond of reading. He wasn't fond of anything. His two brothers were to him precisely of a part with his noisy schoolmates. He was the eldest of the three, but they were at much the better school. They were at Tidborough; he was only at Chovensbury Grammar School. They had won Tidborough scholarships, enabling their education at that famous, and famously expensive, public school to be afforded; he had not won a scholarship, nor ever won a prize in his life, and his lot was the grammar school at Chovensbury. Tidborough ranked with Charterhouse, Winchester, and Rugby, and in the holidays Hector's brothers in many little ways condescended towards Hector with the superiority that any Tidborough boy gave himself over any boy not of the English public schools that can be numbered on the fingers of one hand, let alone the grammar school at Chovensbury!

Hector accepted this position in regard to his brothers. He always accepted any position. Nothing ever seemed to rouse him, or even to interest him. In the holidays (their home was at Alton, eight miles from Tidborough and five from Chovensbury) Tom and Harry vigorously kept up their school sports, went to parties, and generally robustiously enjoyed themselves within their wide circle of neighbouring friends. Hector lounged about the house.

Then schooldays ended. Tom went into the Army; Harry floated on scholarships to Oxford, thence to enter the Civil Service. Fine boys; their father was proud of them. Hector, far from a fine boy, and evincing not even enough of affection, let alone of talent, to make his father proud of him, was got into an office at Tidborough as a clerk—Wragson's, the big brewers.

(Continued on p. 4)

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"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—*Continued from p. 3.*

His father spoke seriously, though kindly, to him when, at seventeen and a half, he was removed from Chovensbury Grammar School and the clerkship at Wragson's found for him.

"You must begin to assert yourself now, Hector, my boy," his father told him. "You've not done well at school, you know; that's why you're going in for this kind of thing, instead of the careers your brothers are launching out on. You could have had any career you liked, you know, Hector—medicine, the law, the Church, the army—if you had joined hard work and scholarships, as your brothers have, to the very little I am able to provide in the way of money. But you haven't. Well, well, that's all over now, my boy. You mustn't look on this that we've found for you as a come-down, you know. There are as great opportunities for getting on in the world in business as ever there are in the professions Tom and Harry have chosen. Indeed, nowadays, there are much greater possibilities. Captains of industry—merchant princes—you know what the tendencies are nowadays; that's the goal you must set before yourself, my boy; and if you indeed steadily set it before yourself and apply your every effort to achieving it, why in a very few years we shall have you the envy of your brothers and the pride of your old father and your dear mother. Eh? Come, that's the programme, isn't it, my boy? A fresh start, good prospects, and a fine future. Eh, Hector?"

Hector, listening in his lackadaisical, inattentive sort of way, had not responded a word.

His father asked him rather testily: "You like the idea of going into Wragson's, don't you? You see the prospects, don't you?"

"Oh, I don't mind if I do, father," was Hector's response.

His father rather disgustedly closed the interview. "Don't mind if I do!" What a spirit to take it in.

II.

And so schooldays were ended and the start-in-life period begun.

This was the period of youth, of young manhood, and Tom and Harry made much of it. When they were at home for their vacations they were a gay, full-blooded and taking pair, much in demand in all the society round about, and much given to jolly dalliance with the daughters of the countryside. They had between them quite a number of youthful love affairs, harmless, lightly-come and lightly-go affairs such as every properly-constituted young man touches in his student days, and the cause of much genial bantering by their proud and happy father. Entirely different the case with Hector. As in his schooldays he neglected all schoolday sports and interests, so in his youth he developed not the smallest aptitude for youth's affinities and recreations. Hector had lodgings in Tidborough. A fortnight in the year represented his vacation; he spent it at home (still lounging about the house), and it happened that his fortnight never coincided with the dates of the generous vacations of his brothers. Thus within two or three years he quite lost touch with his brothers.

"Ah, yet doth beauty, like a dial hand,
Steal from his person with no pace perceived."

As the hands of a clock, ever moving away yet never perceptible in their motion, so—imperceptibly, but very surely—Hector began to move out of relations with his home and with the friends of his home, and new friends he made none. When he was thirty his mother and father died, in the same year. He was naturally distressed, but his distress did not go very deep or last very long. He simply was not constituted to feel anything deeply or lastingly. He was awfully sorry, and there, in a month, was the end of it, and the absolute end of a good deal more for the matter of that. The hateful "Hector" was now finally and completely cut out of him. His brothers were in India, and both married; his parents were in the churchyard, his old home was sold, all the young broods of neighbours with whom he had been contemporaneous were, like Tom and Harry, spread far away on vigorous wings; he was absolutely alone and absolutely lonely, and that suited him exactly. He was just "Bywash"; by signature, H. Bywash—and H., nine times out of ten, signifies Henry. There remained not so much as a hint of Hector.

He left Wragson's. A very few months at Wragson's had sufficed to show the heads of the firm that this was no budding captain of industry or merchant prince they had accommodated with a stool in their counting-house. Young fellows who came into clerkships about the same time as himself moved across the office floor to stools of increased importance, and ultimately, some of them, from stools into the padded chairs of considerable officers of the firm. Hector remained sluggishly on that he had dropped on to on the first day of his arrival. It was jokingly said that it required an earthquake to move Bywash. In the form of a devastating gale of reorganization which swept through the office, an earthquake shook Wragson's very shortly after the death of his parents, and Hector, a dead-weight in the counting-house, went out before it as chaff before the fan.

He drifted out, much as, twelve years before, he had drifted in. After some aimless idleness he began to drift about in search of new employment. He was for a short time in the publishing office of *The County Times*, for a short time in the clerical department of Fortune, East, and Sabre, the big church and school furnishers. In three years, bringing him to three and thirty, he was in and out of half-a-dozen situations, always at about the same level of drab and listless incompetency; at thirty-five he drifted into what had the appearance of a permanency—a desk in the office of Miller and Crowdale, the house and estate agents. Here he earned two pounds a week, and here, which exactly suited him, nothing was demanded of him. He merely sat in the office from nine-thirty to one, and from one-forty-five to six, and entered up properties in ledgers or copied them out of ledgers for the information of clients. It was not an employment at which it was easy to make mistakes, or in which mistakes, if they were made, could be very serious. It was just the donkey work of the business, and it was useful to Messrs. Miller and Crowdale to have a proper donkey to do it. Sharp young juniors by whom, previously to his coming, it had been performed, very soon showed aptitude for more alert and intelligent duties, taking inventories, attending auction sales, sizing up values and the like, and then had to be promoted, and other smart young juniors to be found and initiated in their places. Decidedly it was useful to have at the job a steady, dull, middle-aged man, who did no more than he was wanted to do, and for doing it wanted no more than he got.

Hector, therefore, suited, was himself well suited, stayed on, and was likely to stay on. He had, in addition to his two pounds a week, some ninety pounds a year from investments inherited under his father's will. He had no tastes. His only expenditure was his lodging. He only bought clothes when he came through those he was wearing.

At forty, Bywash was perfectly suited by his years. He had never been a boy, and he had never been a youth. In boyhood the qualities of boyhood, and in youth the qualities of youth, had been expected of him, and he had never been able to produce those qualities. At forty, nothing was expected of him, and that suited him precisely. At forty, he never used a clothes-brush, and not every day a razor. At forty, looking upon his purposeless mien, his vacant eyes, and his neglected mind, one might say that the Creator, with high and ardent hopes planning in his own image the young body and the young mind that first had been here, had faltered in his interest and abandoned it and gone away. . . .

At forty, Mr. Bywash had no vices and no virtues. He was merely negligible. Nothing interested him, nothing caused his pulses to quicken. The result of the Derby or of the boat-race, the sonnets of Wordsworth, the spires of Tidborough Cathedral springing up into the sky, the bustle and gleam of Tidborough's commercial streets by night when pleasure and business were abroad, or May or October arranging their glories upon the countryside, these things were nothing to Mr. Bywash. Nothing was anything to Mr. Bywash.

And suddenly, at forty, thus circumstanced, thus equipped, and thus inclined, astounding and tremendous things began to happen to him.

III.

They began with the very beginning of his annual fortnight's holiday taken in this forty-first year of his age—poignant and mysterious and terrific and frightful things: emotions that presented at white heat all those ardent emotions he should have known in his youth and never had known; emergencies that called for all those powerful qualities of mind and muscle, of action and of courage, which in his young manhood he should have developed and husbanded, and of which he never had so much as considered the use, let alone practised and encouraged.

He took this holiday, as he had taken twenty before it, at the great seaport town of Stormouth, an hour's run from Tidborough on the main line from London. Bywash waited on the platform for the down train. No one, observing him, would have supposed he was holiday-bound. He went on holiday as he went about everything else, without the smallest enthusiasm. His way of spending it was to take a cheap room, and either to lounge through the day within doors if the weather was dull, or to droop listlessly about the Prince's Park or on the sea-front if the weather was fine.

The train roared in. Everybody quickened up and bustled. People greeted people or took leave of people. People rushed about looking for accommodation. People alighted and charged about after luggage. Boys bawled newspapers and refreshments. Porters thundered trucks towards and away from the baggage vans. The engine contributed a tremendous and spectacular din of escaping steam. Mr. Bywash, the sole emotionless figure, merely drifted towards the coach that had halted nearest him and drifted in. He scarcely noticed the occupants whom he joined beyond that they were two, a man and a woman, seated side by side opposite him and at the further corner. The train started. He looked out of the window against which he sat. The train rushed on. He remained looking out, seeing, for all that the countryside conveyed to his mind, as much or as little as if a blank wall had flanked the permanent way.

When the train had run about twenty minutes he altered his position, and made to look across the carriage through the further window. Then he noticed his companions. The man was a huge, obese creature, with a heavy, brutish face. He was got up in a horsey way. He was of the rough publican or bookmaker type. He had enormous hands, great, big, red sledge-hammer hands. His mouth was tightly pursed as though he desired to show that he had no intention of speaking. His face held the expression of a malevolent and threatening smile as though there was some ferocious power that he had that in his chosen time he would exercise. The whole bulk and coarseness and brutality of the man vaguely frightened Mr. Bywash; the heavy and ferocious aspect of him was, to Mr. Bywash, like smelling a bad and sinister odour—it made him feel uncomfortable, alarmed.

"Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones. . . ."

Some people are susceptible to that kind of thing. Mr. Bywash, far from apprehending messages in nature, had never even the curiosity to read stories in faces. But this savage man's dominating and repellant mien . . . Why was his mouth thus pursed as though to show he would not speak? Why in his horrible face that cynical presentment of triumph, of power, that in his chosen time he would exercise? Why? Uncomfortable, apprehensive, fascinated, Mr. Bywash slid his eyes to the ferocious man's companion, to the woman, and knew why, and knew, immediately and poignantly, extraordinary and mysterious and terrible and immoderately alarming sensations.

She was slightly twisted in her seat so that her face was upturned beneath the man's face. Her face was pale. It was pale with a creamy pallor, and it had eyes of dim grey, grey with the pearl and exquisite greyness of the last film that lifts above the dawn, and shining stuff about the lower lids. . . . ("Tears!" thought Mr. Bywash, dreadfully. "Tears! Oh my, she's crying!") And she had soft black hair, low on her temples and upon her brow, as shadows on white roses, that stirred and lifted in the window's breeze like fronds gently waving in the depths of some clear pool. And she was talking, talking, talking. She was *imploring*. That was it. That, with the beauty of her sad face, was what caused these frightful feelings in Mr. Bywash's heart. She was imploring, imploring, imploring. Ceaselessly, piteously, frantically. Mr. Bywash could not hear what she was saying. She was speaking very low, and there was the rushing noise of the train. Scarcely the murmur of her tone was discernible to him. But all too frightfully clear the fact that she was begging, begging, imploring, entreating. It explained the pursed-up lips of that huge and ferocious man. She was imploring a word from him, and he would not speak a word. It explained that horrible look of his, of triumph and of power, that in his chosen time he would exercise. She was in terror of that triumph, in pitiable dismay of that power.

Mr. Bywash watched; and watched with all these mysterious and frightful and never-before-experienced feelings swelling and surging within him, and causing him fear (which he had often felt, but never for such a reason) and aching pity, which he never in his life had felt for anybody, and bewildering, dizzying emotions—yearnings, longings, cravings, high desires of knight errantry, of brave and reckless actions, which all the women and the situations he had ever seen, or all he had ever read or ever thought, had never caused him even to imagine. Awful

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"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—*Continued from p. 4.*

sensations. And caused him a separate and most terrible agony, which, appalling in its own individual stress, also roared into white heat (as draught upon a furnace) these frightful flames of pity and of that incredible, dreadful emotion of—whatever it was that the face of the woman caused within him.

Regret was this separate and most terrible agony. Regret, realization, mortification. Regret, realization, mortification for what and of what all he had never been, and now could never become, all he had missed and now never could recover—all he now was, the nerveless, negligible entity he was and that he knew he looked—and all the fine and shining and valorous things that in the furnace of these emotions he most terribly desired to be.

He cried inwardly, he could have cried it aloud, "Oh, dear me!"

He thought, "What would I not be? Oh, what am I?"

There answered him that mock which in his boyhood had so tortured him. The rhythm of the train blared it defiantly and exultingly at him, over and over again, thumping it out, smashing it in:—

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and such great names as these . . ."

"Oh, my goodness!" He could have jumped out of the train. . . .

He could have jumped out of the train. He could. He could . . .

"Yes, if you had the pluck!"

These new and frightful emotions that he was suffering had out of their womb conceived within him an articulate entity that could talk, and that was the first thing it said. "Yes, you could jump out of the train to stop that song and to murder your shame you could jump out and end it—if you had the pluck. Ha, ha! If you had the pluck!"

And while he writhed it went on: "And if you had the pluck to jump out, Bywash, you wouldn't want to jump out. If you had the pluck to do that you'd have the pluck to do splendid things here in the carriage, and you'd have the physical appearance and the physical strength that goes with pluck. You'd get up. You'd somehow intervene. You'd interfere. If need be, you'd strike that hulking brute. You'd protect that poor creature. You'd take her. She'd turn to you, Bywash. She'd admire you, she'd turn to you, she'd cling to you, she'd love you. You'd take her away. She'd be yours, your own. Yours, your darling, and you her dearly loved, her hero—if you had the pluck, Bywash. If only you hadn't been what you've always been. If only you had known the things in life you've never known. If only you hadn't missed all you've missed. If only you hadn't become what you have become. If only you were your brother Harry, Bywash, or your brother Tom. If only—but listen to the train, Bywash, you're not hearing it. Listen!

"Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and such great names as these . . ."

He said between his lips, "Oh, my God!"

. . . . . .

She was still and ceaselessly at it, imploring, beseeching; and the man basilisk, imperturbable, cynical, sinister, with never a word, with only that abominable indifference, with only that reserved ferocious threat. Anon she would pause, as it were in exhaustion of despair, and shrink away into herself, and Bywash would see, and tremble to see, all her wrought-up spirit, as it were, dissolve away in a terrible sigh, and that shining stuff upon her lower lids fill and discharge itself in a swift crystal flash down her cheeks; and in a moment she would start, as though in horror of the flying moments that she had suffered to fly empty, and urge herself towards him again, and urge again that desperate prayer, that most piteous entreaty. Once she slid her hand—Bywash saw a wedding ring upon it—slid her hand timidly upon those enormous red, swollen, sledge-hammer hands of the man—the gentlest and most touching motion of timid appeal. He jerked up the great fist she had touched and threw her hand violently back upon her lap. The action tore Mr. Bywash to the quick; and it did other—it frightened him anew of the man. Those terrific sledge-hammer hands, the sight of them and the thought of the terrific things they could do, alarmed him even more than the man's ferocious face alarmed him. They would be the horrible and terrible instruments of all the horrible and terrible violences that Bywash apprehended in the monster.

"Interfere!" mocked the new voice within Mr. Bywash. "Look at those butcher hands of his and interfere. Go on!"

Bywash cowered in his seat, abject.

Once while he stared, and while in the dank and marshy recesses of his soul, like one entombed and frantically searching escape, he wildly sought for sparks of courage; once while he so stared and sought, the man looked up and caught his eye, and directed upon him a full look, and Mr. Bywash with lightning swiftness dropped his eyes and turned away his head, and louder than before the beaten rhythm of the train greeted him:—

". . . and some of Hercules;
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and
such great names as these."

He groaned between his lips.

In a little he screwed up courage to look again; and he watched now warily and ready to slip away his eyes at an instant's warning. "Imagine it," mocked the voice. "Imagine it; you daren't even be caught watching!" And once—and this was the most frightful and bitterest moment of all—once the woman ceased her entreaty and made with her hands a little frantic motion of despair and looked swiftly all about the carriage in obvious quest of someone's help. And Bywash was the only other in the carriage. And her eyes just fleeted a moment on his face—fleeted, and were gone, and she made again that little frantic motion of despair.

Oh, bitterest and most frightful moment of all! That glance at him and that immediate turning away from him! As if her face had been a mirror, he saw in that action of hers his negligible and useless self. If only he had been Tom, if only he had been Harry, if only he had been any other than this that he had become. . . .

He cried within himself, "Oh, my God!" He strained within himself anew for any—any—spark of courage. He looked at the man's face and at those awful hands, and there was no single, tiny bit of courage that he could find. . . .

IV.

The train ran into Stormouth terminus. He leaned from the window to turn the handle of the door. It was too stiff for his feeble wrist. He never before had noticed how puny were his arms. He made to add his other hand to the task. The man pushed him unceremoniously aside, flicked open the door without an effort, and stepped out. The woman followed him. Her skirts brushed Bywash. Her knees touched his. It was the first contact with a woman that he had even so much as noticed. It thrilled him terribly, terribly. He made a most frightful effort. He said—and knew it as he said it for the ludicrous squeak that it was—he said, "Can I help you?"

She didn't hear. How should she, terrified as he had been lest the man should hear? She didn't hear. She was gone. She was passing up the platform in the man's wake.

Was he to let her go like this? Oh, not after these terrible and mysterious emotions, this amazing and frightful feeling towards her, that had come at him like unsuspected flame bursting through a suddenly opened door. Oh, not after that! Oh, not with this upon him—these tumults, these revelations, these visions of one tremendous act of glorious courage, these transports of what would then be won—a look, a touch, a word, a bond with her. . . .

Poignant and mysterious things were happening to *him*; enormous and terrible things were looming up before him. They utterly dismayed him, but they ungovernably fascinated him. He had baggage, but he let it go. He stumbled out of the train, and he pressed anxiously through the busy platforms, and he followed the pair out into the street and through many streets.

The man was walking much too fast for the woman. There was in his great pressing stride and in the massive hulk of his huge shoulders the same air of vengeful purpose and of biding power that his frontal mien in the train had presented; there was in her agitated hurrying and in the droop of her slender figure the same pitiable appeal that first had wrung these frightful tumults out of Mr. Bywash's heart. And she was being

(*Continued on p. 6*)



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"'Well, if it isn't just a picture,' declared Mrs. Jennings, gazing round the parlour" *Drawn by W. Smithson Broadhead*

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"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—*Continued from p. 5.*

hurried to her doom! He would get her within doors somewhere, and then——

Mr. Bywash followed along, keeping safely behind and hating himself for his caution. What was he going to do? He didn't know. But he was nerving himself to do something, and he was knowing as he tried that in all his composition there was nothing wherewith he could nerve himself. He was experiencing all those ardent longings and all those valorous aspirations which spring in young manhood and which young manhood from the self-same sap and root arms and maintains—and he never had had any young manhood! He was an island castaway come upon fabulous treasure and without means to enjoy it. He had suffered to pass without garnering from them the harvests of the years; he now was come to his barns avid for corn and they were empty.

The passage of the pair he followed was through the densely housed and grimy streets of Stormouth's commercial quarter. Mr. Bywash lost his bearings after some fifteen minutes of many crossings. He recovered them again as he found himself approaching the district in which lay that Prince's Park where it had been his habit on former visits to lounge away the hours listening to the band. The couple turned down a street he remembered walking on his way to the park. The houses here were in a solid row on either side. Their doors opened directly on to the pavement by two steps but without approaches. Before one such door the pair halted. Mr. Bywash abruptly halted also, a dozen houses behind. The man opened the door with a key. Mr. Bywash made a great effort at his nerves, and came a few paces on. The man went up the steps and in. It smote terribly at Bywash's heart that the woman hesitated, faltered. The man turned and caught her arm, dragging her roughly. Mr. Bywash was trembling, but he advanced. As he came abreast of the door it was swung to. He stood there trembling, literally and positively shaking in every articulation of his body; far worse, quivering in his soul.

He had had a glimpse before the door swung; a long, narrow passage, on the left a room belonging to the window against the entrance by which he stood, at the end a flight of stairs. He could hear things. He heard heavy steps up the passage and the stairs creak. He could see things. A darkening behind the curtain of the window told him that one had entered the room. The man had gone upstairs; the woman was in the room. He looked at the door. His heart thudded with a sound that he could hear. The door had not latched. It was open! Even as he looked it began to move in a widening aperture.

He did a most appalling thing.

He crept within the door and stood in the passage. He was shaking with fear. Overhead were violent movements. In the room beside him was sobbing. He had only one coherent thought, "I'm mad. I shall be killed!" He went into the room. She was collapsed upon a couch, her arms over its back, her head bowed on her arms, sobbing. He stood there. He was shaking with terror.

She looked up. She sprung to her feet. "Oh, what is it? Who are you? What do you want?"

He was so shaking, he was so strained with listening for approach from above, his condition was altogether so frightful that he could not speak, not for a full minute, while she stared upon him in amazement. Then he stammered, "Can I help you?"

"Who are you? Who are you?"

"I was in the train with you."

"But what do you *want?* What are you doing here? I don't understand. What is it you *want?*"

"I was in the train. I saw what was going on with you. I"——

Her eyes were round and staring in utter incomprehension. She struck her hands together, bewildered, agitated. "But what do you *want?*"

The moments were flying. He seemed to have been hours in this frightful and perilous position. At any instant might come descent upon the stairs. He was shaking. He heard his teeth knock together. He said, "I want to help you."

She understood. Her eyes that had been wide enlarged yet more. He knew perfectly well her thought, the utterly absurd and futile spectacle that he presented! If only he had been like Tom! If only he were like Harry! He knew perfectly well her thought; and she spoke and gave him her thought in its stark and dreadful bitterness. She said, "You—*you*—you must be mad—you *must* be."

It was awful to hear. His face twitched. He said with a catch in his voice, "I know. I know. But I want to. I want to. I saw you. I couldn't bear it. I felt for you. I want to. I want to."

And wider yet her eyes.

Then she made a quick step to him and put her hands on his wrists and pressed him away. "Go! Go! Go at once. While you can. You are mad--mad to be here."

She was terrified for him, and her terror joined and frightfully augmented his own. But she was touching him. Her hands were on his hands, her face close to his, the faint, stirring perfume of her flesh all about him; and touch and face and perfume thrilling him as he had never imagined one could be thrilled. He stood his ground. For one tiny instant, as a man in flush of wine, he forgot his fears and was almost brave. He stood his ground. "I want to help you. I want to."

She stood away and wrung her hands. "Oh, what can you do? What can you do? *You?* Go! Go! He'll kill you. He'll kill you."

And terror struck across her face. "Listen!"

The change in her countenance, and that hissed, dreadful word, sheerly terrified him. Frozen, he listened. Sounds on the stairs!

"Go! For God's sake, go!"

He turned and fled.

His thoughts went:--Still, he had done it. Craven in that headlong scrambling flight of his to the lowest crypt and abyss of pusillanimity—still, he had done it. He had gone in. He had spoken to her. He had said he had come to help her. He had gone in. Surely that was brave? Surely it was? Yes, it was. He had done that much, that terrific and appalling much (he shuddered even at recalling how terrific and appalling it had been). He had done that much. He was not utterly, not utterly, abandoned. By that shocking and unspeakable flight there was confirmed to him all those lamentable exposures of himself which had begun to be revealed in the railway carriage. He was a wretched thing, and no man. He knew it now. In all his years of life till now he had neither known what he was nor would have cared had he known. Now he knew; and he cared—he cared—how he cared!

Still, he had done it . . . still, he had done it . . . he clung on to that.

When his headlong panic from the house and from the street had removed him from the vicinity of danger, his thought had been of his immediate situation and of his next steps. He went to the station, and at the parcels office was able to claim his abandoned bag. He carried it to the street of his adventure, and from the corner timidly surveyed the road. In the fanlight of quite a number of the houses the notice of "Apartments" was to be seen. There was the place, just by that lamp standard. He walked down towards it on the opposite side. He dared not go immediately opposite. He might be seen. "Apartments" was exhibited in the house three doors above that point. He inquired for a room, stipulating it must overlook the street, and obtained it.

He seated himself in the window, and watched.

Early on the following morning, still watching, he saw the man come out. The man could not possibly see him, but he caught his breath and shrunk away deeper behind the curtain. How huge he looked! How brutal! Those frightful hands of his swinging by his sides! Bywash did not recover free breathing until the awful man was around the corner and out of sight.

About mid-day the woman appeared. She carried a shopping bag. He took up his hat in a trembling hand and went downstairs and followed.

She made purchases in two or three shops. He kept away on the further side, his eyes adoring. Now she passed away from the shopping street. Her direction became the direction of the park. If only she were to go there! She was! She was! She entered, and he followed.

She went to a secluded seat, and took it; and Bywash went up to her.

Now, now began the amazing weeks! Now life, as a walled city opening its gates to one all night without, raised its portals, and Mr. Bywash walked in.

V.

For a long period into that first meeting her part was solely of utter incomprehension. She simply could not understand Mr. Bywash, and he was so manifestly the futile creature he looked that she made no pretence of not understanding him. She might have been afraid of his approaches; but no living creature could possibly be afraid of Mr. Bywash. She might have been indignant at his presumption; but his extraordinary manner forbade any such indignation. She might have felt towards him any of the variously outraged feelings that a young woman would have towards a strange man who pursued her; but Mr. Bywash, though a stranger, was not a man. That was just it. He was so utterly and fatuously out of keeping with the part he seemed to be playing. And what *was* the part he was playing? She simply could not comprehend. She absolutely could not understand. Over and over again she said to him, he standing there before her—such an object, and agonizingly aware of what an object he was—over and over again she said, "But I don't *understand.* I simply can't. What is it you *want?* *Why* are you speaking to me? I can't understand."

And he couldn't explain. He could only stammer perfectly meaningless things. He wanted to say all sorts of things, and couldn't say them. He was suffering all sorts of emotions, manifested by a lump in his throat, by mistiness before his eyes, and he could not possibly express them. And she kept on with that, "But what is it you *want?* *Why* are you speaking to me?"—telling him as plainly as if she were saying it what a ludicrous and utterly negligible fool he looked.

Weak tears came into his weak eyes. She saw them. She said quickly: "I *am* so sorry; I really am; but really I simply cannot understand. I can't. Believe me, how sorry I am."

He had to wipe his eyes. This kind note in her voice. . . . It worsened his plight.

He said, "The truth is just that I want to talk to you. I've never spoken to a woman in my life before. I saw you in that carriage yesterday, and I saw how wretched you were, and I felt, I simply can't tell you how I felt for you. I've never felt sorry for anyone, or cared in the least what happened to anyone, in all my life before. I felt for you—I can't tell you. I can't explain it even to myself—how it happened so suddenly, how I felt it so frightfully. I can't tell you. I wanted to interfere, to say something, somehow to help you. I didn't dare. You can see what I am. You saw yesterday when I bolted out of your house what I am. It's no good trying to hide it. You can see for yourself. Anyone can. I wanted to interfere. I didn't dare. I followed you. I had to. I've told you why. It was just what came over me so frightfully when I looked up at you in the carriage. So I had to follow. And then I went in. I did do that. Of course I bolted. I bolted directly I heard him coming. It's no good trying to hide what I am. But that I did go in—that shows you, I do hope it shows you, how frightfully I felt for you, how frightfully I do feel for you."

He ended, "That's all. It's just what I've tried to tell you. It's just that I've never spoken to a woman in my life—oh, do please let me talk to you. It's incredible that I can be of any help to you. But you never know. Perhaps I can. Oh, if only I could. . . ."

She said, "Oh, do sit down. It's extraordinary, this. Even now I can't quite—— But indeed I do thank you very much for wanting to help me. I'm glad to talk to you. If you were anyone else I shouldn't dare. But you—it doesn't seem to matter with you. You don't mind my saying that, do you? It really doesn't seem to matter. And I *am* glad to talk to you. There's no one I'm ever allowed to talk to. When you saw me in the carriage—you want to know about that, don't you?—when you saw me, I'd been running away. It was the second time I'd tried. He came after me and caught me. He was bringing me back."

Mr. Bywash said, "He looked as though he was going to —— Does he b——" He could hardly frame the dreadful word. "Does he beat you?"

She pushed back to the elbow the sleeve of one arm. He saw bruisings, scars. He writhed in his seat. If only he had been like Tom! If only he were Harry! If only he were any other than this that he was!

They began, from then, to meet every day. They began to spend, in the Park, all of every day together. She told him her husband was a street bookmaker. His beat was down in the docks quarter. He was out all day from immediately after breakfast until late at night or early in the morning. She never knew at what hour he would come in or in what drunken state he would arrive. Supper always had to be ready for him whatever the hour was, always just ready to the turn, or—she indicated those bruised arms. His business and his companionship was with the roughest men. He often brought dreadful men to the house at night; but everyone was afraid of him; he always carried a revolver. (That made Mr. Bywash shudder. It was a thing he always remembered.)

She told him all her life story. It was impossible to imagine anyone

(*Continued on p. 8*)

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"AWAITING HARLEQUIN"

From a water-colour drawing

By LEWIS BAUMER

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"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—*Continued from p. 6.*

finding attraction in Mr. Bywash's company, but misery makes strange companions, and she was abject in misery and loneliness and fear. Her attitude towards Mr. Bywash was that she welcomed his company as the prisoner in his cell comes to welcome and make friends of the timid mouse.

She told him all about herself. Her father had been a Master in the Merchant Service.

"Why, my father was in the Navy," cried Mr. Bywash. It seemed to make a bond between them. "In the Royal Navy. He was a captain."

It was the first time he had ever been proud of his father's position. The first time he had ever thought tuppence about it. How wonderful to be talking about things like this with someone!

Her father was drowned at sea. She and her mother were left penniless, here in Stormouth. They started to take in lodgers—first a good class, and then, not getting them, a poor class; and then, still struggling, and her mother ailing, any class that prayers would bring. So this man came, Mr. Wilks, of whom always she had been terrified, with whom ultimately she was forced into marriage. Her mother was failing, her mother needed comforts; at last, if her mother's life was to be saved, she needed better conditions altogether, and there was scarcely enough to keep the roof over their heads. Then the man offered her marriage, promises for her mother's well-being, everything that they most desperately needed. She was terrified. This offer followed the offer of sale of herself on baser terms but for the same prize—her mother's life. She had rejected that with such spirit as she dared show to their sole means of support. In its turn she rejected this. She could not, could not bring herself to it; and her mother worsened, and, knowing only cunning kindness from the man, began to implore her consent. But she could not. She simply could not.

Pitiably she presented to Mr. Bywash her life at that period, attending on her mother, attending on the man. Besought by her mother, and watching her dying before her eyes; baited by the man and terrified of him, revolted by him.

O pitiable! Mr. Bywash had never had the remotest idea that such things went on in life. Without interests and without solicitudes in his own existence, he had never even troubled to imagine how other people existed. That this kind of thing should be! That she should suffer it!

But there was much worse. The man came to her one day. "Still can't make up your mind, my girlie?"

"I can't, Mr. Wilks. I really and truly can't just yet."

"Thought you couldn't. D'you know what? I want cher so much that I've set about making up your pretty mind for you."

"Oh, what do you mean?"

She knew it was something terrible. It was. He had bought the house they lived in! They had it on a weekly tenancy. He would give her a fortnight to make up her mind. Within a fortnight she either would marry him and have all she wanted for her mother, or she and her mother would pack up and get out—out into the street.

She married him.

Her mother, betrayed in every promise, died within the year. That was five years ago. That was all. She twice, as she had said, had tried to run away. He kept her without money. She had stolen from him that with which she had made the attempt whose lamentable termination Mr. Bywash had seen. She never would have the chance again. Where could she go, how could she live, if ever she did again have the chance? And one day he would kill her. She knew he would. Escape—she must escape. Where? How?

She wrung her hands, piteously regarding Mr. Bywash. That was all.

Escape. Where? How? Terrible and enormous enterprises began to shake in Mr. Bywash's mind.

VI.

But O the new and amazing life amid which these terrible and enormous enterprises began to form—the revelations, the ecstasies, out of which, like high sparks springing out of flame, they sprung!

All he had never been, all he had never known, stirred, moved, breathed, warmed, awoke, and came to life within him. As wine through exhausted senses, as rain among the baked and arid watercourses of the plains, as dew by night upon the desert, as springtide in hibernating homes of creature and of insect, as all of these, so within Mr. Bywash saps that had never flowed, pulses that had never beat, ardours that had never kindled, emotions whose suns had never dawned, perceptions whose eyes had never opened.

He loved! The spirit breathed upon the waters of his being, and that which had been void and purposeless took form and purpose. He loved! The world, which had contained for him nobody and nothing, contained a glorious and a wondrous other, and through her teemed, hymned, and radiated with glories and with wonders. He had never opened his heart to himself, much less to another. He opened it to her, and the flood of its outpouring was beyond words delicious to him. He told her all his life as she had told him hers. He told her of his father and his mother, of Harry and of Tom. O, wonderful to have someone to tell such things to! He never had had any pride or affection in his people. Enormous pride and enormous affection came in the telling. And when he was absent from her other incredibly delectable emotions—dreams, visions, amazing revelations of unsuspected worlds. He never had read anything in his life except the newspaper, desultorily. He began to be voracious of reading novels, stories, cheap, trashy stuff. His only guide to them was their hectic covers and their burning titles. Love was the only thing he sought in them. He skipped all else that they contained. How the hero loved and how the heroine loved; how their love came to them; how they felt their love and how they declared their love. That was all he wanted. Avid to know, avid to compare their transports with his transports, to express his surgings in terms of their surgings; frenzied to be schooled in love, with hungry eyes and hungry hands he tore love from these cheap and crudely written prints as a starving animal tears meat from a bone. He would rip out pages and carry them with him, transcribe passages, and get them by heart.

One day she told him her name was Enid.

Enid!

There were three outstanding things that happened in this matter of reading. They came from sources incomparably above the stuff whereon he feasted, and in the case of two, but that they came upon him detached and removed from their surrounding confusions, would have been altogether beyond his comprehension.

One was the lines printed beneath a water-colour painting of a bowl of violets hanging in a print-seller's window:—

". . . violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath . . ."

It smote him like a catch at his throat. Once when she was talking to him she had closed her eyes, and he had trembled to see the exquisite softness and smoothness and delicacy of her lids. White; and yet not white for having the faintest, softest tinge of blue. He had gazed as a pilgrim might gaze upon a shrine. He had never imagined such a hue could be. Lo, here was the very expression of it; the inexpressible expressed exactly; the vision so ethereal that he never could precisely recall it, here precisely recalled. "Violets dim . . ." Yes! Yes! And sweeter—"Sweeter than . . . Cytherea's breath." That meant if you stooped to touch with your lips a bed of violets. Yes! Yes! Exactly that if one might stoop to kiss those lids of hers! Wonderful! Wonderful! That was what he wanted—words to express these astounding things, these exquisite and thrice entrancing things.

The second occasion touched a profounder depth and led directly to the third. The second occasion was before the second-hand bookseller's from whose tray of cheap moderns and periodicals he distilled his love potions. Within the window were displayed volumes of the poets; opened, their leaves bound back with bands. Searching amid his sensational covers, his eye glanced up to the books and idly took a verse—

"I held it truth with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,"

Meaningless! But his eye, on the point of returning to his quest, was held, and completed the stanza—

"That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things."

Ah! He caught at his breath with the sound as it were of a sob.

On stepping-stones—may rise on stepping-stones . . . of their dead selves . . . to higher things. . . . *Might* they? *Could* they? Might he? Could he? Could he get himself like Tom—like Harry? Could he rise to their courage, to their bold, manly qualities? Was it possible indeed that on stepping-stones of those shocking infirmities of spirit of which he now was so poignantly aware he could rise to—to courage? Not shrink? Not tremble? Not shudder every time there came across his mind the image of that violent and frightful man? Not know that in a crisis, that if a crisis ever came between that man and she and he, not know that in such a crisis inevitably he would desert her? Was it possible?

He turned from the book-shop, new matter from that which had taken him there in his mind, and the wind toppled the upmost of a pile of battered second-hand rag-bag stuff. He stooped to replace it, and his thumb was upon the concluding words of the volume.

". . . So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

He looked at the title. *Pilgrim's Progress.* He read again, two lines higher.

". . . to the river side, into which as he went he said, 'Death where is thy sting?' And as he went down deeper he said, 'Grave

(*Continued on p.* 14)



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"The revolver was muzzle upwards in their united grasp between them. They held it elbow to elbow"

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An Interlude in Mötley



DRAWN BY S. S. LONGLEY

SHE:-If the stars sing as they dance in a ring
All the night long, what is their song?
HE:-Don't listen, dear; don't try to hear.
For Joy is as fleet as your fluttering feet.
SHE:-Yes, with gauze and with spangles Youth flutters and jangles;
But the old, shining skies must surely be wise.

HE:-For me the stars chime "It is carnival-time
And we envy the earth its music and mirth."
SHE:-To me they are mute; but the fiddle & flute
Whisper "Soon comes the day, to make golden lamps grey."
HE:-Ah, Columbine, hearken; though golden lamps darken
And gay music die, we remain, you and I!

D·M·S

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London in Regency and Early-Victorian Days.

By EDWARD HUTTON

A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

A hundred years ago! O, the world went very well then. No doubt. Yet Europe had but just emerged, as we have, from a tremendous war that had lasted not four but twenty years, and destroyed every throne in Europe save only the throne of England; had seen the rise of a new political philosophy and the downfall of the greatest of European Powers, and of a soldier whose only peers were Alexander and Cæsar. It is probable that the future looked scarcely less gloomy to our great-grandfathers than it sometimes does to us, yet there lay before them all the splendour and wealth of that great Victorian age which we are more inclined to look upon every day as a sort of lost Eden. *Sursum corda.* The future is ever veiled from man.

In 1821 England was certainly a very different England—and yet, I think, essentially the same in character. Its population was exactly half what it is to-day, and was very differently distributed. Even in 1831, for instance, the population of Ireland was just half that of Great Britain, and the population of London bore nothing like the same relation to that of the rest of the country which it bears to-day. The great industrial towns of the North and the Midlands had only just begun to live and increase.

When we Used the Guinea

England was still a great agricultural and commercial community, enjoying an essentially national and flourishing form of Government—the aristocratic oligarchy which had endured so long in Venice, and was already two hundred years old in England. Till two years after the Battle of Waterloo our national coin was the guinea; in 1817, on



"IN OLD ST. JAMES'S" *Drawn by S. S. Longley*

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"TAKING THE AIR IN 1840." *Drawn by S. S. Longley*

July 1, the new gold coin, the sovereign, was issued. It was taken to very kindly, and popular opinion wanted to call it the "George." The half-sovereigns were nicknamed "Regents." If the Peace of Paris gave us the sovereign, the Peace of Versailles has given us the pound note.

Nor were the streets of London less astonishing to the foreigner then than now. Even to-day London is far and away the best-paved capital in Europe; so it was in 1817. Every traveller is full of praises, while as to the traffic: "The horses so swift on the road only go at a gentle trot in the town, and we never see coachmen endeavouring to pass by and break the line at the peril of the passengers." Ten years later, in 1829, the omnibus was named and invented, a certain Shillibeer running one on the Paddington road. On the anniversary of the great battle in 1817, Waterloo Bridge was opened. As for the shops, they were well distributed throughout London, the finest, of course, about St. James's and Mayfair. The most fashionable street was even then Bond Street, only there was time for strolling then, and, indeed, we hear of the *Bond Street loungers* who haunted the pastry-cooks' shops there. Gunter's must stand for them to-day. Regent Street was brand new. So it is to be to-day. While in 1819 the Burlington Arcade was opened.

As for the parks, they were much as we know them; only cattle grazed in St. James's Park. Hyde Park was even then the general rendezvous of all classes, "who parade there in great numbers on foot, on horseback, and in carriages." Buckingham Palace was about to be rebuilt, as Carlton House was not big enough for "George the Magnificent." We have ourselves seen it transformed again, though the Marble Arch was removed from before it to its present site in 1851.

It was a hundred years ago that the suburbs, as we know them, were first being built. Scarcely a year passed without hundreds, and indeed thousands, of houses being built, especially on the north-east side of London, because that was thought the healthiest on account of its elevation, since to the west the parks, as was then thought, hindered any increase. "Many of the new houses," writes a French visitor, "are inhabited by bankers and rich merchants, who establish themselves there with their families; they however keep their counting-houses in the City, where they transact business till change-time. The daily journeys to and fro (for the distance is sometimes several miles) would appear insupportable in any other country; but it agrees very well with the active habits so common to all classes of the English nation. Besides, the women, who possess here more influence than is generally imagined, and who are as much afraid of damps as they dislike noise and dirt, persuade their husbands to keep their separate establishments as soon as their circumstances permit."

In these suburbs on every side were tea gardens, such, I suppose, as used to exist in the Vale of Health. Here tea was to be had, and bowls were played. These places were frequented on Sundays. "The tranquillity and decency," says the same French writer, "which is observed at these places is surprising to foreigners who recollect the turbulent gaiety of the *ginguettes* of Paris."

As for the theatre, it was not a very brilliant period for the stage. Mrs. Siddons and Kemble retired, but Kean appeared. In 1811 there

(*Continued on p.* 12)

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LONDON in REGENCY and EARLY VICTORIAN



THE LITTLE GAILY-PAINTED OMNIBUSES ARRIVING IN TOWN FROM THE SUBURBS

From a beautiful water-colour drawing by Eugene Lami Now in the Victoria and Albert Museum

were only three regular theatres in London—Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Little Theatre in the Haymarket. The prices charged were very moderate, and so were the salaries of the actors. The pit was all pit, and full of discriminating people, and the plays were frequently changed. Those were the days of Baron Geramb and Romeo Coates. Later we have Charles Kean in *The Corsican Brothers*, Macready, Old Farren as Sir Anthony Absolute, Wright, Keeley, Buckstone, Charles Matthews, Robson; it was a galaxy of talent. Macready was grand as Lear, but horrible as Hamlet. His best part many thought was Richelieu in the play of that name.

But there were many places of amusement beside the theatres; there was Vauxhall Gardens, for instance. Here besides wonderful displays of fireworks, "tight-rope dancing in a blaze of light," and other varieties, there was dancing and promenading. Then, for men only in those days, there were the celebrated supper-rooms, which were also music-halls. The best of these was Evans's—or, as it was called, Paddy Green's—in Covent Garden. This place was flourishing in the forties, and there the "immortal Paddy," a smiling and witty Irishman, and his right-hand man, the big Herr von Joel, went about among the guests. Herr von Joel must have been a wonder, for after acting as waiter and handing round the cigars, he would get up on a table and "whistle the most complex musical air



A STROLL IN CARLTON HOUSE GARDEN

From a print in the London Museum



ONE OF SOUTHWARK'S NUMEROUS INNS IN 1838

The galleried courtyard of the Talbot, from a water-colour drawing by J. Shepherd, dated 1838, now in the London Museum

THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

A proper new ballad of the country and the town

"Phyllida amo ante alias—*Virg.*

The ladies of St. James's
Go swinging to the play;
Their footmen run before them,
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She takes her buckled shoon,
When we go out a-courting
Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's
Wear satin on their backs;
They sit all night at *Ombre*
With candles all of wax:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
She dons her russet gown,
And runs to gather May dew
Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's!
They are so fine and fair,
You'd think a box of essences
Was broken in the air:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
The breath of heath and furze,
When breezes blow at morning
Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's!
They're painted to the eyes;
Their white it stays for ever,
Their red it never dies:
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her colour comes and goes;
It trembles to a lily—
It wavers to a rose.

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VICTORIAN DAYS: Specially Illustrated and Described for this Christmas Number.

with a common walking stick for his flute, or imitate with his unaided organs all the noises of the farmyard."

Yet, in spite of the shadow of "the Great War," which stretched into the forties and did not really pass away till the Exhibition of 1851, that was a very human, and, as we see it, at any rate, a very charming world — the London of the morrow of Waterloo, when Jane Austen was writing novels and Byron overwhelming the world with poetry, and Wordsworth returning to nature, and the banker poet, Mr. Samuel Rogers, still among the living,



MY LADY GOES DRIVING A SCENE IN EATON SQUARE

The beautiful water-colour drawing from which this reproduction has been made is now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The artist was Eugene Lami, who made some exquisite studies of contemporary life both in London and in Paris

though born in 1763. We catch a glimpse of him in Hyde Park in 1844, "a slight aged figure with a peculiarly wrinkled and rather cankered looking visage," in the beginning of the long reign of Queen Victoria. The Regent had become George IV., and had given place to King William, who had given place to Victoria and the beginning of the world we know, which seems to us to have changed, and in so brief space, out of all recognition. Yet I think our great-grandfathers a hundred years ago felt the same. They, too, had suffered at least as awful a catastrophe as we have. They threw up their heads and faced the future as we shall do. There you see them coming into town from the new suburbs in the new omnibuses. But the omnibus was as new to them as the motor 'bus is to us. There My Lady goes off to the opera, not as we may see her to-day in a wonderful small frock, but in voluminous silks and furbelows. Just as we have changed little more than our clothes, England still keeps Christmas in much the old fashion, and till that shall cease to be so, we cannot believe there is any difference.



A FATHER WITH SON AND DAUGHTER

By Henry Edridge, A.R.A., 1820. From an original drawing now preserved in the Victoria and Albert Museum



A WINDY DAY

By Robert Dighton

The ladies of St. James's!
You scarce can understand
The half of all their speeches,
Their phrases are so grand.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Her shy and simple words
Are clear as after rain-drops
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's!
They have their fits and freaks;
They smile on you—for seconds;
They frown on you—for weeks.
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!
Come either storm or shine,
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida! my Phyllida,
I care not though they heap
The hearts of all St. James's,
And give me all to keep;
I care not whose the beauties
Of all the world may be,
For Phyllida—for Phyllida
Is all the world to me!

From Mr. Austen Dobson's "Collected Works." Reprinted here by permission of Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner and Co., Ltd.



CARPENTER'S COFFEE HOUSE IN COVENT GARDEN

From a water-colour drawing now preserved in the London Museum

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"The Introduction." From a painting by W. G. Robb

"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—Continued from p. 8.

where is thy victory? So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

Courage! Courage! O matchless sublimity of courage here!

He bought the book—tuppence!—and hurried with it to his lodging.

VII.

He was back at Tidborough.

He was planning her escape.

He had for some time known a little empty cottage on the outskirts of the village of Penny Green, a few miles from Tidborough. He sold a portion of the investments left him by his father and bought the cottage; and now the rapturous delights of searching shops to furnish and adorn it—for her!

Before he left her, on the termination of his holiday, he told her of the cottage and of the escape it offered her. He pretended the cottage was already his; "on his hands," as he put it, and would be all the better for having a tenant. How was she to live? That was simple. There was an immense demand for furnished rooms in and around Penny Green; it had always been an idea of his to put into this cottage someone who could let off the two spare rooms there would be; it was really a piece of luck for him to find her for the purpose.

That was how he put it. That the demand for rooms in Penny Green was much greater than the supply was true; he knew it well in the course of his duties at the estate office. The inventions of his story—the cottage "on his hands," the service she would do him by occupying it—were for the purpose of maintaining the part on which, quite well he knew, alone rested her acceptance of his companionship; the prisoner's mouse, the strange but welcome visitant of her immolation. No more than that; and as, in their meetings, he had never dared to hint at his love, so now, in his plan for her escape, he sedulously presented no more than kindliness. To hint at more risked giving her alarm, severance of their friendship, refusal of his aid. And threatened worse than that. He knew she never had remotely imagined feelings of love for him; but he felt it surely would kill him to hear it, in actual fact, from her lips. He was as one knowingly carrying within him sentence of death in form of mortal sickness but terrified to present himself to the physician and hear his doom. Therefore his acceptance of his part, therefore his inventions, therefore his reiteration to her only of this most true portion of his case—that never in his life till now had he had anyone to talk to; that talking to her, telling her all about himself, was the most exquisite happiness he ever had imagined, and that he begged her, in charity, to accept this means of escape so that he still might come over to her in his leisure hours and sit—and just talk.

In his daydreams he dreamt to himself that one day, one day . . .

One day. . . . He was arranging her escape. He was planning also the winning of her love, to which gratitude for her escape should be the first step. She never could love him as he was, of that he was perfectly assured. The task was to remake himself . . . on stepping-stones . . . of his dead self. . . . And that was to become a man. Not to shrink. Not to tremble. Not to be one useless mass of fears. To be a man. Like Tom. Like Harry. Like other men. Courage. Courage. The battered *Pilgrim's Progress*, more battered for his ceaseless use of it, was now his daily sustenance. As he had torn love from his periodicals, so now voraciously he sought to tear courage from the leaves of Bunyan's story. The allegorical significance was no more to him than, in search of love, had been the plots of the novels. It was solely the emotions and the expressions of love his heart had desired; it now was solely the emotions and expressions of courage for which his spirit craved. He read the book again and again and again; and every snatch of reading he terminated with the enormous elixir of that concluding line—

"So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side."

That tingled him. That set his foot upon those dead-self stepping-stones and raised him up. He used to imagine himself doing some mighty and splendid thing, and all the trumpets sounding for him as he went proudly toward her, proudly, lovingly awaiting him. That was the thing! That was it! One day. . . . One day. . . .

All was ready! He was walking to the cottage for a last indulgence in the sight of all the beauty and the comforts he had prepared for her To-morrow was the day fixed. Everything was planned, and she had written confirming the plans. In case, after her flight, inquiries should be made at the station, she was to take the morning express train to London. That would throw her husband off the scent. From London a train which would get her to Tidborough at three o'clock. He would not meet her at the station. He was to have the ecstasy ("the pleasure" as he had temperately expressed it in writing to her) of welcoming her in the cottage, "which I think you will find"—another careful expression of the mere friendliness that was his—"which I think you will find more or less ready for you."

More or less! The quaint old cottage, beautiful in itself, had lent its interior to beauty in its decoration. Love gave him taste. There was not an article he had purchased, nor one he had placed in position, but her face had been imagined against it, directing his perceptions as the North Star directs the wanderer. A neighbouring cottager, Mrs. Jennings, had been brought in daily to assist the arranging. Stepping in with him on his arrival on this last evening, she gave the admiration that was enchantment to him to hear.

"Well, if it isn't just a picture," declared Mrs. Jennings, gazing round the parlour. "A picture. I never would have believed to see the like of it outside of a real picture, I declare to goodness I wouldn't, and that's the truth, sir."

How pleased he was! He patted the head of tiny Laura, Mrs. Jennings's little girl, and with his other hand felt in his pocket for Laura's present that was to celebrate this splendid conclusion.

"Yes, it certainly does look nice, Mrs. Jennings. And, Mrs. Jennings, you're going to let Laura be over here to-morrow to be playing here when the lady arrives?"

Mrs. Jennings certainly was. She would just pop Laura inside on her way to work after lunch, and there she'd be, all nice and pretty for the lady.

"And playing with her musical box," smiled Hector, producing the present from his pocket.

How tiny Laura jumped and clapped her hands for joy! She had been promised anything she liked from the toyshops at Tidborough, and a musical box, like one of her friends had, had been what Hector was asked to buy. Mr. Bywash, in so far as he had ever noticed them at all, had alway detested children. The new emotions that now were his had opened in the most astonishing way to tiny Laura. He loved to see her playing about the floor. Enid would want a companion. Enid would love to have tiny Laura constantly with her. He used to sit and imagine Enid with the child on her knees, telling her stories; Enid making tea, with the child clutching at her skirts. It made him feel—indescribable; it made his heart swell.

Mrs. Jennings ran off to her cottage. He sat himself down in the chair specially chosen for Enid's comfort. Tiny Laura at his feet fumbled the musical box out of its wrappings.

To-morrow! This time to-morrow Enid would be here. She would have examined the beauties of the cottage. She would be making tea for him. She would be enchanted. She would be beyond expression happy. In her heart would be the beginnings of her gratitude. The beginnings . . . the beginnings . . .

"Now you're right, Laura. Turn the handle. Let's hear the pretty tunes."

He only knew of the toy that the girl in the shop had called it a "three tune" box. He smiled to see tiny Laura's tongue come out and move from side to side under the strain of her melody-making. The tinkling tune was vaguely familiar. Some popular national air. He had probably heard it on street organs, perhaps in the Park at Stormouth. He wondered if Enid could play the piano, and how much one would cost. Imagine sitting here of an evening while she played!

The musical box clicked. The music stopped.

(Continued on p. 40a)

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GEOFFREY CHAUCER READING ONE OF THE CANTERBURY TALES TO KING EDWARD III.

In this wonderful painting by Ford Madox Brown—one of the treasures of the Tate Gallery—we see the great English poet and teller of tales reading aloud to King Edward III. Those around the King are intently listening, while nearer at hand, those surrounding the little fountain, are whispering comments or are concerned entirely with their own affairs. On the following page one of the Canterbury Tales is illustrated. It is the story of Chaunteclere and his dame

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Drawings by George Morrow

Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Gerlond, join in the pursuit of Russel, the fox

A Chaucer Story Illustrated.

The Nonnes Preestes Tale

Chaunteclere

Than spake our hoste with rude speche and bold,
And sayd unto the Nonnes Preest anon,
Come nere, thou preest, come hither, thou Sire John,
Telle us swiche thing, as may our hertes glade,
Be blithe, although thou ride upon a jade.
What though thyn horse be bothe foule and lene,
If he wol serve thee, recke thee not a bene:
Loke that thyn herte be mery evermo.

Yes, hoste, quod he, so mote I ride or go,
But I be mery, yvels I wol be blamed.
And right anon his tale he hath attamed;
And thus he said unto us everich on,
This swete preest, this goodly man Sire John.



In all the land of crowing Chaunteclere is without a peer. His comb is redder than fine coral

The priest's tale tells us of a widow woman living in a little house surrounded with a small farmyard.

A yerd she had, enclosed all about
With stickes, and a drie dich without,
In which she had a cok highte Chaunteclere,
In all the land of crowing n'as his pere.
His vois was merier than the mery orgon,
On masse daies that in the chirches gon.
Wel sikerer was his crowing in his loge;
Than is a clok, or any abbey orloge.
By nature he knew eche ascentioun
Of the equinoctial in thilke toun:
For whan degrees fiftene were ascended,
Then crew he, that it might not ben amended.

This gentil cok had in his governance
Seven hennes, for to don all his plesance,
Which were his susters and his paramoures,
And wonder like to him, as of coloures.
Of which the fairest hewed in the throte,
Was cleped faire damoselle Pertelote.
Curteis she was, discrete, and debonaire,
And compenable, and bare hireself so faire,
Sithen the day that she was sevennight old,

that she had completely conquered the heart of Chaunteclere, whose two overmastering passions were love of Pertelote and of singing to the sun.

One night, Chaunteclere has a dream which caused him to groan aloud upon his perch, so much so that Dame Pertelote questions him. Chaunteclere proceeds to tell her that he has had a very bad dream, which had made him sore afright.

I saw a beste,
Was like an hound, and wold han made areste
Upon my body, and han had me ded.
His colour was betwixt yelwe and red;
And tipped was his tail, and both his eres
With black, unlike the remenant of his heres.
His snout was smal, with glowing eyen tweye:
Yet for his loke almost for fere I dey:
This caused me my groning douteles.

Avoy! quod she, fy on you herteles.
Alas! quod she, for by that God above
Now han ye lost myn herte and all my love:
I cannot love a coward by my faith.

Chaunteclere is taken aback by this attitude on the part of the beloved Pertelote. He descends to the yard and struts up and down. He sings with great vigour.

And for to make his vois the more strong,
He wold so peine him, that with both his eyen
He muste winke, so loud he wolde crien,
And stonden on his tiptoon therwithal,
And stretchen forth his necke long and smal.

All the time there is nearing the yard Russel, the fox. He leaps over the wall and secretes himself in a bed of wortes. He is at length discovered by Chaunteclere, who is persuaded by the wily fox to sing for his delectation.

This Chaunteclere stood high upon his toos,
Stretching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
And gan to crowen loude for the nones:
And dan Russel the fox stert up at ones,
And by the gargat hente Chaunteclere,
And on his back toward the wood him bere.
For yet ne was ther no man that him sued.



This gentil cock had for his governance seven hennes—the fairest, Pertelote

Now, goode men, I pray you herkeneth alle;
Lo, how fortune turneth sodenly
The hope and pride eke of hire enemy.

Russel, the fox, is engaged in conversation by the cock.

A verray pestilence upon you falle.
Now am I come unto the wodes side,
Maugre your hed, the cok shal here abide;
I wol him ete in faith, and that anon.
The fox answered, in faith it shal be don:
And as he spake the word, al sodenly
The cok brake from his mouth deliverly,
And high upon a tree he flew anon.



Chaunteclere, while being borne off to the wood, engages Reynard in a conversation which makes Reynard open his mouth. Chaunteclere flies up to a high branch and escapes

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"THE ATTACK"

From an Original Etching by Percy Lancaster

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"THE AVIARY"

A Study by W. B. E. Ranken, R.I., V.P.R.O.I.

From the original, recently exhibited at the R.I., Piccadilly

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"NOT FORGOTTEN"

A Scene on Christmas Morning

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From a picture by F. Matania, specially painted for this Christmas Number

(See story on a later page)

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"SAMUEL PEPYS SPENDS A PLEASANT WINTER EVENING"

Illustrated by J. R. Skelton

"Comes Mrs. Knipp to see my wife, and I spent all the night talking with this baggage, and teaching her my song of 'Beauty retire,' which she sings and makes go most rarely. And a very fine song it seems to be."—PEPYS' DIARY, 1665

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"I've cut it rather fine. I must run for it"

"Are they open? Yes, by George! I've a chance yet"

"Oh, er—Miss—is there anyone to attend to me . . .?"



"What a pity there isn't time for us to deliver them, sir"

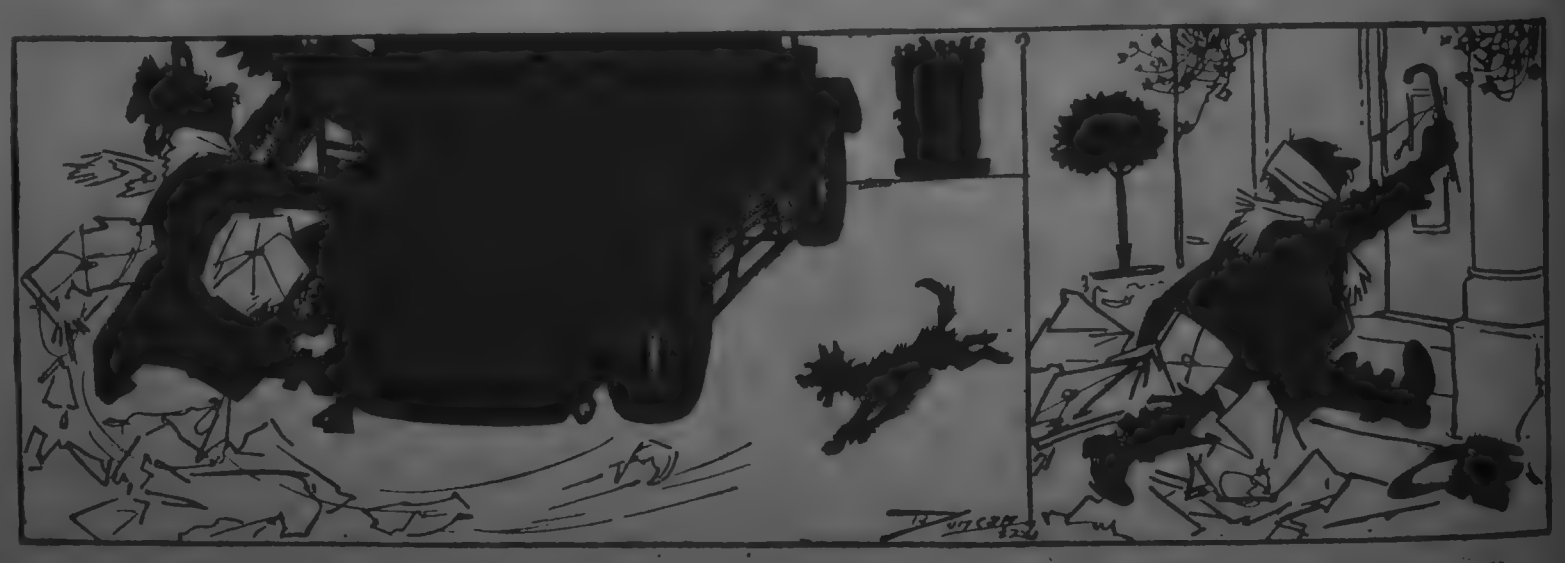
"No room. You'd better take the luggage lift, sir"

"Hi, taxi! Why doesn't he stop? Well, I suppose I must walk"



"Good heavens! And I've only a minute to reach the station"

"Too late, sir! She's moving out now"



"But I must get these parcels home, conductor. They're Christmas presents"

"Home, home, at last. Here, Mary! Here I am. I've bought the things"

MR. HURRY CUTS IT FINE ON CHRISTMAS EVE

Drawn for "The Sphere" Christmas Number by John Duncan

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"SNOWFLAKES"

From a drawing by Dorothy Wheeler

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"MISTLETOE"

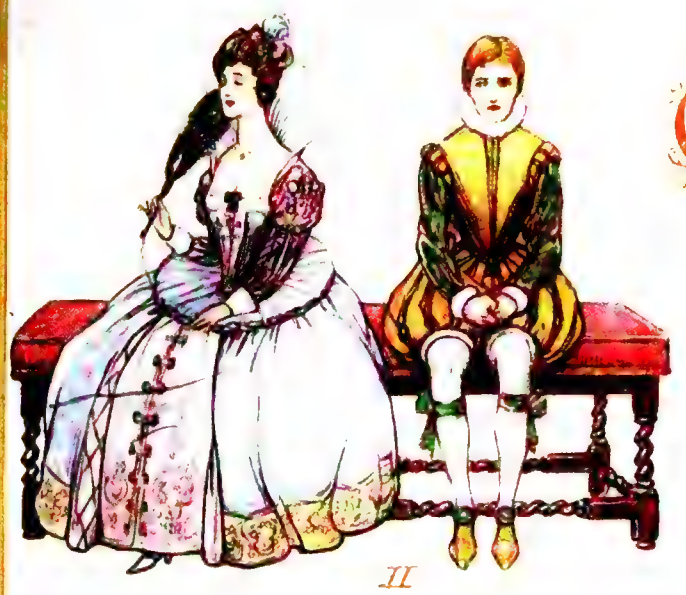
From a painting by W. Smithson Broadhead

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"Why so pale and wan, fond Lover?"



Why so pale & wan, fond Lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?



II

Why so dull & mute, young Sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do 't?
Prithee, why so mute?

III

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move;
This cannot take her.
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing will make her:
The Devil take her!

Sir John Suckling

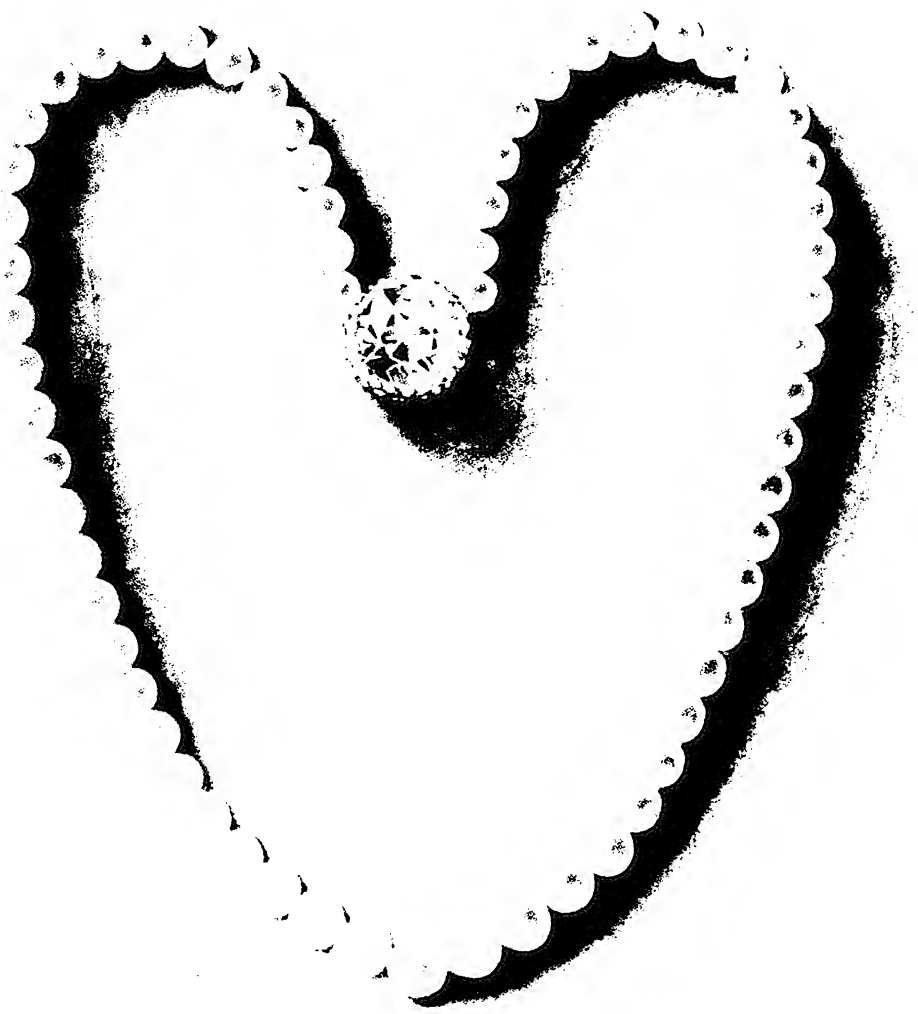


SIR JOHN SUCKLING'S FAMOUS POEM

Specially Illustrated for "The Sphere" Christmas Number by J. R. Skelton

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"I'LL MAKE THEE THE VERY ARCHBISHOP OF JESTERS"

A Special Study of Henry Lytton as Jack Point in "The Yeomen of the Guard"

Drawn for "The Sphere" Christmas Number by H. M. Brock

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CHILDREN'S SECTION
of "The Sphere" Christmas Number.



"FATHER CHRISTMAS ENTERS BY THE CITY GATE"

Specially Drawn for this Number by J. R. Skelton

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THE PERFECTION OF FACE POWDERS, WHICH IMPARTS A SUPER BLOOM AND TEXTURE TO THE COMPLEXION. SUPPLIED IN 4 TINTS—IVOIRE, NATURELLE, RACHEL, RACHEL FONCÉ.
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AN ABSORBENT, SILKY, COMFORTING, COOLING AND REFRESHING DUSTING POWDER, IN SPRINKLER TINS CONVENIENT FOR TRAVELLING.
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Contains no grease and is of supreme quality. A perfect foundation for face powder, it renders the complexion PROOF against WEATHER AND SUN.
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Drawn for THE SPHERE *by S. B. Pearse*

At the Christmas party—Pulling crackers round the table

OLD PLAYTHINGS

I have saved up lots of playthings that I had when I was small,
And I keep them in a cupboard that goes deep into the wall;
There's a scrap-book and some marbles in a bag, and there's a drum,
There's a jolly clockwork postman, beads, a tiny tee-to-tum;
A Noah's Ark and some ninepins and a tea-set in a box,
And a darling little jointed doll with painted shoes and socks.

Well, I know some little laughing girls and little romping boys
Who just *love* to come and see me for the sake of my old toys:
(Yes, I see you grown-up people turn your heads away and smile,
But *they* like them all the better for their dear old-fashioned style.)
So whenever I feel lonely then it is so nice for me,
For I only have to bake a cake and ask them in to tea.

M. M. J.

TONY TANTRUMS AT A PARTY

"Oh, Master Tony," said the old family nurse, "something's bound to happen to-day if you're so cross. Look what a nice sunny morning it is. You can go and play ball on the verandah."

"I don't want to play ball on the verandah," replied Tony very crossly.

He had evidently got out of bed the wrong side that morning, for he knocked over the flower-pots with his big painted ball.

He was cross in the morning, and he was cross in the afternoon, so that when Nurse called him to get ready for the party he didn't answer, and she was quite a little time looking for him.

That made Tony rather late when he got to the house of his friend, Peter.

They were all sitting down to tea, with such a popping of crackers going on round the table.

Some were wearing paper caps of pretty colours, and one little boy at the end of the table was putting on a black mask, and two other children had paper crowns on their heads. Little Joan (you see her, with the double pigtail) was just about to pull a cracker with Peter. There were beautiful cakes and buns on the table.

Tony ate hurriedly in order to catch up. He crammed down a big spongy bun.

"Aren't you going to drink anything?" said a voice behind him. But Tony went on eating and eating.



Drawn by S. B. Pearse

Tony retires from the hunting game. You see him walking up stairs, looking at no one

Now he could pull one or two crackers which had been kept for him, but he hadn't time to put on the paper crown, as everyone was going upstairs to play "Hunting for beans." Those who got the most beans got prizes. One of these was a little model engine, which Tony liked very much.

Tony hunted up and down stairs, all over the place, with the others, and found lots of beans. Then there came a funny feeling over him for a moment, but he went on hunting, and got more beans.

Then he had such a pain under his little jacket that he could not go on. He had to go up to Peter's mother, who was on the landing, and tell her he couldn't go on.

He clung to the bannisters. "Oh, what a pity," said a pretty voice above him. "Well, Nurse, you know best," and away Tony went homewards.

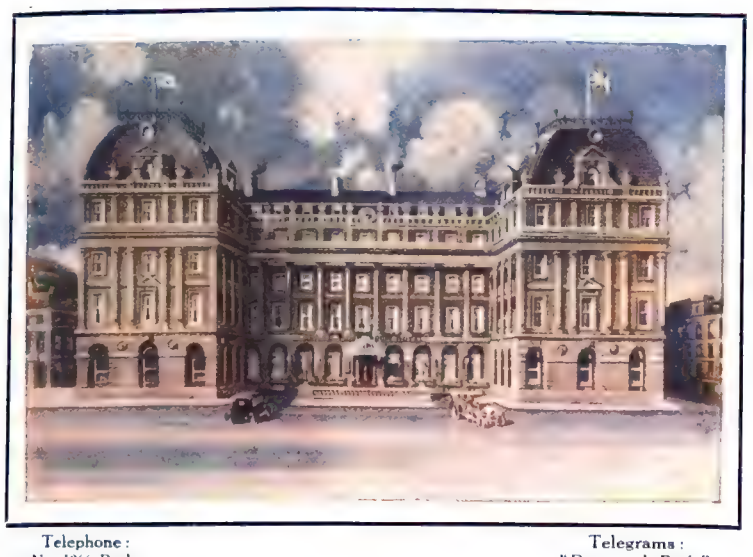
Between the sheets he felt much better. "I would have liked that engine," he thought, as he fell asleep.

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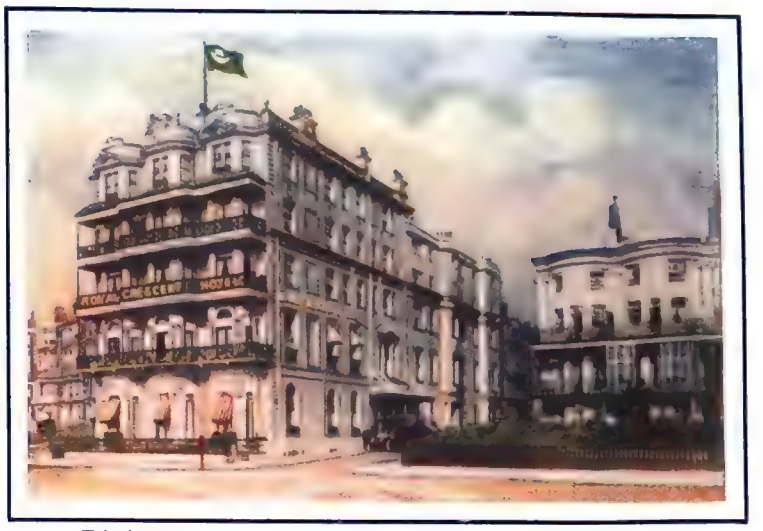
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Double ,,	,,	15/-

To include Attendance, Light and Bath.

Breakfast, Table d'Hôte		3/6
Luncheon, ,,		4/-
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INCLUSIVE TERMS
(for not less than 3 days).

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YOUR BAKER BAKES IT.

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"SOME TALK OF ALEXANDER . . ."—*Continued from p.* 14.

"Go on, Laura. Wind on. Another one coming."

Yes, a piano. A piano would be fine if he could afford it. It could stand by the window there. How beautiful she would look seated at the keys. How she would love this room. To-morrow at this hour she would be there. How grateful she would be to him. How wonderful, indeed, that he had done all this. Planned her escape, purchased this home, furnished it. It all had wanted some doing! It had! It was not a thing that everyone could have carried out so successfully. How he had developed in these last few weeks! He was twice, he was a dozen times the man he used to be. Stepping-stones . . . of those dead selves. He was climbing up. . . . He was. . . . He was certain of it. . . .

"Go on, Laura. Wind away. Still another. Here, let me do this one." He stooped forward and took the box. Yes, climbing up. . . . Would never look back now. . . . He wound the handle——

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of HECTOR and ——"

"Take it, Laura. Take it away. You'd better go home now. You're to go home now. Don't you hear? No; don't play it. You're not to wind it. Time to go now. Don't you *hear?*"

Laura was frightened.

. . . .

The day was Thursday; early-closing day at Tidborough, and chosen for that reason. He left the office at one o'clock. He had bought a "best suit" since this new thing had come into his life, and he went first to his lodgings to spruce himself up in it before going on to the cottage to await her. His spirits were high. The night had been bad. He had scarcely slept. That tune, that infernal, hateful tune, coming like that, upset him. Through the night it had washed at the foundations of his new beliefs in himself as rising waters washing about timbers built in sand. Had he changed? Had he improved? If there came to his courage a test . . . Was it an omen, that accursed tune, coming like that, in that place, at that hour, made by his own hands?

A feverish and tortured night.

But with the morning his oppression had gone. After all, at the worse, if indeed he was no more than the man he had been, even then, what test of his courage could there possibly be? When she was safely arrived here she would be as secure here, and he would be as secure here, as if they were on another continent. It became easy as the morning advanced, to build up from this certitude of safety assurance of courage if there were danger.

It always is. It is the commonest form of valour.

He was working briskly upon it as he let himself into his lodgings and passed up the stairs to his room. Everything was safe. Everything was easy. Everything was wonderful and glorious. He was miles removed from the timid thing he had been. He could wish there might be some test of his manhood that Enid could see. If the horse that would be drawing her cab were to run away and he rush out from the cottage and stop it! If a bull were to frighten her in the lane outside and he most audaciously attack the brute and rescue her! Something like that!

But it was not anything like that. It was something quite different.

As he opened the door of his room and stepped within, the huge and malevolent form of her husband rose to greet him.

"Shut that door," said Mr. Wilks.

He turned and shut it.

One of those enormous fists of Mr. Wilks presented a revolver straight in his face. The other fist shot out and into his chest like a battering ram, staggering him backwards. But the fist clutched him, gathering up the better part of his waistcoat and of his shirt in its enormous paw, and shook him ferociously so that his teeth knocked together. "Where's my wife?"

His tongue, in his sheer terror, clove to the roof of his mouth. He could not speak.

"Where is she? Out with it!"

"Not here."

Again that frightful shaking, jerking his head to and fro. "Not here! I can see that with me own blasted eyes, can't I? Is she in this house?"

"No."

"Coming here?"

"No."

He was shaken to and fro for a full half minute. "Listen to me. I know you've got her away." He called her by a gross epithet. "The —— left half your letters behind. I know you've got her." Mr. Wilks returned the revolver to his pocket and put up the fist that had held it, clenched, terrific. "Am I going to start this on your face or are you going to tell me? Quick with it!"

"I'll tell you."

"Quick with it."

He told.

Mr. Wilks flung him away with a violent motion. He spun along the wall, crashed into the washing-stand and fell over it to the floor. The ewer capsized and shattered. The water drenched him.

"Get up!" commanded Mr. Wilks. "You louse! Run away with a man's wife! *You!* Get up and show the way, and me lady'll see what I'm going to do with you, and you'll see what I'm going to do with me lady. Up with you!"

VIII.

They were in the cottage, waiting for her. Mr. Wilks lolled in an armchair, a cigar in his mouth, his legs on the table. Hector Bywash sat opposite him, the table between them, his head bowed in his hands. In the little room adjoining was tiny Laura. Mr. Wilks, engaged on arrival in ferocious mockery of the decorations of the pretty parlour, had not appeared to notice the child. Hector had smuggled her out of view and shut the door upon her.

While they waited was heard the steady ticking of the clock upon the wall—bringing her closer—the heavy breathing of Mr. Wilks, inclined to doze, the occasional sharp intake of Hector's breath, in vision watching her approach to his betrayal of her, sometimes through the door the faint tinkle of the musical box.

Hector Bywash, head buried in his hands, was silently rocking his shoulders up and down in agony of this culmination to which he had brought his life, his new-found dreams, his new-raised hopes in himself.

All his life's uselessness and turpitude had culminated in this unspeakable betrayal of the woman he worshipped. "Where's my wife?" and, vilest thing that he was, he had betrayed her with the very next breath that he drew. His mind ran up and down his life that had brought him to this final perfidy, and he groaned aloud.

"Shut that," commanded Mr. Wilks drowsily, and he was silent.

His mind, as one that runs distractedly to and fro, wringing his hands before his house in flames, ran up and down his every scene with her, his every thought of her; and from every scene and every thought came back to this his betrayal of her, this the trap he had prepared for her. His mind stood among the ecstasies of love he had torn from his periodicals and books; it cried with a most terrible bitterness before the heights of courage which fondly he believed he had imitated from the pages of his *Pilgrim's Progress*. And always back to his betrayal of her.

And suddenly there penetrated the agony of his mind this most frightful thought, "*There's still time to save her!*"

Some men successfully flee judgment all their lives; wriggle from truth, elude truth, stifle truth, somehow get away and escape truth. Mr. Bywash had thus fled and thus escaped for all the decades of his maturity. But now he was run to earth. He was caught. Truth had him.

And immediately there came to him, as there comes to men thus captured, trial within his own bosom of the kind that is said to await all men in the last senate of eternity. As then before God, so here within their own hearts, the captives of truth protest their case before the verities seated in judgment about them.

Mr. Bywash, laid by the heels after a very long run of freedom, stood now in such a court; a very tiny figure, prisoner at the bar of truth, a very pitiable object for the assemblage of such a tremendous tribunal, and looked from the records of his life hung upon the walls to the faces of the verities sitting as arbiters upon his case, and wrung his hands, and protested.

THE DEFENDANT: My Lords, my Lords, it's all very well. My Lords, you see—My Lords you must surely see, it was like this, if only I had had a minute's preparation! If only, as I went up those stairs, I had known he was waiting in my room! If only I had even heard him when I was just the other side of the door. If only I had had the smallest, faintest warning I would have had time to think, I would have had time to steel myself, and I wouldn't have done it. I wouldn't. Indeed and indeed, my Lords, I would not have done it.

THE ARBITERS: Attend. You have got time now. Time to think, time to steel yourself, time to prevent it. You have betrayed her, but she hasn't yet come to your betrayal. She's on the road. But there's—look at the clock—twenty minutes before she can get here. Twenty minutes between you and what you will be for ever after. Twenty minutes not to do it, and you haven't done it yet. Twenty minutes to save her.

The Defendant with shaking limbs crept out of the court.

Mr. Bywash very cautiously raised his bowed head to the level of the table. The huge soles of Mr. Wilks's boots confronted him. He raised his glance above them. Mr. Wilks's eyes were half closed; no glow was to be seen upon the cigar that depended from his mouth.

Mr. Bywash's mind fixed on the revolver that had been pointed at him. He knew which pocket it was in. If he could get that. . . . The light table was so small that its further end was well beneath Mr. Wilks's thighs, and Mr. Wilks's chair was slightly tilted on its back legs. If he gave one great heave from beneath the table . . . and then a dash and a grab for the revolver while the man was sprawling . . . if he did that . . . if he could . . . if he dared. . . .

Ten minutes passed. He went back into the court, and the court re-assembled to hear him.

THE DEFENDANT: My Lords, my Lords, it's like this. You see, if I *did* attack him, what could I possibly *do?* I'm ready to try. I'm perfectly ready to do it. I swear I am. But what earthly good could I do? Anyone looking at me and looking at him would say it would be grotesque and useless folly. In two minutes I should be killed. My Lords, my Lords, isn't that the fact? Isn't that *true?* What earthly good? In two minutes I should be killed.

THE ARBITERS: Be killed, then.

The Defendant covered his face with his hands and bowed, as beneath an insupportable weight, to the ground.

THE ARBITERS (*unmoved*): Be killed, then.

From the Defendant, prone upon the ground, no word.

THE ARBITERS: Be killed, then. That will save her.

THE DEFENDANT (*screaming*): How? How? How can it save her?

THE ARBITERS: Attend. You have never faced truth in your life. You are facing it now. You have always argued yourself out of every danger. You now cannot argue yourself out. Be killed. It will save her. If you are killed he will have murdered you. He will flee for his life. He will never dare to come near her again. She will be free of him for ever. You have five minutes, Bywash.

The court withdrew, and left Mr. Bywash.

IX.

He thought, "on stepping stones . . . of their dead selves . . . One quick moment and it will all be over. At once. If I don't do it at once . . . ."

He put his hands beneath the table. He sprang upright and hurled the table up and back. He flung himself upon the sprawling, cursing body, and dived, and thrust in his hand and got it—the revolver. He was clutched and overthrown. They were somehow upon their feet. The revolver was in his right hand. The left hand of Mr. Wilks was upon it. The other hand was at his throat, throttling him.

This is what happened.

The revolver was muzzle upwards in their united grasp between them. They held it elbow to elbow, forearm to forearm, wrist to wrist, knuckle to knuckle. It was poised between them, and, like the dial of a pressure-gauge, moved now to this side, now to that, now tensely quivered at the apex of its movement. Sometimes it went a little nearer Mr. Wilks's chin, sometimes a little nearer the chin of Mr. Bywash, sometimes trembled almost at rest midway between them.

Mr. Bywash's face was black with the pressure of Mr. Wilks's fingers upon his throat. But while the eyes of Mr. Wilks bulged with fear and with savagery as he strove for possession of the weapon, the eyes of Mr. Bywash shone with an intense and an extraordinary light. The deep waters of death were about him, and he knew himself descending into death; but he might have said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And he felt his strength going, and knew the end was upon him; but he might have said, "Grave, where is thy victory?"

An enormous exaltation of mind was his. There was a great roaring in his ears, but it was to him as the clamour of many voices acclaiming him. He relaxed his arm, and the pistol came with a thud to his neck and was discharged.

He collapsed at the knees in the arms of Mr. Wilks. He collapsed at the waist and fell away in the arms of Mr. Wilks, his head hanging.

Mr. Wilks stared with starting eyes upon his face. Mr. Wilks said terribly, "My God! My God!"

He dropped the body of Hector Bywash, and stood away and stared in terror. He turned and rushed from the house. A cab was drawing up at the door. The driver shouted. Mr. Wilks put up his arms to hide his face, and turned in the other direction and fled down the road.

A small sigh passed from the lips of Mr. Bywash, and there tinkled from the adjoining room:—

"Some talk of Alexander and some of Hercules,
Of HECTOR and Lysander, and such great names as these."

So, to that threnody, he passed over; and it was, perhaps, as he had wished, that all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.

THE END

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A Little Child is Born To-night.

"JESU! Behold the wise from far,
Led to Thy Cradle by a star,
Bring gifts to Thee, their King;
O guide us by Thy Light, that we
The Way may find, and so to Thee
Ourselves for tribute bring."—JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

♩. = 60 *Moderato. mf* *mf* QUARTET.

1. A lit - tle Child is born to-night, And
2. A lit - tle Child is born to-night, And
3. A lit - tle Child is born to-night, To

cres.

He shall lead His own . . To end-less day, to glo - ry bright, To lands of ev - er - last - ing light, And
Shepherds haste to see . . . Their God and King in in - fant form, And wor-ship with their true hearts warm, The
hearts for long years lone . . To An - na, wi - dow, Simeon, sage, Their Star of childhood, joy of age, For

cres.

dim. *f* CHORUS.

to our Fa - ther's throne. A lit - tle Child is born to-night, And in the star - ry sky, . . To
Christ on bend - ed knee. . A lit - tle Child is born to-night, And Wise Men from a - far, . . . Are
ev - er - more their own. . . A lit - tle Child is born to-night, O come ye, one and all, . . . And

dim. *f*

cres.

Him the An - gels ca - rols bring; "Good will and peace to men," they sing, "All praise to God on high, . *ff* All
fol - low-ing that wond'rous light, That glow-eth in the heav'nly height The Saviour's morning star, . *ff* The
hail in faith, and hope, and love, The Child Who left His throne a-bove, To lie in low - ly stall, . *mf* To

cres.

Dal S

praise to . . God . . on high."
Sa - viour's morn - ing star.
lie in . . low - ly stall.

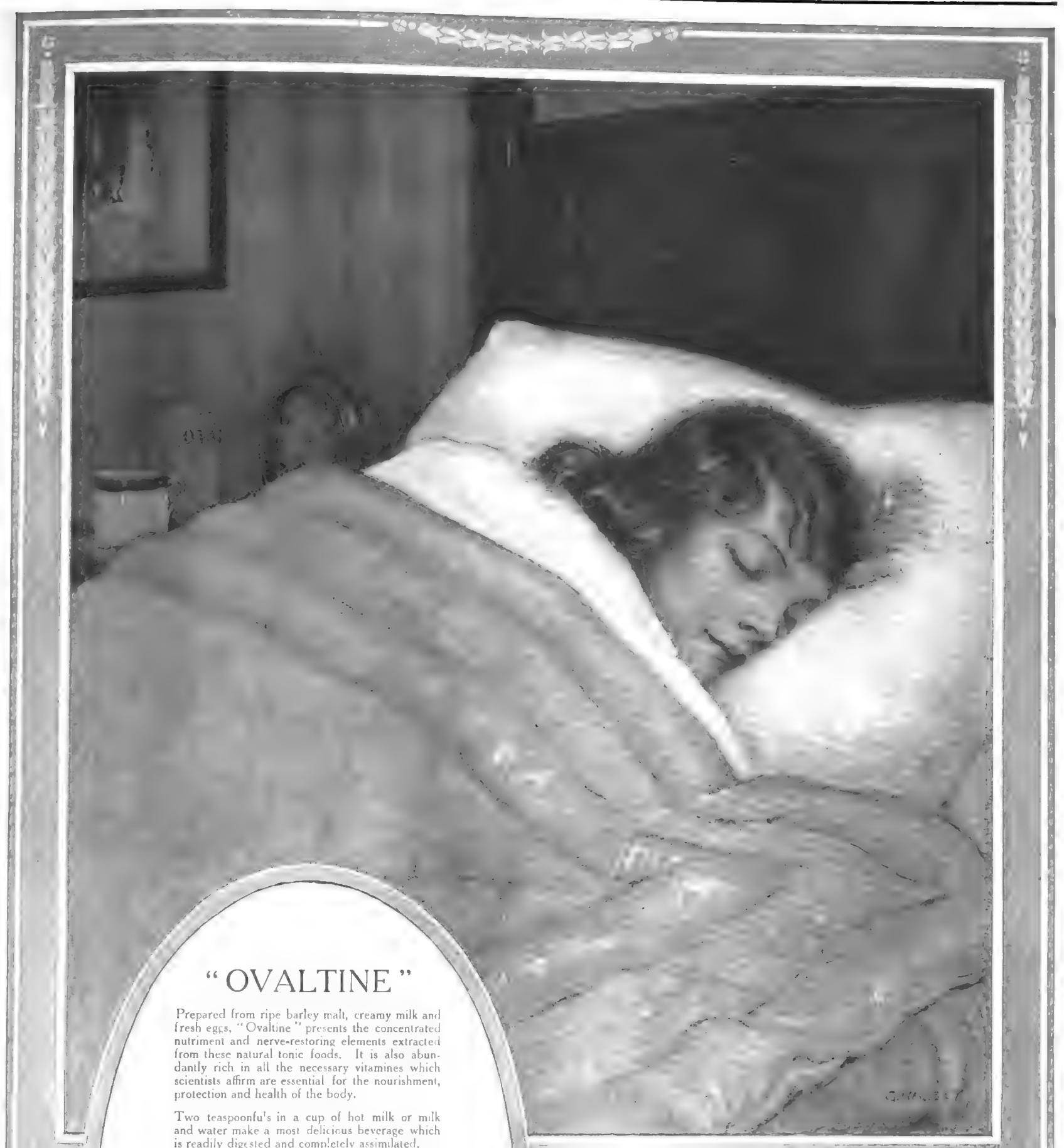
mf

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Written by William T. Brooke

Music by Arthur Henry Brown

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"OVALTINE"

Prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, "Ovaltine" presents the concentrated nutriment and nerve-restoring elements extracted from these natural tonic foods. It is also abundantly rich in all the necessary vitamines which scientists affirm are essential for the nourishment, protection and health of the body.

Two teaspoonfu'ls in a cup of hot milk or milk and water make a most delicious beverage which is readily digested and completely assimilated.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

"Ovaltine" is also a valuable source of strength, giving health and vitality and restoring in fatigue. It is specially recommended for convalescents, nursing mothers, fast-growing children, and at times of severe bodily or mental strain.

"Ovaltine" is obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in the United Kingdom at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

It is economical to purchase the larger-sized tins.

A. WANDER, LIMITED
45, Cowcross St., London, E.C.1
Works: King's Langley, Hertfordshire

P. 153

Sound Sleep

Sleeplessness is frequently due to nervous debility and digestive unrest. "Ovaltine" is rich in those elements which restore the nerves and correct digestion. Taken just before retiring, a cupful of "Ovaltine" promotes sound and refreshing slumber.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

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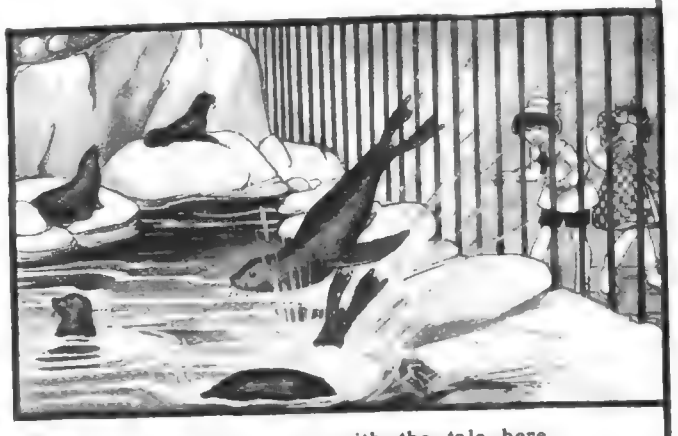
THE CHILDREN'S CHRISTMAS PAGE.

A Competition for the Holidays

Who Can Write the Best Story About these Pictures?



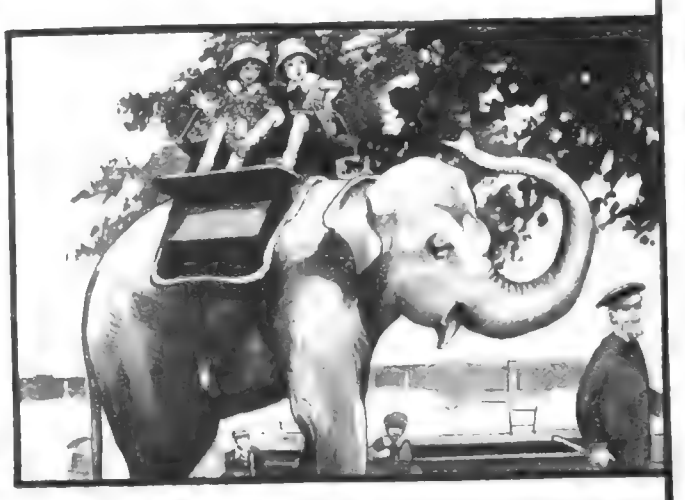
(1) Here is where you start the story



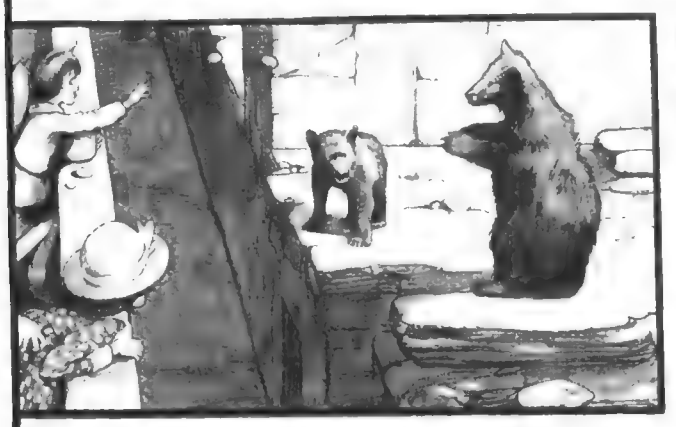
(2) You then go on with the tale here



(3) Whatever is happening here? You must tell us



(4) This elephant has an interesting name, of course



(5) These two animals have to come into the story



(6) And here at last we approach the end

You get some nice clean sheets of paper and lay them out in front of you.

Then you get a clean pen with which you can write clearly.

And then you make a clean, spotless copy of your story.

You may have written it out at first on scraps of paper with a pencil, but before sending it to the Editor you will copy it out neatly.

Below you will find where to send your story and how much will be given as prizes.

A STORY WITHOUT WORDS

Six prizes for young folks who write the best stories from these pictures by Helen Jacobs

Six prizes will be awarded for the best short stories descriptive of the pictures given on this page. It will be noticed that they are numbered from one to six. That is the order in which the pictures run. The story, which deals with the adventures of two little friends, begins in the top left-hand corner. All children under the age of fourteen are eligible for the competition, which must be their own unaided work. The story must be written in ink on one side of the paper only, and must be addressed to the Editor of "The Sphere," Christmas Story Competition, Great New Street, London, E.C.4. The coupon found on another page must be attached to the first sheet. The name and age of the competitor must be clearly written at the top of the first page. The stories will be judged according to the ages of the competitors: (1) those between twelve and fourteen years; (2) those between ten and twelve years; (3) those under ten years. Prizes of half-a-guinea and five shillings will be given to the winners in each section. All stories must arrive at the office before January 8, the results being announced in "The Sphere" before the holidays are over. The decision of the Editor in all cases is final

The prizes are as follow:—

First Section, ages 12-14

First prize, 10s. 6d.
Second prize, 5s.

Second Section, ages 10-12

First prize, 10s. 6d.
Second prize, 5s.

Third Section, ages under 10

First prize, 10s. 6d.
Second prize, 5s.

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BIRD'S CUSTARD is the "Heart's Desire" of every child. During nearly ninety years the grandparents and mothers and fathers of the present generation have, each in their turn, loved creamy Bird's Custard and thrived upon it.

Its rich store of nutriment places Bird's Custard in the forefront for the children's welfare. Besides being a delicious treat, the body-building nourishment in BIRD'S supplies plentifully the needs of those who are growing rapidly.

BIRD'S CUSTARD

adds 25% to the calorific value of the milk with which it is prepared; both children and adults gain to this extent at every meal when Bird's Custard is served.

Whether it be for everyday use, or for a festive occasion, Bird's Custard can always be made in a moment. It is the most delicious Hot Sauce for Christmas Pudding, and Mince Pies taste twice as good when served with it.

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Twink Colours for Christmas Festivities

"ORANGES and Lemons," chant the children, as if in joyous acclamation of two of the lovely Twink shades—Tangerine and Yellow! The Christmas festivities are all a tribute to the beauty and gaiety of colour; the children love the cheery decorations, the gay lights, and best of all, the party frocks of every hue. It is so easy to keep frocks bright and fresh, for Twink will dye them safely and delightfully.

There are twenty-four shades of Twink—every one exquisite. With Twink every garment can be kept fresh to the end.

Of all Chemists, Grocers, Stores, Oilmen, Chandlers, etc.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

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In the following [illegible] delightful shades:—

Navy Blue
Light Navy
Saxe Blue
Royal Blue
Pale Blue
Shell Pink
Salmon Pink
Old Rose
Rust Red
Reseda
Lilac
Wine
Purple
Old Gold
Grey
Black
Geranium Red
Pillar Box Red
Nigger Brown
Tabac Brown
Daffodil Yellow
Tangerine
Grass Green
Jade Green

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Drawn by W. M. Fryer

AROUND THE FIRESIDE.

The Mistletoe Bough

As they paddled along in a nook,
She said faintly: "Why, Algernon, look!
In that oak I declare—
I see mistletoe there!"
. . .
And the crew fished them out with a hook.

A Good Wish

Merry Christmas to friends! Merry Christmas to foes!
The world's bright with joy, so forget all your woes.
The earth's full of beauty, of love and good cheer—
Merry Christmas to all, and a Happy New Year!

A Birthday Gift

What can I give Him?
Poor as I am!
If I were a shepherd
I would bring a lamb,
If I were a wise man
I would do my part—
Yet what I can I give Him:
Give my heart.

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

How Could He?

They were arguing about the alleged inborn strain of deceitfulness in woman, and she retaliated by citing the instances of men deceiving their wives.

"I suppose," said he, "that you hold that a man should never deceive his wife."

"Oh, no!" she smiled back at him. "I shouldn't go so far as that. How would it be possible for the average man to get a wife if he didn't deceive her?"

Natural Enough

"That is an eight-day clock, madam," explained the antique dealer to a Christmas purchaser from the country. "It will go eight days without winding."

"Gracious!" exclaimed the customer, "and how long will it go if you wind it?"

From Clubland

A clubman who had just returned from India began to expound on the subject of his adventures. "Just fancy!" he said. "Less than six weeks ago I saw a man-eating tiger in the jungle of Bengal." "Oh, did you?" replied a member, looking over his paper. "I saw a man eating rabbit in Brighton less than a week ago."

A Christmas Secret

Christmas is a time of secrets,
So I'll whisper one to you;
Grandpa says that all who try it
Find that every word is true:
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

Grandpa says this little secret
Should be carried through the year,
And if all would try to heed it,
Earth would soon be full of cheer:
"Would you have a happy day?
Give some happiness away."

What he Wanted

He went into a shop to buy his friend a comb for Christmas. He was a precise man and careful of his grammar and of other folk's grammar. He asked for a man's comb.

"Do you want a narrow man's comb?" asked the clerk.

"No," said the careful grammarian, "I want a comb for a stout man with rubber teeth."

Two Dreadful Stories

At a Christmas dinner for the newsboys one of the sturdy lads was urged to take a third piece of pie. He thought a moment, then nodded, and said:

"I guess I can manage it if I stand up."

"Wouldn't you like another piece of cake, dear?" asked the good lady of the urchin at the end of the Christmas dinner.

"No'm, I guess not," said the boy dubiously. "I could chew it, but I couldn't swallow it."

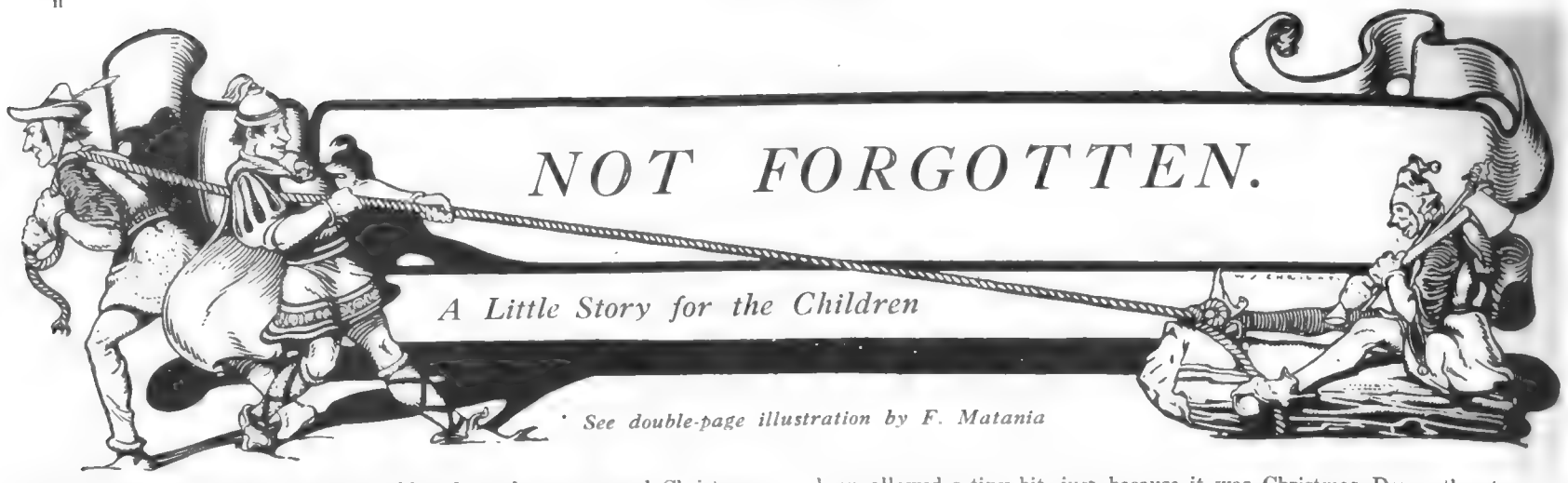
A Kiss and a Smile

A kiss is a coral bridge over the river of Love from the cidadel of one heart to that of another, crossed by Cupid only. A smile, according to a youthful observer, is a laugh that cracks one's face without breaking it open.

Swimming in Cream

Little Willie ate very heartily of plum pudding. When he retired to bed he dreamed he was nearly up to the waist in a morass of chocolate. It rose high above his boots, and actually touched his knickerbockers once or twice. He made a desperate effort. Throwing out his arm, he caught hold of a post. It snapped off. It was sugar candy. Floundering on, he seized a rope. It was a banana, endlessly long. He climbed and climbed, and had nearly reached the top when his strength weakened. He slipped right down again—into a bowl of cream, round the edge of which sat great cats lapping. They made such waves that Willie was almost drowned. He struck out bravely for the edge of the lake. "If I can only reach that hilly country," he panted. The ground was hot under his feet, and there was burning red lava all round him. He looked down. He was standing on a jam tart of incalculable size. His feet were slipping. . . . BANG! He was on the floor beside his bed.

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NOT FORGOTTEN.

A Little Story for the Children

See double-page illustration by F. Matania

It was very sad to be nearly eight years old and yet have to spend Christmas Day in bed. At least, that is what little Daisy Clark thought when she woke up and saw the grey light of the dawn creeping into the room. It was not very cheering either to remember it was all her own fault. She had been going through the park with a message to the cook at the great house, and had seen the lake all shimmering with ice. Mother had told her the ice was not safe, but it did look so tempting, and she had just seen Tom Jones, the butcher's boy, slide all the way across the middle. Surely if she kept along the edge by the trees it would be quite all right, for Daisy was not old enough to know that that was just the most dangerous part.

She didn't remember very clearly how it all happened. She had heard a big crack, had caught hold of a branch, which had snapped, and she had fallen right through the ice. Fortunately her cries had reached Tom Jones, who had not gone very far, and he and one of the gardeners had managed to get little Daisy out safely. But that was nearly three whole weeks ago, and she was still in bed. She was much better, but the doctor would not let her get up, as she had managed to hurt her leg in falling, and it was all in some horrid plaster stuff.

Daisy and her mother lived in a cottage not far from the park gates. Her father had been one of the gamekeepers, but he had gone out to France to fight as a soldier when Daisy was very young, and he had never come back. Mother had told Daisy that he had been very brave, and that she must be very proud of her daddy, who had been given a bronze cross because he had saved the lives of lots of people.

It was a nice cottage they lived in, a pretty old one, with roses all over it in summer time. It had a big kitchen, with a jolly large fire in the winter, where Daisy used to love to roast chestnuts. Her bed had been moved into the kitchen since she had been ill, as it was so dull for her in her own little room. She could see all the people who went by, and sometimes they would come in and talk to her, and mother could tell her stories while she was working.

But still, it was sad to think she would not be able to go to the village hall for the party Lady Angela was giving to all the children. There was to be tea first, then games, and, last of all, a Christmas Tree, with presents for everyone. Daisy couldn't help thinking of this party when she saw some little children going by the garden gate on their way to the hall. She had had quite a pleasant morning in spite of being in bed, for she had found a stocking stuffed with little things, and there had been a good dinner with plum-pudding, of which she had been allowed a tiny bit, just because it was Christmas Day; otherwise, mother had said "curranty" puddings weren't really good for little girls in bed. So she had almost forgotten the party till mother had gone to get tidy for tea, and then she had seen her little friends passing the window.

It was a very cold day—the ground was covered with snow, so that you couldn't hear anything on the road. That is why Daisy didn't hear the car from the park stop at the cottage gate. Besides, she had been feeling a little bit sleepy—after the plum-pudding perhaps—and it was quite a surprise when there came a knock at the door, and a burst of children's voices came suddenly through the door.

"Merry Christmas, Mrs. Clark, and may we see Daisy?—we've brought her some presents. Hullo, Daisy, we are on our way to the hall, and Mummie says she is so sorry you cannot be there. She has sent you this," holding out a large mysterious parcel. "This Teddy Bear isn't for you, you're too big, Daisy, it's for Mrs. Smith's little boy, who's got whooping cough or something, and we're going to leave it at the door."

"I've brought you this scooter from Daddy," piped Tony from the foot of the bed. He was a great friend of Daisy, who used often to be up at the big house and play games with the children.

"Daddy says he hopes you'll soon be strong enough to use it. . . . We got it for you ever so long ago when we were up in London. It's been a secret!"

"Tony's always been wanting to tell you about it," said Pamela.

"Till we squashed him," said Jim cheerfully. "He's not very good at keeping secrets—but then he is only five, and it's a job to keep secrets when you're very little, isn't it, Mrs. Clark?"

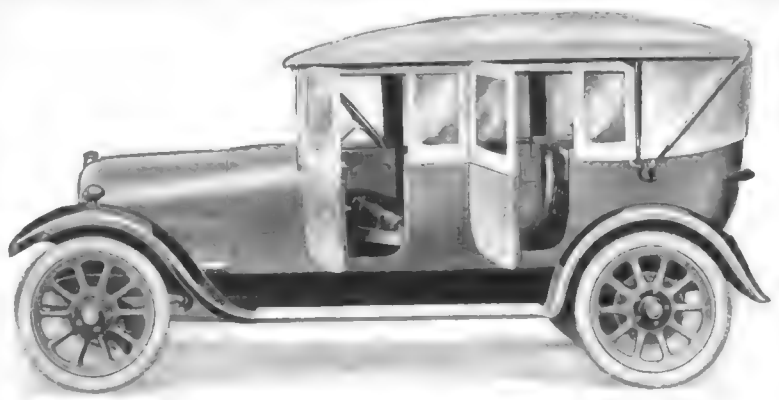
"The doll is from me," said Pamela. "Nannie and Mummie made most of the clothes, but I helped with the petticoat—and all the things take off."

"The chocolates are from Tony and me," said Jim.

"I had a loose tooth," said Tony, "and that helped, 'cos I got a whole shilling for pulling it out myself—and it didn't hurt much."

"Sorry we can't stay any longer, Daisy, but we promised Mummie we'd only be a minute, as she is waiting for us." . . .

"Well, you are a lucky girl, Daisy," said Mrs. Clark, after she had seen the little visitors down to the gate. "Not many little girls have such lovely presents as these. You've not been able to go to the party, but you've not been forgotten."



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BOVRIL

Mummie, Don't forget MY Sinking Feeling



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A FEW CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.

Pushing it Too Far

"Papa," said Freddie, "what is a fortification?"

"Why, a big fort," replied his father.

"Well, papa, is a ratification a big——"

"I am busy now, dear," replied father, as he escaped.

Not the Real Thing

As usual, they began discussing the play after the theatre. "Well, how do you like the piece, my dear?" asked the fond husband, who had always found his wife a good critic.

"Very much. There's only one improbable thing in it; the second act takes place two years after the first, and they have the same servant."

Just Before Christmas

MRS. NEWLYWED (*weeping*): Henry, I am sure I have grounds for a divorce! I am positive that you have deceived me!

MR. NEWLYWED: What in the world do you mean? What have I done to arouse such a foolish suspicion?

MRS. NEWLYWED (*weeping harder*): I — saw a memorandum in your pocket this morning to—to buy some new ribbons for your typewriter!

Preparing for the Worst

Both boys had been rude to their mother. She put them to bed earlier than usual, and then complained to their father about them. So he started up the stairway, and they heard him coming.

"Here comes papa," said Maurice. "I am going to make believe I am asleep."

"I'm not," said Harry. "I'm going to get up and put something on."

She Had a Natural Advantage

At an evening party the guests were asked to take part in a game in which everybody was to make a face, the one who made the worst face to win the prize. It seemed as if all did their worst. Then the judge went up to one woman who was sitting off in one corner.

"Madam," said he, "I think you have won the prize. Allow me to——"

"Excuse me," she said haughtily, "I wasn't playing!"

When Her Hat Came Off

Her hat obscured his view at the theatre, and in a kindly voice he leaned forward and asked if it would be possible for her to remove it.

A stiffening of the head was the only answer. After a few moments he repeated his request. Then she turned on him.

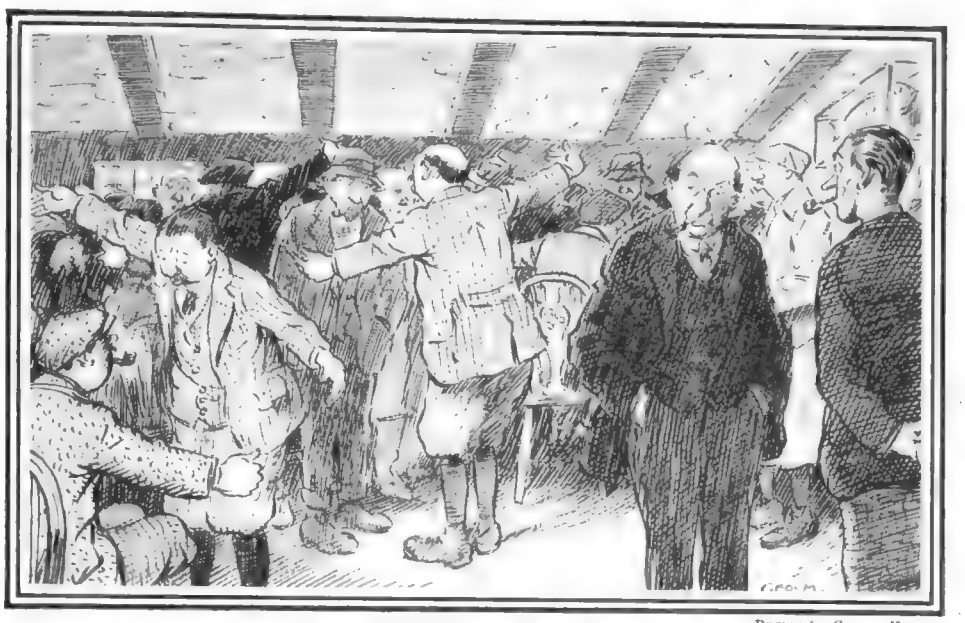
"There is no demand for my doing so," she said.

"No demand!" he echoed.

Then he rolled his overcoat and placed it on his seat, sat on it, and getting his hat from under the seat, placed it on his head.

In a moment there was a cry of "Take it off. Take that hat off."

And with a swift movement the lady unfastened her hat pins and removed her hat. So did the man.



Drawn by George Morrow

At the Sign of the Jolly Angler

VISITOR: Who has caught the biggest fish to day?
CYNICAL CLUB MEMBER: I'm not certain. But I *think* it's the man with the longest arms.

The Doctor's Dilemma

A new physician in a small town got himself into a serious predicament soon after his arrival by his inability to remember names and people. One day, while making out a patient's receipt, his visitor's name completely escaped him. But not wishing to appear so forgetful, and thinking to get a clue, he asked her whether she spelled her name with an "e" or an "i."

The lady blushed, and replied, "Why, Doctor, my name is Hill."

A Case of Mutual Application

Mr. Wood, a man very fond of playing jokes, met his friend, Mr. Stone, and at once inquired jocosely:—

"Merry Christmas, Stone. How are Mrs. Stone and all the little pebbles?"

"Fine," said Mr. Stone. "All well, thank you," and then, with a twinkle in his eye, "How are Mrs. Wood and all the little splinters?"



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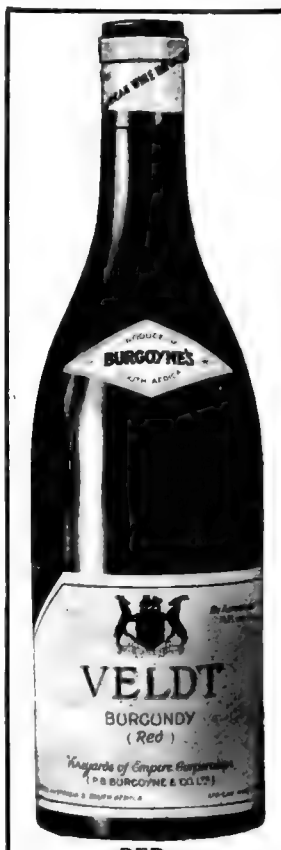
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On Christmas Afternoon—Jean Teaches the Docile Bob to Sing a Duet with Her in the Garden

Jean, who is the little daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Heaton, has taken it into her head to teach the heathen Bob the rudiments of music. She therefore lures him into the garden and plays on her trumpet whilst Bob obligingly runs up and down the scale

At Mother's Knee

One night at bedtime, while Willie was being undressed, his mother said to him: "I hope you were a good little boy while at your aunt's, and didn't tell any stories."

"No, I didn't," he said, "only the one you put me up to, mamma."

"Why, what do you mean, child?"

"Well, you see, auntie asked me if I'd like to have a second piece of cake, and I said: 'No, thank you; I've had enough'—just as you said."

He Was Right

The usual crowd of small boys was gathered about the entrance of a circus tent in a small town one day, pushing and trying to get a glimpse of the interior. A man standing near watched them for a few moments, then walking up to the ticket-taker, he said with an air of authority: "Let all these boys in, and count them as they pass."

The gateman did as requested, and when the last one had gone he turned and said, "Twenty-eight, sir."

"Good," said the man, smiling as he walked away, "I thought I guessed right."

Mixed It

A progressive father determined to teach his little son, Freddie, the alphabet by a new method. The lesson began thus:—

"F for Freddie," said the father.

"F for Freddie," repeated the little one.

"M for me," said the father.

"M for you," said Freddie.

"No, Y for you," said the father.

"No, F for me," said Freddie.

The lesson was then given up, and the father intends to have the usual "A was an archer," etc., next time.

What Happened in the Lift

A child who lives in the suburbs went to the city shopping with her mother for the first time. She had never been in a lift before.

"How did you like it?" said the father.

"Why, it was so funny, papa," answered the child. "We went into a little house, and the upstairs came down."

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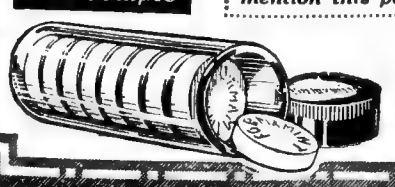
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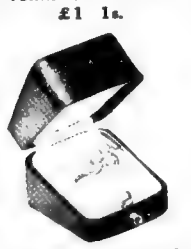
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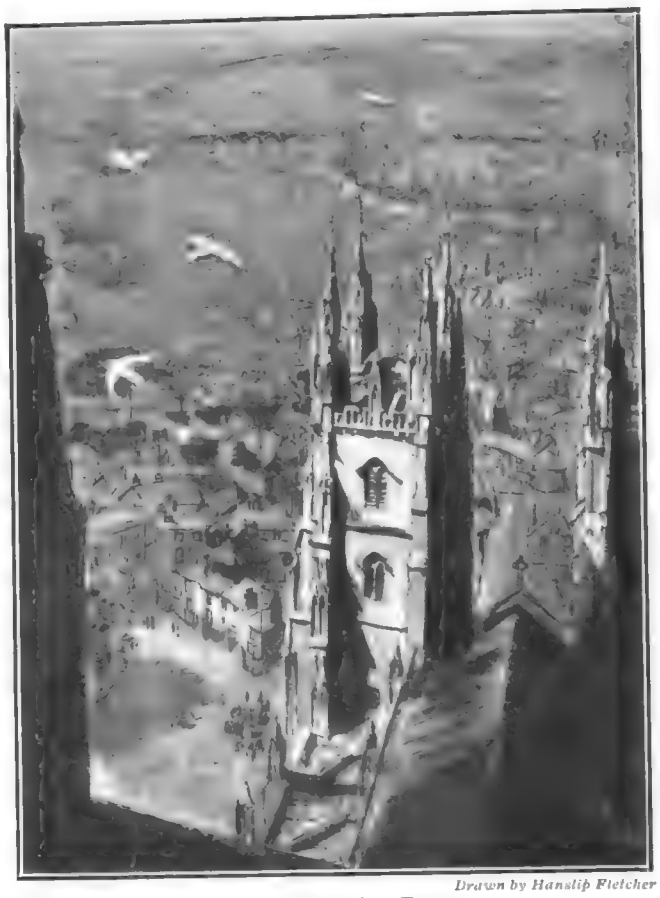
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THE WIND THROUGH THE AISLES.

From "The Chimes." By Charles Dickens

The night-wind has a dismal trick of wandering round and round a building of that sort, and moaning as it goes, and of trying with its unseen hand the windows and the doors and seeking out some crevices by which to enter. And when it has got in, as one not finding what it seeks, whatever that may be, it wails and howls to issue forth again, and, not content with stalking through the aisles and gliding round and round the pillars and tempting the deep organ, soars up to the roof and strives to rend the rafters, then flings itself despairingly upon the stones below and passes muttering into the vaults. Anon, it comes up stealthily and creeps along the walls, seeming to read in whispers the Inscriptions sacred to the Dead. At some of these it breaks out shrilly, as with laughter, and at others moans and cries as if it were lamenting. It has a ghostly sound too, lingering within the altar, where it seems to chaunt, in its mild way, of Wrong and Murder done and false gods worshipped, in defiance of the Tables of the Law, which look so fair and smooth, but are so flawed and broken. Ugh! Heaven preserve us, sitting snugly round the fire! It has an awful voice, that wind at Midnight, singing in a church!

But high up in the steeple! There the foul blast roars and whistles! High up in the steeple, where it is free to come and go through many an airy arch and loophole and to twist and twine itself about the giddy stair and twirl the groaning weathercock and make the very tower shake and shiver! High up in the steeple, where the belfry is, and iron rails are ragged with rust, and sheets of lead and copper, shrivelled by the changing weather, crackle and heave beneath the unaccustomed tread, and birds stuff shabby nests into corners of old oaken joists and beams, and dust grows old and grey, and speckled spiders, indolent and fat with long security, swing idly to and fro in the vibration of the Bells, and never loose their hold upon their thread-spun castles in the air or climb up sailor-like in quick alarm, or drop upon the ground and ply a score of nimble legs to save a life! High up in the steeple of an old church, far above the light and murmur of the town and far below the flying clouds that shadow it, is the wild and dreary place at night; and high up in the steeple of an old church dwelt the Chimes I tell of.



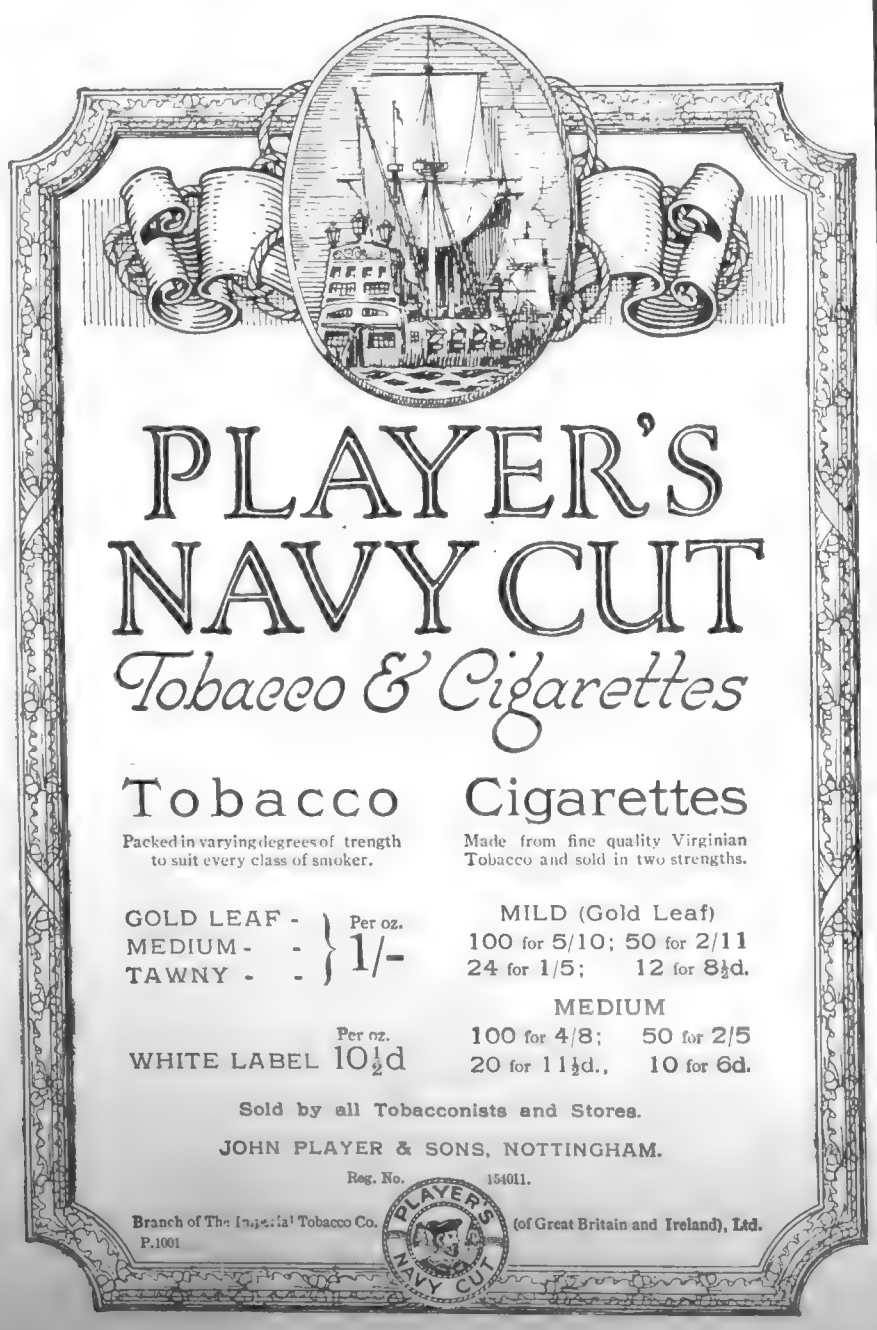
Drawn by Hanslip Fletcher

High Above the Town

A study from Canterbury's bell tower

They were old Chimes, trust me. Centuries ago, these Bells had been baptised by bishops; so many centuries ago that the register of their baptism was lost, long ago before the memory of man, and no one knew their names. They had had their Godfathers and Godmothers, these Bells (for my own part, by the way, I would rather incur the responsibility of being Godfather to a Bell than a Boy); and had had their silver mugs, no doubt, besides. But Time had mowed down their sponsors, and Henry the Eighth had melted down their mugs, and now they hung, nameless and mugless, in the church tower.

Not speechless though. Far from it. They had clear, loud, lusty, sounding voices, had these Bells; and far and wide they might be heard upon the wind. Much too sturdy Chimes were they to be dependent on the pleasure of the wind, moreover; for, fighting gallantly against it when it took an adverse whim, they would pour their cheerful notes into a listening ear right royally; and bent on being heard on stormy nights by some poor mother watching a sick child, or some lone wife whose husband was at sea, they had been sometimes known to beat a blustering Nor'-Wester—aye, "all to fits," as Toby Veck said; for though they chose to call him Trotty Veck, his name was Toby, and nobody could make it anything else (except Tobias) without a special act of parliament.





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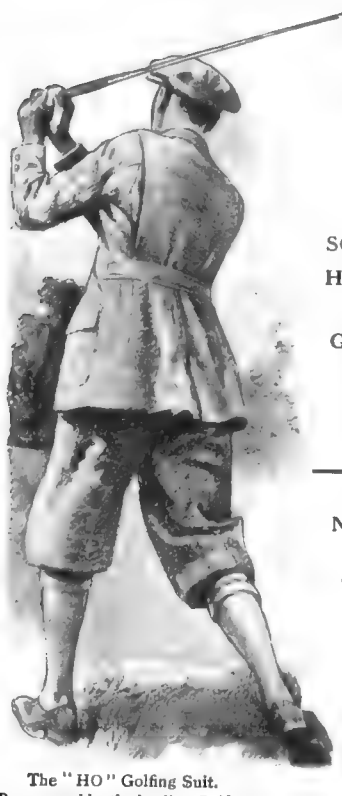
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HOW ST. NICHOLAS ARRIVED

From the Old Poem by Clement Clarke Moore

'TWAS the night before Christmas, when all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
The stockings were hung by the chimney with care
In hopes that Saint Nicholas soon would be there;
The children were nestled all snug in their beds,
While visions of sugar-plums danced in their heads;
And Mamma in her kerchief, and I in my cap,
Had just settled our brains for a long winter's nap—
When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed to see what was the matter.
Away to the window I flew like a flash,
Tore open the shutters and threw up the sash.



The moon on the breast of the new-fallen snow
Gave a lustre of mid-day to objects below:
When what to my wondering eyes should appear,
But a miniature sleigh and eight tiny reindeer,
With a little old driver, so lively and quick,
I knew in a moment it must be Saint Nick.
More rapid than eagles his coursers they came,
And he whistled and shouted, and called them by name:
"Now, Dasher! now, Dancer! now, Prancer and Vixen!
On, Comet! on, Cupid! on Donner and Blitzen."

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS

Verses from Famous Nativity Poems

A Herrick Ode to the Nativity

In numbers, and but these few,
I sing Thy Birth, O Jesu!
Thou pretty Baby, born here;
With sup'rabundant scorn here:
Who for Thy princely part here,
Hadst for Thy place
Of birth, a base
Out-stable for Thy court here.

Instead of neat enclosures
Of interwoven osiers,
Instead of fragrant posies,
Of daffodils and roses,
Thy cradle, kingly Stranger,
As Gospel tells,
Was nothing else
But here a homely manger.

Awake, Awake

Awake, glad heart! Get up and sing!
It is the birthday of thy King,
Awake! awake!
The sun doth shake,
Light from his locks, and, all the way
Breathing perfumes, doth spice the day.

I would I were some bird, or star,
Flutt'ring in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird should be
Shining or singing still to Thee.

—A Seventeenth-Century Nativity Poem, by Henry Vaughan.

A SONG OF CHRISTMAS

Sung by a Mother to her Little Babe

From a Rocking Hymn

The King of kings, when He was born,
Had not so much for outward ease;
By Him such dressings were not worn,
Nor such-like swaddling-clothes as these.
Sweet baby then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

The wants that He did then sustain
Have purchased wealth, my babe, for thee;
And by His torments and His pain
Thy rest and ease secured be.
My baby, then, forbear to weep;
Be still, my babe; sweet baby, sleep.

—George Wither.

Soft Little Hands are Feeling

Happy night at Bethlehem, soft little hands are feeling,
Feeling in the manger with the kine,
Little hands, and eyelids closed in sleep, while angels kneeling,
Mary mother, hymn the Babe divine.
Lo! All the wistful air, and earth, and sky,
Listen, listen to the gladness of the cry.

—Edward Thring, from "Hymn for the Nativity."

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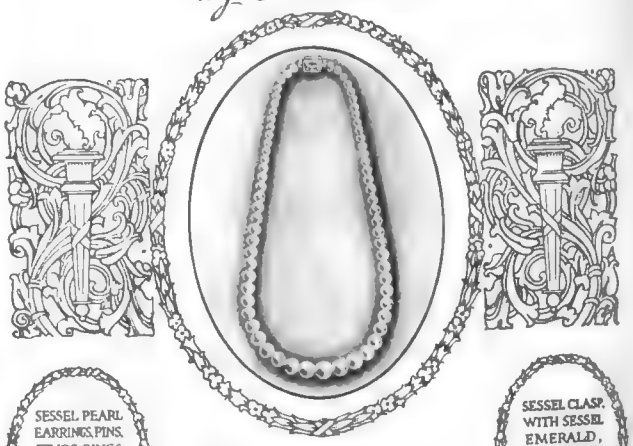
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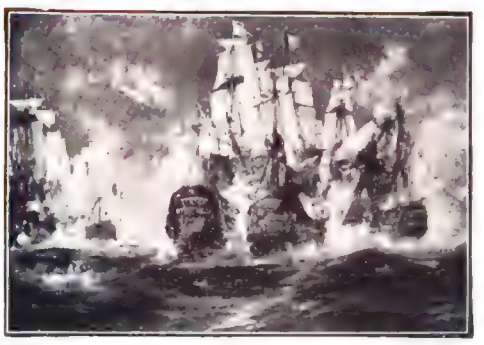
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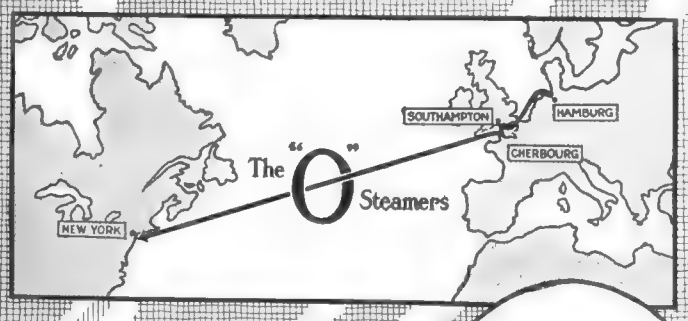
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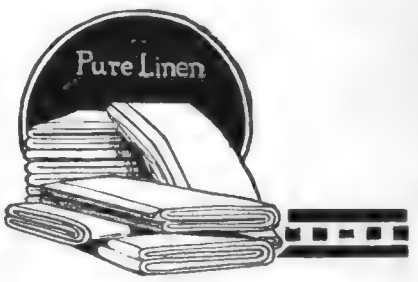
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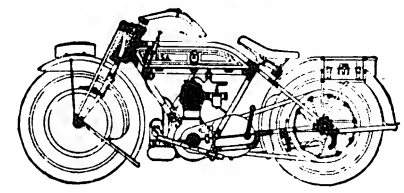
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A TALE OF LOST FRAGRANCE. By SYLVANIA.

Flower lovers are sad at heart because the flowers are losing their fragrance. Musk, which used to spill its showers of sweet-scented gold from every cottage window-sill in the West Country, is almost scentless now. The perfume of the fragrant "cherry-pie" is far fainter than it used to be, and some of the new roses and carnations have hardly any scent at all. These, at least, make up in gorgeousness for what they have lost in fragrance; they are magnificently big, they have splendid colours, perfect shapes, but a humble little pink, a common, old-fashioned cabbage rose is far, far sweeter-scented than they; they dazzle the eye, but the insignificant cottage flower calls to something deeper.

Nine people out of ten love flowers for the sake of their scent—they would rather have lavender and mignonette, modest flowers both, than the rarest orchid ever grown; they admire colour, too, but in their heart of hearts, the most perfect rose leaves them cold unless her perfection be set off by the true rose scent. And the tenth is an expert who is hypnotized by colour and size. But, as has been said, the flowers are all the more splendid for their loss; they flaunt themselves so gaily that they need no scent with which to draw you, for you must perforce stop and admire them—you may even yearn to transport their magnificence to your own humble garden, until you remember that there are beauties who demand too much service from their admirers. Besides, even while you admire you miss the fragrance.

There are people who say that humanity has gone the way of the flowers—that modern life, highly coloured as it is, has lost the fragrance of an older day. Chivalry, they say, is dead, courtesy gone out of fashion; young people fall into marriage and out again as casually as you take a 'bus down the Strand; love is laughed at, and the girl of to-day is like an exhibition rose, a lovely, brilliant thing that catches every eye, but yet lacks the sweetness of the one that grows as it may in the corner of some cottage garden.

Perhaps, in a sense, they are right, and these crowded, rushing days have no room in them for the smaller graces of life, for the courtesies and the compliments. There is no time to be stately and ceremonious, and dignity has long been at a discount; but, say the critics, a reaction is at hand. Woman has lengthened her skirts, heralding a Victorian revival; we are to see crinolines and bustles and poke bonnets; girls this winter will be as demure as they were daring last; poses will take the place of cigarettes. It will no longer be the correct thing to flout such shreds of convention as may yet remain to us, and paradoxical as it may sound, the most advanced maiden will be she who is most old-fashioned.

That is as it may be. Certain it is that man, and woman too, has discovered that colour cannot take the place of fragrance, and so, perhaps, the search for the lost charm has begun. Posies and demure frocks may help to win it back, but the pro-Victorians go too far when they prophesy a wholesale revival of the fashions and customs of sixty years ago. Tubes and 'buses, not to mention taxis, are sure safeguards against the wearing of crinolines, for instance, and even the most reactionary damsel is not going to risk appearing in elastic-sided boots, or take to swooning at the sight of a mouse. Nor does anybody want to see her do it, not even to recapture the fragrant charm that belonged—or so we love to think—to the ladies of days gone by.

THE PHEASANT'S SUCCESS

By A. R. Horwood, F.L.S.

Grouse and partridges have somewhat, as shooting records have since shown, belied the prospects expected for the "Twelfth" and "First." Grouse, as a whole, fulfilled expectation, but here and there unsuspected disease had carried off large numbers of birds late in the season, and partridges have shown a certain patchiness. Pheasants seldom fail to come up to expectation, or, at least, keepers' estimates are more reliable, for they know how many birds they turn down. There is a pretty general consensus of agreement as to their numbers on most estates this year, for they are generally said to be plentiful, and that is borne out by one's own observations.

Wild-bred birds have lately done as well as hand-reared birds, which, in view of the high cost of rearing, is an argument in favour of relying more largely upon them. In its native haunts the Caucasian pheasant, which originated from the banks of the River Rioni, frequents the wooded parts or slopes clothed with woods and flanked by thick swamps; these latter, pheasants are fond of visiting, finding there cover, food, and water.

A most extraordinary feature of the pheasant's history since its introduction into this country is the almost complete replacement of the old Caucasian black-necked bird by the ring-necked Chinese bird. The newcomer has ousted the original stock, alien as it was, and no doubt introduced by the Romans. These ring-necked birds, again, have been much mixed up by crossing with the Versicolour, Japanese, and other types of Asiatic pheasants, sometimes crosses with the magnificent golden and silver pheasants of our aviaries taking place. The old Caucasian bird was hand-reared in Henry VIII.'s time. He kept a French priest to breed pheasants for his special coverts. In tenth and eleventh century MSS. there are several references to the pheasant to show in what favour it was then held. Canons of Waltham Abbey were allowed one pheasant in lieu of a brace of partridges in their rations.



"Welcome Home to the Globe"

This amusing little sketch, by Mr. James Dale, shows Miss Marie Löhr and Mr. Anthony Prinsep (fresh from their triumphs in America) being greeted by Miss Vanbrugh and Mr. Dion Boucicault, whom they recently succeeded at the Globe Theatre

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, whose headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, are making strenuous efforts to complete the receipt of £25,000 for which they are appealing, to save any part of their work from being curtailed. The Society will reach its eightieth anniversary next April. In each decade since 1843 it has brought its methods and management up to date. From five boys and four girls, in the middle of last century, the accommodation has increased until to-day it is sheltering 1,100 lads and lasses. It is sorely straitened for funds. Nearly £10,000 has already been subscribed, and it is hoped that the remaining £15,000 will soon be forthcoming. This splendid work for the nation and Empire should surely meet with a liberal response.

PETER P.D. DAWSON'S
SCOTCH WHISKY
PERFECTION Old Scotch WHISKY SPECIAL
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The brand of historic lineage and world-wide popularity. Exquisitely old.
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You can make sure of enjoying good health if "Ovaltine" is your daily beverage instead of tea or coffee. This delicious food-beverage supplies a super-abundance of those food elements which are essential for the maintenance of strength and vitality.

"Ovaltine" contains the concentrated nutriment and health-giving properties extracted from Nature's Tonic Foods—ripe barley malt, creamy milk, fresh eggs and cocoa. One cup of "Ovaltine" supplies more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

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TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.

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Works: King's Langley.

P. 163

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The ASHFORD SHEEP SHOW : And Other Shows of the Week.

The Popular Kentish Show

The 26th Annual Show and Sale of Kent or Romney Marsh Rams (held under the auspices of the Kent Sheep Breeders' Society) took place at Ashford last week, when a magnificent and representative entry of 350 rams faced the judges. Most of the best flocks in the country were represented, and a keen struggle for honours was witnessed. Amongst those present and who watched the judging with keen interest were Sir Mark Collet, the Earl of Guilford, and Mr. Laurence Hardy. Lord Harris's challenge cup for the best shearling ram, bred and owned by the exhibitor, went to Mr. J. Egerton Quested, whose entry was a magnificent sheep of great quality and with excellent wool. This same gentleman carried off the Quested Challenge Cup for the best pen of five shearling rams, while the Singleton Cup for the best woolled ram also fell to him. The champion ram was Mr. Egerton Quested's shearling, and by winning this, besides taking every other first prize in the show, Mr. Quested created a record. Amongst other exhibitors were Messrs. L. and G. W. Finn, O. C. Millen, S. W. Millen, H. B. Amos, the Earl of Guilford, Lord Harris, and Mr. R. S. Strouts. There is no doubt that the popularity of this grand grass breed is increasing yearly.

The Ashbourne Shire Horse Show

There is no more popular event in a farmer's calendar than a horse show, and the Fortieth Shire Horse Show, held at Ashbourne recently, was no exception to the general rule. Many famous prize-winners were forward, and competition was exceptionally keen. In the class for Brood Mares with Foal at Foot, Mr. F. S. Freckleton led with his well-known matron, Pendley Lady, a really beautiful type of mare. Mares without foals had the famous Marden Evelyn 2nd, from Messrs. Bishop and Measures, leading. Another well-known filly, in Leek Pearl, from Sir Arthur Nicholson, won easily in the Yearling Filly class, and she shows great type and quality, and is very promising. Yearling colts gave Messrs. Bishop and Measures a win with Pendley Gold Mine, another good stamp of youngster. Three-year-olds had a nice sort in Mr. H. S. Tamburn's Burghfield Vanda in front. Altogether, it was a most successful show.



The Oldest Horse Fair in the North

This picture shows a view of the annual horse fair by the road-side at Brough, Northumberland, at which many north-country buyers were present



A Magnificent Ram at Ashford

The champion ram at the show, bred by Mr. J. Egerton Quested, being offered for auction at the show. It fetched seventy-five guineas at the sale



The Young Farmers' Club at Guildford

Members, after receiving their calves for rearing, at West Clandon, near Guildford. At the end of a stated period these calves are sold

Great Prices for Hackneys

Camilla Lacey, near Dorking, is world-famous for being the home of the well-known hackney stud of Mrs. Van Nievelt Van Hattum. This stud was recently dispersed, when it made the great average of £115 apiece. The highest prices of the day were paid by Mr. C. F. Kenyon (himself a noted hackney breeder, and the owner of the famous Bricket Fusilier). This gentleman paid 1,500 guineas for the stallion, Braishfield Fuse, and 500 guineas for Bricket Fuchsia. Mr. Robert Black gave 300 guineas for the stallion, Carleton Gay Fashion, while that famous show pony, Naughty Fire, made 925 guineas to Mr. J. W. G. Smith.

E. W. L.

'Period' Interiors by Harrods



With what skill Harrods can adapt to modern needs the classic decorative styles of old-time craftsmen is abundantly evidenced by the example here portrayed.

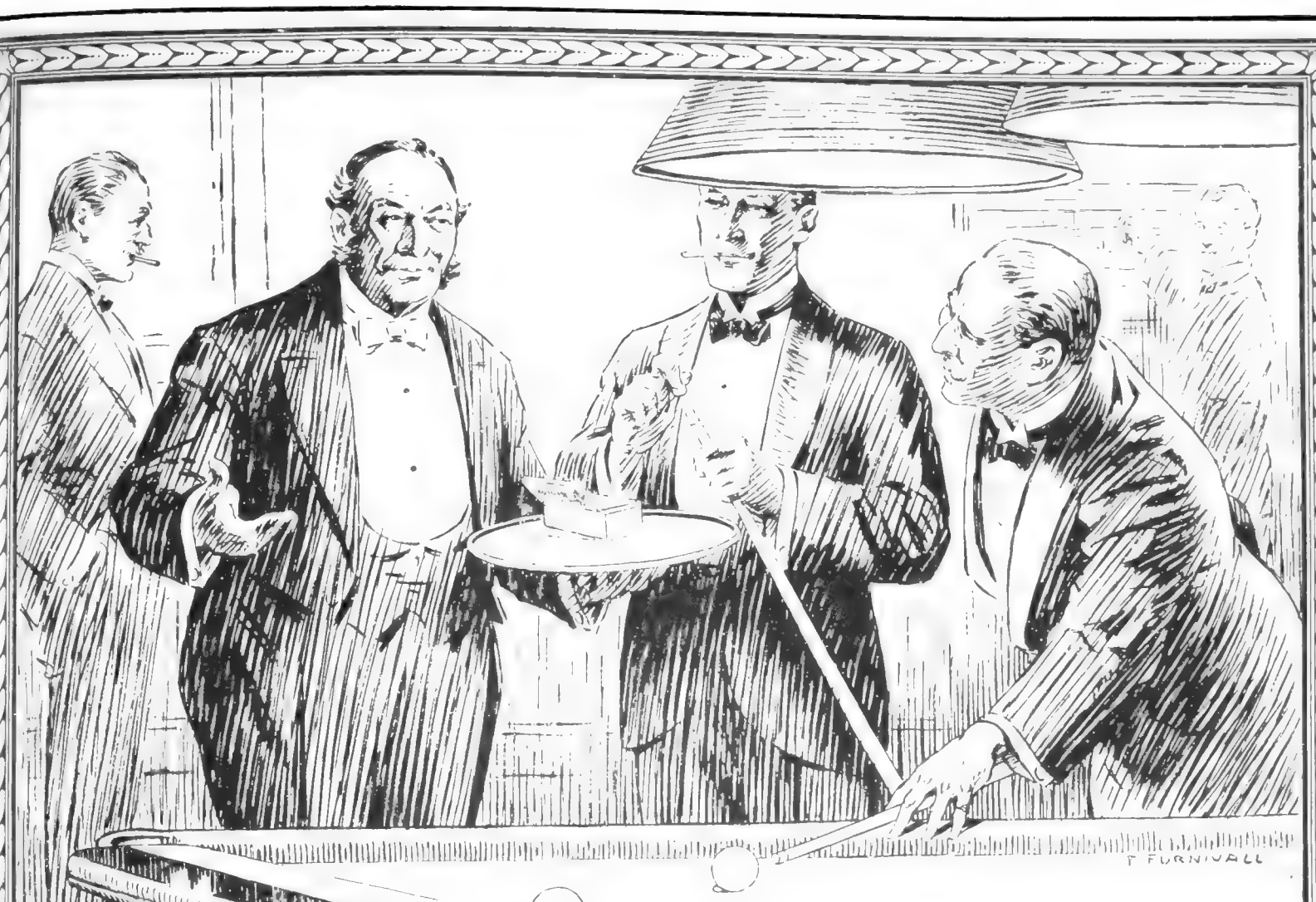
Executed in the style of William Kent, it is characteristic of the period about 1735. The simple lines and harmonious proportions of the panelling, all of which is in an old ivory shade, the restrained design of the cornice, the dignity of the chimney-piece—all contribute to a delightfully restful atmosphere.

Retaining their own staff of artists and skilled workers, Harrods undertake the execution of decorative schemes of all kinds, for a town flat or a country mansion, in 'period' or modern styles.

Complete drawings, prepared in Harrods own studios, and fullest estimates will be submitted if desired.

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Nothing "Left"

Perturbed Colonel: "By Jove, partner, they don't leave much."

Jenkyn: "No, sir, they never do."

Surprised Colonel: "What the——?"

Jenkyn: "Pardon me, sir, I thought you referred to the Kensitas. I've noticed, sir, that you gentlemen never *leave* much of Kensitas."

"Exactly, sir, for a very good reason, because all Kensitas, down to the last puff, are *always* . . . . . 'as good as really good cigarettes can be.'"

The TOBACCONIST who stocks Kensitas is a man of sound 'tobacco sense."—He is worth getting to know.

STANDARD SIZE
VIRGINIA
20 for 1/-
50 for 2/6 · 100 for 4/10
Extra Large Virginia
20 for 1/5
50 for 3/5 · 100 for 6/10

Only the choicest of prime, matured, rare golden Virginia leaf is used for Kensitas. They are skilfully blended, and carefully made. Packed by hand. Kensitas are made to a quality —not to a price.

Kensitas
Cigarettes

Manufacturers: J. WIX & SONS, LTD., 174-175-176 Piccadilly, W.1

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

It has been decided by the Lanchester Motor Company, Ltd., to reduce the price of the Lanchester 40-h.p. six-cylinder chassis from £1,950 to £1,800. The company point out that this reduction becomes possible by reason of the lower cost of manufacture. Notwithstanding this substantial reduction, the price still includes a most comprehensive and costly equipment in accessories.

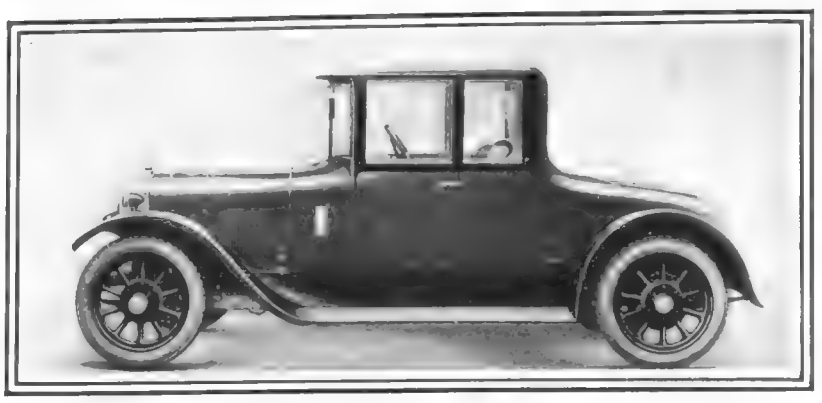
One of the most interesting items of trade news is the announcement by Crossleys of a new medium-powered car at a moderate price. Hitherto the public have known the Crossley by the larger models of 19·6 h.p. and 25 h.p., the prices of which have ranged from £895 upwards. These prices have been substantially lowered for next season.

Not content with widening their market by this big concession, the Crossley firm brings out a new model of 12 h.p. at the alluring price of £475. They will also have a wonderful sports model, rated at 20–70 h.p., which will keenly interest the connoisseur who likes a very fast, comfortable, and lively car on the best lines.

But our main interest now is the new 12–14 h.p. Crossley, as here we have a complete car of the four-seater touring type, sold by a first-grade maker at £475. I am glad to see that Messrs. Crossley provide an engine of ample size and power for this new model.

When it comes to supplying engine-power for a roomy, well-built, and comfortable four-seater car, it is unwise to fit a very small motor of low power. We can blame our stupid system of motor taxation for this stinting of engine size, and though the little engines are amazing in their efficiency, they are not fairly treated when they are set to move large cars with heavy loads.

The 12–14 Crossley is not a heavy car, but the chassis is wisely designed to take a roomy four-seater body which should provide very pleasant travelling for its full complement of passengers. The engine is of the four-cylinder type, and it has all the Crossley characteristics of clean designing and accessibility and simplicity.



A New Sunbeam Model—the 16-40-h.p. Three-quarter Coupé with Folding Head



The Mill Stream at Bosham, Sussex

In the important matter of lubrication we find that, as in the other Crossley cars, the same grade of oil can be used throughout the chassis, thus establishing a welcome simplicity. Grease caps are superseded by spring-cap lubricators fitted with wicks. Engine, transmission, springing, and other features of this new car have much to interest us, but at the moment I have not space to detail them.

It surprises me how few British cars carry a device like the Boyce motometer, though one sees it on many American cars. The purpose of the motometer is to give a visible indication of engine temperature to the driver of a car. The device consists of a special thermometer mounted on the filler cap of the radiator, and so arranged that the driver is warned of a rise in temperature before the water boils in the radiator. In the old days we took the boiling of the water in the radiator to be an incurable evil, and when hill-climbing it was thought to be an indication of earnestness on the part of the engine to steam like a railway locomotive. There was sad trouble later on, when the water boiled away and the engine went dry, and the surprising thing then was how hard it was to find water at times.

On the modern car the engine should not boil away its water, and any feverishness indicated by furious steaming is a symptom of trouble which should be inquired into at once. The Boyce motometer shows the normal temperature of the engine, and it indicates a serious rise in temperature many minutes before the driver might know of it otherwise. This device is marketed by the Benjamin Electric Company, Tariff Road, Tottenham, London, N.

Oct. 2, 1922.

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SOLIDS, PNEUMATICS and TUBES

For CYCLES
(all grades)

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CARS and LIGHT CARS
(Beaded-edge and Straight-side)

COMMERCIAL VEHICLES
(all types)

MANY SIZES AND TYPES ARE NOW BELOW PRE-WAR PRICES

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR PRICE LIST.

DUNLOP RUBBER CO. LTD.
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THE NEW

ROLLS-ROYCE 20 H.P.

SIX-CYLINDER CAR

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED are now prepared to accept orders by cablegram, telegram or letter for their new 20 h.p. six-cylinder car, produced to meet the demand for a car of moderate horse power, but of superlative design and manufacture. These cars possess all the essential qualities of a Rolls-Royce product and carry the same three years' guarantee as the world-famous 40/50 Rolls-Royce.

The following will shortly be ready for delivery :

CHASSIS - - -		Price £1,100
OPEN TOURING CAR (4 seats)	-	Price £1,590 complete
LANDAULET (6 seats) -	-	Price £1,745 complete
LIMOUSINE (6 seats) - -	-	Price £1,745 complete
ENCLOSED DRIVE CABRIOLET (4 seats—Owner Driven)	-	Price £1,880 complete
ENCLOSED DRIVE CABRIOLET (6 seats—Chauffeur Driven)	-	Price £1,900 complete

The prices of complete cars include self-starter, dynamo, battery, spare wheel and tyre, lamps, speedometer, clock, electric horn, wind horn, tool kit, lifting jack and mascot.

The 40/50 h.p. chassis will, as hitherto, be sold at £1,850 and will remain

THE BEST CAR IN THE WORLD.

Subject to the reservation of chassis for the internal requirements of the Company and its specially appointed retailers, allotments for delivery of each type will be made in strict rotation, which will be determined by the despatch time of a telegraphic order addressed to the Company or one of its specially appointed retailers. Orders, other than by telegram, will be dealt with according to the time of receipt. Orders will only be accepted subject to the Company's usual terms of business.

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Telegrams: "Rolhead, Piccy, London." *Telegrams: Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).*



Screw back

then push the new lead in at the point; Simplicity itself; The lead is firmly held in the patent friction grip. When you wish to write — a half turn of the screw cap brings out the lead—always pointed—immediately at your service.

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In all styles and sizes from 7/- upwards. If any difficulty in obtaining, write to :—

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The finest thin leads obtainable

2B Soft Black.
B Soft.
HB Soft Medium.
F Firm.
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2H Hard.
4H Extra Hard.

Of all Stationers, 1/- per Box.

Write us for free sample box.

VENUS No. 38

Who are NEEDLER'S?

NEEDLER'S are one of the few firms who make chocolate that *is*. In their model factory at Hull 1,200 persons are employed making chocolate from only the best selected grades of cocoa bean, *no substitutes whatever being used.* The delightful centres are also made only from the most delicious creams, caramels, choice fruits and nuts.

NEEDLER'S Chocolates are made and packed in lofty, airy rooms in a huge modern factory where cleanliness is the one strict rule—and they come to you as pure, dainty and delightful as you could wish.

In five of our leading assortments there are altogether sixty different varieties of delicious centres.

Select NEEDLER'S——
They're sure to please.

If you are unable to obtain Needler's Chocolates, kindly drop a card to

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HULL & LONDON

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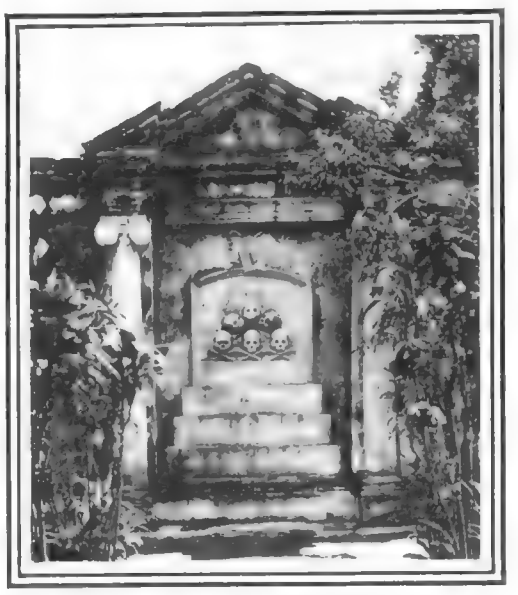
An Old-time Scene—The Old Berkeley Coach Encounters a Meet of the Old Berkeley Hounds near Amersham

A Meet of the Old Berkeley

The above picture shows the Old Berkeley coach, that has been running between Rickmansworth and Wendover, at a meet of the Old Berkeley Hounds a few days ago outside Shardeloes, Amersham, the residence of the master, Mr. E. Tyrwhitt-Drake (fourth from right). Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake is seen on foot, with Colonel G. White, the well-known whip of the R.A. coach, Mr. Sydney Truett and Mr. Walter Gillman, who run the Old Berkeley coach, and Mr. Leighton Greaves. Mr. Judkins, another well-known whip, is seen on the box seat. The coach made its last run last Saturday, when it went to Brighton.

Making the Dead Pay their Rent

The accompanying picture is not, as some would think, the grave of a pirate crew, but merely a little reminder of what happened to the Filipino if he failed to pay his rent—or, rather, if his relations got tired of paying rent for him. It is usual in the Philippine Islands to bury the dead in niches in the cemetery, an annual rental being paid for such tombs. If the rent were not forthcoming, either from the deceased's estate or from his relations, it was the custom of the Spanish authorities to eject the body of the debtor, carry it up the stairs, and dump it on an *osario*, or bone pile, on the front of which is the entertaining collection of skulls and crossbones. The Americans put a stop to this owing to the habit spreading yellow fever (from which many of the evicted had in fact died), and compelled the disposal of ejected tenants in a manner more conducive to public health and safety. It is noteworthy that most of the inscriptions on the niches are of comparatively recent date.



A Slab in Pasco Cemetery
Behind which is the bone pile described here

The Philharmonic Choir's 1922–3 Season

The Philharmonic Choir has now resumed its rehearsals. During the coming season this organisation will give three concerts at the Queen's Hall—on November 8, March 14, and June 13—when some very important pieces will be rendered. The choir was formed in October, 1919, for the purpose of performing great choral works, orchestrally accompanied, and such unaccompanied choral music as requires a considerable number of singers for its adequate treatment. Rehearsals are now being held on Wednesdays, 6.15 to 8 o'clock, at the Guildhouse, Belgrave Road, Eccleston Square, near Victoria Station. Application to join or re-join the choir should be made at once to the hon. secretary, Miss R. Philpott, at 8, Hatherley Grove, W.2.



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B 5/30.—Square Sapphire, two Whole Pearls and Diamonds £10.15.0

B 6/1.—Whole Pearls, Sapphire centre ... £5.5.0

B 5/31.—Three Whole Pearls and Diamonds ... £11.12.6

B 5/34.—Whole Pearls and Diamonds ... £10.17.6

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The healthful effect—the purifying and tonic action of Apples, has been known throughout the ages.

Apples for Health, and Bird's Custard for body-building nourishment, is a motto easy to remember, and it contains a world of wisdom. Bird's Custard, so rich in nutriment, so creamy and delicious, seems just made to go with stewed apples.

This is a dish always in season. Both children and adults enjoy it and benefit by it. But be sure you get BIRD'S—the Pure Custard.

C77a 1½d. pkts.; 7d. and 1/2 Silvered Boxes; 1/7½ Large Tins.

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THE "Three Castles" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree





SIR JOHN HAWKINS-

Knight of the seas, kinsman of Drake & other seamen of renown, shares with Master Layne the credit of introducing Tobacco into England; Tobacco from the sunny land of Old Virginia which was by nature *meant* to have a fragrance and a flavour of which man could never tire.

"Happy thrice and thrice again
Happiest he of happy men."

who smokes the "THREE CASTLES" Cigarettes, for as Thackeray wrote in "The Virginians"—
"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the "Three Castles."



T.C. 32.

W.D & H.O. WILLS.
Bristol and London
—England—

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A TOUR THROUGH PRESENT-DAY GERMANY

In "The Truth About Germany," Mr. John Murray, M.P. for West Leeds, gives some interesting notes on conditions in the Fatherland which he himself observed during a recent tour on behalf of *The Yorkshire Evening News*:—

"Germany is still the victim of a vicious circle of which England has had painful experience—the infinite series of counterbalancing rises in prices and wages which lead at no point to a stable balance. The German wheel is of unheard-of size and speed. The embarrassments and anxieties which its headlong revolutions diffuse are far greater than those which England had to endure between 1914 and 1921. Not that its influence has been entirely bad. Employers and workmen have had a lesson in the methodical variation of wage rates to suit changing conditions. If they apply this lesson when the wheel slows down and depression sets in, great will be their gain.

"For the last year the falling off in the consumption of meat as compared with pre-war is about a half. Now it is 80 per cent. or 90 per cent. My customers are not boycotting me on purpose: know them too well for that. They simply can't pay. . . .

"From regions such as Alsace and Lorraine, that were alienated from Germany by the Treaty of Versailles, large numbers of dispossessed persons have streamed back, only to increase the crowding within the narrower frontiers. The officials from these regions, it need hardly be said, have come back, and are now a burden on the German Government. And during and since the war Germans have been trekking back to the Fatherland, some willingly and others less willingly, in considerable numbers from all parts of the world."

On the other hand, the total population has dropped from 69 millions in 1913 to 62 millions in 1921.



Miss Maude Royden and Dr. Percy Dearmer in Eccleston Square

A picture taken in the Guild House garden, showing the two well-known preachers and members of their staff taking tea in delightful surroundings at Victoria



The Great Western's Gold Medallists

The G.W.R. has inaugurated a gold medal to be issued to members of the G.W.R. ambulance who have completed fifteen years' consecutive service. An outing was arranged a few days ago, at which all the recipients of the medal were present

'The leader of the Federation of Christian Unions, Herr Stegerwald, one of Germany's few statesmen, in a remarkable speech delivered at Essen, brought Christian principles to bear on the trouble, with a very steadying effect. The 'Christian Trade Unions,' which now include 20 to 25 per cent. of the total trade-union membership of Germany, were founded by the Catholic Church in the definite hope of counteracting the class-warfare basis on which the 'Free Trade Unions' stood." The little volume is published at one shilling.

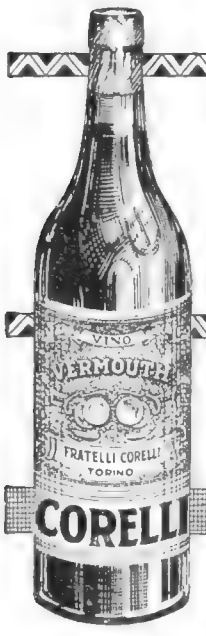
The Empire's Highest Railway

On p. 9 of this issue some pictures are given of the progress in the construction of the Uasin-Gishu Railway, which, when completed, will be the highest line in the Empire. The work is being undertaken by Messrs. Griffiths and Co., Ltd. It is an extension of the already existing line from Mombasa to Nakuru, and will supply easy transport for a rich agricultural plateau lying to the north-east of Victoria Nyanza, and under the slopes of Mount Elgon. The line will pierce the Eldama Forest. It will climb the famous Mau Escarpment, reaching its highest point at Lake Narasha at an altitude of 9,130 ft.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "THE SPHERE"

Published at 1s. Weekly.

—	Twelve months, including Double and Xmas No.	Six months, including Double Nos.	Three months, no extras.
At Home -	£3 0s. 10d.	£1 10s. 5d.	15s. 3d.
Canada - -	£3 0s. 8d.	£1 10s. 4d.	15s. 2d.
Elsewhere Abroad	£3 9s. 6d.	£1 14s. 9d.	17s. 5d.



CORELLI

Italy's Best Vermouth

Cocktails contain *various* ingredients but insist upon the *basis* being Corelli.

From Stores, Hotels & Wine Merchants, 3/6 per bottle; 4/3 per litre.

EDWARD YOUNG & Co. Ltd.
London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

WAREHOUSEMEN, CLERKS, AND DRAPERS' SCHOOLS.

Patron - - - H.M. THE KING.

The famous "Textile Trade" Schools for Orphans, where 330 Children (including 100 War Orphans) are being clothed, fed, and well educated.

These Schools at Purley and Addington have "fathered" thousands of fatherless children; feeding them, clothing them, educating them, and thoroughly equipping them for the battle of life. Many of our most successful business men owe their start in life to the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools.

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AUTUMN TOURNAMENTS in the TENNIS WORLD.



A Group of the Competitors who Participated in the Roehampton Autumn Hard-court Tournament. *H. V. Clow, Oxford Street*

THE PROFESSIONAL AND OTHER TOURNAMENTS OF THE WEEK

By S. POWELL BLACKMORE

Many events—tournaments and matches—have made the last week or two a busy time in the lawn-tennis world—a fitting commentary on the old-fashioned point of view that the game dies for seven months after Eastbourne. Not so nowadays; there is no close season for tennis players now that the hard courts are becoming more popular than grass.

Most small club players, and many of those whose tennis is confined to the private lawns, still talk of the regular tournament player as a professional. "Oh! but you are a professional," is a remark often addressed to well-known amateurs—and it is meant as a compliment, professional being used as synonymous, I suppose, with adept. A professional player is a man who teaches tennis for his livelihood; usually he is attached to a big club at a fixed wage. And no professional can compete in an open tournament, for these meetings—unlike the practice in golf—are rigidly restricted to amateurs, who, by the way, may receive pecuniary benefit from playing only indirectly or *sub-rosa*.

The Professionals' Tournament at Walthamstow

All this is explanatory of the Professionals' Tournament—the first of its kind held in this country, I believe—which took place at Walthamstow recently. Among amateurs, English players cannot hold the whip hand either on our own courts or abroad. The same tale has to be related among the professional class. Last year a professional tournament was held on the hard courts of the Riviera. It was won by an ex-amateur from India. Last week the winner was Albert Burke from Cannes, who won from Charles Read of Queen's Club, London, in the final round at 4—6, 4—6, 6—2, 7—5, 7—5. The lessons of the play, moreover, were the old, old story—hard hitting wins against stonewalling; and the victor was a hard-court trained player.

Since the Hon. Cecil Campbell was chosen recently for International honours he has signally failed to reproduce form justifying that confidence. His selection brought him a run of bad luck. At Eastbourne he was eliminated by Mr. S. N. Doust in an early round, while Hythe folk saw him succumb rather quietly to Mr. T. M. Mavrogordato, who was beaten at Wimbledon by Mr. J. B. Gilbert, a player whom selectors have unwisely ignored too much in the past. Mr. Campbell is a fine, steady player, but he will never be the British "white hope" that some quarters have represented him. He has neither the temperament nor the strokes for the modern aggressive game.

Who is "Tiberius"

At the North London Hard Courts Club the winner of the singles was a well-known figure playing under the name of "Tiberius." Look up the picture of that Emperor of the Ancient Roman Empire and you will discover the secret of this racket-name. "Tiberius" beat Dr. A. H. Fyzee in the final round by three sets to one, thereby reversing a result recorded earlier in the season in the Davis Cup Competition. "Tiberius," moreover, has just returned from Rome, hence, perhaps, the *nom-de-racquette*—for there he may have discovered the remarkable likeness between himself and the Roman Emperor!

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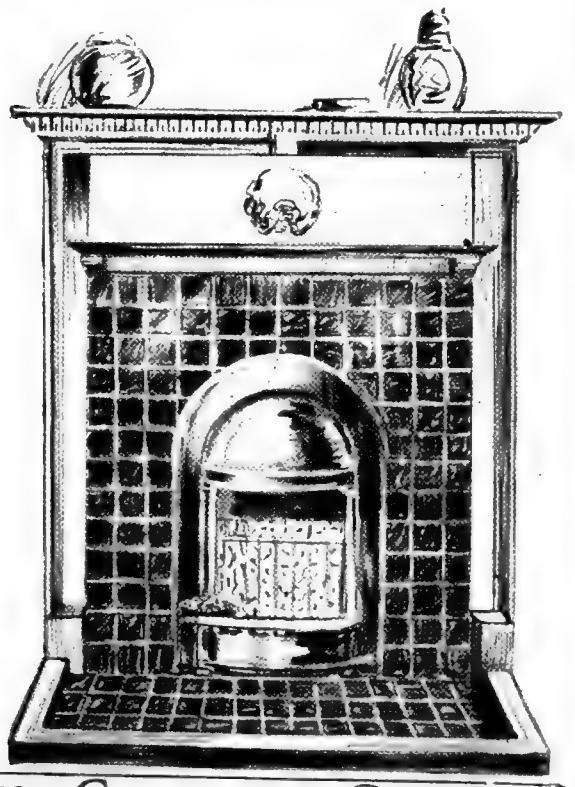
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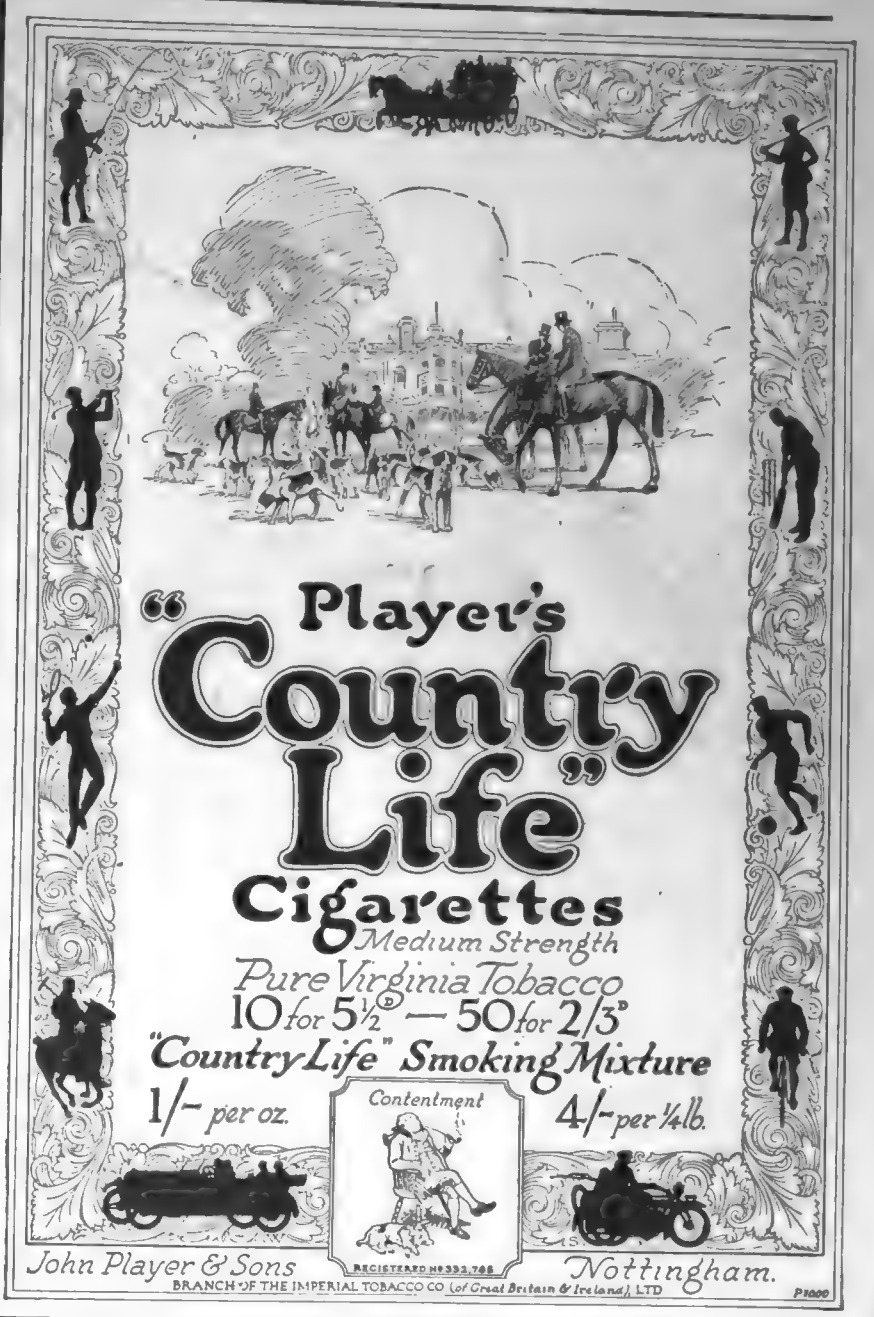
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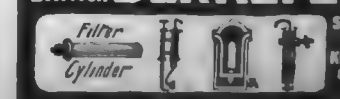
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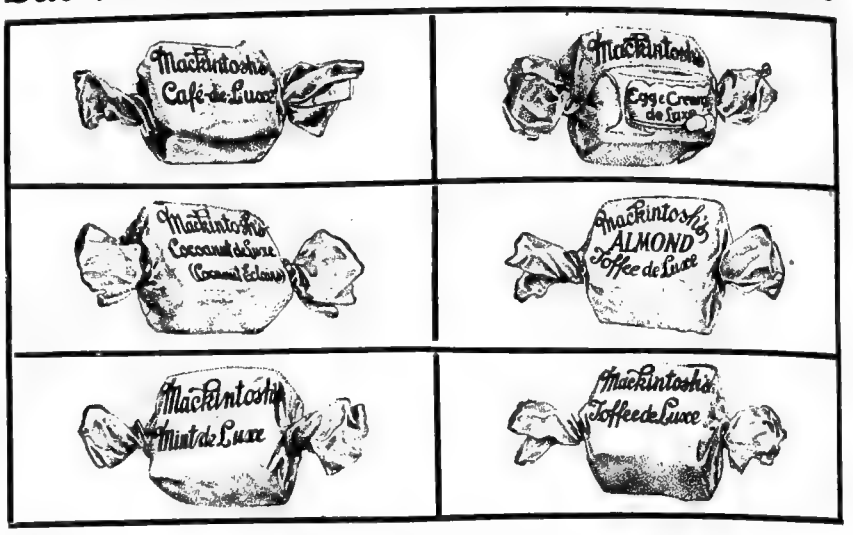
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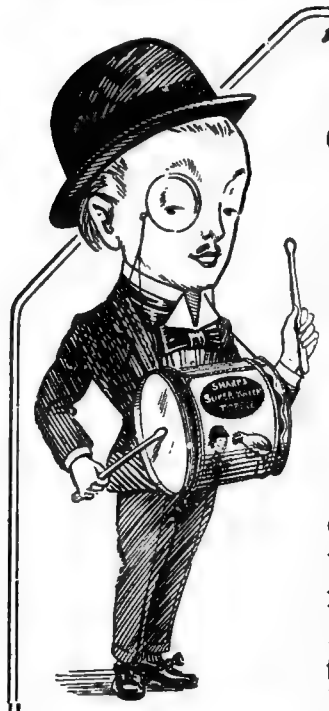
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FUR TRADERS IN THE FAR NORTH.

At the moment, the fur trade in England is at its height, but the skins from which next season's models will be made are at present, for the most part, running wild in the far Canadian North-West. A vast organisation is necessary to ensure the collection and transport of these skins from the Canadian backwoods to the *salons* of London, Paris, and New York; and Revillon Frères, who have fur interests



AN ESQUIMAUX TRAPPER AND HIS WIFE (IN HER FURS): MR. AND MRS. TOOKALOOK.

all over the globe, and to whom we are indebted for the following interesting information on the subject, furnish the organisation in question.

In our article of September 9 we touched on their activities among the sandy wastes of Central Asia, but to-day we deal with life around the lonely posts in the frozen North. Revillon Frères have over a hundred posts in Canada, a certain number of which are situate within the Arctic Circle, and the white man in charge of one of the small outposts never sees another white face except on the annual visit of the travelling inspector.

The only people he sees are, in the more southern regions, Indians, and, in the icebound regions of the Arctic, Esquimaux; and it is to these swarthy hunters that he looks for his supply of furs, which, after travelling thousands of miles in sledge, canoe, steamer, and train, and going through processes galore, eventually come forth in an entirely different guise in Regent Street, the Rue de Rivoli, or Fifth Avenue.

The Indian tribe of Crees is the most civilised and prosperous in the Canadian wilds. They are famous hunters who rarely miss their mark and never waste a shot. Their language is easy to learn, a fact which has certainly facilitated relations between the Crees and their white neighbours.

The Indian rarely smiles; he absolutely refuses to exchange his primitive life for the refinements of civilisation, but decidedly appreciates some of them;



ESQUIMAUX WOMEN AT REVILLON FRÈRES' OUTPOST WITH LOAD OF FURS.

for, whereas in former years he lived on meat only, his intercourse with the whites has taught him to appreciate beans, lard, sweetstuff, and, above all, tobacco.

The great wish of an Indian's heart nowadays is not that he may slay a bear and assume the terrible collar of claws, but rather that he may snare a silver fox. The former exploit stamps him as a brave; but the latter stroke of luck enables him, on the proceeds of the sale of the skin to the fur-trader, to live for many months a life of absolute ease with no necessity whatever to engage in work.

As in all sparsely populated countries, hospitality abounds, and the representatives of Revillon Frères in those bleak regions are on the best of terms with the Indians, living their life and smoking the pipe of peace in company.

The Indian squaw makes her own clothing of printed cotton, and assumes each garment as it is completed. No matter how much she has on, each fresh article of clothing is superimposed on what the lady is already wearing; consequently, the more indulgent the husband, the more clothes are worn by the wife.

The squaw's ambition is to possess a tartan plaid—a luxury in great demand both on account of its warmth and its bright colours. She does not wear boots or shoes, but moccasins made of soft deer-skin, which she ornaments with glass beads.

The Indian trapper, prior to setting out on his hunt, will visit the Revillon outpost. Here he obtains an advance of whatever supplies he requires, against his season's catch of furs—*i.e.*, the trader lets him have goods without payment on the Indian's promise to bring his catch of skins to the trader.



"THE SQUAW'S AMEITION IS TO POSSESS A TARTAN PLAID": A CREE INDIAN SQUAW.

(It may here be remarked that both Indians and Esquimaux are honest and straightforward, and practically never default.)

The trapper loads the food, gun, ammunition, traps, blankets, tobacco, etc., on to long narrow sledges hauled by man, woman, or dog power; the packing is an art in itself, as, owing to the roughness of the trail, a sledge will frequently capsize, to the great detriment of anything insecurely fastened. The humans wear snow-shoes, and the strongest man of the party goes first to "break the trail"—that is, pack the snow with his snow-shoes so that dogs and sledges may have an easier surface to run on.

The Esquimaux trapper is mild-mannered and decidedly primitive in his habits, as he lives in a hut made from huge blocks of snow which he cuts out with a large knife. His diet consists largely of moose flesh, and were this large animal to die out, many Esquimaux families would perish through starvation.

Madame Tookalook (at least, that is what it sounds like) wears furs (see photograph), though we are afraid that a civilized dame would faint if asked to put on furs as worn by the inhabitants of the frozen Arctic.

Esquimaux women are extremely versatile: not only do they carry out the usual wifely duties, but they are good hunters and trappers. Like the men, they also have a weakness for tobacco, which they prefer to smoke in a pipe.

The children are strong and hardy, obedient and tractable. They crawl about as soon as their mother ceases to carry them on her back (in a kind of hood lined with moss), which she does for a few months only.



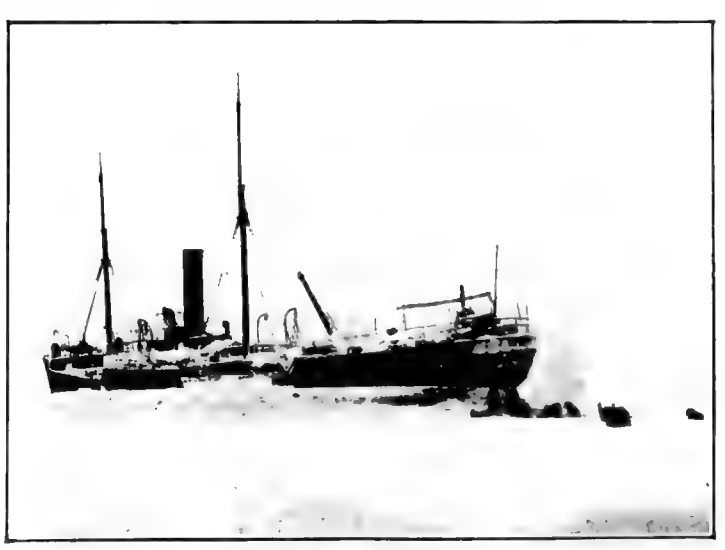
SMOKING HER PIPE: AN ESQUIMAUX WOMAN AND HER STURDY LITTLE BOY.

Families rule small, and boys help their fathers in the hunt at a very early age; successful white fox trappers of the tender age of eleven years have been observed by Revillon Frères' representatives.

The celebrated "huskies" (the sledge-dogs) are the most valued possessions of Indian and Esquimaux trappers. Quiet and obedient with a strict master, they become furious in the presence of strangers or other dogs, and at feeding time are particularly savage. Each dog bolts his portion, and then engages in a ferocious combat with the others for the fragments. They are fed at the end of the day, as they are quite incapable of work for several hours after a meal. The husky is omnivorous—he will eat his harness, anything made of leather, and even on occasion his own children.

The young dog spends his puppyhood at play. When half-grown the Indians "apprentice" him, though the Esquimaux start training their animals much earlier, and quite young pups are taught to drag a miniature sledge. The young dog resents this at first; subsequently he does his work willingly, and finally becomes intensely proud of it. A good sledge-dog will pull at the traces until he is utterly exhausted, through mere pride in his work.

The leader of each dog team is usually the oldest, generally the bravest, and certainly the wisest of the lot; and, though he is thirty feet from the sledge, he at once detects any slackness on the part of any individual dog, whom he at once proceeds to punish.



ONE OF REVILLON FRÈRES' ICE-BREAKERS USED AT ARCHANGEL IN THE WAR: WINTERING IN THE ICE.

The steamer depicted in the photograph is one of Revillon Frères' flotilla of ice-breakers, which was requisitioned by the British Government to free the port of Archangel during the Great War.

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Among the Rocks at Perranporth, Cornwall

A LITERARY LETTER : *Brilliant "Private Diaries."*

LONDON, October 9, 1922.

I have just returned from a three weeks' holiday in Cornwall, and I find myself admitting that I am at last discovering the real Cornwall. On my first visit, some years ago, I fixed myself at Falmouth, and took motor rides to various places the names of which were familiar to me, including St. Ives, Tintagel, Newquay, etc. I came to the conclusion that Cornwall was a greatly overrated county. Its stone buildings repelled, its fields seemed arid in comparison with other parts of England, its coastline was relatively unpicturesque. These opinions I now recant, for I have discovered that the real beauty of Cornwall is in its coves and little-known rocky shore, and I recommend visitors to Cornwall to find Perranporth, Sennen, Zennor, Lamorna, Kynance, and many another little-known spot not too much visited by the hurried tourist. Cornwall, indeed, has a charm all its own.

In addition to the exquisite little monograph on the late Louise Imogen Guiney which was written and published in America by Miss Alice Brown, one of the most popular of novelists in her own country, there is to be yet another *Life* of Miss Guiney in due course—*Louise Imogen Guiney: Her Life and Works, 1861–1920*, by E. M. Tenison. This will give a full account of Miss Guiney's varied work and of her infinite accomplishments. She once told me that she lived in the seventeenth century, and I do not believe that any man or woman of our time has so thoroughly absorbed a great and little-known period of English history and literature as did this accomplished American student, who worked for many years in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and who may be said to have died at her desk.

In the September number of *The Irish Monthly*, published by Gill of Dublin, there is an article by Miss Tenison upon a work which Miss Guiney produced in her latter days, *The Recusant Poets: A Catholic Anthology*. This means the unveiling, as it were, of little-known byways in English history and of poets such as John Sweetman, Edmund Bolton, and Thomas Langdon. Many phases of poetry in the Elizabethan period which are not known to the majority of strenuous readers have been discovered by Miss Guiney in the British Museum and the Bodleian, and brought together in a book which it will, no doubt, require some courage in a publisher to attempt—so copious is it—but which I have no doubt will sooner or later see the light.

Lord Riddell has just published a volume of essays under the title, *Some Things that Matter* (Hodder and Stoughton). They are full of good meat. You might read Bartlett's *Dictionary of Quotations* and Brewer's *Guide to Literature* and you would scarcely have a more complete collection of "Things one ought to know" at your command. Like all successful men—and it seems only the other day that Baron Riddell was plain Mr. Riddell, a Cardiff solicitor—Lord Riddell has many enemies. Some of these have reviewed this book rather severely. I find it to be rich in common sense, and vastly entertaining. Lord Riddell is an amusing companion and a very staunch friend. I have known him to show much kindly feeling on occasion to those in distress. His book, like that by Lord Beaverbrook—*Success*—leads us into the secret of the man who arrives, which may be summed up in one word, "concentration," a quality which I do not myself possess in any high degree, and so I can the more honestly praise this discursive and allusive book which he sends me, "With the author's kind regards." It reminds me of many festive occasions in the long ago when I met Lord Riddell in the company of Sir William Robertson Nicoll and Sir Hedley Le Bas. I ought some day, if I have the energy, to make some capital "copy" out of those meetings. Everyone seems just now to be making copy out of his memories.

Mr. Stephen McKenna, the author of *Sonia*, a novel I very much enjoyed, and the author of many other later books which I have failed, doubtless from lack of wisdom, to enjoy at all, has paid a tribute to friendship in his *Tex: A Chapter in the Life of Alexander de Mattos* (Butterworth). On the few occasions when I met Mr. de Mattos I liked him very much. He seemed a genial, scholarly man. He was certainly a great translator, and many of us owe to him pleasant hours with Fabre, Maeterlinck, Couperus—authors we should not have known without his aid. Mr. McKenna has succeeded in presenting a kindly tribute to his friend by printing the letters Mr. de Mattos wrote to him during the last few years of his life. He died in December, 1921. The letters are not all equally good, but there is much excellent sanity in the best of them, and glimpses of people we all know. Mr. McKenna does not suppress himself sufficiently, but his very *naïveté* is captivating. One rises from the slight volume with a great deal of affection for his subject, and to have achieved this is to have triumphed.

Some few weeks ago I wrote a note on the late Mr. W. H. Hudson's *Dead Man's Plack*, in which there was a pathetic story of a man who was hanged in the eighteenth century for a trivial offence. Mr. Hudson made a racy comment on the judge who tried him, a very famous judge in his day, Mr. Justice Park, and did not hesitate to call the writer on Park in *The Dictionary of National Biography* "a liar." This biography was written many years ago by a Mr. J. A. Hamilton. I dismissed him as probably one of Sir Sidney Lee's impecunious hacks—for some of the minor biographies in *The Dictionary* were apparently written by men who could only be so described. Two correspondents—Mr. L. C. Thomas, this year's Prior of the Johnson Club, and Mr. Maurice Healy, the well-known barrister—write to remind me that this J. A. Hamilton is John Andrew Hamilton, the present Lord Sumner, one of the most distinguished lawyers of our time, and a man who is famous for felicity of phrase and sardonic humour, one also who has done great services to the State.

I am not perturbed by this information so interestingly conveyed. I have no doubt whatever that the late W. H. Hudson was quite right, if somewhat drastic, in his censure of the biography in question. I have no doubt it was hurriedly written on insufficent data. I am quite sure that Mr. Justice Park was a beast, however great a lawyer he may have been. There have been great lawyers—of course, they are all dead—who have become judges in our day who can only be described as beasts. I rather incline to the view, although I did not know him—he once wrote me a sentimental letter about his dog, however—that Mr. Justice Hawkins, who was called the "hanging judge" in his day, was somewhat of a beast. In any case, no one can read W. H. Hudson's account of the sentence upon the poor farm lad, for some offence which would now get a man two months at most, without feeling that the description of this judge—Sir James Alan Park—by Lord Justice Sumner in his younger years that he was "sound, fair, and sensible" as a judge is very remote from the actual facts.

Sir Henry Lucy is beating Sir Mountstuart Grant Duff at his game of diarist. We have three volumes of *Sixty Years in the Wilderness* and two volumes of *The Diary of a Journalist* from John Murray, and *Lords and Commoners* from Fisher Unwin. From all I know, half-a-dozen other publishers still have big volumes by him on the way. And in the main Sir Henry Lucy is intensely readable. I don't care so much for *Lords and Commoners*. Politics have ceased to interest most of us, and politicians are a bore to the sane man. But the gossip of Sir Henry's *Diary* is excellent. Most of us can read a diary when it is twenty years old or more; few of us can write one. I have myself started many a time. I have purchased a fat manuscript volume, "a page for every day in the year," but never have I got to the fourth of January. Sir Henry Lucy is otherwise made. Very bright are the records of his adventures. A kindly, amiable man is Sir Henry. I have in days of old sat down to his wonderful lunches in Ashley Gardens.

But of all the autobiographies and diaries that I have read of late, the one I most desire to preserve on my shelves is *The Private Diaries of the Right Hon. Sir Algernon West, G.C.B.*, edited by Horace Hutchinson (John Murray). Mr. Hutchinson remarks that these *Diaries* "can hardly fail to entertain, but I scarcely think that they will elevate our opinion of the views and purposes of eminent people." Macaulay once in his rhetorical fashion and in a popular ballad wrote of an age when "None was for a party, but all were for the State." The world into which Sir Algernon West introduces us in his *Diaries*, published after his death, is a world in which it is hard to find anyone who was even for a party, much less for the State. With these politicians it was a case of everyone for himself. How, it may be asked, does poor old England get through successfully with such men? It must be assumed that one counteracts the other, and so we muddle into daylight and to victory. Sir Algernon West's *Diaries* are incomparably superior to the *Recollections* which he published during his life. There he was necessarily reticent. In *The Private Diaries* he is painfully candid, and the result is rather melancholy for those who like to believe in the high purposes of statesmen. We have here a vivid volume all the same, with wonderful glimpses of Mr. Gladstone, of Lord Morley, of Sir William Harcourt, and other of their contemporaries. It is an absorbingly interesting book which must always be referred to by the historian of the future. On every page there is something very striking—some glimpse of a famous man, some clever saying. What more can I say? It is the business of a newspaper to point out to its readers what books to read—not to save them the trouble of reading.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

ROBERT GREGORY: The History of a Little Soul. By John Owen. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

A CRICKETER'S LOG. By Gilbert L. Jessop. Illustrated. 16s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE COUNTRY BEYOND. By James Oliver Curwood. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE VISION OF DESIRE. By Margaret Pedler. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

MOTHER GOOSE PRIMER: For Reading and Colouring. By A. M. Goode. 1s. net. (*Harrap.*)

THE PYRAMID. By Warrington Dawson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*)

VARIETY. By Sarah Grand. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann.*)

BODY AND SOUL: A Play in Four Acts. By Arnold Bennett. 5s. net. (*Chatto & Windus.*)

THE LAW OF THE MALE. By Pernette Gille. 6s. net. (*A. M. Philpot, Ltd.*)

THE CHRYSALIS. By Kate Horn. 7s. 6d. net. (*Stanley Paul.*)

THE LIFE OF WILLIAM HAZLITT. By P. P. Howe. Illustrated. 24s. net. (*Martin Secker.*)

ANATOLE FRANCE AND HIS CIRCLE: Being his Table-Talk Collected and Recorded by Paul Gsell. Illustrated from paintings by Pierre Calmettes. Authorised translation by Frederic Lees. 7s. 6d. net. (*The Bodley Head.*)

A PEPYSIAN GARLAND: Black-letter Broadside Ballads of the Years 1595-1639. Chiefly from the collection of Samuel Pepys. Edited by Hyder E. Rollins, Ph.D. 21s. net. (*Cambridge University Press.*)

THE VANISHING POINT. By Coningsby Dawson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

THE WAY OF THE WORLD. By M. Morgan Gibbon. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

JUDITH KERSLEY, SPINSTER. By Eileen Fitzgerald. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hurst and Blackett.*)

CAPTAIN BLOOD: HIS ODYSSEY. By Rafael Sabatini. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

THE HONEST MAN. By Una L. Silberrad. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

THE DIVINE TRAGEDY. By A. St. John Adcock. 5s. net. (*Selwyn & Blount.*)

THE CUCKOO'S NEST. By Christine Jope-Slade. 7s. 6d. net. (*Nisbet.*)

THE GRAY CHARTERIS. By Robert Simpson. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE LADY OF LEYBOURNE. By Chester Keith. 7s. 6d. net. (*George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.*)

FLOWING GOLD. By Rex Beach. 7s. 6d. net. *Hodder & Stoughton.*)

HIDDEN PLACES. By Bertrand Sinclair. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE TWO WINDOWS. By Mary Cleland. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

COUNTRY LOVE. By Hulbert Footner. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

OVERLOOKED. By Maurice Baring. 6s. net. (*Heinemann.*)

THE GARDEN OF CONTENTMENT. By Elenor Mordaunt. 5s. net. (*Heinemann.*)

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The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 1.



Dr. Johnson's Club.

THE illustration shows a typical evening at the Club founded by the great Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds in 1746. On Dr. Johnson's left, half hidden by the upraised wine glass, is his great biographer Boswell; on his right, with the ear trumpet, is Sir Joshua Reynolds, next Goldsmith. Standing in the corner with the churchwarden is Garrick, immediately below him Burke. The actual membership of the Club was very exclusive and extended to only a dozen or so. Even Goldsmith was objected to by Sir John Hawkins as being merely a literary hack, but he finally came in as a *naturalist* on the strength of his "Animated Nature."

After Garrick's death the Club was re-named the Literary Club, and most of its earlier meetings were held at the "Turk's Head" in Soho, where the members foregathered once a week at 7 o'clock for supper. Soon after its foundation its complement of members was increased first to 12, then to 20, 26, 30, and finally to 35, with the proviso that the total should never in any circumstances exceed 40. This limited membership is still maintained, and it is still the rule that one blackball will exclude.

But then, as now, the more exclusive the circle, the keener the welcome for John Haig Whisky. That is the reason why the *original* Haig Whisky, made by Scotland's oldest distillers with the consummate skill that nearly three centuries of experience have engendered is so popular with the discriminating Clubman at home and abroad.

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

What to Take on a Holiday

However good a list we may have of things to be taken on a holiday, there will be always things which have been forgotten, and these may be only very ordinary things, but yet most necessary. First of all, pens, ink, paper, and envelopes in sufficient quantities. No pens and no ink are ever as they should be away from home, and note-paper is usually abominable. The wise man travelling alone (always travel alone is a good counsel) takes needle and cotton and scissors, also bootlaces, both brown and black, and string, and a few sheets of brown paper. Few people when they leave England for a holiday think of the return journey. They change all the English money they have with them, forgetful that when they reach Dover on returning they will want to tip English porters and pay for some bad tea. Of all the things to pack up, money is the thing of which to take plenty.—Arthur Pendenys, in *Books of To-day and To-morrow.*

Happy Returns

Lord Decies suggests that income tax forms should be simplified.

'Tis not the form of income tax
Wherein we find the sting;
'Tis this that bids us arch our backs—
The spirit of the thing!

Were all "returns" which now perplex
From future payment free,
Or did the State return our cheques,
What glad returns they'd be!

But this were more than any State
Can promise you or me,
For that return we'll have to wait
Through all returnity!

—"A. W.," in *The Daily Chronicle.*

The Cavewoman

The Pekinese Pup and the Persian Cat
Side by side on a cushion sat;
Said the Persian Cat to the Pekinese Pup:
"You're a poor sort of dog or you'd eat me up!"
—*Life.*

The Polysyllable

"I must say, cook," said the lady of the house, "that of late your work has been very perfunctory." Before she could continue, cook broke in with: "Thank yer kindly, mum. I've been here three months now, and though I've tried my best, that's the first bit of praise I've had since I've been here."—*The Morning Post.*

Parting Adjourned

The professor had retired to his library after dinner. Presently the two youngest children came rushing into the room.

THE PROFESSOR: Now, children, don't disturb me. What is it you want?

THE CHILDREN: We just wanted to say good-night.

"Well, suppose you wait till to-morrow morning for that."—*Karikaturen* (Christiania).



The Tragic Story of Harlequin and Pierrot

One of Plumereau's amusing illustrations to "Pierrot and Harlequin," just published in colour by Duckworth and Co.

His Advice

"You ask me," said the harassed editor, "if you ought to write on both sides of the paper. In my opinion you ought not to write on either side of the paper."—"Beachcomber," in *The Daily Express.*

Speeding the Parting Guest

Arthur and Willie were playing noisily, though peacefully, when Willie's mother came out to tell the visiting Arthur that he had better go home to dinner. She had just turned to re-enter the house when her offspring threw a stone that sent Arthur howling in the direction of home.

"Willie," she demanded sternly, "why did you throw that stone at Arthur?"

For a moment the inhospitable Willie stood abashed, watching the flight of his playmate. Then he sighed deeply. "Well," he said, "Arthur had to go home, anyway."—*Harper's Magazine.*

A Slight Misapprehension

It is a staff sergeant of the Aldershot Command who tells me the true story of Captain X. This officer, whose height is exactly 7 ft. 2 in., was taking an early morning walk in Paris, when on turning a corner he was run into by a little Frenchman. Looking up at the gigantic figure in front of him, the Frenchman exclaimed, "Mon Dieu!" "Non, non, non," airily responded the British officer, as he waved the Frenchman aside. We may be matter-of-fact, but we are certainly an impressive people.—*The Daily News.*



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GEORGE WASHINGTON

The "Three Castles" VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree

Virginia 25th Novr 1759

Gentn

Sometime this Week I expect to get on board the Cary for your House, Fifty Hogsheads Tob.o of my own and Gn.o Parke Custis's, which please to Insure in the usual manner – I shall also by the same Ship send you ten or 12 Hhds more if I can get them on board in time, but this I believe will be impracticable if Capt.n Talmen uses that dispatch in loading which he now has in his power to do

I am Gentn Yr Most Obed.t Hble Serv.t

G. Washington

PS.

My Goods p.r Capt.n Yates are arrived in James River, and I thank you for your diligence in sending them

Rob.t Cary Esq.r & Comp.a

Facsimile of letter from George Washington November 25th 1759



W.D & H.O. WILLS, BRISTOL & LONDON, ENGLAND.

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T.C. 35.

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A VISIT to Beautiful ROUMANIA.

Described by Charlotte Cameron

(*Continued from p. 39*)

appeared the Queen, in Roumanian costume; from her head fell a veil of pure gold, a gift sent to her from India. Fastening this was a band of pale turquoise, her bodice of white with gold embroideries; the skirt was red Roumanian work intersected with gold.

A play and various *tableaux* were given in the theatre, Hamlet being represented by Prince Nicholas. Prince Nicholas and two of his Eton boy friends, who were visiting him from England, came before the curtain and sang college refrains about "beaver," Piccadilly, and London 'buses, which made me feel quite at home. Little Princess Ileana was the personification of beauty and grace as Titania.

In the Queen's Private Apartments

The next day we were invited by the Queen to see her own suite. The drawing-room has an arched ceiling all carved in beautiful designs, gilded and made in Her Majesty's own workshop. Into every square of this dome is fitted an opalescent electric light. Then a magnificent crystal cross, which also can be lighted up, draws your attention. In one corner is a huge Byzantine chair made by the Queen. In the centre of this great chair are four dark stained-glass centres, which when lighted form a Byzantine cross. From the arched windows one looks out upon the mountains of verdure and blue skies.

On our way to the station, after four of the most delightful days it has been my lot to experience, we were invited to tea at the palace, or chalet, of the Crown Princess Carol, who was formerly Princess Helen of Greece. She has a darling son and heir, aged ten months.

On October 15 the long-postponed coronation of King Ferdinand and the Queen will take place in the cathedral of the capital of Transylvania, Alba-Julia, after which their Majesties will make their crowned entry into Bucharest through the newly-built Arc de Triomphe on the Chaussée, Kisseleff. Let us hope that peace may be their Majesties' portion, and progress, accompanied by the best inspirations of home life all over Greater Roumania, ensure due merit for the troublesome times they have passed through.

The LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE.

By J. Storer Clouston

(*Continued from p. 49*)

Mr. Palmer threw down the paper and cried joyously.

"He's hopped the twig, Bill, my boy! You walk right in now," and, holding out his broad hand, he added affectionately, "Put it there, Bill!"

Liquor might depress Bill, but that its effects otherwise were small was apparent from the sudden and complete sobriety that followed this startling announcement. He did not accept the proffered hand, but the scowl flew from his face and he looked at his friend alertly enough.

"By gum!" he murmured. "This is a bit of a surprise packet, Bob! It's come a bit too soon for my taste, but——." He paused, and his counsellor took up the tale.

"But the bird is in the hand now, Bill, and you're not the boy to let it flap out again! Right straight to your poor old uncle you go, and say to him, 'Alfred's gone!' says you, 'but here's Jack come home to ask your blessing, uncle!' Don't forget you've got to ask his blessing, Bill. What good it does, blame me if I know, but there never was a long lost heir I ever heard of who didn't ask it."

"How soon will we have to go down?" the long lost heir asked thoughtfully.

"To-morrow, my boy; not a day later! Let's see; the paper is two days old. Alfred will be safely under ground by to-morrow afternoon, anyway. The weeping will be over, Bill, and, holy snakes, won't they cheer to see their little Jack come home again!"

"You are quite sure Jack told us he hadn't seen any of them since he was a nipper?"

"Not since he was so high," said Mr. Palmer reassuringly, holding his hand about a foot above the floor. "The dimple is the only thing they'll remember, and you've got it, Bill!"

"Well," said Bill, slowly, "I daresay I might as well get it over as stop looking at it and wishing it was someone else that had looked like Jack Hayward. I wish to God it had been you, Bob! You'd see how you liked it then!"

"I'd ha' done my best," said Mr. Palmer modestly, "but I ain't cut out for being an heir, and it's lucky it fell to you. You'll make me feel proud of you, Bill, I know you will! And always remember this, Bill, my boy, Bob Palmer is at your back, and if ever he wanted to keep anyone alive, it's you!"

(To be continued)



The Nursery School in the Lees Hall at Canning Town

AN EAST END WOMEN'S SETTLEMENT.

The Canning Town Women's Settlement is doing wonderful work in the extreme East End of London. There is a hospital and nurse's home, a dispensary, a settlement house, and offices and club rooms at Lees Hall, with an infants' welfare branch and a training school for servants. The district is very overcrowded, and the population consists largely of dock labourers, some of whom are always among the unemployed. In spite of their poverty, however, they manage to maintain one bed in the hospital entirely by their own exertions, and they give dramatic entertainments and organise small fêtes and sales in aid of this. This settlement deserves to be better known, and more help and workers are badly needed. The Marchioness of Aberdeen is president. All particulars will be given by the warden of the Settlement House at Cumberland Road, Plaistow, E. 13.

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1923 PRICES

Simultaneously with the opening of the Paris Automobile Salon, 4th October, 1922—which marks the real commencement of the 1923 Automobile Year—Fiat announces its 1923 models.

Whilst unable to make such sweeping reductions as in 1921, intelligent anticipation of a greatly increased output, and reductions in cost of material and labour, enables the following prices to be fixed.

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Only by purchasing from us or through an authorised Fiat dealer is it possible to secure the full Fiat guarantee and efficient service system.

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The Italian Grand Prix (Light Car).

Such a feat has never before been accomplished in automobile history, the engines of the winning cars differing little in size from the renowned 10/15.

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10/15 H.P. Chassis	~~410~~	365
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15/20 H.P Chassis	~~550~~	510
15/20 H.P. Torpedo	~~800~~	710
20/30 H.P 6-cylinder Chassis ...	~~790~~	630
20/30 H.P 6-cylinder Chassis, Sports ...	~~745~~	670
20/30 H.P. 6-cylinder Torpedo	~~980~~	850

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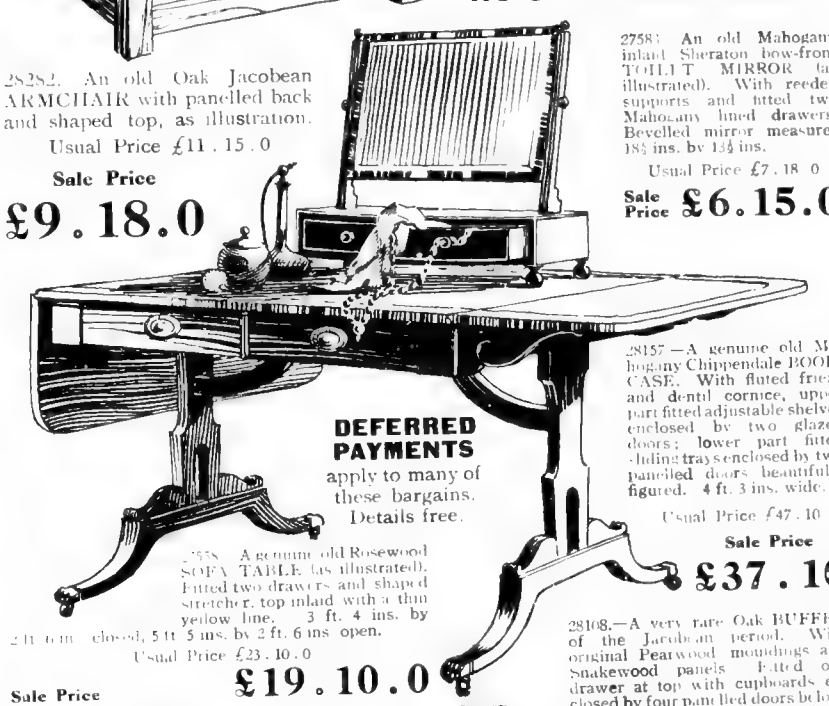
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28282. An old Oak Jacobean ARMCHAIR with panelled back and shaped top, as illustration.
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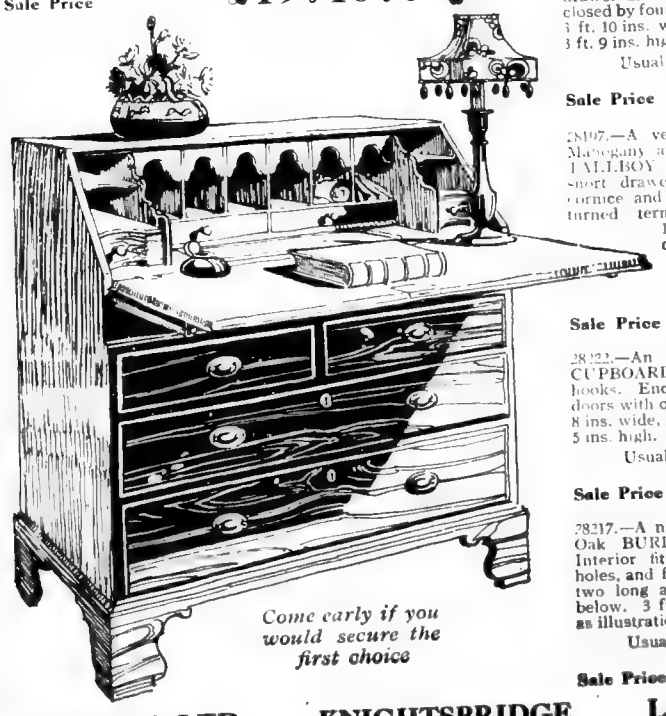
2758. An old Mahogany inlaid Sheraton bow-front TOILET MIRROR (as illustrated). With reeded supports and fitted two Mahogany lined drawers. Bevelled mirror measures 18½ ins. by 13½ ins.
Usual Price £7 . 18 . 0
Sale Price £6 . 15 . 0

28157.—A genuine old Mahogany Chippendale BOOKCASE. With fluted frieze and dentil cornice, upper part fitted adjustable shelves enclosed by two glazed doors; lower part fitted sliding tray enclosed by two panelled doors beautifully figured. 4 ft. 3 ins. wide.
Usual Price £47 . 10 . 0
Sale Price £37 . 10

DEFERRED PAYMENTS
apply to many of these bargains. Details free.

28258. A genuine old Rosewood SOFA TABLE (as illustrated). Fitted two drawers and shaped stretcher, top inlaid with a thin yellow line. 3 ft. 4 ins. by 2 ft. 6 ins. closed, 5 ft. 5 ins. by 2 ft. 6 ins. open.
Usual Price £23 . 10 . 0
Sale Price £19 . 10 . 0

28108.—A very rare Oak BUFFET of the Jacobean period. With original Pearwood mouldings and Snakewood panels. Fitted one drawer at top with cupboards enclosed by four panelled doors below. 3 ft. 10 ins. wide, 1 ft. 8 ins. deep, 3 ft. 9 ins. high.
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28107.—A very fine old Sheraton Mahogany and inlaid bow-fronted TALLBOY of six long and two short drawers. With pear drop cornice and surmounted with six turned terminals. 4 ft. wide, 1 ft. 10 ins. deep (in centre), 7 ft. 1 in. high
Usual Price £89 . 10 . 0
Sale Price £75.10.0

28222.—An old Oak HANGING CUPBOARD, fitted brass rod and hooks. Enclosed by two panelled doors with one drawer below. 3 ft. 8 ins. wide, 2 ft. 1 in. deep, and 6 ft. 5 ins. high.
Usual Price £29 . 10 . 0
Sale Price £23.15.0

28217.—A nice quality genuine old Oak BUREAU (shown on left). Interior fitted with well, pigeon-holes, and four small drawers with two long and two short drawers below. 3 ft. wide, 1 ft. 8 ins. deep, as illustration.
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

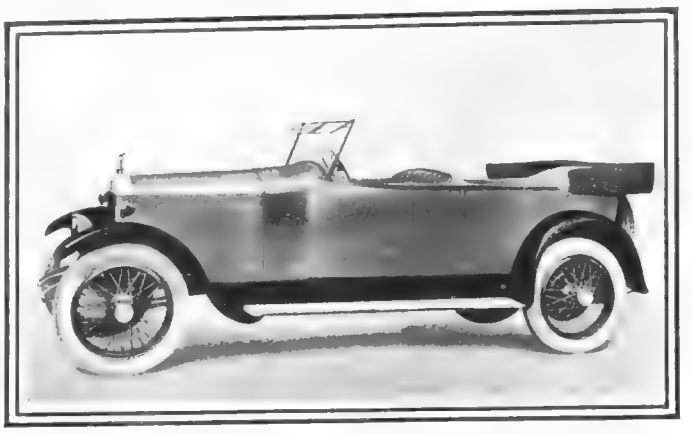
A great stir in the motor world has been caused by the announcement that Messrs. Rolls-Royce are producing a six-cylinder 20-h.p. car for the coming season. I am now able to publish an illustration of this remarkable car.

The new Rolls-Royce will be up to the same standard as the 40–50 Rolls-Royce in design, material, and care in manufacture. It will carry the firm's usual three years' guarantee, and will have all the essential qualities of a Rolls-Royce product, but it will be a 20-h.p. car, not a 40–50 car.

It is not suggested, however, that it will provide the luxury of riding and accommodation which is afforded by the famous 40–50 h.p., nor is it anticipated that the demand for the large Rolls-Royce will be sensibly diminished. Indeed, it is likely that the acquisition of the Rolls-Royce "twenty" may prove, for some people, to be merely a stepping-stone towards the ownership of the larger car. The chassis price of the new model is £1,100, and the touring car complete costs £1,590.

The output of the 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce will be limited as to quantity. It will be produced as a subsidiary to the 40–50, which will continue to be the principal product of the company's works at Derby. The price of the 40–50 chassis will remain at £1,850, but in the event of it being found possible to reduce the price, any purchaser whose order has been given not longer than six months before such reduction will be entitled to the benefit of the reduction.

With petrol prices and car prices down, there is every prospect of a record motoring season next year. It only remains now for the motor taxation to be reduced in line, as here we have a very heavy charge which is no longer justifiable. The same causes which have operated for a fall in petrol and in cars have a bearing on the cost of road construction, and the Ministry of Transport would show a very business-like attitude if they announced that in consequence of the fall in wages and material connected with road work, it is possible to give the taxpayer the benefit of the reduction by lowering his motor tax for next year. But, of course, Government departments never do things in that way. We will be told that no change in taxation can be made until 1924, because the Budget makers or some other departments must have a year or so to consider any alteration; and there must be inquiries, and committees, and what not, before any idea of change could be contemplated.



A Great Innovation—First Illustration of the New 20-h.p. Six-Cylinder Rolls-Royce Touring Car



One of the 1923 Models of the 11-h.p. Standard with All-weather Body

Four 11'9 Bean cars took part in the Scottish Two Days' Trial recently held by the Edinburgh and District Motor Club, Ltd. Each Bean car secured the highest award. The trial, which is described in the official programme as "A Scottish Six Days in Miniature," was one of exceptional severity, including many exceedingly stiff hills, amongst them being the notorious Inverfarigaig.

The reductions in the prices of petrol were closely followed by a big reduction in the prices of Dunlop tyres, which came into force on October 2. These reductions apply to every grade of tyre manufactured, not excluding cycle tyres and solids for heavy vehicles, and must necessarily benefit every form of mechanical road transport.

The record for the journey from Durban to Pretoria *viâ* Johannesburg has been broken by Mr. T. B. Adair on a Vauxhall. The road is very hilly, and for the most part the surface is bad. Mr. Adair used a standard 30–98-h.p. Vauxhall car, and his time for the 450 miles was 11¾ hours, which is 192 min. better than the previous record.

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1923 PROGRAMME

Reduction in Prices

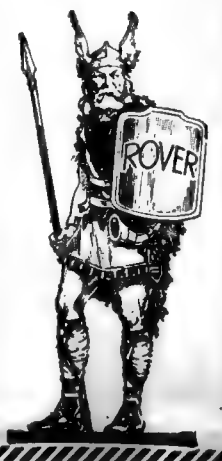
	Old Price	New Price
12 h.p. CHASSIS	£495	£415
12 h.p. TWO-SEATER	£625	£525
12 h.p. FOUR-SEATER	£650	£550
12 h.p. COUPÉ, Fixed Top	£750	£650
12 h.p. COUPE, Drop Head	£800	£675
12 h.p. SALOON	£900	£775
8 h.p. TWO-SEATER	£220	£180
8 h.p. FOUR-SEATER		£190
8 h.p. TWO-SEATER De Luxe	£245	£200
8 h.p. FOUR-SEATER De Luxe		£210

Self-Starter on 8 h.p. Models, £15 extra.

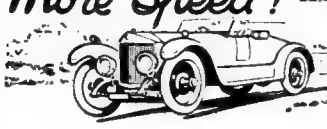
NOTE.—With both the 8 h.p. and 12 h.p. Touring Cars, All-Weather Side Curtains opening with doors are fitted as standard. Many detail improvements are included in both cars, the most interesting of which is probably the fact that the lubrication of the 12 h.p. engine has been altered to pressure feed.

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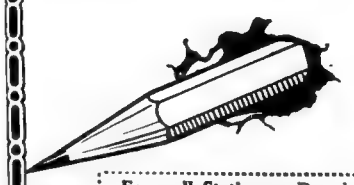
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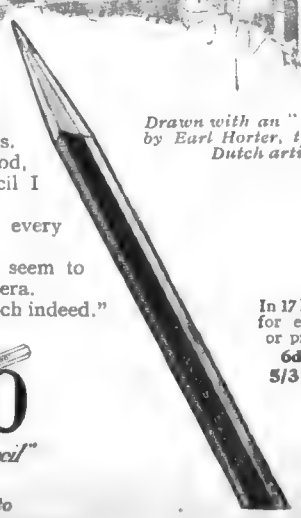
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ROMAN REMAINS

Found while Excavating the Site of the New Fry Factory at Keynsham



Roman Remains Discovered at Keynsham, near Bristol

In the course of the excavations for the new site of one of Messrs. J. S. Fry's new factories at Keynsham, seven miles from Bristol, two stone coffins of the Romano-British period were discovered. "The larger of the two coffins," writes an archæological correspondent, "which contains the skeleton of a man, measures externally 6 ft. 11 in. The coffin was formed from a single block of oolite, and an unusual feature of the burial is that it contains an inner coffin of lead with a lead cover. The skeleton was lying at full length, but the bones were considerably decayed, though the lower jaw has still a fine array of teeth. The second coffin is of smaller dimensions, being 6 ft. long, tapering from 2 ft. to 1 ft. 3 in. This discovery on Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons' site has aroused much local interest, and it is hoped it may be found possible to undertake a definite search for traces of masonry at the cemetery which may throw light upon these interments."



The New Factory of Messrs. Fry, Showing the Retaining Wall and Foundations

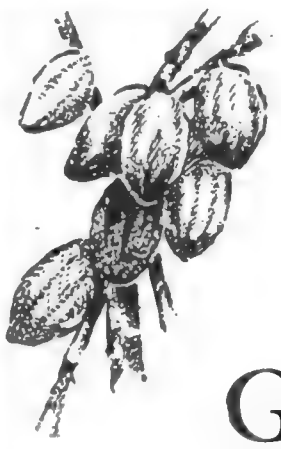
THE AUTUMN HORTICULTURAL SHOW

Never has a more beautiful floral exhibition been held in London than the great autumn meeting of the Royal Horticultural Society last week. A large building, the Holland Park Skating Rink, was utilised, and the space allowed the gardeners to set forth their flowers, fruits, and vegetables to the best advantage. The Royal Horticultural Society did the planning of the show in a very skilful manner, and thus when one looked down on the stands from the gallery the eyes found a succession of new delights as they ranged over the scene. Here a great bank of superb chrysanthemums made vivid colourings. Close by a still richer note was rendered by wonderful begonias. Softer tints of autumn foliage gave the refining touches. A little removed by a few gradations in flowers and plants were potatoes, with their homely faces washed to perfection. Even the exhibition potato can make tints in pale yellow and mellow purple, which, in company with gigantic crimson carrots, bright yellow tomatoes, and veritable trees of white celery and leeks, open up new possibilities for the artist in the kitchen garden.

Again, one turned to dwarf fruit trees in pots, and saw with wonder huge apples, pears, rich purple plums, and even late cherries growing sturdily, whilst alongside were tempting clusters of the pale muscat and the deep purple grapes. Masses of roses making their last fight against the oncoming winter gave that pathetic note of the fleetingness of all things.

Of the individual exhibits it is impossible to deal in detail, so high was the general level of excellence. But I would like to compliment Messrs. Sutton of Reading on their magnificent display of vegetables, for they were able to show that England can lead the world in the excellence and variety of wholesome foodstuffs. That prince of gardeners, Mr. Edwin Beckett, also showed a magnificent collection of vegetables and fruit from the gardens of the Hon. Vicary Gibbs, Elstree. Mr. H. J. Jones, Lewisham, made his usual grand display of chrysanthemums. A glorious array of orchids was staged by Messrs. Sanders, St. Albans. The fruit of Messrs. Bunyard, Maidstone, and Rivers and Son, Sawbridgeworth, the carnations of Allwood Brothers, Haywards Heath, the begonias of Bastin and Son, Bexley Heath, and of Blackmore and Langdon, Bath, the flowers and fruit of Cheal and Son, Crawley, and the roses of Dobbie and Company, Edinburgh, Alex Dickson, Belfast, and Elisha Hicks, Twyford, are just a few of the exhibits that deserve to be mentioned.

R. P. H.



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HORSE AND CATTLE SHOWS OF THE WEEK.

Welsh Black cattle are popular many miles outside the Principality, but to see them to perfection one must travel to Menai Bridge, where, under the auspices of the Welsh Black Cattle Society, Messrs. John Pritchard and Company conduct their annual show and sale.

There was a large attendance, and quality and type were much in evidence. No fewer than thirty-two entries in the class for cows born prior to 1919 faced the judges, and here, after keen competition, Fishguard Molly, from Mr. G. Jones Roberts, obtained premier honours. She is a level fleshed, deep, quality cow. The 1919 Heifers had twenty-four entries, and again class was very evident, and Mr. O. E. Hughes did well to win with Bodeliva Shan 3rd, a sweet type. The 1920 Heifer class was not so strong in numbers, but one of the right sort in Waen Martha 2nd, from Mr. A. W. Willmer, led.

Senior Bulls had an excellent sire in Nanhoran Duke, from Mr. W. H. Jones, in the first place, and he is massive and level. Junior Bulls found their winner in Mr. J. J. Lynch's Spectre of Glascoed, who is full of promise. Top price of the day was 134 guineas, paid by Sir T. Merick for the heifer, Bodeliva Shan 3rd.

The Arab Horse Trials

The Arab Horse Society's endurance test over the Sussex Downs proved an interesting event for those privileged to witness it, for the test comprised a ride of 300 miles. This year Mr. S. G. Hough had the winner in his magnificent grey, Shahzada, who carried off the £50 Cup and the gold medal, having completed the journey in 37 hr. 29 min., and finishing in quite fresh condition.

The Marquis of Hartington's Swaiman, a fine type of chestnut, made a good second, and came in just over an hour after the winner. Last year's winner, Mr. H. V. M. Clark's grey mare, Belka, had to be withdrawn owing to a chill.

National Pig Breeders' Show at Birmingham

There were some 140 pigs entered at this show and sale at Bingley Hall, many famous prize-winners being present. In the Large White classes Mr. E. Wherry gained the Championship with Bourne Empress 96th, a grand sort of gilt. Under the hammer she realised 100 guineas. Middle Whites were a good entry, and here Messrs. Morgan and Winterson had the Champion award for Abberton Choice 2nd, a long, deep sow. Tamworths—the "golden" pig—were led by Knowle Darlington, a quality boar from Major J. A. Morrison, D.S.O.

Percheron Horses Sell Well

At Market Harborough a sale of pedigree Percheron horses was held under the auspices of the British Percheron Horse Society. Forty head were sold to realise £3,050, giving an average of £76.

The highest price was 350 guineas given by Mr. S. M. Dennis for the mare, Quartelette, from Mr. H. R. Overman, which had been Champion at this year's Royal Show. Mr. Dennis also paid 250 guineas for Oleandre, another mare from Mr. Overman. Top price for stallions was 130 guineas by Sir H. Hoare for Lagor, from Mr. Overman. E. W. L.

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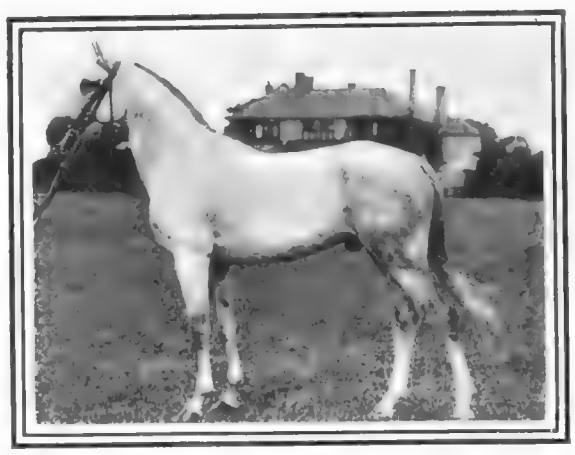
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The Sale of Pedigree Percherons at Market Harborough

The iron-grey stallion, Misanthrope, the property of Mr. H. Overman, a prize-winner at the Market Harborough Show, which remained unsold at 700 guineas

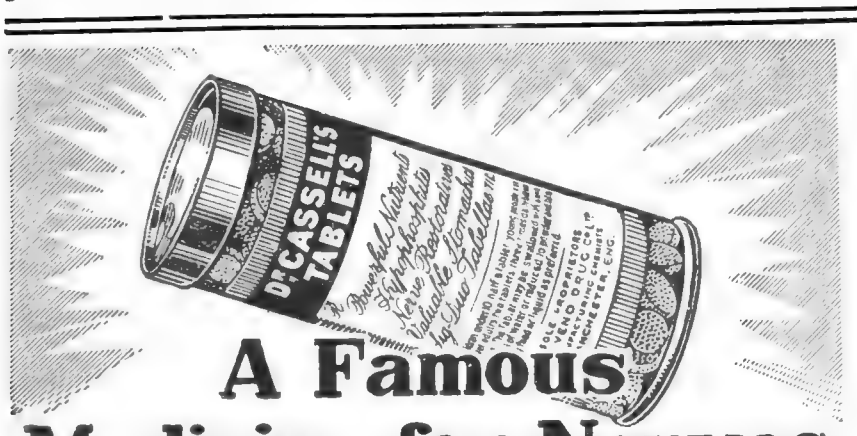


The Winner of the Arab Horse Tests

These tests were held over a sixty-mile course in Sussex each day for five days. Shahzada, owned by Mr. S. G. Hough, did the 300 miles in 37½ hours

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

In the 'nineties of last century Her Majesty the Queen graciously began to give prizes to the boy or girl in each of the homes and ship of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, who throughout the previous year best lived up to the motto, "Be Good and Do Good." The Queen, who never forgets, again deputed the Dowager Countess of Jersey to present the awards to the various recipients. The Secretary says, "Let it not be supposed that the receivers of these coveted gifts are angels—far from it; they are just ordinary boys and girls with a deeper streak of honour and of playing an upright game in their human intercourse." It is to be regretted that a society which produces such an excellent tone in its boys and girls should be straitened for funds. We trust that its appeal may receive a full answer.



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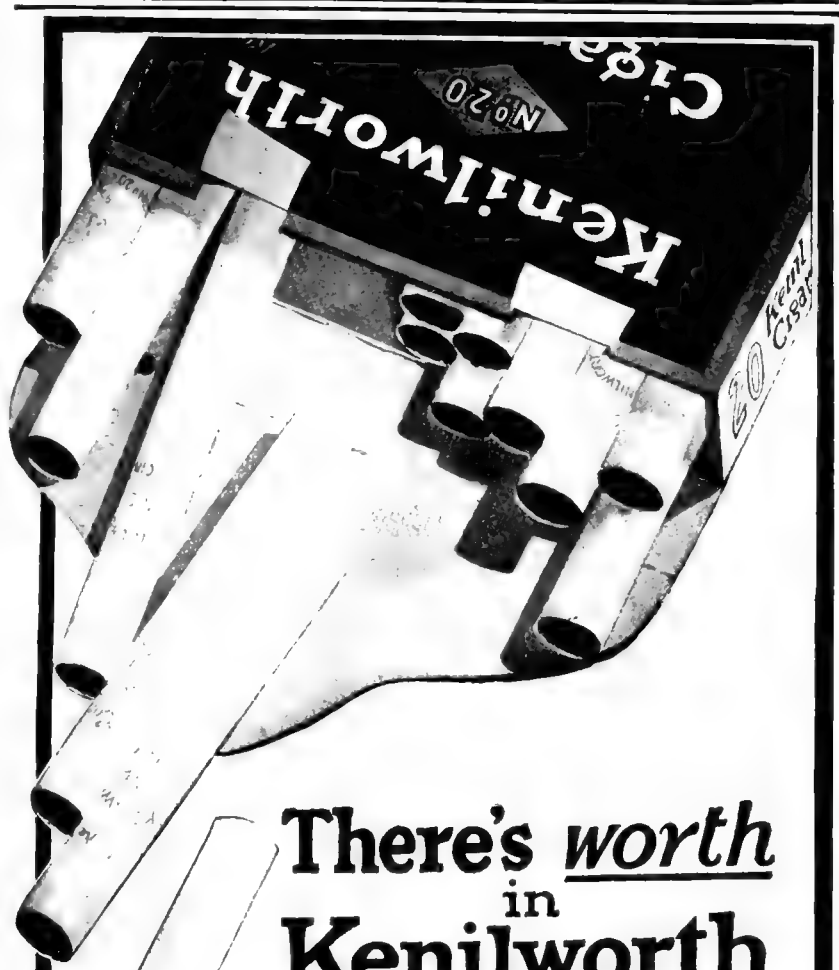


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Exclusive picture by H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The Group of Competitors who Took Part in the Hard Court Tournament at the London Country Club at Hendon

This tournament was decided last week at Hendon. In the above group are seen, amongst others, Miss I. Watamanbe of Japan (fourth from left), Dr. H. S. Owen, Miss E. Bristowe (in fur coat), Mrs. Foreshaw (in black coat), Mr. M. J. G. Ritchie, Miss Hardy, Miss E. C. Mogg, Mr. E. Portlock, Miss Barton, Mr. F. W. Donisthorpe, Miss Edwards, Miss P. Ingram, Miss Lumley Ellis, and Miss Beckingham

MR. ROBINSON'S CLOAK

By "SYLVANIA"

The most optimistic mortals on this pessimistic earth are, I am convinced of it, the people who design men's raiment. Year after year they make plans for beautiful picturesque clothes, and send eager accounts of them to the papers; perhaps they even cut them out and make them, and put them on handsome wax figures with curly hair and Vandyck beards, and dream of a brighter, better London, in which all men would go thus wondrously arrayed—but nobody else ever sees them, and the tubular costume for men continues to hold the field.

But the dress designers—or whatever you call their masculine equivalent—never lose heart, but continue to offer to their customers a charming diversity of attire which they as regularly refuse. Yesterday it was knee-breeches, the day before a coloured coat; to-day it is a cloak, a real romantic, flowing cloak that would make a Walter Raleigh even of little Mr. Robinson, coming up every morning from the suburbs to the City, and having no more thirst for adventure than an occasional yearning to go by steamer to Southend.

Consider the possibilities of a cloak! A coat is a coat, no matter whether you are setting sail for El Dorado or just going out to get a poached egg at the A.B.C. round the corner; but a cloak can be gallant or sinister, jovial or curmudgeonly, according to your mood of the moment; you can cast it gracefully over one shoulder or muffle yourself to the eyes in it, and so provide yourself with a perfectly good excuse for not recognising the club bore; and it is a very admirable concealer of market baskets, brown-paper parcels, and oddments of that kind. It is, in fact, a very pearl among garments, but for all that you will never see Mr. Robinson wearing it, any more than you will find him sporting a peach-coloured dinner jacket or a pair of crimson knee-breeches—he will stick to his overcoat, and another pathetic hope will die for lack of justification.

Of course, a cloak imposes certain restrictions upon the wearer; it would object to keeping company with a bowler, and would barely tolerate an umbrella. It really demands a plumed hat to allow of the sweeping bow to match the cast-it-over-the-shoulder touch, and the sort of boots that they wear in *The Three Musketeers*, together with a set of large and spacious gestures which could never accommodate themselves to travelling on the Tube during the rush hours.

A few brave spirits may adopt the cloak in the hope of being taken for artists or actors, but it will never be generally popular; it will fade away and take its place among all those other forgotten plans for beautifying the outer man. The strange thing is that anybody should have the courage to go on making suggestions that are foredoomed to failure, yet still they come, year after year, to dazzle us in print, and then to die. Who can have the courage and imagination to see Threadneedle Street populated by cloaks and Bond Street by knee-breeches? They say that the designers of the most surprising and beautiful frocks are men. Can it be that the ladies are having their revenge?



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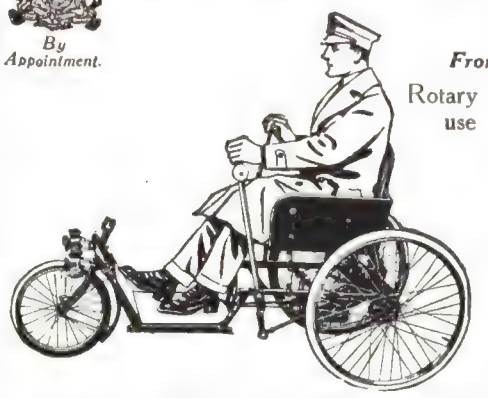
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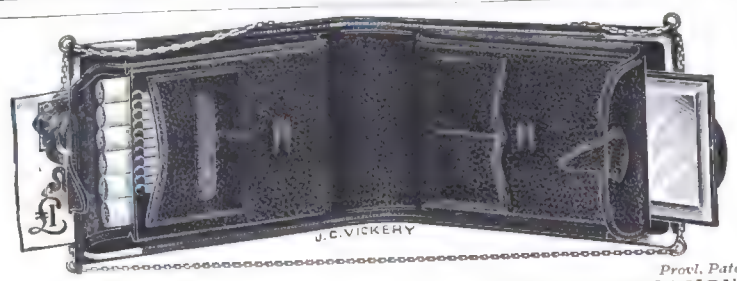
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Next time you have to face a trying nervous ordeal—on stage or concert platform, at a Company meeting, public dinner, or important interview—take two or three Genasprin tablets (disintegrated in water) about half an hour before the event.

When the fatal moment arrives, you will find yourself calm, cool and collected—with unflurried nerves and a clear, concentrated mind—so that you can do justice to yourself and to the occasion.

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(The Super aspirin.)

There is nothing to be ashamed of in "stage fright" and other forms of nervous panic—it is usually the sign of a highly-strung, sensitive temperament.

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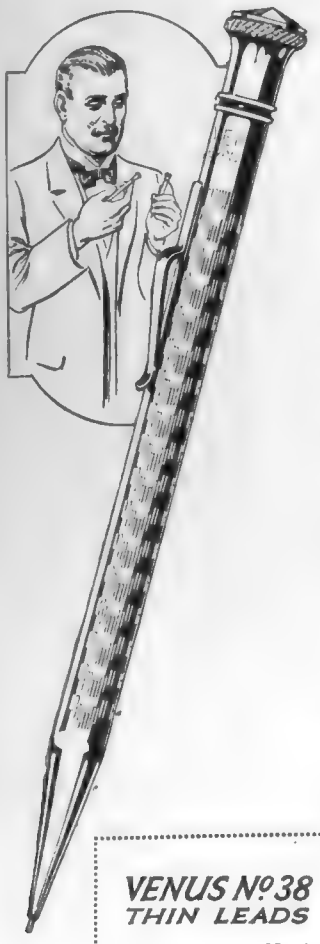
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WHILST designed to give ample protection during damp weather, the autumn and winter styles in Norvic walking shoes are nevertheless models of stylish daintiness and elegance. The Norvic illustrated is made of Glacé Kid in the new Havana shade. It is charming in appearance and will fit like a made-to-measure shoe.



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"POOSIE NANSIE'S":—The old historical resort of vagrants; has been described as 'a howf of gangrel bodies.' It is said that in the ancient bar parlour Burns first recited his poem, 'The Jolly Beggars.'

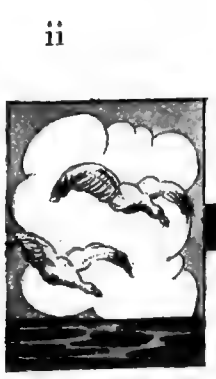
Johnnie Walker: "Which is your favourite quotation from your works, Robert?"

Shade of Robert Burns: "That which America has discovered the truth of, 'Freedom and Whisky gang thegither'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.



By MARJORIE.

There are many "sensations" in the world of dress to-day, among them furs dyed colours that cast a shadow over the plumage of tropical birds. It must be confessed that it is generally the fur of our little four-footed friend, the rabbit—or, to give it its correct title, coney—that is thus treated. The colours represented are vivid orange, emerald green, bishop's purple, and a wonderful blue shade. It is used for decorative purposes, and has a softening effect on demi-toilettes. As furs are now seriously being discussed, it may be as well to mention that Persian lamb will be extremely fashionable; as a matter of fact, there are signs on the horizon that our old and trusted friend, seal-musquash, will have to look to its laurels.

Mongolian Wolf and Marmot

A great improvement has taken place in the treatment of marmot, so that the skins are remarkably supple; coats of it range in price from £25 to £70, £80, or even more. Naturally, it must never be compared with mink, Kolinsky, or sable squirrel; they are far more expensive. A fur that is worthy of consideration when it comes to the matter of inexpensive shoulder wraps that extend to the waist is blue mongolian wolf; it wears well and is extremely effective.

Aeroplane Silk and Crocodile Duvetyn

Those who pause to think must realise that Government still holds immense stocks that with justice may be described as "war." It is rumoured that they have unlimited quantities of aeroplane silk; at any rate, a notable dressmaker has secured a certain amount, has had it dyed, and has made it up into adorable tea-gowns, in many of which Persian trousers are present. Although this silk is substantial, it is endowed with unique draping possibilities, and it is no exaggeration to state that it will never wear out. A novelty that has aroused much discussion is stamped duvetyn; in the distance it suggests the softest crocodile skin imaginable. Sometimes, however, a damask pattern takes the place of the crocodile. Velour with a satin reverse is another novelty that has much to be said in its favour.



A Perfectly-tailored Suit

Of cinnamon-brown vicuna cloth, finished with a velvet collar. At Burberrys

Detached Collar

There is no doubt about it that there is a decided amount of obstinacy about Fashion. She has tried by every means in her power to persuade women to adopt the high collar, but except where coats and wraps are concerned, she has not been very successful. However, to-day she has evolved the "detached" collar. It is like the dog-collar of old, made of the same material as the dress; the neck remains uncovered, the collar being held in position by two bands that are attached to the *décolletage* of the frock. It is rather attractive, and is of the greatest assistance in bringing a last season's dress up-to-date.



A Motor Coat

Of grey suède, with opossum collar. At Burberrys

The Revival of the Bustle

The "bustle" has returned, but is now worn outside instead of inside the skirt. The wire cylinder, which is the form it takes, is covered with the same material as the dress; wide ribbons pass through it which fall in cascade ends at the side. For evening dresses this is all very well, but it must be admitted that it looks rather out of place on a three-piece toilette, the third piece being an abbreviated fur coat. It completely alters the silhouette, and in some curious manner reminds one of the Dana Gibson girl.

A Knock-about Hat

As women are ever seeking something different where millinery is concerned, they will be pleased to hear about a knock-about manchon felt hat for 12s. 11d., which is obtainable in all the fashionable colours. Among its many advantages is that it can be arranged in an infinite variety of ways. With a wide brim and a plumage mount, it is perfect for restaurant wear. Without the intervention of a needle or thread, the brim can take the form of a pneumatic tyre, and be indented wherever the wearer desires; it is then perfect for motoring or country wear in general. In another phase it is a sports hat, and it can also assume the form of a Napoleon as well as a marquise. The name and address of the milliner responsible for this *multum in parvo* hat will be sent on application.



Tailored Suits and Wraps

There is always the charm of distinctive originality about the tailored suits and wraps at Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W.; the cut is excellent and the quality of the materials *sans reproche*. Tailored suits of vicuna cloth promise to be very popular, the one portrayed on this page being of an elusive cinnamon *nuance*. As will be noticed, the coat is cut on flowing lines and is finished with a velvet collar. There is no doubt about it that there is nothing more becoming to Englishwomen. Also pictured is a grey tweed coat, reinforced with an abbreviated cape. Not only does this cape increase the warmth and grace of the coat, but it acts as a diminishing glass on figures that are rather stouter than is desirable. Last, but by no means the least interesting illustration on this page, is the grey suéde coat with opossum collar. It is lined with this firm's well-known urber silk, and the suède, it is no exaggeration to state, is as supple as the petal of a rose. Keen sportswomen have set their stamp of approval on Burberry's short weather-proof overcoats with contrasting skirts. It must be mentioned that the Tielocken weatherproof is provided with overlapping fronts and a belt that can be arranged in a variety of ways.

Weatherproof Hats

No one likes to be encumbered with an umbrella; especially is this the case when motoring or a tramp over the moors is contemplated. Therefore, all women owe a debt of gratitude to Burberrys for the introduction of hats that resist rain, do not spot, keep their shape, and always look smart and fresh. Burberrys have prepared a special catalogue illustrating these hats, which will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention this paper.

Sessel Pearls

It seems a trite statement that there is nothing more beautiful than pearls, and that to-day no demi-toilette or evening frock is complete unless it be accompanied by a string of these beautiful gems. There are only a few women who can possess those of the Orient, but every woman can be the possessor of their understudies, the Sessel pearl. A beautiful collier of these with an 18-carat gold clasp is £4 4s. These pearls are made by a secret and scientific process which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture, and durability as their prototypes. Every necklet—in fact, every pearl—made in the Sessel laboratories, is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl. It must be mentioned that these pearls can only be obtained from the Sessel *salons*, 14, New Bond Street, W.; on application an illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free.

A Fashionable Coat

Of grey tweed, reinforced with a short cape. At Burberrys

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The John Haig Clubland Series No. 2.



The Grecian Club.

JUST as White's is distinguished for its gallantry and Wills's for its poetry, the Grecian Club was noted for its scholarship. Many and bitter were the discussions over the more debatable points, and hotly contested were any claims to especial erudition. Dr. King tells us that the young Templars would contend so strenuously over the correct accent of a Greek word that they would often adjourn outside to settle the dispute with their swords.

And yet, however many and varied the arguments over such small questions as pronunciation, there can have been no disputes over such an important matter as the merits of John Haig Whisky. For even in those days the *original* Haig Whisky was universally recognised by the connoisseur as the whisky of discrimination.

Since it was first made—with the pot still and peat fire as to-day—by Scotland's oldest distillers nearly three centuries have passed. Each year the firm of John Haig has gained something in tradition, in knowledge, and in skill: and now more than ever is the *original* Haig Whisky prized by all those who understand just how good really good whisky can be.

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In the Days of the Old Sailing Clipper—West India Dock from the South-East (from the Engraving by W. Parrott)

Reproduced by permission from Sir Joseph Broodbank's fine work on the Port of London, published by Daniel O'Connor in two volumes

A NEW HISTORY of the PORT of LONDON.

In Two Handsome Volumes, by Sir Joseph Broodbank (Chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee of the P.L.A. from 1909 to 1920)



A Rowlandson Engraving of One of the Miseries of London in 1812

A timid passenger at Wapping Old Stairs being surrounded by a howling group of watermen, all offering to convey her across the river. Note the huge badges on the arms of the watermen

The opening by the King this week of the sumptuous new offices of the Port of London Authority on Tower Hill draws attention to an aspect of London's development which has recently been the subject of a complete and authoritative work. The two volumes by Sir Joseph Broodbank are the first really complete history of the development of the Port; they are by a writer who has had forty-nine years personal association "as an officer of two of the companies and as chairman of the Dock and Warehouse Committee." The two volumes are handsomely produced, and are profusely illustrated from diagrams, paintings, and old prints; the two pictures we give here are reproduced from the second volume.

The chapter on "Watermen and Lightermen" in the second volume is amongst the most interesting in the whole work.

"Till docks were made," writes Sir Joseph Broodbank, "the custom was for vessels to discharge and load at moorings in the river, and very few vessels came alongside wharves on the Thames to discharge or load their cargoes. All goods had therefore to be conveyed to and from the ship and shore, and the ships' crews and the labourers engaged in working on the ship had to be rowed to and from their work. Lighters or barges (meaning the same) were used for goods. Boats of the larger type, called wherries, were employed for passengers. The men in charge of lighters were termed lightermen, and those in charge of boats or wherries were called watermen."

The author then goes on to describe the rapidly developing importance of the watermen, as well as some of the dangers and hazards of their occupation.

"The work was irregular, dependent upon favourable winds, not only in the high seas, but in the river itself. It was hard, dangerous, and dirty. There was much temptation to plunder sugar, tobacco, and wine when in bulk, with little chance of its being missed.

"The occupation appealed, therefore, to the shiftless, the reckless, and the lawless. . . . Such men when disciplined made the very finest material for sea-fighting, and from the beginning of the sixteenth century onwards we find records of the impressment of watermen and lightermen for the Navy."

It was not till the opening of the nineteenth century that the domination of the Thames waterman was threatened. "Had any waterman or lighterman been able to forsee at the close of the eighteenth century the changes which invention and progressive ideas were likely to bring within thirty years," writes Sir Joseph Broodbank, "he would have prophesied not only disaster but the extinction of his trade. . . . The original waterman's occupation has practically gone, never to return, but his transfer into the ever-expanding trade of the lighterage of goods has been accomplished without injury to himself, and he has even had the satisfaction of witnessing the disappearance of the passenger steamer which ousted him."

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Stylish Models in the finest quality Furs



A wide Moleskin Scarf bordered with gathered Mole, the gathers being divided by a narrow silver gimp. Lined with grey Crêpe-de-Chine. Price **£55**

A sumptuous three-quarter length Coat of dark natural Mink lined throughout with rich biscuit-coloured satin. Length 40 in. Price **£455**

An extra wide Scarf produced in the finest pure white Russian Ermine, trimmed with a fringe of selected tails and lined with grey Crêpe-de-Chine. Price **£250**

A handsome 48-in. Coat of very fine Seal Musquash, lined throughout with rich old blue satin. Can be worn for evening as well as day **£195**

A very beautiful Coat of dyed Sable Kolinsky, richly lined with brown Damasine to tone with the colour of the fur. Length 48 in. ... **£375**

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These Schools at Purley and Addington have "fathered" thousands of fatherless children; feeding them, clothing them, educating them, and thoroughly equipping them for the battle of life. Many of our most successful business men owe their start in life to the Warehousemen, Clerks, and Drapers' Schools.

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The fullest information will be furnished by the Secretary,

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THE LAST STRONGHOLD.

By SYLVANIA

Rumour has it that a milliner's shop is about to open its doors in Fleet Street, presumably in order that the lady journalists and the Press errand girls and others whose avocations cause them to frequent that dingy thoroughfare may find a crumb of feminine comfort in the midst of their toil; to them it will doubtless mean merely a pleasant lengthening of lunch hours, but to man, poor soul, it is a matter for much disquietude, a brandishing of strange triumphant flags at the gateway of his last stronghold.

It used to be the proud boast of Fleet Street and the Strand that no woman could shop there, that you could walk from Charing Cross to St. Paul's and never find a shop where you could buy so much as a packet of hairpins or a yard of pink ribbon, but the Strand fell long ago from the old tradition, and now shamelessly offers silk stockings and fluffy frocks, and chocolate creams by the ton, though feminine influence has not yet become strong enough to provide it with a draper's, and you still have to go as far as Holborn if you want a card of darning cotton.

Fleet Street held out longer, but even it is not what it was. Side by side with the old chop houses, where the waiters have known your father, and never forget your favourite cut, there are tea-shops with fancy cakes and fancy cloths on the tables, powder puffs in the chemist's window, and even the Cheshire Cheese dwells unblushingly behind a shop where they display chocolates, and Benares figures, and trails of artificial flowers, a pretty sight to confront the ghostly eyes of the Doctor and his cronies when they stroll that way o'nights. The Street of Ink is changing, and let us hope for the better, since even those of us who most love the smell of printer's ink must admit that there is room for improvement. It is, I think, the worst-mannered street in London. Not even in Cheapside do you get so jostled and battered, not even round the Stock Exchange do you see so many glum, disgruntled faces; every man and boy seems bent on impelling himself through space by the force of impact, so that progress along the pavement is largely a matter of cannons, in which the inexperienced stranger is at a disadvantage.

Apart from its manners, Fleet Street can lay no claim to beauty. What other country houses its newspapers in the dingy, ramshackle buildings which go to make up its length? One or two have built themselves suitable homes, but the rest! Narrow, smoke-grimed frontages, steep stairs and no lifts, dust and makeshifts which would make a New York reporter faint, are the chief characteristics of the newspaper offices in the greatest city in the world.

The hat shop is only a trifle in itself, a proof of women's peaceful penetration of what was once considered the exclusive domain of men, but it is a trifle which augurs eloquently for the future. Revolution is in the air; you may presently expect to see geraniums on the office window sill and a full-length mirror in the waiting room; for woman is only beginning her campaign, and she seems about to introduce the Street of Adventure to a new vanity.

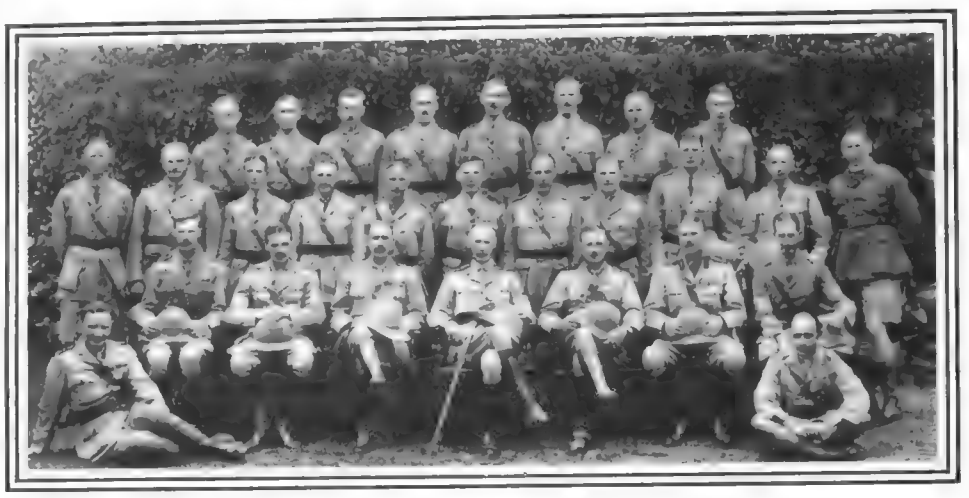
In time she may even end by rebuilding it.

Diaries for the New Year

In the new 1923 Onoto Diaries purchasers will find a monthly index in two colours, by which any date can be found at once; an alphabetical index at the end to record addresses and telephone numbers; specially thin (but opaque) paper, which is essential in pocket diaries, so as to occupy the minimum of space; an insurance coupon for £2,000; and a coupon for an interesting and simple £100 prize competition. The 1923 edition has three new features, which have been introduced at the request of many Onoto Diary users. On the inside of the back cover has been inserted a small pocket, which is very handy for carrying visiting cards and stamps. There has also been added a fixed ribbon marker, and finally, many pages have been ruled cash to enable private accounts to be kept with ease. The diaries are in five sizes, with a large variety of tasteful bindings, and are in prices from 1s.

A Round the World Tour

Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., of Australia House, Strand, W.C.2, is leaving, on November 3, in the P. & O. SS. *Naldera*, 16,000 tons, with a party of ladies and gentlemen. They will visit Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Java, China, Japan, and Canada, and return to England about the middle of May. This is the third occasion that Mr. Gray has conducted a party round the world, and one lady, nearly seventy years of age, has been with him twice and is going again. We understand there are three vacancies, and anyone wishing to embrace this excellent opportunity of seeing the world in comfort should write to Mr. Gray.



Lord Rawlinson with the Officers of the Kolar Gold Field Battalion

This group was taken at Orgaum in India, during the visit of the Commander-in-Chief in India to inspect the battalion. This is a battalion which has a good record of service; it holds many cups and shields won in all parts of India. The group includes: At the back—Capt. A. Southey, Lieut. W. E. Whitehead, Capts. R. B. Woakes, M.C., G. B. White, J. W. Fairweather, M. J. Williams, M.C., Lieut. W. J. Trythall, and Capt. P. M. Morris Davies. In the second row—Capt. J. A. V. Rowe, M.C., Lieuts. F. Stapleton, W. R. Crocker, Capt. E. W. Benson, M.C., Lieuts. J. Stephens, R. J. Paterson, Capts. W. Thomas, E. W. Moyes, M.C., Lieuts. A. J. Mathieson, M.C., R. R. Came, and the Rev. T. J. Williams, M.C. In front are—Capt. G. Willis, M.C., E. York R. (Adjutant), Major O. M. Lund, D.S.O., Lieut.-Col. R. F. J. Weeks, V.D., General Lord Rawlinson, Major C. N. Keith, Major-Gen. Sir A. A. Montgomery, and Major J. C. R. Gannon, M.V.O. Seated on ground are—Capt. T. Pryor, D.S.O., and Capt. S. E. Jenkins, M.B.E.

A Historical Pageant at Islington

For the support of the Royal Northern Hospital, Islington is to have a pageant on the evenings of November 2, 3, and 4, at the Northern Polytechnic, Holloway Road. The local history, extending back nearly twenty centuries, is to be illustrated in a series of tableaux selected and presented by the Islington Antiquarian and Historical Society. Orders for seats or offers of help should be addressed to the Secretary, the Pageant Committee, Town Hall, Upper Street, N.1.

The Artists' Rifles

From Messrs. Howlett and Son of Frith Street, Soho, we have received a copy of "The Regimental Roll of Honour and War Record of the Artists' Rifles (1/28th, 2/28th, and 3/28th Battalions the London Regiment T.F.)." It contains the commissions, promotions, appointments, and rewards for service in the field obtained by members of the corps since August 4, 1914. There is a foreword by Colonel H. A. R. May, C.B., and the whole work has been most carefully compiled by a voluntary committee.



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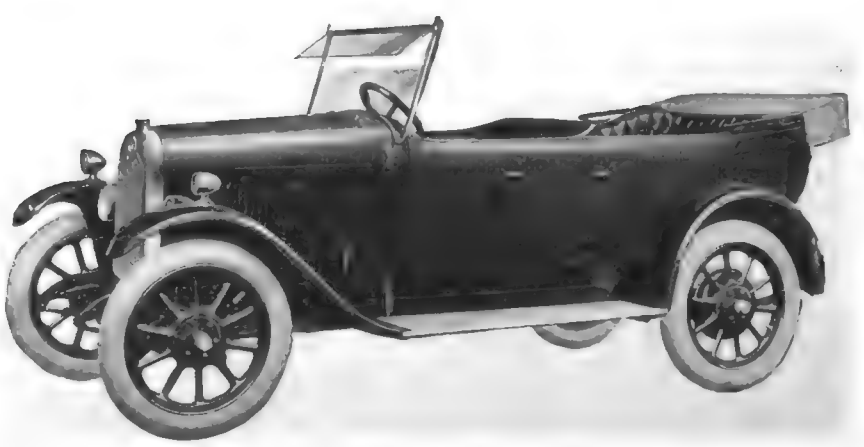
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

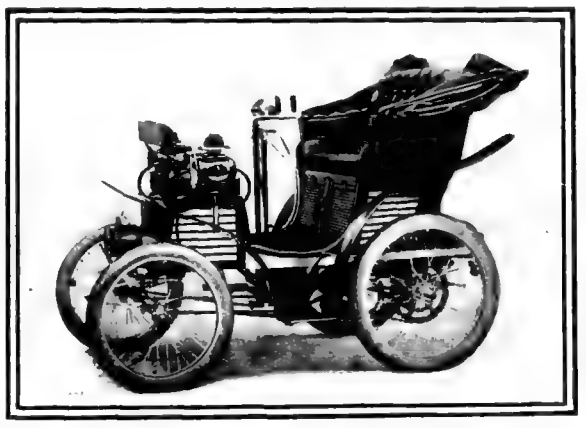
Every high-grade car has some specially pleasing characteristic to distinguish it. In these days, when no really bad car can live on the market, we look for refinements to distinguish one vehicle from the other. To me one of the most pleasing characteristics of the really good car is the ability of the vehicle to accelerate and decelerate rapidly, yet smoothly.

Testing the latest model of the 40–50-h.p. Napier the other day, I found this quality of acceleration–deceleration even more highly pronounced than in the previous model, which we thought had touched the highest level in this delightful characteristic. The latest Napier is really marvellous in its ability to develop power rapidly and smoothly at the road wheels.

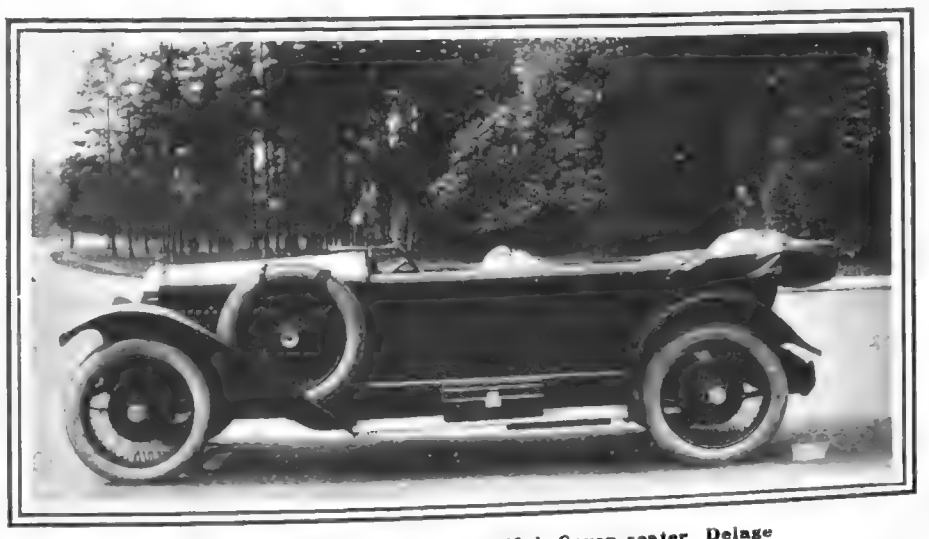
As a result, we obtain a car as full of life as a thoroughbred racehorse, and yet more docile and controllable than any racehorse could possibly be. On top gear the Napier will move smoothly along at four miles an hour, and then, by an amazingly smooth and rapid development of power, it will build up its speed until it is as fast as any vehicle which ought to be on the road.

Most vehicles to-day are fast; indeed, many of them are too fast for their own good or the general comfort. They develop speed in a jerky manner, and they thump and pound and make weird noises, and set up distressing vibrations as they sway along. The Napier has no period of speed at which it ceases to be a luxuriously comfortable carriage, travelling as the carriage of a gentleman should travel.

In other words, with the Napier one can really enjoy high speed. It is comfortable, and it is also safe from the fact that this car can reduce its speed with the same remarkable facility as it develops it. The secret of this very important achievement is the wonderful ratio of power to weight on the Napier chassis. In relation to the power delivered, the weight of the engine and of the whole chassis is uncommonly light, this lightness having been attained by a design which bears the stamp of genius.



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The Latest Model of the Beautiful Seven-seater Delage

The Napier is thus a complete break-away from the old-fashioned ponderous cars; and on long journeys or short, in town or on the open road, it is a most pleasurable vehicle to travel in. Gear-changing becomes almost obsolete on this car, and in hill-climbing or in traffic the engine is most responsive. It removes monotony from road travel.

Very few of the really good cars have instruction books in keeping with the quality of the vehicles. I cannot do better than suggest that every high-grade car should have an instruction manual up to the standard set by the Lanchester Company.

It is true that most cars have nothing like the number of original features which distinguish the Lanchester, but any car worth the name could have a really good and interesting instruction book written about it. The matter is of considerable importance, for we must always study the requirements of the motor-owner in remote places, and provide him with an instruction book which will enable him to keep his car in order without skilled assistance.

The great essential is that the book should enable the average man to understand his car. To assume that the motor is a mystery which can only be understood by a highly-trained engineer is to limit the utility of the car to a ridiculous degree. The finer points of motor engineering require much study, but the success of the motor car is built on the fact that the mechanism is so reliable and so easily kept in order that it can be entrusted to an ordinary man.

So interesting and informative is the Lanchester Instruction Manual that it can be read with profit by the owner of any car. Excellent illustrations help out the text, and as the reader notes one after another of the Lanchester refinements, and sees the care given to every detail, he will understand why the running of this car is so delightful and efficient.

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15/20 H.P. Torpedo	~~800~~	710
20/30 H.P. 6-Cylinder Chassis...	~~700~~	630
20/30 H.P. 6 Cylinder Chassis, Sports ...	~~745~~	670
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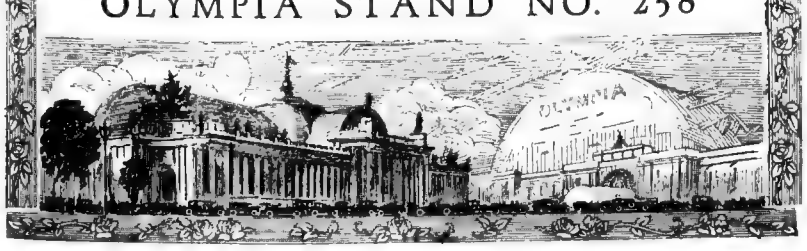
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Merton College, Showing the Brickwork Covered by Ivy



Merton College with the Creeper Removed, Exposing the Brickwork

Ivy-covered Walls at Oxford

Oxford is justly renowned for its lawns and its "creeper." Against the former no criticism has yet been made, or is likely to be; but against the latter a good deal of criticism has been directed. Much damage, it is contended, has been done to Oxford's venerable walls by "creeper," Sir Hamo Thornycroft, R.A., declaring that "so firmly does it attach itself to the stonework that any attempt to remove it pulls off also the surface of the soft Oxfordshire stone, which then crumbles away rapidly, and all architectural features vanish." Our contemporary, *The Architects' Journal*, in a note on this subject, adds that in the pages of that journal it has been always held that to cover up a venerable wall with a creeper is almost as deadly an insult to good architecture as it would be to good statuary. On the other hand, it has been pointed out that in many cases the splash of green which a creeper makes is very often most welcome amid a welter of stonework. If a creeper—not necessarily ivy—is controlled by someone with artistic appreciation, very delightful effects can be obtained. Very often a keen sense of loss occurs when the creeper is totally removed. Something of homeliness is gone. One is alone with the bare stone and possibly indifferent architecture. One reader wrote to us recently. "There is a passion for scraping just now." "Some Oxford quads," says another, "would be the better for creeper. It would hold the tottering walls together." The two pictures we reproduce above show Merton before and after removing the creeper which covered its walls.

The Everyman Commonwealth

The last six productions at the Everyman Theatre have been staged by the Everyman Repertory Company, a co-operative association of actors, actresses, and staff who have been connected for some time with the Hampstead Playhouse. When the director proposed to pay off his company for the summer, the dead season of the stage, some members of the company held a discussion, the outcome of which was the renting of the theatre from Mr. Macdermott, and the rehearsing of their first production, *Candida*, by Bernard Shaw. The reception of this play by a large public more than fulfilled the anticipations of the band of enthusiasts. They have since staged *The New Sin*, by Macdonald Hastings, *The Constant Lover*, by St. John Hankin, *A Doll's House*, by Ibsen, *Widower's Houses*, by Bernard Shaw, and *Mary Stuart*, by John Drinkwater. The support has been consistently good; so good, indeed, that the players, after paying all expenses, rent, staff charges, and full salaries, have received a bonus as well. Having achieved such signal success in the worst season of the theatrical year with modern and relatively inexpensive productions, they determined to try their hand at a play which made greater demands both in elaboration of mounting and in expense. They approached John Drinkwater, who not only permitted, but offered to assist in, the production of *Mary Stuart*. Again boldness was rewarded, for the reception of the play has been most cordial, bookings have broken all records, hundreds of people have been turned away from the theatre. To meet the increased demand, special mid-week matinées are being held. These began on Thursday, October 12, and will be continued until further notice.



A Beautiful Greek Statue Presented to the Ashmolean

Recently found in a Dorsetshire village. It has now been presented to Oxford by Professor Percy Gardner, who received it from Mr. Arnold Mitchell, F.R.I.B.A.

Holyrood High Constables.

A reader of THE SPHERE points out that the group given in last week's issue of THE SPHERE were not Scottish archers in undress uniform, but were Holyrood high constables. They are most excellent, worthy men, who stand in much the same relation to the archers as the palace marshals at St. James's do to the Corps of Gentlemen at Arms. I never heard of any of them laying claim to gentle birth. As for the statement that the archers are nearly all "chieftains," etc., if that ever was so it is far from the case now. As far as I know there are not two dozen genuine "chieftains" in all "braid Scotland" nowadays. Formerly the archers were strictly confined to the nobility and landed gentry. But not being employed for forty years or more in Queen Victoria's day, they degenerated into what was practically an Edinburgh dining club, some few members of which occasionally shot with bow and arrows for medals, etc., in the meadows, and the body was in danger of dying out. So the door was opened to admit some of the more prominent "writers" and business men (brewers, accountants, insurance, etc.) in Edinburgh, and so it remains, though shorn of its former exclusiveness.

A Greek Statue for Oxford

The picture reproduced in the centre of this page shows the beautiful Greek statue found in Dorsetshire by Mr. Arnold Mitchell, F.R.I.B.A. It is an early Greek sculpture, thought to have been carved about 300 B.C. out of marble quarried, possibly, somewhere near Smyrna. It was handed by the finder to Professor Percy Gardner, who has given it to the Ashmolean at Oxford.

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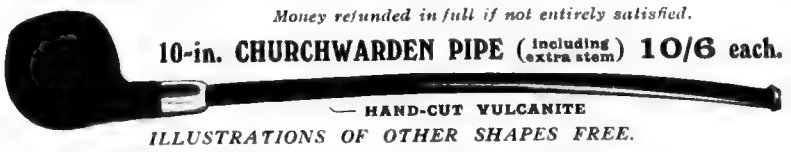
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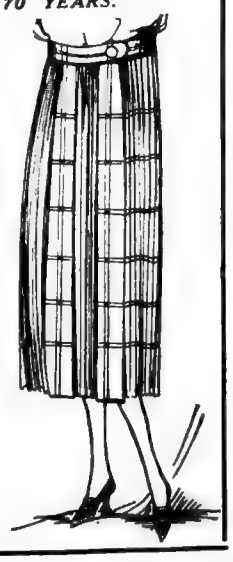
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A LITERARY LETTER : (Continued from p. 76–8.)

Jean de Bosschère is a French artist in whose work my friend, the late William Heinemann, took a rapturous delight. I am not quite sure that I share it, but there is much to admire in his fantastic talent, and it is brought out in an exceedingly interesting manner in the illustrations to the *Don Quixote*, which has just appeared through the firm of Constable. In this edition of *Don Quixote* we are frankly told that the letterpress is subordinate to the illustrations; that is to say, the book has been abridged. It is certainly a beautiful volume, however, and those who share my enthusiasm for Cervantes's great masterpiece will be delighted to have it on their shelves side by side with the full translations of Shelton, Ormsby, and H. E. Watts, all of which I have the happiness to possess, the first in the "Tudor Library."

There are those to-day who find *Don Quixote* a dull book, and have the courage to say so frankly. I do not share that opinion. I read the book in one form or another with delight in childhood, and I have read it with more understanding in middle age. To me, as to most readers, it seems one of the great books of the world, a delightful allegory of life. The contrast between the romantic nature of the idealist and the practical man has never been presented with anything like the same vividness. I was told the other day that Spaniards had been known to assert that the book had done more harm than good to their country. I doubt this, as Toledo has just erected a monument to Don Quixote, by Cabarera, in honour of Cervantes. As a matter of fact, *Don Quixote* is Spain's greatest glory, and must always find enthusiastic admirers throughout the wide world. I can forgive the abridgment, however, in this beautiful edition, in that the illustrations have a significance of their own, and that I have been tempted once again to read the the adventures of that marvellous knight. The editor, I note, demurs to the suggestion that Cervantes in this book "did smile Spain's chivalry away." *Don Quixote* is in itself a book of chivalry. I trust that this handsome edition will send many more readers to the greatest of all works of fiction.

The publishers are indeed having a busy time just now. The Autumn Announcements Number of *The Publishers' Circular* is absolutely staggering, so great a multitude of new books are therein announced. Many of the publishers have also their own literary guides, which make excellent reading. Constable's *Monthly List*, for example, is much more than a catalogue. It contains an agreeable note of literary gossip which makes it worth preserving. The same applies to the even more elaborate publication entitled *Now and Then*, issued by Mr. Jonathan Cape, who of all our new publishers seems to be the one who has issued an exceptional number of handsome books. Mr. Herbert Jenkins has also a lively circular. Mr. Grant Richards contents himself with a chatty advertisement week by week in this or that journal, in which he develops his own frank and individual opinion of the books he publishes.



Sancho Panza agreed to be his squire.

Sancho, as Jean de Bosschere Sees him

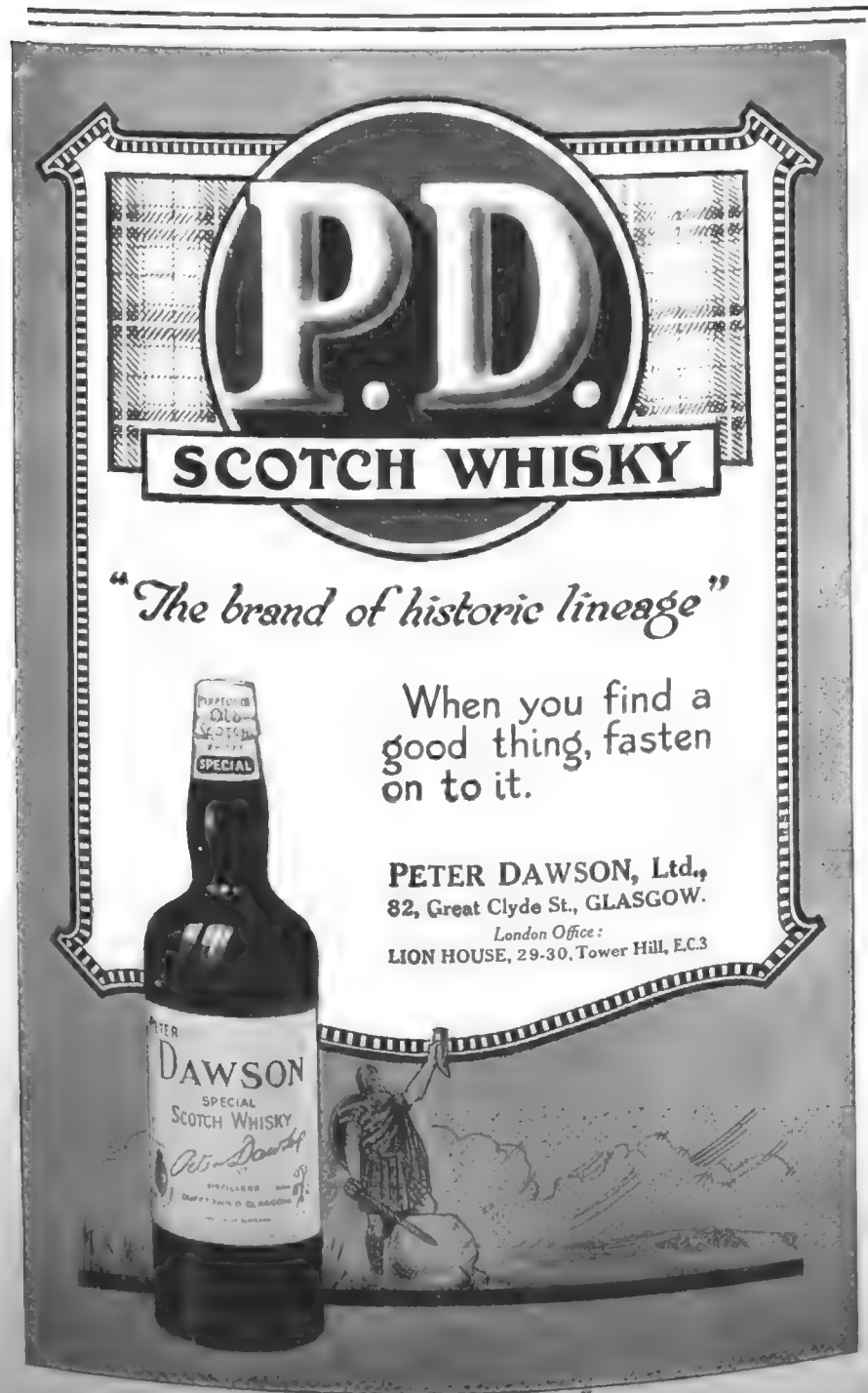
From the new "Don Quixote," just issued by the firm of Constable

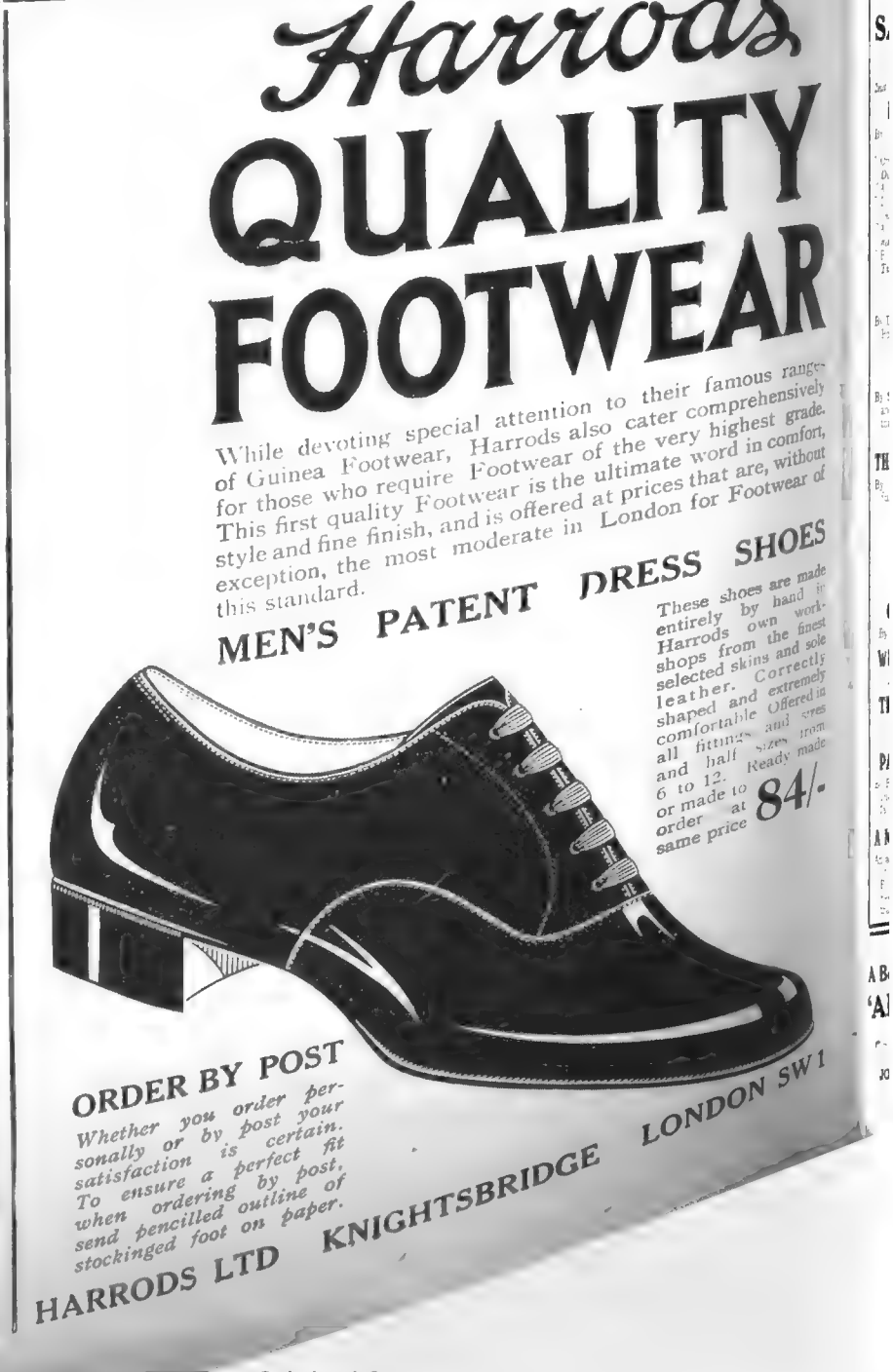
Of the older firms, Longman has long issued a monthly pamphlet, which I never fail to read. Murray, Macmillan, and Methuen content themselves with well-produced catalogues, and all these firms issue an unfailing supply of good literature. Cassell's autumn list presents very genially the portraits of the army of well-known men whose works it issues. I am particularly glad to note in it a new uniform edition of the works of Sheila Kaye Smith, one of the most distinguished of our younger writers, and I admire the enterprise which is to produce the complete works of H. G. Wells in a uniform edition of thirty volumes. I am surprised that they can be got into these dimensions.

The firm which I think has a distinction for publishing more books than any other is that of Hodder and Stoughton. They issue more than fifty new novels this season, and quite fifty volumes dealing with other forms of literature, including St. Loe Strachey's *Autobiography*, *Essays* by Lord Birkenhead, Sidney Dark's *Life of Sir Arthur Pearson*, Sir William Watson's *Poems*, and a score of other books which are bound to be interesting. The most striking book in the list of another new firm—A. M. Philpot—is a bibliography of Sir Richard Burton. The firm of Heinemann promises *The Letters of Lord and Lady Wolseley* and *The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page*, two books which will attract much attention.

The firm of Collins, once known mainly by their reprints of earlier books, is now very much a London firm, with a host of notable volumes, of which *Knuckles and Gloves*, by Bohun Lynch, an account of all the great fights and fighters, is, perhaps, the most noteworthy. I am glad to see that the firm of George G. Harrap, which always has a command of daintiness, promises us *The Fairy Tales of Perrault* in a new form. George Bell and Sons promise us a new edition, revised, of Dr. Holland Rose's *Life of Napoleon*; but perhaps their most imposing book is Sir Guy Laking's *European Armour and Armies*, published at 15 guineas. Thornton Butterworth has many good books on the way, including two volumes which will be much discussed—*The Autobiography of Margot Asquith: Book Two*, and the *Indiscretions of Lady Susan Townley*. Of the new books issued by William Blackwood and Sons, perhaps *Dryburgh Abbey*, by the Rev. D. G. Manuel, is the most noteworthy.

C. K. S.





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THE LEONARDO MADONNA

(Continued from p. 67)

conspicuously the finest of them all. It is carved on a paving-stone, covered with a layer of *gesso*, on which the details, too delicate for stone, are lightly chiselled. Another point particularly characteristic of Leonardo is the omission of the halo from the Mother's head, while it is given to the Child. There are many other points, including evidence from Leonardo's manuscripts, in Sir Theodore Cook's pamphlet, to which the great Italian critic refers. But Venturi himself, writing a signed article in the recent number of the Roman journal, *L'Arte*, leaves historical matters for future treatment, and lays all his emphasis on the technique and artistry of the composition.

He speaks of the convex shape of this Madonna's ample forehead; of the droop of her soft eyelids; of the reticent smile that seems subtly to animate the whole expression of her face and figure. He points to the serious little face of the child, whose eyes seem ready to behold the future; to the full and well-shaped lips of an infant still suckled at the breast. But above all, he lays stress on the pictorial nature of the carving, on its delicacies of light and shade, on the fluent passages from one surface-plane to another; and he considers the profile view given in one of the illustrations to be conclusive in this regard. "*Opera indiscutibile*," he concludes, "*e per quanto e conosce ai tempi nostri, unica di Leonardo nel campo dell' arte plastica.*" We are glad to give our readers the two pictures of this exquisite masterpiece and its "original" in this issue, for it is the first time they have been published together in any newspaper.

Studdy Dogs in "The Sketch"

The famous Studdy Dogs in colours are still a feature of our bright contemporary, *The Sketch*, and the current example is a particularly good one. Other features of the issue are a fine double-page in colours of Miss José Collins in *The Last Waltz*, and five other pages in colours. The plays of the moment are fully illustrated, and there are, of course, numerous society pictures of great interest.

Oxford Personality Portraits

On p. 65 of this issue we publish a number of portraits of Oxford personalities. These portraits are the work of the following—Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Lafayette, and Russell.

TRAFALGAR: How Was It Fought?

(Continued from p. 69)

within 3,000 yards. There was not one single man or boy who was right. It is obvious, therefore, that it is absurd to throw over the evidence of the admiral and captains quoted above, which are fully backed by the logs and journals of the vessels engaged, and which all go to prove that Nelson's memorandum was carried out, because a lieutenant in the weather line some miles away thought that the lee line went into action in a line ahead, practically at right angles to the enemy's line of battle. As the French fleet was in a curve, and as the *Victory* was altering her course pretty rapidly in carrying out the feint before the attack, Senhouse, looking through a gun port, may well have written fifteen years later that Nelson's line also was attacking in a similar manner to the lee line. Anyone who wishes to gather how much can be seen of what is going on ahead and astern of the ship from a gun port between decks should pay a visit to the old *Victory* lying at Portsmouth and try for himself. Fortunately for our future historians, the Battle of Jutland has been worked out in the most able manner by Captain Harper and his intelligent assistants from the logs and despatches of the ships engaged. Happening to know somewhat of the contents of this document, which so far has been withheld from publication, it is a satisfaction to know that our children and children's children will at length know the truth, and, knowing it, will rise up and call the name of Jellicoe blessed.

M. K.

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The LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

(Continued from p. 75)

He was in the act of turning away when he observed his two fellow passengers talking very earnestly to an elderly gentleman whom he had already noted as evidently the chief mourner, and with some apprehension he observed further that the eyes of all three were turned towards himself. And then, before he had time to make any attempt at escape, this elderly gentleman shaped his course to intercept him. A mild blue eye and a thin, straggling grey beard that left quite visible a small and unaggressive but obstinate mouth, were the two features in this gentleman's countenance that struck him particularly. Its general expression was benevolent, and at this moment the mild eye seemed to express an even warmer sentiment.

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(To be continued)

Picture Exhibitions in London

The autumn season of picture exhibitions is now in full swing. The Royal Society of Painters in Water-colours are opening on October 21 at 5a, Pall Mall East. The Royal Institute of Oil Painters' Exhibition at 195, Piccadilly, is already open. The Hampstead Society of Artists are opening their twenty-third annual exhibition at the Walker Gallery in New Bond Street on November 1. The London Group are exhibiting at the Mansard Gallery of Heal and Son in Tottenham Court Road.

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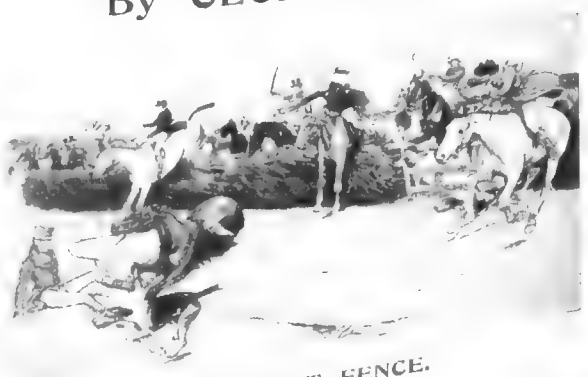
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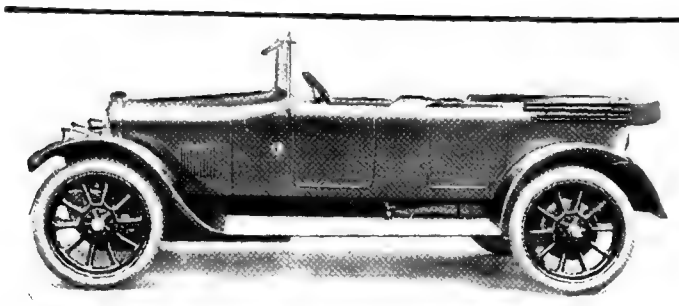
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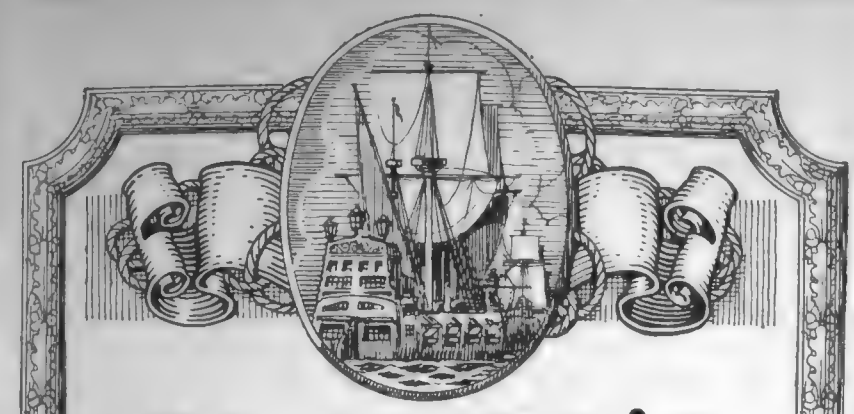
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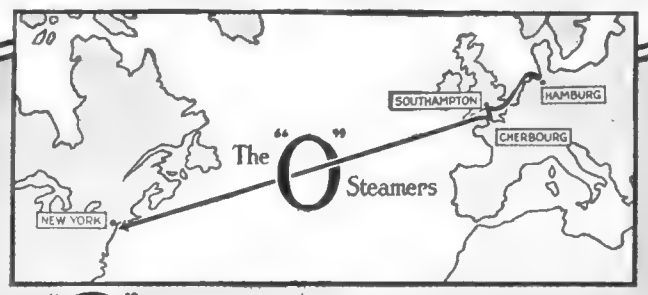
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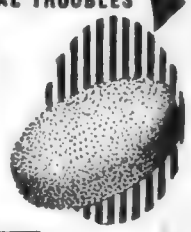
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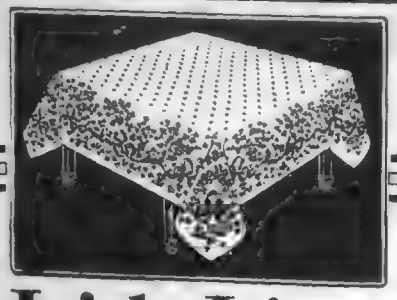
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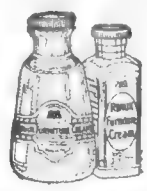
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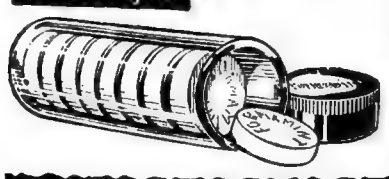
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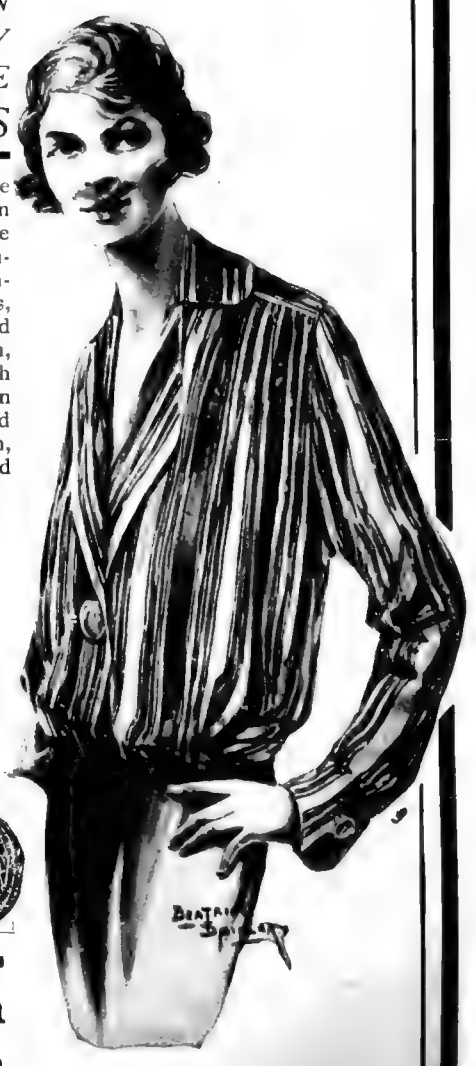
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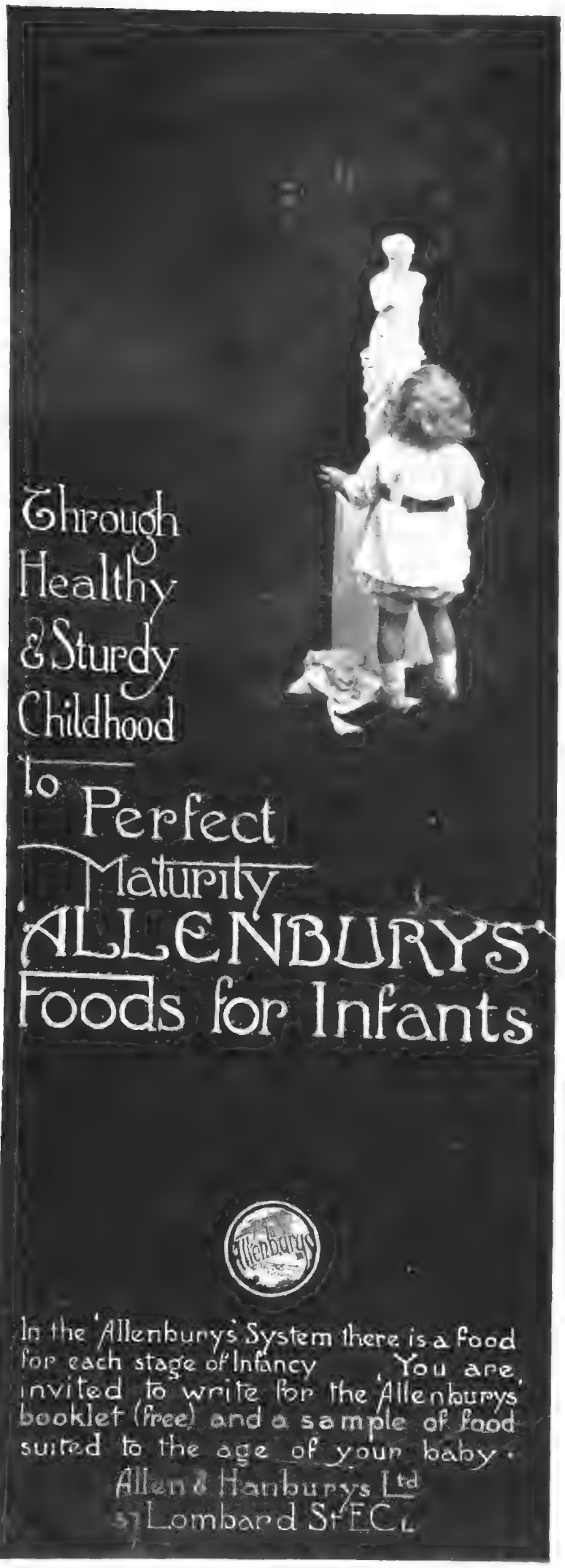
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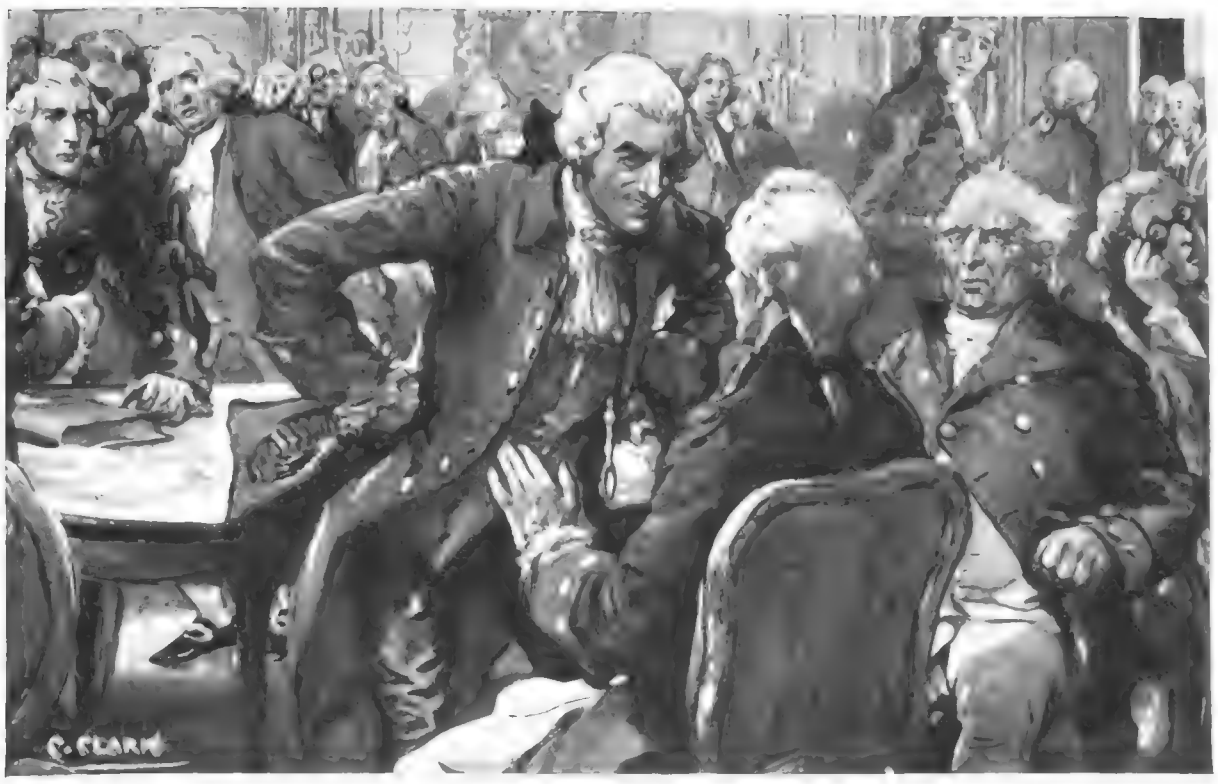






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Mr. Hugh Walpole

Whose latest novel, "The Cathedral," has just been published by the House of Macmillan

A LITERARY LETTER : *The Demand for Novels at the Libraries.*

LONDON, October 23, 1922.

Mr. Hugh Walpole is indeed a darling of the gods. I know not one of the younger novelists—of the generations which succeed Mr. Hardy and Mr. Conrad—who has sustained so effectively the verdict of the critics as well as the favour of the public. There comes a time in the history of many novelists when the critics, having assisted to make a writer's reputation, suffer a reaction and no longer praise his work. To the novelist that matters little, unless he be thin-skinned and sensitive to what he reads in print about himself. He is really independent of criticism when he has once "arrived." The English-speaking public is amazingly faithful, here and beyond the seas, and the author of one successful book may write a dozen in the next twelve years with no abatement of popularity, let the critics say what they will.

But Mr. Walpole goes on his ever-triumphant way. The critics are just as kind to *The Cathedral*, written in 1922, as to *The Duchess of Wrexe*, written in 1914. And the careful workmanship justifies their attitude. There is, indeed, an old-fashioned type of critic, who has read no English novel since George Eliot, who seems to think they are all ephemeral books, and that there is greater virtue in some volume of research, or it may be a romance or play by a foreign master. But this is sheer idiocy. Novels are being written to-day in the land which will take their place among the classics of our language, and I am inclined to think that the three younger men who have written such books are Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Beresford, and Mr. Walpole.

Take *The Cathedral* (Macmillan). It is in the procession of at least four novels known to me, of which *Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles* is one and *Barchester Towers* another. This last is the best-read among the "high-brows" of stories which treat of life in a cathedral city. I know not what the "little town" may be. One half suspects Canterbury, where Mr. Walpole was at school. One recalls Winchester, but there is none of the atmosphere of Winchester, and we are told so often that here is the greatest cathedal in England; so I suppose it *is* Canterbury.

Well, that is not really the important thing, although Mr. Walpole apparently designs to present an allegory of the potency of an ancient building which, passing on from age to age, makes the lives of all its servants—its bishops, archdeacons, and canons—subservient to it. If this be his intention, I at least have not the vision to follow him. I doubt, indeed, if his intention has quite "come off." I see only his not always too human puppets, and the attempt to present them; his Canons Ronder and Foster, his Archdeacon Brandon, and the rest of the ecclesiastics of this stately church. And if I wanted to find an allegory, it is the allegory of the swollen head—the man who makes a god of success and is followed by the inevitable Nemesis presented in the fable of the ring of Polycrates. I have seen that Nemesis at work not only in the realms of politics and commerce, but in those of literature, and even of journalism. I find Mr. Hugh Walpole's presentation of it infinitely fascinating.

Mr. Walpole is the son of a bishop—he has even been described by ribald critics as "the eldest daughter of the Bishop of Edinburgh"—but I find no lack of masculinity in *The Cathedral*. Mr. Walpole is a specialist, and that is why I mention his ancestry; but another specialist finds flaws where the mere layman would not have discovered them. Dean Inge, in a review of this book in *The Evening Standard*, takes Mr. Walpole to task for inaccuracies—"Minor canons are not addressed as 'Canon'"; "Archdeacon Brandon wears trousers in the first half of the book and gaiters in the second." But the Dean's indictment does not amount to much. As for the unrealities of the story—the Archdeacon's wife running away with a clergyman, the fight between the Archdeacon and the publican—I imagine Mr. Walpole has based these seemingly improbable episodes upon actual incidents recalled from boyhood, otherwise he would hardly have dared to present them. Anyway, there is plenty of sound psychology in the book, and it will repay the perusal of the most serious-minded. To the devourer of novels, like myself, who loves all the romance he can get, there is regret that the reader is not made quite sure whether the heroine marries her titled lover.

Recalling Dean Inge's review of Mr. Walpole's book, I am tempted to ask if it is quite fair for deans to write articles in newspapers. I have already protested against Lord Chancellors and Cabinet Ministers doing so. I think it is unfair to the journalistic profession that space which might be given to the work of professional journalists should, at the whim of certain proprietors and editors, be occupied by people who already have very solid incomes in other spheres of work. I see no objection to the writing of books; that is a fair trade for every amateur, and Dean Inge's *Outspoken Essays* (Longmans), a second series of which is just published, is legitimate enterprise. I see the Dean has here reprinted his essay in praise of the Victorians, but apparently modified his reference to the good looks of the older writers. My quotation from St. Paul should have given him pause. Some of these essays by the Dean of St. Paul's are quite good, but what a falling off from the scholarly work of Dean Milman and Dean Church, two of his predecessors. Yes, the Victorian Age has much to be said for it.

Book bargains in the sale-rooms are still to be had by the very fortunate, although, curiously enough, the auctioneers are not pleased when such bargains are proclaimed to the world; why, I cannot conceive. An occasional "slip" like that must add to the popularity of the sale-rooms. Yet I was quite taken to task by a friendly auctioneer for relating in THE SPHERE the dramatic fact that Mr. Augustine Birrell once purchased for half-a-crown a copy of the first edition of Gray's *Elegy*, which long afterwards was valued at several hundred pounds. A more remarkable example of this kind of experience, although the purchaser did not reap the benefit, took place in a London sale-room only the other day. A copy of Shelley's *Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*—his first book—was knocked down, buried in a parcel of music, for ten shillings. The owner sold it to a bookseller for ten guineas. The bookseller put it up again in the auction-rooms, and it was purchased by Mr. Gabriel Wells of New York for twelve hundred pounds. What Mr. Gabriel Wells will sell it for is not yet recorded, but it is a valuable treasure, there being only six copies known, one being in the British Museum, and three others in the private libraries of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, Mr. Henry E. Huntington, and Mr. Carl Pforzheimer.

Mr. Max Pemberton has been writing for a good many years now, and I well remember the pleasure which his first book, *The Iron Pirate*, gave me at the beginning of our friendship, and the elation that I felt when he dedicated yet another novel, *Sea Wolves*, to me. I have before me a volume of short stories by him, *The Woman Who Knew* (Hutchinson). It proves he still retains his keen sense of drama. There is a thrill in several of these stories. I am tempted, however, to chuckle over Mr. Pemberton's financial optimism. It was Sir William Robertson Nicoll who once pointed out that Charlotte Brönte made an income of £1,000 a year go a very long way in her novel, *Shirley*. Mr. Pemberton makes an after-war legacy of £50,000 go a mighty long way. This sum has been left to a widow with a very fine house which seems to maintain a number of servants—a butler, footman, gardeners, etc. I am tempted to emphasise that since the war £50,000 would produce an income of £2,500 a year, less income-tax and super-tax—that is to say, not more than £1,600 or £1,800 a year net. With this income Mr. Pemberton's heroine not only keeps up a great establishment, but is the possessor of a lovely yacht. How is it done? But this is a side issue. The main point is that the reader will obtain considerable enjoyment from Mr. Pemberton's volume.

I am told that at least half-a-dozen biographies of the late Lord Northcliffe are on the way. One that I look forward to with great eagerness is by Mr. Max Pemberton. It will, I think, be called *The Intimate Life of Lord Northcliffe*, and will be published by Hodder and Stoughton very shortly. A portion of it is appearing serially in an American newspaper. Mr. Pemberton knew Lord Northcliffe very intimately in his younger years, and the friendship lasted to the end. The result should be a book full of romantic episodes. There will be another *Life* of Lord Northcliffe, by W. H. Wilson, a member of the staff of *The Daily Mail* and an expert on shipping. This will no doubt deal with Lord Northcliffe's public career. Yet another book from which I have expectations will be called *Flashlights on Lord Northcliffe*, by Marie Connor Leighton, who saw a great deal of him during the years when she was contributing serials to *Answers*, one of which, and perhaps the most successful, was *Convict 99*. Mrs. Leighton wrote this story, I believe, largely in collaboration with the then Mr. Alfred Harmsworth. Other biographies are promised in the near future, but of these I may say nothing.

In response to my inquiry about libraries and their readers of fiction, I have received numerous communications, the most comprehensive being the following from Mr. George T. Shaw, the energetic Chief Librarian of the City of Liverpool Public Libraries. He has taken as his basis of popularity the works which have to be replaced from time to time as the copies wear out. The wearing out and replacing is a more sure indication of the public demand than mere figures.

CLASS 1.—Arnold Bennett, E. R. Burroughs (Tarzan), Sir Hall Caine, Marie Corelli, E. M. Dell, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Jeffrey Farnol, Sir H. Rider Haggard, A. S. M. Hutchinson, E. P. Oppenheim, Baroness Orczy, Gertrude Page, Sax Rohmer, "Rita," A. E. W. Mason, W. Le Queux, R. L. Stevenson, Rosa N. Carey, Guy Boothby, Jack London, Zane Grey.

CLASS 2.—W. H. Ainsworth, Miss Braddon, Charlotte Brontë, Jane Austen, Grant Allen, F. M. Crawford, A. Dumas, George Eliot, S. R. Crockett, Charles Dickens, Mrs. Gaskell, Anthony Hope, Captain Marryat, Lord Lytton, Samuel Lover, Charles Lever, G. J. Whyte Melville, H. S. Merryman, Edna Lyall, C. Kingsley, C. Reade, Sir W. Scott, W. M. Thackeray, Stanley Weyman, Mrs. Henry Wood, Earl of Beaconsfield, Sir J. M. Barrie, Sir Walter Besant, William Black, R. D. Blackmore, Mrs. Croker.

CLASS 3.—Susan Ferrier, George Macdonald, Mrs. Oliphant, T. Love Peacock, Anthony Trollope, J. Oliver Hobbes, Henry James, D. Christie Murray, Mrs. Riddell, Sarah Tytler.

There are some surprises in this list for me. I had thought Edna Lyall, with whom I frequently corresponded, and Guy Boothby were quite forgotten. And is George Moore now but a collector's hobby? Do the libraries boycott his books?

C. K. S.

I have received the following books :—

PITY, PUNCH, PEGEEN, AND SOME OTHERS: Tales of Men and Dogs. By V. de Saint-Helme. Translated into English by M. M. 4s. net. (*The Mayfair Press.*)

RACHEL BLAND'S INHERITANCE. By W. Riley. 7s. 6d net. (*Herbert Jenkins.*)

LOVE'S LEGEND. By H. Fielding-Hall. 7s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)

THE AMAZING MARRIAGE. By George Meredith. Mickleham edition. Cloth, 5s. net; leather, 7s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)

THE TRUTH ABOUT VIGNOLLES. By Albert Kinross. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*)

FLOWER OF ASIA: A Novel of Nihon. By Gilbert Collins. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*)

PIERROT AND HARLEQUIN. By Plumereau. 2s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth.*)

THE BREAKING POINT. By Mary Roberts Rinehart. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

THE STIFF LIP. By W. L. George. 7s. 6d. net. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

JOHN EDGAR'S ANGELS. By Winifred Graham. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

MAKESHIFTS. By Margaret Baillie-Saunders. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

THE WOMAN WHO KNEW. By Max Pemberton. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hutchinson.*)

THE DANCER, AND OTHER TALES. By Stephen Tallents. 7s. 6d. net. (*Constable.*)

JAMES ELROY FLECKER: An Appreciation, with Some Biographical Notes. By Douglas Goldring. 7s. 6d. net. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

THE CLOAK OF GOLD. By John Hastings Turner. 7s. 6d. net. (*Chapman & Hall.*)

SONG DEVICES AND JINGLES. By Eleanor Smith. Pictured by Florence Young, S. B. Pearse, and Kathleen Nixon. 7s. 6d. net. (*Harrap.*)

No. 13 TORONI. By Julius Regis. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton.*)

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MADAME AND THE MONKEY GLAND : By SYLVANIA.



Elliott & Fry

Mr. Robert Munro, K.C., M.P.

Secretary for Scotland, who is to be the new Lord Justice Clerk

Among all the folks who have been trying to obtain a second edition of youth through the grafting of some mysterious gland, I do not think that there has been one woman, and this in spite of the fact that old age is the classical bugbear of woman rather than man. She who is supposed to dread the coming of wrinkles and grey hairs more than any man ever did, yet holds back from the remedy—and why? Not from any fear of suffering, for she will submit cheerfully to the torture of having her face skinned and its contours "lifted"; nor because she shrinks from any association with monkeys, since she festoons herself most contentedly with their fur; but rather because her craving for youth is not as a man's craving.

Woman's longing to remain young becomes most acute when she finds her first white hairs, and sees for the first time that the mischievous crow has left his tell-tale footprints at the corners of her eyes; man's only begins when a round of golf takes it out of him unduly, and he notices that the young men call him "sir." She prizes youth when she sees it first begin to slip away from her; he seldom misses it until it has gone. To a woman the loss of her youth means the loss of her looks. It does not worry her in the least if she cannot walk as far as she used to do, or play as strenous a game of tennis; she is only concerned with the fact that her cheeks have lost their bloom and her hair its colour, the rest does not matter. And when the beauty specialists, and the masseuse, and the rest of the experts, have done their best, or their worst, she resigns herself, more or less, to the inevitable. Besides, she may have the consolation of being a grandmother, and only a woman knows the joy of that. Being a grandfather is by no means the same thing; he is invariably either suspected of spoiling the children or considered unreasonably hard on them, and like the father, in times of domestic crises, is made to feel uncommonly in the way. But grandmothers do not as a rule labour under any of these disabilities. A grandmother is a precious possession; her advice is sought and her opinions deferred to, and when measles or whooping cough descend upon the household, not even psycho-analysis and Montessori methods can stand against her, and the knowledge that this is so is worth all the rejuvenation in the world.

Age brings far more compensations to a woman than to a man, in spite of popular belief to the contrary; when a man grows old he probably has to give up doing most, if not all, of the things which to him make life worth living, while to the normal woman the things which demand merely physical strength for their accomplishment will always take a secondary place. Loss of power, whether physical or mental, affects the average man more strongly than the average woman. You will not often find a woman who breaks her heart because she has to retire from business, yet it happens often enough in the case of men. You cannot gainsay nature indefinitely, and the ordinary normal woman would never change a happy grandmotherhood for a second helping at the banquet of youth—though probably she would never admit it; which explains why men are the principal clients of the gland-doctors. Incidentally, of course, second helpings seldom taste so good as the first.

An Interesting Exhibit at South Kensington

The warped and decayed remains of a carved door, dating from the fourteenth century, taken from a mosque at Samarkand, now exhibited in a newly-arranged room at the Victoria and Albert Museum, inevitably lead to thoughts of that mighty conqueror, Timur the Lame, whom Marlowe immortalised as Tamburlaine the Great. Timur made Samarkand his capital about 1370. Thither he transported the thousands and tens of thousands of artists and craftsmen whom he captured in his wars, and set them to work for the beautification of his fair city. So far as extent of country traversed is concerned, Timur the Lame was, perhaps, the greatest conqueror whom the world has seen. Utterly ruthless in war, he was personally not cruel or unjust, with a strong interest in art and literature. Many of his characteristics were inherited by his descendant, Babur, the founder of the line of "Moghul" Emperors of India, and were to be noticed in others of that famous dynasty. Timur shook the world, and died! These mouldering doors may well have opened to receive him—must sometimes have seen him pass by.

A Woman Advertising Director



Mrs. H. F. Wood, C.B.E.

Mrs. H. F. Wood, C.B.E., has been appointed to the Board of Directors of Messrs. Samson Clark and Co., Ltd., the well-known advertising specialists, who are shortly occupying their new headquarters in Mortimer Street, London, W. Mrs. Wood is a daughter of the late Mr. Quintin Hogg, who was for many years Chairman of the North British Insurance Company, and is famous as the founder of the Regent Street Polytechnic, the first of its kind in the world. Mrs. Wood's grandfather, Sir James Weir Hogg, was a director of the old East India Company, of which he subsequently became Chairman. In 1858 he was appointed a member of the India Council which was established when the East India Company's interests were taken over by the Government of the day. Mrs. Wood has had considerable experience in organisation work, having been, firstly, Hon. Organiser of the County of London for the Soldiers' and Sailors' Families Association, and then Secretary to the London War Pensions Committee during the whole of its existence.

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

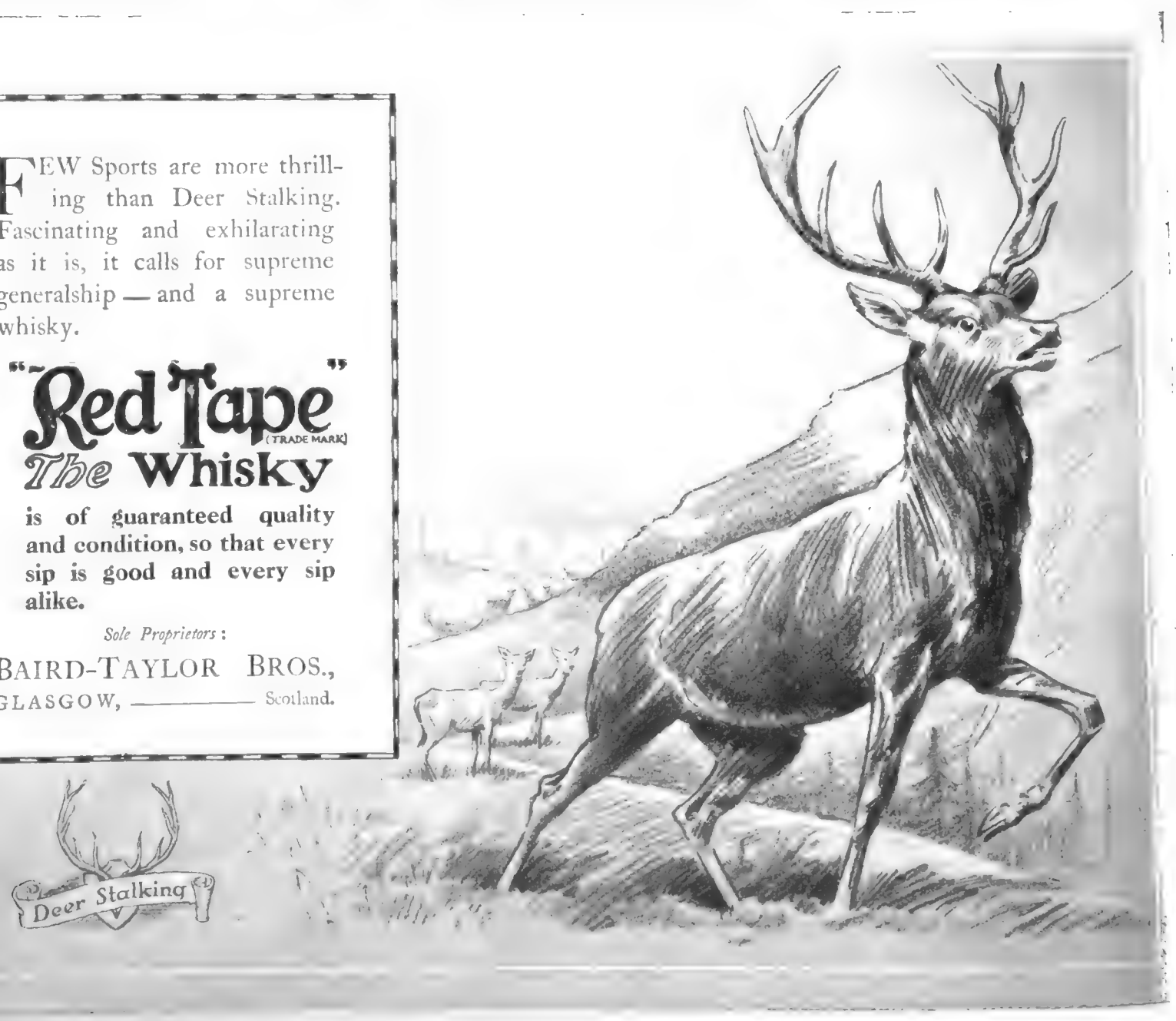
The S.O.S. of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, has gone forth. The committee desire all to know that the condition financially is serious. They have received £9,179 8s. 3d. towards the £25,000 required to prevent cutting down, and the securing of the remaining £15,821 should not be a difficult matter. The committee are very grateful to the friends, here and overseas, for their aid, and trust that many others will follow in their steps and help in the hour of need. What have they done? 10,000 lads sent into the Royal Navy and mercantile marine; 1,000 boys emigrated; 8,000 lads trained for civil employment; 1,100 boys and girls now being educated and maintained. Surely such work will not be allowed to suffer.

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The LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

(*Continued from p.* 105)

She emphasised the last word very distinctly, and her spectacles glittered coldly.

"Work?" repeated her nephew. "Ah, why recall that monotonous toil with spade and bucket? Oh, by Jingo, of course we used pickaxes, too; I had nearly forgotten them," he added with another flash. "Yes, and we sometimes blasted—I mean, of course, in the literal sense. Our language was always very restrained."

"I hope so," said Aunt Julia, though not in a very optimistic voice; and then, with still less appearance of optimism, she inquired, "Was there a clergyman in your—was it a camp?"

"Camp, yes; clergyman, no," said Mr. Essington.

"Were there—were there——" Aunt Mary hesitated, and her colour rose a little, "any ladies there?" Mr. Essington was beginning to be quite charmed with his Aunt Mary. He winked confidentially and said with his most agreeable smile—

"Not nice ladies like you, Aunt Mary. But between ourselves——"

"John!" said Aunt Julia, "I think you have discussed that subject quite sufficiently."

Uncle Theodore had latterly been showing symptoms of a distracted mind. He now rose, and, beaming mildly, said:

"You had better keep your other adventures till we meet at dinner, Jack. I always busy myself with my microscope after tea."

"And after breakfast too—and after dinner, Theodore," smiled Aunt Mary.

Their nephew decided to run a sporting risk. It would sound very convincing if it came off, he thought; and if it didn't, he confidently backed his gift for explaining things away.

"So that's still your hobby, uncle?" he said jovially.

"Still?" said Uncle Theodore, opening his mild eyes; and Aunt Julia repeated in an even stranger voice, "*Still?*"

Evidently it had not come off, Mr. Essington perceived, but he flattered himself that his recovery was a masterpiece.

"What; wasn't it a microscope in the dear old days? No, by Jove, of course it wasn't! I was young then, but I ought to remember. Let me see, it was—er——" He gave his audience every opportunity of filling in the blank, and this time it did come off.

"Stamps," said Aunt Julia, though in rather a curious voice.

"So it was, by George! Ah, well do I remember them now!"

Uncle Theodore and Aunt Mary began to look extremely uncomfortable, but Aunt Julia relentlessly replied:

"It would certainly be surprising if you had forgotten."

It was in such electric moments as this that Mr. Essington usually exhibited a wariness not otherwise conspicuous in his conversation. But on this occasion he was a trifle over-confident.

"Of course, of course!" he said breezily; "I ought to remember them because——"

"You stole them," said Aunt Julia.

Uncle Theodore hurriedly left the room, and for a moment his nephew felt strongly tempted to follow his example. Aunt Julia was regarding him pitilessly, and even Aunt Mary seemed too disturbed to attempt a diversion. Suddenly the erring nephew bent forward in his chair, his face in his hands, his shoulders heaving.

"I hoped you had forgotten!" he murmured in a broken voice.

In an instant kind Aunt Mary was at his side, her hand upon his shoulder, and even Aunt Julia's severity relaxed.

"There, there!" said Aunt Mary soothingly. "It was a long time ago, Jack."

"I know, I know! But my constitution is strained. I feel these things so!"

"He is unwell, Julia," said Aunt Mary reproachfully; and then, turning again to her nephew, asked, "Is there anything you would like, Jack?"



Nelson's First Monument at Taynuilt

"You are very good, Aunt Mary," he answered gratefully, looking up at last, "I think perhaps if I could have a whisky and soda——"

"No spirits are drunk in this house," said Aunt Julia.

The returned exile's head again sank into his hands, and it struck Aunt Mary that he looked decidedly more pathetic than before.

"Well, I'm dashed!" he said to himself. "I almost wish now I'd got into the hearse instead of the carriage!"

He was aroused by a gentle whisper in his ear.

"I think I might get something for you later, Jack!" it breathed.

The wanderer raised his head, and the ladies were relieved to see a bright smile steal over his pleasant countenance again.

"I feel much better now!" he assured them, adding, however, with a significant glance at Aunt Mary, "but I'm not quite well yet."

(*To be continued*)

The First Monument to Nelson

Many monuments have been erected to the memory of Nelson since "that great day of ocean days," 117 years ago, when he fell in the hour of victory, but to the parish of Muckairn, Argyllshire, belongs the honour of erecting the first one, and that, too, at a time ere the remains of the hero had reached England. On a mound near Taynuilt Railway Station, named Cnoc Aingeal (Hill of Fires), evidently a favourite site for bonfires from early times, stands "Clach a' Charadh," or "Stone of Remembrance," as the monument is called. It is of unhewn granite, about 11 ft. high, and of an average breadth of 3 ft. On a slate tablet, set in the stone, is the following inscription:—

"TO THE MEMORY OF LORD NELSON.
THIS STONE WAS ERECTED BY THE
LORN FURNACE WORKMEN.
1805."

Many years ago a visitor to the district added the lines:—

"An unhewn stone here bears our hero's name,
Bold as his genius, towering as his fame.
No greater offering could his memory crave
Than that which freemen offered to the brave."

A native of Muckairn, long since passed to his fathers, said he remembered the day when the stone was put up. It was then lying some distance away from its present position, at a place called Barr-nan-cabar, above Aird's Bay. There was then an iron furnace in the district, the manager of which was an Englishman, and when the news of Trafalgar and the death of Nelson came, he suggested that the workmen should erect a monument to the dead naval hero. It is generally understood that the stone had formed part of a Druidical circle at one period.

W. G.

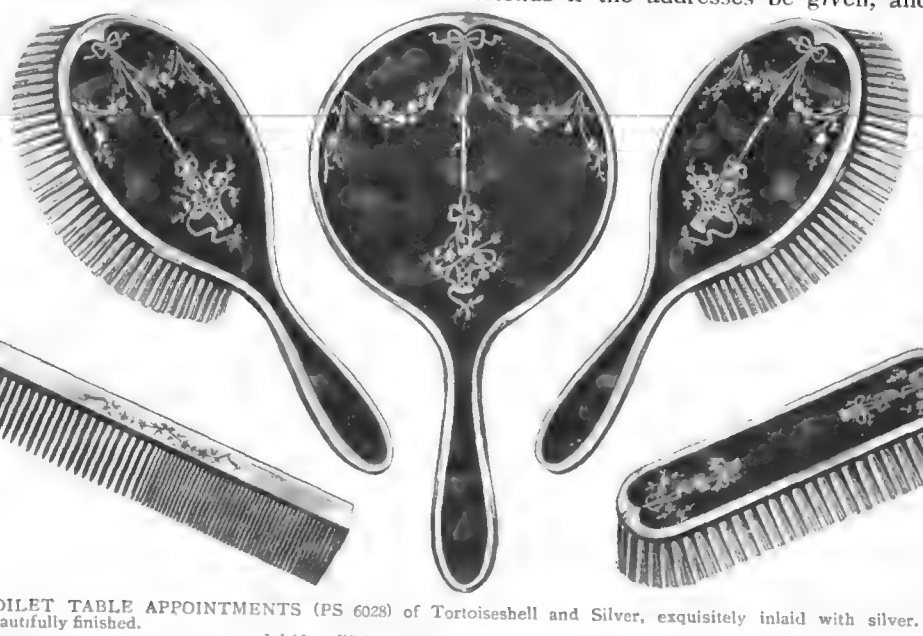
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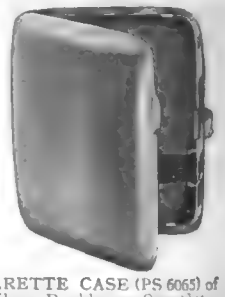


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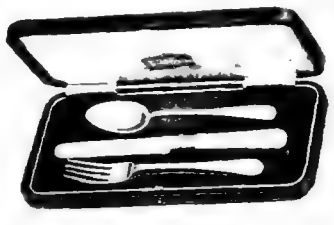
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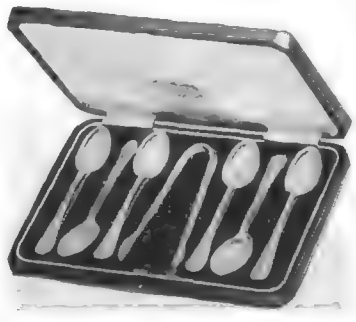


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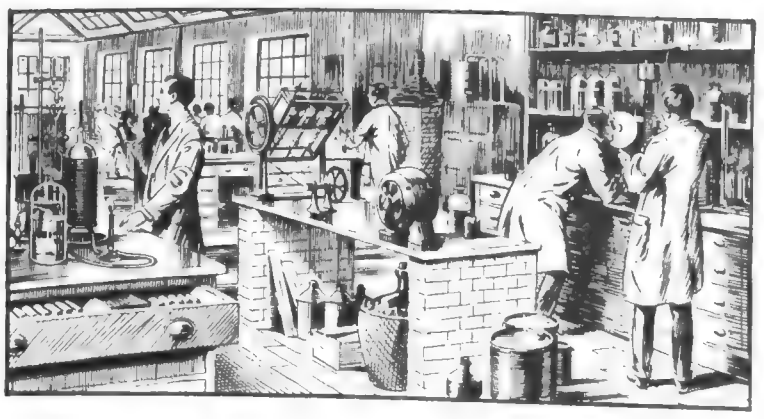
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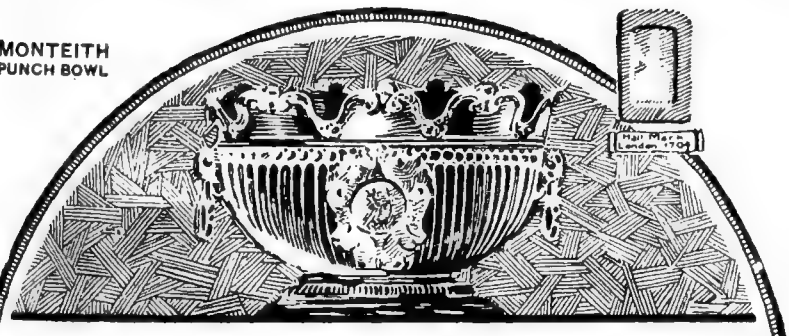
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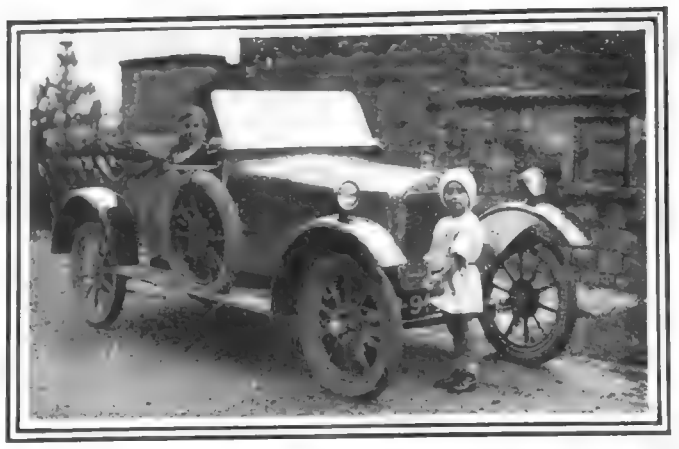
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

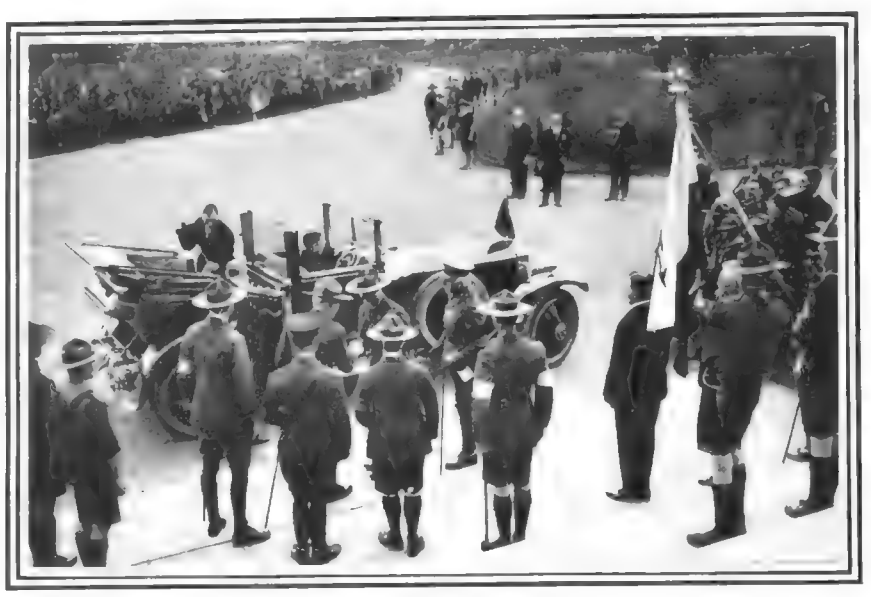
An historic document was issued last week by the Motor Legislation Committee entitled "A Memorandum upon the Taxation of Mechanically-propelled Road Vehicles." It is, first of all, remarkable in that it is issued jointly by the Royal Automobile Club, the Automobile Association, the Royal Scottish Automobile Club, the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, and several other bodies which represent all classes of motor-vehicle owners, and every branch of the industry.

Thus for the first time we have something like unity of action, and it is a most happy circumstance to find all these bodies thoroughly united in bringing forward a scheme of taxation. In a way it is unique that the victim should be left to select his mode of taxation, but the Government has made such a hopeless mess of motor taxation that it has been quite glad to hand over the task to the motor organisations. As far as it is possible to tax oneself, this has been devised by the bodies named in the memorandum. They arrive at this end by the fair and simple process of taxing every motor-vehicle owner in proportion to his use of the road.

The salient features of the new taxation may be summarised as follows: Flat rate on all imported motor spirit, levied at the port of entry; motor spirit derived from imported crude oil to be taxed; a moderate registration tax on all motor vehicles; no rebates of motor spirit tax for any class of road motor; no tax on home-produced benzole, or other motor fuel wholly produced in this country; duty-free petrol for aviation and industrial purposes supplied by a simple permit system; motor spirit defined by flash-point and distillation tests; the use of paraffin in internal combustion engines to be allowed by licence; steam and electric vehicles to be taxed by existing methods.



A Little Girl, Aged Five, Starting up a Wolseley "Seven"



The Prince of Wales and his Rolls-Royce at the Great Rally of Scouts

On the basis of a required revenue of £10,250,000, there are appended to the memorandum examples showing the estimated yield of motor spirit taxation at 4d. and 5d. per gallon.

I am informed that the Prince of Wales has honoured Crossley Motors, Ltd., with an order for a 19·6-h.p. Crossley, fitted with a special interior drive body.

Buying cars on the deferred payment system is making rapid progress in this country; but it is often not possible for people living in the provinces to purchase cars on this system because their local car agents are unable to finance the business. The Service Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., of 93, Great Portland Street, W. 1, has recently been formed with a view to enabling agents for Albert cars to deal with hire-purchase business, not only with Alberts but with any other make of car in which they are interested.

A new type chassis—the 23–60-h.p. Vauxhall—is announced by Vauxhall Motors, Limited. The chassis design is in general the same as that of the latest 25-h.p. chassis, except for detail improvements. In the engine, however, there are very important new features, the chief of which are overhead valves and the Lanchester harmonic balancer. A greatly increased power output has been obtained, and the running of the engine, by the action of the harmonic balancer, is rendered as smooth as that of a six-cylindered engine. In view of the high-power development and the unique performance of the engine from the point of view of refinement, it is claimed that the new 23–60-h.p. Vauxhall engine is definitely the most advanced example of its type. The staunchness of construction is retained, but owing to the greater power available, the flexibility of the car is enormously improved.

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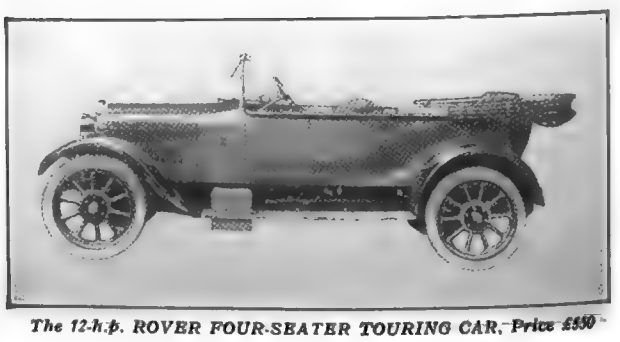
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The 12-h.p. ROVER Four-Seater Touring Car illustrated, has many improvements introduced for 1923, the most interesting of which is that the lubrication of the engine has been altered to pressure feed. With a Hood and Side-curtains opening with the doors, the car may be rapidly transformed into an all-weather model. The following standard equipment is worthy of special note: Two Horns, Luggage Grid with straps, Spring Gaiters, Two Floor Mats, Clock, Speedometer, Dash Light, Force Gun Lubricator, etc.

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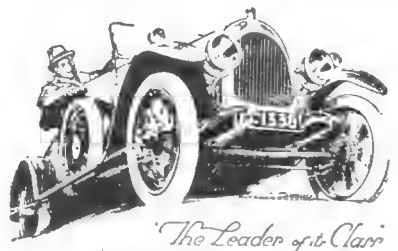
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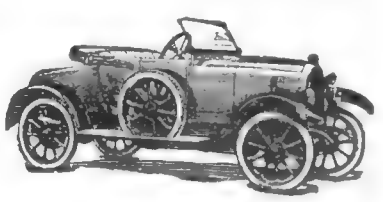
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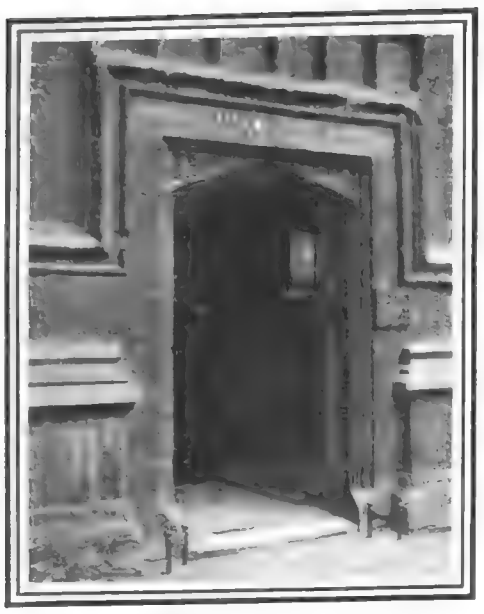
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The Entrance to the Bodleian

SOMERVILLE COLLEGE, OXFORD

(*Continued from p. 99*)

Somerville buildings as a military hospital for the duration of the war. The majority of the students migrated to the St. Mary Hall Quadrangle of Oriel College, and the rest were scattered in adjacent lodgings. Here they remained until 1919, and during the years of their exile many of the students, both past and present, took part in the wide activities demanded of the nation's womanhood by the war.

To the influence of Miss Penrose is largely due the achievement in 1920 of the last great step in the progress of women's education at Oxford. The degrees so long withheld were given at last on the initiative of the University, and the short black gown and Portia-like cap now worn by the students symbolise that full membership of the University for which Oxford women have struggled for forty years.

Apart from the degree course, which is the immediate object of a college career, the social life of Somerville plays a prominent part in preparing students for the demands of the future. The importance of physical fitness is never disregarded, and there is eager competition for places in the hockey, lacrosse, and tennis teams. Students with aspirations towards a public platform acquire practice for future lectures in the college debating society. Histrionic talent is encouraged by the dramatic society, and the annual "Going-down play" provides an opportunity for salutary self-criticism, while future poets and authors may see themselves in print for the first time in *The Fritillary*, which circulates among the five women's societies.

As Professor Gilbert Murray has recently written, "The only just complaint to be made of University women is that there are so few of them." The acute problem now before Somerville and the other Oxford women's colleges is that of acquiring the sound financial basis which will ensure the continuation of their advantages.

VERA M. BRITTAIN.

OXFORD IN 1922.

RUSSIA ON THE BOSPHORUS

(*Continued from p. 84*)

already stammered out some feeble words of pity and regret. He smiled a little crookedly and answered one word, "Bread." And then he very nearly cried because I added extra money to his bill. Mr. Editor, I also very nearly cried. . . .

What can one do? If these poor Russian refugees were one—or ten—or a hundred, one might do something. But they are legion; they are ten thousand—twenty thousand—much more than that.

How do they live? Some of them are taxi-drivers. Many of them are lightermen and labourers on the wharves. Some hawk all sorts of goods along the streets. Some work in restaurants and cabarets. (I saw a former colonel of the Russian General Staff performing on a *café chantant* stage. He sang beautifully the sweet, sad Russian songs.) Some married refugees are kept alive by wives who go to work as waitresses and servant girls. Some beg. Some . . . I do not know.

And some—some of these poor unhappy women and girl refugees parade the streets from eve till early morn. Them, too, one sees at almost every turn. Cheap clothes that ape Dame Fashion's dress—chalky white cheeks and mouths of startling red. Painted eyes through which death stares at one . . . The horror of it! The pity. . . .

There are cheap restaurants where Russia's outcasts congregate. They huddle together, Mr. Editor! They huddle for sympathy as sheep might huddle down for warmth. They tell each other of their sufferings, but when the music plays they laugh. . . .

"They're all merry enough," one British officer said to me. "I find it difficult to pity them."

Mr. Editor—laughter is the saddest thing about a Russian refugee to-day. . . .

And now they fear that they will all be driven out.

Just one more thing!

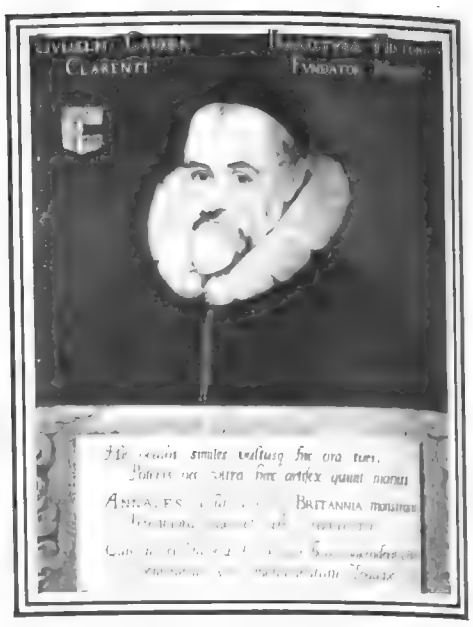
In the chief British army canteen there are some Russian girls acting as saleswomen. A few mornings ago one little Russian girl of eighteen served me with tobacco and cigarettes. The lid of one of the tins had been badly dented, so the girl took up a strong-bladed knife to try to make it straight. She would not let me do the job myself.

Suddenly the knife slipped, and the girl's thumb was gashed—the cut was quite a quarter of an inch in depth.

But not a single spot of blood came out!

Amazed, I asked to see the thumb. Yes—deeply cut. But not a single drop of blood.

And I thought to myself—(Oh, yes, Mr. Editor, sentiment if you like!)—I thought to myself, "That girl is Russia personified. The Russia of the days before the horror came. That girl is Russia wounded yet another time—but no blood comes, *for Russia has already been bled white!*"



The Founder of the Camden Professorship

The tercentenary of the foundation of this professorship by William Camden in 1622 was celebrated at Oxford on Tuesday last. Camden was the famous antiquarian and author. The picture we reproduce above is from the portrait by Marcus Gheeraerdts, the younger, in the Bodleian Gallery. Professor H. Stuart Jones, D.Litt. (Camden Professor), lectured on the history of the foundation

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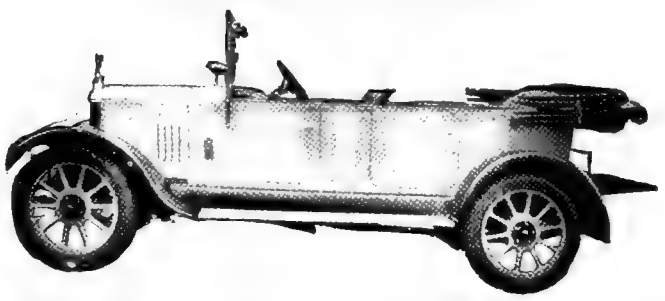
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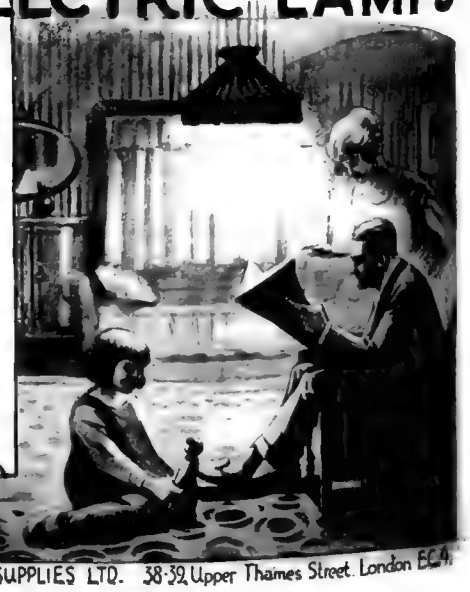
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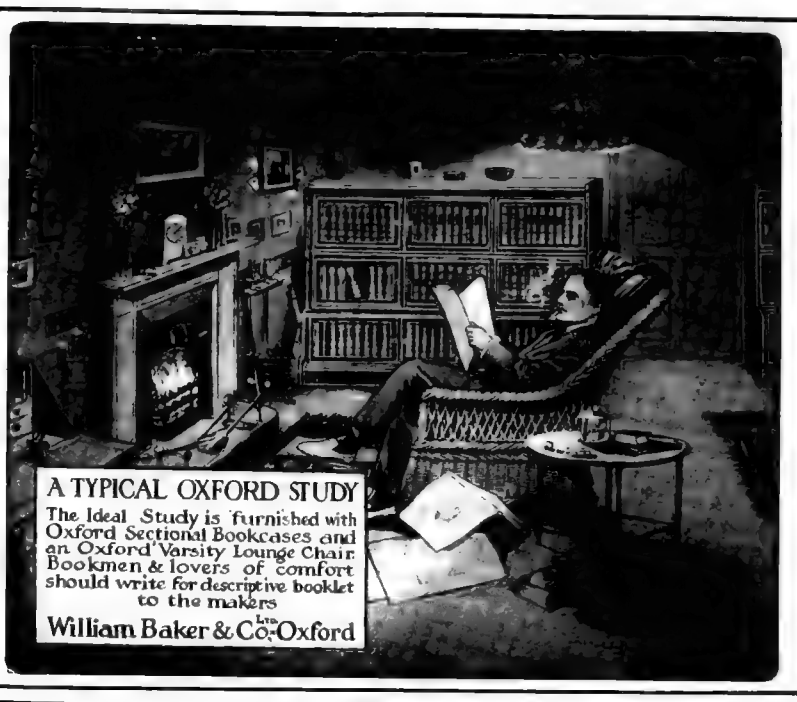
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As a token of remembrance for friends overseas nothing could be more appropriate than a subscription to some favourite British publication that will keep absent folk in touch with the homeland. If this suggestion interests you write for a free copy of the POSTAL PRESS GUIDE, which gives full particulars of the W.H.S. Service for posting of newspapers, as well as subscription rates to over 1,000 publications.

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THE DAIRY SHOW AT ISLINGTON

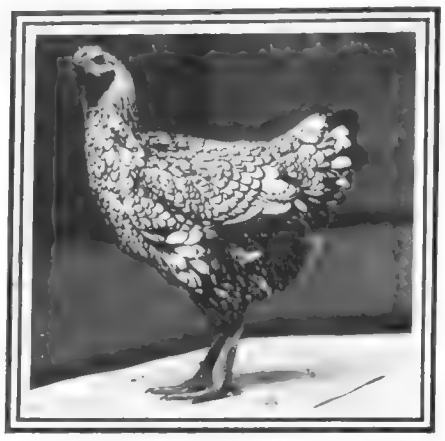
A Fine Display at the Royal Agricultural Hall

The 44th Annual Dairy Show, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington, last week, can only be spoken of as a "record." Entries had been so large that many had to be refused, and every available inch of space was taken up. Once again the British Friesians covered themselves with glory, and took away many of the chief trophies, including the Barham Cup for the cow gaining the most points in the milking trials, which was won by Messrs. A. and J. Brown with Hedges Dutch Gossip, a grand type of dairy cow; the Spencer Cup for the cow gaining the most points in inspection, milking trials, and butter test went to Kingswood Gladys, from Mr. James Russel. A Friesian also gained the Shirley Cup for the greatest weight of milk, this being Mr. G. Holt-Thomas's Blackmore Ena 2nd. The Bledisloe Cup for the best group on inspection and milking points went to the group of Lincoln Reds, and a very excellent group they were, and very dairy-like. Chief honours went to Mr. A. Y. Allen in the Cow class, his Aitkenbar Mabel 2nd being not only first in inspection but also first in milking trials, while in the Heifer class Mr. W. Murdock's Burtonhill Eunice 2nd repeated this fine feat.

Dairy Shorthorns were, of course, one of the great attractions of the show, and perhaps attracted more notice than any other breed with the exception of the Friesians.

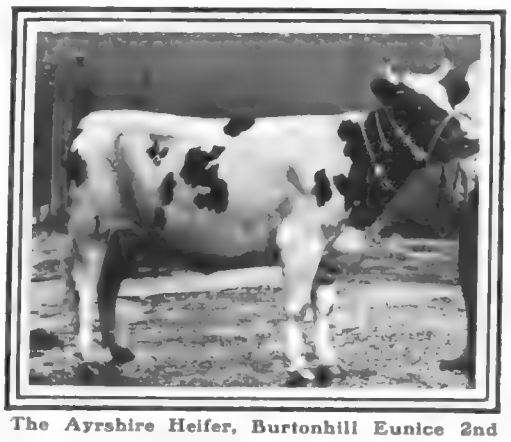
Goats were another good feature, and were placed in an annexe to the Gilbey Hall. Here Miss Pope of New Milton, Hants, covered herself with distinction by gaining the Burdett-Coutts Cup, the Dewar Cup, and the Tremedda Selene Cup with her Anglo-Nubian-Swiss goat, Problem of Bushey.

Bacon competitions proved very popular, and here in the Inter-Breed Competition for the Whitley Cup the Large Black Pigs won the coveted honour for the second year in succession, with a score of 91 points out of a possible 100. Poultry were a great muster, and here the most numerous breeds seemed to be Rhode Island Reds, White Wyandottes, and Light Sussex, to say nothing of the White Leghorns amongst the lighter types of fowls. E. W. L.



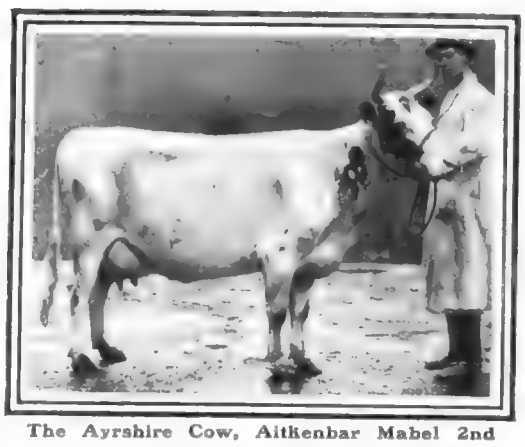
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The Ayrshire Heifer, Burtonhill Eunice 2nd

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Owned by Mr. A. Y. Allen—first in inspection, first in milk, and winner of the Rowallan Champion Cup

FENCING AT THE BERTRAND ACADEMY

The Brassard d'Honneur and the Army Fencing Union

To survive ten pseudo duels unscathed, in which the issue is decided by a solitary hit, against a variety of styles, orthodox and unorthodox, is a rare achievement. Yet such was the remarkable performance accomplished by Count Lavradio in the monthly épée competition for the Brassard d'Honneur held on Wednesday, October 18, at Bertrand's Fencing Academy in Hanover Square. His compatriot, Señor Pinto Leite, who made a valiant attempt to wrest the "decoration" from the holder or wearer, was scarcely less prolific. To add to the general interest, the order of the bouts had brought them together at the final assault of the evening, when neither had sustained defeat. In this crucial meeting the last named, like the feline, did not outlive his nine "lives," being hit on the sword-hand in a perfectly-timed attack. Although the fencing could not be described in the superlative, it never lacked interest, for, judging by the frequency with which short shrift was administered, one might almost think that life was held cheaply.

The same venue was the scene last Saturday afternoon of an attractive encounter with épée, foil, and sabre between the Army Fencing Union and the Salle Bertrand, victory resting with the latter by two events to one (sixteen wins to eleven). Two comparative newcomers, C.S.M.I.'s McGowan and Ware, gave evidence of much promise, and, in company with Lieutenant Turnbull, did well to limit their margin of defeat to one bout in the foil event. The Salle Bertrand were indebted for their victory (5–4) to Major Stenson Cooke, runner-up in last season's championship, who was undefeated, and Mr. E. Rechnitzer, who sustained one loss. The victors dominated the play in the épée combats, and won handsomely by 7 points to 2. Mr. Rechnitzer was again to the fore with a full quota of wins, ably supported by Señor Pinto Leite and Mr. C. H. Biscoe, who each registered two successes. The losers' two victories were gained by Captain E. G. H. Clarke, M.C., and C.S.M.I. Ware.



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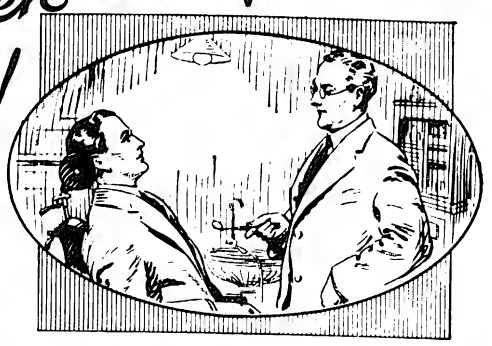


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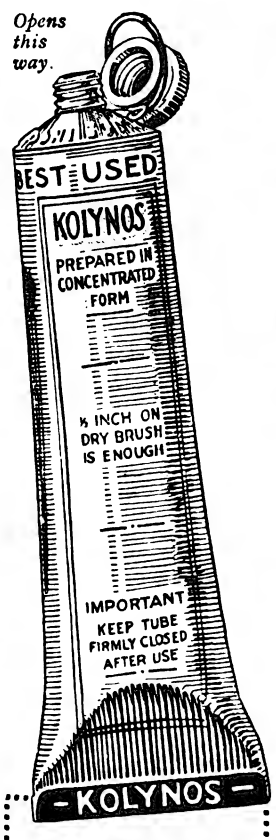
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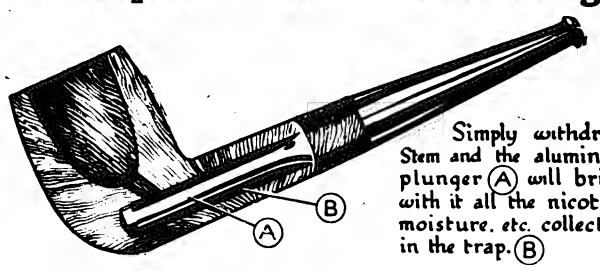
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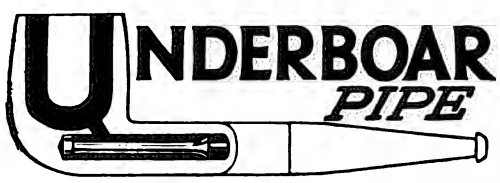
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AGRICULTURAL SHOWS AND SALES

That Shorthorn cattle still maintain their great and well-deserved popularity in Scotland as well as in England was amply proved at the Scottish Shorthorn Week, which took place a few days ago, when calves from some of the most noted herds came under the hammer. Great prices were realised, especially for those cattle bred by the world-famous veteran, Mr. William Duthie of Collynie. Top price of the day was 1,400 guineas paid by Mr. J. N. Drysdale of Buenos Ayres for the roan bull calf, Collynie Armistice; Sir Frank Mills gave 1,200 guineas for Collynie Rubicon, a red bull calf, while Mr. Ward, from California, gave 1,050 guineas for the red-roan bull calf, Collynie Clipper Crest. The top figure for a Collynie heifer calf was 390 guineas for the red-roan Collynie Crocus 13th, which at that price went to Lady Cathcart.

The highest price for one from Mr. J. D. Webster's lot was 1,000 guineas given by Mr. Cornelius for the red-roan bull calf, King William. The executors of the late Mr. James Durno sent forward thirty-six head, and gained a top price of 320 guineas from Mr. C. H. Jolliffe for the red heifer calf, Rosina. Buyers from all over the world were present.

Record entries were the order of the day at the Chertsey Show—the 85th of its series—which was held at Fan Court, Chertsey, by kind permission of the president of the society, Sir Edward Stern, Bart., D.L., so well known as a breeder of pedigree Jerseys and Shire horses. The cup presented by Sir William Berry for the most points gained in the show fell to Mr. T. Allan, who exhibited in thirty-four classes. The John Roberts Cup for the best dairy cow went to Mr. A. Medhurst, while the Mullens Cup for the best animal in the cattle classes fell to Sir William Berry.

Mr. E. J. Hosking of Send was victorious in the competition for the best cultivated farm, and gained the prize given by the president. The best agricultural horse was exhibited by Mr. M. Strang, who won the West Surrey and Horsell Beagles Cup with it.

Ploughing matches were a feature of this excellent show, and there was keen competition.

Apparently there is still money in the land to purchase bloodstock of undeniable lineage. Recently Lady Nelson sent eight yearlings of choice breeding under the hammer, and they secured an average of just over 440 guineas. Sir Walter Gilbey gave 400 guineas for a half-brother of Attilus, while Sir Charles Nugent gave 330 guineas for a gelding by Beppo. Sir Edward Hulton invested 910 guineas in a real good sort of filly by Bachelor's Double, while Mr. Sam Darling purchased a brown filly by Flying Orb for 820 guineas.

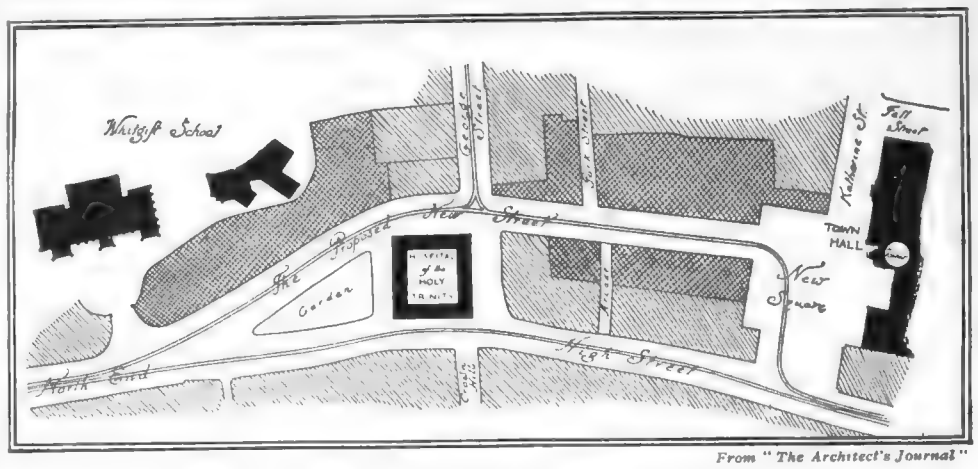
One of the most famous and largest pedigree herds of Hereford cattle was dispersed when Messrs. Edwards, Russell, and Baldwin sold 128 head for Sir J. R. G. Cotterell, Bart., of Garnons, Herefordshire. A total of £8,160 was realised, giving an average of £63 15s. apiece.

The top price for cows was 270 guineas, paid for Curley 8th by Mr. Buchanan, whilst that for bulls was 410 guineas for Bounds Jumbo, given by Lady Rouse-Boughton. E. W. L.



The "Eve" Ladies' Autumn Foursomes

This competition was held on the new course at Ranelagh on October 17-20. Solid silver challenge cups were presented to the two winners, to be held for a year, and replicas of these became their personal property. Prizes were also given to the runners-up and the unsuccessful semi-finalists



From "The Architect's Journal"

How to Preserve the Whitgift Hospital at Croydon

Attention was drawn in a recent issue of "The Sphere" to the proposed demolition of the old Whitgift Hospital at Croydon, for which the Croydon Corporation have voted. As the above suggested plan in one of the leading architectural journals shows, this is not at all necessary if the scheme proposed here were adopted for relieving the congestion in Croydon traffic. By this means the old hospital would occupy an island site which would enhance its interest and yet allow traffic to flow easily past its ancient walls

A Guy Fawkes Ball

The St. John's Wood Art Students' Club on Saturday, November 4, 1922, are holding a Guy Fawkes Ball at the Suffolk Street Galleries in Pall Mall. This ball is under the patronage of Lord Leverhulme, Lord Swaythling, Sir Aston Webb, Sir David Murray, and others. Single tickets, which include buffet refreshments, cost 10s. 6d., and may be obtained from the Hon. Sec., Mr. M. Cunliffe Hampton, 16, Maida Vale, W.

Inspecting Horses for Intending Purchasers

In a recent case heard at the Old Street Police Court, an ex-Service man was charged with working a horse in an unfit condition. It was stated that the animal, for which the man had paid £12, was about thirty years old and completely worn out. "A great number of men," the magistrate said, "have been taken in over such purchases." In connection with this case Our Dumb Friends' League writes to point out that it has always been ready to inspect horses on behalf of intending purchasers of humble means at the Animals' Hospital, 1, Hugh Street, Pimlico, where, if they can bring the horse, expert advice will be given to them gratis.

Where to Dine During the Motor Show

During the next few days there will doubtless be many visitors to London in connection with the Motor Show. For the benefit of these, the proprietors of the Rendezvous Restaurant in Dean Street, Soho, and the Restaurant Belgravia in Victoria, are making special efforts. They offer excellent fare and excellent wines.

In Aid of Women's Colleges at Oxford

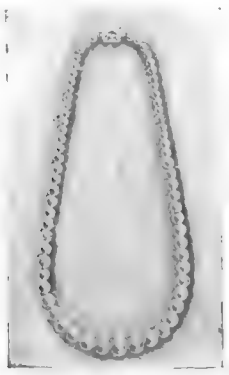
The Heritage Bazaar takes its name from some lines written by Mr. E. V. Lucas. "What finer Heritage could those of us who believe in education bestow upon the women of the future than Colleges in the humane and lovely City of Oxford, freed from debt and generously endowed?" On November 21 and 22 the bazaar is being held at the Hyde Park Hotel. Amongst the vice-presidents are the four principals of Oxford Women's Colleges—Miss Grier, Miss Penrose, Miss Jourdain, and Miss Moberley. Gifts for the proposed stalls are invited, and will be gladly received at 19, Berkeley Street, Piccadilly, W.1, marked "Heritage Bazaar."

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9	0	×	6	9	- -	7	17 6
10	6	×	6	9	- -	9	10 0
9	0	×	9	0	- -	10	10 0
10	6	×	9	0	- -	12	5 0
12	0	×	9	0	- -	14	0 0
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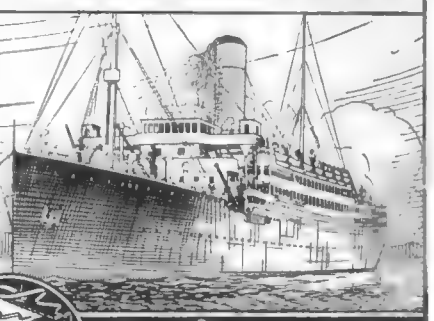
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YOUR Hair's Cross Roads.

HAIR "HEALTH" OR HAIR "ILL-HEALTH"?

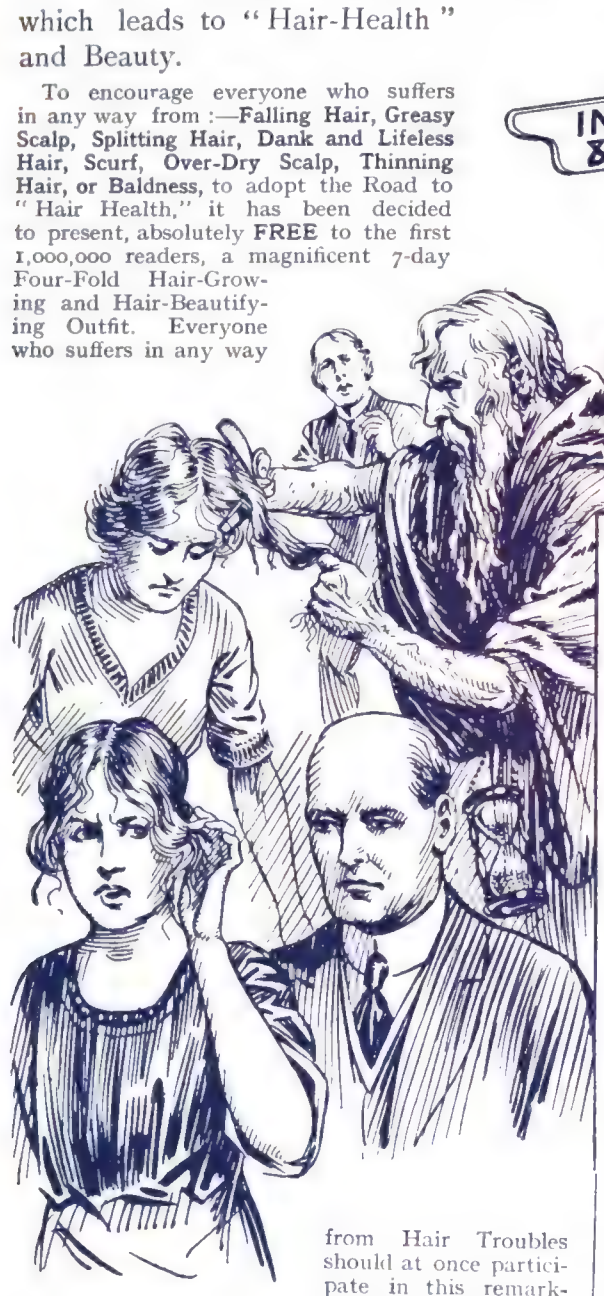
"Harlene Hair-Drill" Free Offer to ONE MILLION READERS.

Magnificent 7-Day Four-Fold Hair Growing and Hair Beautifying Gift (See Coupon).

ARE you at, or approaching, your Hair's Cross Roads? If so, which road will you take?

The Road of Indifference and Neglect, which leads to Hair "Ill-Health," or the "Harlene" Road, which leads to "Hair-Health" and Beauty.

To encourage everyone who suffers in any way from :—**Falling Hair, Greasy Scalp, Splitting Hair, Dank and Lifeless Hair, Scurf, Over-Dry Scalp, Thinning Hair, or Baldness,** to adopt the Road to "Hair Health," it has been decided to present, absolutely **FREE** to the first 1,000,000 readers, a magnificent 7-day Four-Fold Hair-Growing and Hair-Beautifying Outfit. Everyone who suffers in any way from Hair Troubles should at once participate in this remarkable and unique offer.



Examine your hair in a strong light and note its many weaknesses. Take up a handful and look closely at the ends. Doubtless you will find many of them split—lack of nutrition is the cause. If your hair is lustreless, dry and brittle, it is starved of the natural oils which are essential to the maintenance of gloriously beautiful tresses. Famous Society Beauties, Leading Actresses, and Cinema Queens are renowned for their lovely hair—in fact, most of them say their hair is largely responsible for their popular success—and they gladly tell how their tresses have been made thick and luxurious by the wonderful two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill."

YOU, too, can have glorious hair—hair with a wondrous sheen—masses of soft, wavy hair pulsating with life, by posting AT ONCE the coupon for one of the 1,000,000 "Harlene Hair Health" and Beauty Outfits.

Each of these magnificent FREE Gifts contains the following, sufficient for a 7-days' trial :—

1. A bottle of "Harlene" for the Hair, acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic-food for the hair.

2. A packet of "Cremex" Shampoo. This is an antiseptic purifier which thoroughly cleanses the hair and scalp of all scurf, etc., and prepares the hair for the "Hair-Drill" treatment. You should avoid greasy, hair-matting, cocoanut oils.

3. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which gives a final touch of beauty to the hair, and is especially beneficial to those whose scalp is inclined to be "dry."

4. A Copy of the new edition of the secret "Hair-Drill" Manual of Instruction, which gives you the secrets of hair-health and beauty as revealed by the world's leading authority on the hair.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED.

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try "Astol" free of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for the postage and packing of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid 4-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.

"HARLENE HAIR-DRILL" MAKES YOU LOOK YEARS YOUNGER.

It is only to be expected that this unique Gift will be gratefully accepted and appreciated by the million and more men and women workers. They will find that "Harlene Hair-Drill" cultivates and preserves the hair against all unhealthy conditions; that it makes the poorest hair thick, luxuriant and glossy; that it overcomes all hair troubles, **and makes a man, woman or girl look years younger and doubly attractive,** by improving both the quality and quantity of their hair.

WONDERFUL EFFECT OF SEVEN DAYS' "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

Just practise "Harlene Hair-Drill" for a week. At the end of seven days there will be no comparing the condition of your hair with the "poor state" it was in before you commenced. Under "Harlene Hair-Drill" action the hair you possess will have taken on a lovely lustre which will have multiplied its beauty by 200 per cent. at least.

This glossy lustre is in itself a sign that "Harlene Hair-Drill" is doing your hair good.

The possession of beautiful hair is nine points of the Law of Beauty. To a woman it is vital. To a man it is equally necessary.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR WRITE NOW.

If by the expenditure of a little time—just about two minutes daily—it is possible to acquire real hair-health and beauty, surely it is folly to refuse or even to hesitate a single moment in taking the first step to secure it.

Post this coupon at once TO DAY, enclosing 4d. in stamps to cover cost of packing and return carriage to your own door, no matter where you may reside.



After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1½d., 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo powders at 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" at 3s. and 5s. per bottle, from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

"HARLENE" FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, Ltd., 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs,—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as described above. I enclose 4d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address. *Sphere*, 28/10/22.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your FULL name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY, enclose extra 2d. stamp—6d. in all—and a FREE bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

Printed by EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE, LTD., *His Majesty's Printers*, at East Harding Street, London, E.C., and Published Weekly by THE SPHERE & TATLER, LTD., Great New Street, London, E.C., *October* 28, 1922. Entered as Second-class Matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office, 1903.

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The SPHERE

Volume XCI., No. 1189. NOVEMBER 4, 1922. With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE."

Your wisest choice for Comfort, Smartness, Service.

"AZA" (Regd.) SHIRTS and PYJAMAS

UNSHRINKABLE, *MOST* DURABLE, *MOST* ECONOMICAL.

SHIRTS from 15/6
PYJAMAS 27/6

Made to Special Measures at small extra charge.

Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR

OF ALL HIGH-CLASS OUTFITTERS

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd., 203, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1.

When friends drop in to supper, a cup of

Van Houten's

COCOA
cannot fail to please
BEST & GOES FARTHEST

ELECTRIC LIGHTING. *SANITATION.*

BY APPOINTMENT.

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TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

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Prompt Attention. IN ALL BRANCHES. *Rapid Execution.*

Thoroughly Experienced Staff.

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By Appointment.

ELKINGTON & CO., LTD., *Silversmiths and Jewellers,*
22, REGENT ST. 73, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON. BIRMINGHAM. LIVERPOOL. GLASGOW.

The Original and the Best—durable and economical.

"The Crest is the Mark of Distinction."

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CAVANDER'S

'Army Club'

CIGARETTES

50 *for* **3/2** in air-tight tins.

Sole Indian Agents:—PHIPSON & Co., Ltd., BOMBAY.

DOCTOR'S CHINA TEA

A most refreshing beverage for dyspeptics and invalids and all who enjoy exquisite flavour. Send 3/- for a trial pound and we will include 2 oz. of the 3/8 and 2 oz. of the 4/2 qualities FREE, together with name of nearest agent.

HARDEN BROS. & LINDSAY, LTD.,
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25 *for* **2/-**

PICCADILLY

50 *for* **4/-**

HAND-MADE VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

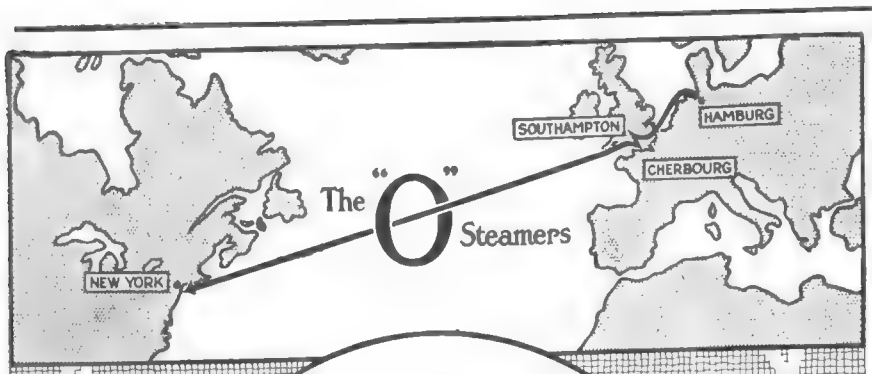
Whatever the occasion, PICCADILLY CIGARETTES express distinctiveness and good taste. Their fine appearance is but a hint of the still finer smoking qualities which lie beneath the pure rice paper.

Made from the best of the 1919 CROP

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ONE of the longest-established Trans-Atlantic Lines in the world, the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company offer the intending traveller to New York a service which for comfort, luxury, cuisine, efficiency and all-round pleasure, surpasses all expectations. A direct fortnightly service of magnificently appointed triple-screw steamers is maintained between Hamburg, Southampton, Cherbourg, and New York.

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ORBITA	Nov. 10	ORBITA	Dec. 21
ORDUNA	Dec. 1	ORCA	Jan. 5
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Make your next crossing by an "O" Steamer.

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THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
Atlantic House, Moorgate E.C.2 & America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1

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STUDDY DOGS PORTFOLIO



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PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

Order from your Newsagent or Bookseller.

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"THE SKETCH," 172, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.

H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, K.G.

has graciously promised to preside at the 164th Anniversary Festival of the Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage, which will be held by kind invitation of the Lord Mayor elect, Mr. Alderman E. C. Moore, at the Mansion House on

5th December, 1922

The Treasurer, the Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall, P.C., K.C.V.O., appeals for your assistance to raise a donation list of £20,000 to mark the occasion. This amount will maintain the Orphanage for one year. It has over 300 fatherless boys and girls in its care at Haverstock Hill, N.W., and is dependant upon voluntary contributions.

Gifts to be included in the Prince's list should be sent to Lord Marshall, at the Office, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL & ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE
Secretary, Fred. J. Robinson, A.C.I.S.

FOSTER CLARK'S
The Creamiest Custard

"ST. HELENA—The Last Phase"
The striking Picture of the Great Napoleon
by James Sant, R.A.

Reproductions in			Price
Colour facsimile	... size	24½ × 19	42/-
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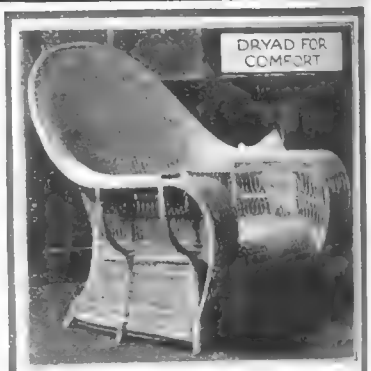


IMPINGTON HALL, Cambridge. Electric driven off A.C. Mercy Wester, Esq., who have recently installed a complete LIGHT and POWER installation.

Established in 1886 by engineers with five years' previous experience, the Company has unique information regarding equipments designed to meet all working requirements in

ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER INSTALLATIONS

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DRYAD FURNITURE
is closely woven upon strong wood and cane frames, with no tacked-on work to come loose and tear the clothes
It will not go out of shape.- wobble or creak, and has a style and durability found in none of the imitations offered as "like Dryad" & at similar prices
Each piece bears the label "Dryad Furniture Regd"
THE NEW DRYAD CANE BOOK OF USEFUL PRESENTS
includes a variety of chairs, tables settees, children's chairs, soiled-linen baskets, workbaskets, shopping baskets etc. To suit all pockets
Post free also names of firms supplying:
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WONDERFUL VALUE IN RICH PRINTED CRÊPE - DE - CHINE PETTICOATS

This attractive Petticoat is made in rich quality fancy printed crêpe-de-chine on dark grounds with a variety of artistic coloured designs. It is a smart well-cut shape, and made on full lines, and at the price quoted is of exceptional value.

ATTRACTIVE PETTICOAT (as sketch), in rich quality fancy printed crêpe-de-chine on dark grounds with a variety of artistic coloured designs, smart well-cut shape with elastic at waist, and finished at foot with a double row of fine kilting. In Mole, Brown, Navy, Fuchsia, Jade, Tango and other fashionable colourings. Lengths, 32, 34, and 35 inches.

PRICE 25/9

Sent on approval.



LADIES' JESTER MULES (as sketch), in good quality quilted satin, bound with fur. In black, cherry, pale pink, and pale blue.

Price **18/9** per pair.

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(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
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Catalogue post free.



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WE have now in stock a very large assortment of inexpensive and exclusive Tea Gowns, all of which are made in our own workrooms from rich quality materials. The garment illustrated is a typical example.

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Charming REST or MATERNITY GOWN, in rich soft Satin, ample cut, with large wing sleeves of cream lace bound self silk, and finished with large buckle and sash. In a good range of colours and black.

POPULAR PRICE

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K. 3.—Heavy Ribbed Artificial Silk Stockings, in black, white, nigger, fawn, light coating, silver grey and champagne.

Price **6/11** per pair.

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VERE·STREET·AND·OXFORD·STREET
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Sent on approval.

That Cap is Captive



and keeps intact the high efficiency of

KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM

(Made in England)

Enjoy this new advantage

The Captive Cap is now fitted to every tube of KOLYNOS Dental Cream we manufacture. This addition is necessary because of the fact that in the hurry of the morning toilet the old style cap was frequently lost, and when uncapped there was a danger of Kolynos deteriorating, ever so slightly perhaps, but still the danger existed. With the new Captive Cap this is now impossible. When pressed over, the cap falls into position. Two turns and the Kolynos is secure, safe against the possibility of deterioration.

Kolynos contains no particle of grit to harm your teeth.

If you are not already acquainted with this superb Dental Cream,

SEND FOR A SAMPLE TO-DAY



Messrs. Kolynos, Incorporated,
Chenies Street, London, W.C. 1.

Please send me a free sample tube of KOLYNOS

Mr., Mrs. or Miss .....

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Please give full Address and write plainly.

SPHERE, 4/11/22.

½d. stamp on an open envelope.

KOLYNOS is best used on a DRY BRUSH

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THAT resolution was the beginning of Roosevelt's success in life. Originally a nervous weakling, he "made his health what it was"—deliberately set himself to "increase his vitality"—to "get more horse-power out of his engine."

Why not do the same for yourself? It is largely a question of saying firmly, "I must . . . I can . . . I *will*."

And to increase your health and vitality is easier for you than it was for Roosevelt. For Science has provided you, in Sanatogen, with a health-promoting food which does unquestionably increase your vital force.

Consider, for example, that famous report to the International Medical Congress in which a leading physician of King's College Hospital, London — proved beyond doubt that, after six weeks' use of Sanatogen, the nerves absorbed and retained 63 per cent. more phosphorus than they previously did.

Phosphorus, you know, is the great source of nervous vitality —the "horse-power" of the human machine. But it must be absorbed—otherwise it is useless—and Sanatogen is the only product which ensures perfect absorption of Phosphorus.

Roosevelt, eagerly doing everything he could to increase his vitality, would certainly not have neglected this means had it then been available. And you, if you are in earnest, will straightway begin a six weeks' course of Sanatogen as the first step to making your health what it should be.

Begin a Course of

SANATOGEN

(The True Tonic Food)

Buy a tin at your chemist's—now, at once, while the mood for action is upon you. At 2/3 to 10/9 per tin, it costs you under 2½d. per dose—less if you buy the largest tin. But be sure you get the genuine product. Imitations are certain to disappoint you: genuine Sanatogen is certain to please you.

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Another Success!



"Ultima"—the Best.

Emile secured the Premier Award for hairwork at the recent Marcel Fête in Paris.
The most natural, most artistic, most appealing creation of over 100 International competitors.

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A Good Start

A capital start for the day's work is a cup of Savory & Moore's delicious Cocoa & Milk, which provides just the nourishment needed for sustained bodily or mental effort without overtaxing the digestion. It is made in a moment, as it needs neither milk nor sugar, and is thus particularly useful on all occasions when milk is not easily obtainable.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa & Milk is perfectly easy of digestion even by those who are unable to take tea, coffee, or cocoa in the ordinary form. It brings no after-feeling of depression or lassitude which dyspeptics so often experience after a meal. Its delicious flavour recommends it to all.

TINS, 2/2 & 3/6. Of all Chemists and Stores.

SAVORY & MOORE'S PEPTONISED COCOA & MILK



All that is seen of the receiver. Weighs only ⅛ oz.

Your Hearing Back

SCIENCE has found a way to restore lost hearing without the use of cumbrous and unsightly appliances. The "Earlux Phonophor" is almost invisible. The receiver only weighs ½ oz., and rests lightly on the ear, leaving both hands free. So confident are we of its high efficiency that we offer you a week's free use of one in your own home, to enable you to convince yourself thoroughly before purchase.

Call for demonstration or write for full particulars at—

THE DEAF APPLIANCE Co.,
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58–60, Wigmore Street, London, W.1.

EARLUX Phonophor

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By Appointment to H.M. the King.



By Appointment to H.R.H. Prince of Wales.

Elderscutum FOR LIGHTER & WARMER AUTUMN-WINTER WRAPS

MOSS-LIKE in texture for lightness . of virgin wool for warmth, softness and fixity of colours. Varying styles—firm prices.

£8 8 0 single-breasted.
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Men's Coats same prices.

Mention of *The Sphere* will bring patterns by return.

SOLE MAKERS:

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Sole makers of pure new wool and weatherproof Aquascutum Coats.

Woollands

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Lv. 115.—Graceful Coatee of rich Black Chiffon Velvet, lined Jap Silk, bound Satin. Becoming long Collar.
Price 4½ Gns.
Can be had in best quality Velveteen, **Price 79/6**

Lv. 114. — Fashionable new Cape Wrap of Turquoise Georgette, lined Cyclamen Chiffon, edged with Marabout. To be had in every lovely combination of colours. **Price 69/6**
Or of unlined Black Georgette, **Price 49/6**



Lv. 116.—The latest Par-isonne Tunic, finely embroidered with Black Beads. Cut on new lines, with long waist and graceful pan-elled skirt. In all Black, Black and Sphinx, Nigger and Bronze, Grey, Gold and White. The price for Black is ... **£5 12 6**
Black and Sphinx ... 6 Gns. White and colours ... 7 Gns.

WOOLLAND BROS., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1.



A real Boy

Daydreaming of Red Indians, of Cowboys, of Captain Hook, of Treasure Islands—*hating* to have to wash with *ordinary* soap—but unable to resist the clean, healthy smell of Wright's Coal Tar Soap — the real boy's Soap.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

7d per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets 1/9.

The Nursery Soap
Protects from Infection.

BATH TABLETS (double size) 1/- per Tablet. Box of 3 Tablets 3/-.

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"The Instrument of the Immortals"

WHEN the first Steinway was purchased, seventy years ago, the buyer had to rely mainly on his own judgment and his knowledge of the men who made it.

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Steinway and Sons and their Agents make it conveniently possible for music lovers to own a Steinway. Pianos of other makes taken in exchange. Write for particulars.

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Shape 87

Summit *Quarter Size* **collars**

THE wide cut-away, with points well under the waistcoat, makes this essentially the collar for wear with the larger knots now so much in favour.

Quarter size fittings—four to the inch—from 13½ to 18½ inches.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

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Sample Collar and Booklet Post Free, 1/-

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Bad Roads provide a real test of Frame Strength & Reliability

THE seemingly endless succession of pot-holes and bumps in which many of our roads abound at the present time provides one of the most potent tests of frame strength it is possible to devise. A few miles of such going soon exposes the weak points in any machine, but it is rarely indeed that a B.S.A. fails to come through such an ordeal triumphantly. A Steel Drop-Forging at every Vital Point in the frame is the secret of this reliability—this thorough consistent reliability that has made B.S.A. Motor Bicycles so popular. These forgings are made from the finest Sheffield steel, and after being carefully machined the tube ends are brazed in position. An exceptionally strong and rigid frame is the result.

Stand No. 96
OLYMPIA
Nov. 25–Dec. 2.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue.

B.S.A. Motor Bicycles

A Steel Forging at every Vital Point

B.S.A. CYCLES, Ltd., Small Heath, Birmingham.
Proprietors: The Birmingham Small Arms Co., Ltd.

B.S.A. Bicycles from £12 10s. B.S.A. Shot Guns from £11 11s.



"Sanitas Powder"
The Pine Forest Disinfectant

Fragrant, Non-Poisonous and Effective.



1. For use in Earth Closets, Stables, Kennels, Cow Sheds, Pigsties, Rabbit Hutches, Urinals, Ash Bins, Market Places and Factories.
2. More effective than any other powder as a Germicide, Antiseptic and Deodorant.
3. Mixed with water, it makes a splendid Sanitary Whitewash for Cattle Trucks, Farm Sheds and Yards, *Slaughter Houses, Factory Walls, &c.*
4. Scattered on the soil between the plants, it quickly rids garden beds of slugs.

THE "SANITAS" CO., LTD.,
Locksley Street, Limehouse, London, E.14.

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Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 16.

HAMPTON COURT PALACE:
Built by Cardinal Wolsey and afterwards presented to Henry VIII in 1526.

Johnnie Walker: "Greetings, your Eminence, you still love the old Palace of Hampton?"

Shade of Cardinal Wolsey: "The love of the old is what ensures your popularity."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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ROARING TIME IN THE DEER FOREST.



A Pair of Stags in Combat **A Stag Guarding his Hinds**

If at this season of the year (writes a correspondent) you happen to be within two miles of a deer park, or the woodlands where deer roam, you will hear a strange murmuring which makes the air vibrate as it rises and falls. It is "roaring" time with the stags; now they "collect" their harem. For nine months of the year the animals have roamed peacefully together, but now the stag begins his strange love-making by driving a number of hinds away from the common herd should they resist, he butts with his antlers and thus gives the order to "march." Having made his "selection" and set out for distant pastures, "roaring" as he goes, all would be well but for the fact that his fellows are jealous, hence the "challenge" and the "combat." The lordly twelve or fourteen "pointer" roars and dares, the youngster with but eight or ten points takes up the challenge, and a fierce fight, often lasting for hours and resulting in the death or maiming of one of the combatants, takes place. Head to head they struggle, each straining to force his opponent round in order to strike at the body, which he will rip open with one blow of his antlers. Each knows the danger, and the defeated one makes off at full speed, followed for a short distance by the victor, who then stands and "roars" his loudest; meanwhile the hinds have been "standing by," awaiting the issue of the combat. This fighting goes on for days, and disconsolate stags may be seen wandering solitary or "soiling" in a muddy pool, while they nurse their wounds. More than once has the keeper of woodlands found a pair of stags locked in a death embrace, antlers fixed together and necks broken. J. T. N.

ALL HALLOWS EVE : By K. EVEREST.

They had been burning nuts, trying old charms, telling ghost stories round the fire in the smoking-room, while the October winds rattled the casements and howled in the old chimneys.

A lull followed a particularly grim and ghastly legend, recounted with great gusto by the Irrepressible Youth.

"Do you believe in spirits returning to earth on 'All Hallows Eve,' Major?" asked the Pretty Girl of the Quiet Man who had seen service, travelled much, but spoke little, and was now smoking placidly in a corner, and seemed totally free from the generally pervading nervousness and "cold creeps" which most of the assembled company confessed to feeling "all down their backs!"

The Major roused himself.

"Well! I don't believe in them now," he explained, "but there was a time twenty years ago when I did believe in ghosts; in fact, I was almost face to face, or rather, within speaking distance of a returned spirit."

"Oh! Tell us, do!" besought the company in general, so the Irrepressible Youth poked the logs into a blaze, the Nice Boy lowered the lights, the Pretty Girl drew her chair closer to the Grass Widow's with a view to their mutual support, and the Major began his story.

"It was just such a night as this, 'All Hallows Eve,' too. Cold, windy, and wet. I was on a walking tour with two other fellows. It was growing dark as we reached a small inn; we were glad enough to find supper and put up there for the night.

"After we had got into dry clothes and done full justice to the bacon and fried eggs, we joined several travellers round the blazing fire; being 'All Hallows Eve,' our conversation fell upon 'ghosts.'

"There was a dark, foreign-looking man there, arguing with a lad about the possibility of the return of spirits; the boy ridiculed the whole idea, and characterised supernatural apparitions as 'all rot!'

"The man remarked sarcastically that it was easy for ignorance to ridicule what it failed to understand; for his part, he knew the dead could and did return; he had proved it for himself.

"'I will bet you ten pounds you can't bring anyone back, though it is "All Hallows Eve," and nearly midnight. Now then!'

"'Done,' said the other, calmly. 'Who do you wish me to recall?'

"The lad paused, as if he scarcely expected to be taken so promptly at his word.

"'A fellow I knew well was drowned last summer, Francis Mauleverer, a queer dreamy chap; he believed in occult science and all that tommy rot.'

"'Write his name and date of death on a slip of paper for me,' was the reply; 'that is sufficient.'

"We were all listening eagerly now.

"'I will hold the stakes,' called out my chum, who was of a practical turn of mind. 'Where are they?'

"'Here?' responded the so-called magician, drawing out a ten-pound note.

"'Stop a bit, though,' called out the lad. 'I don't believe I can run to a tenner.'

"'Do you draw back then?' sneered the first speaker.

"'I draw back?' cried the boy in a fury. 'Just you wait? Can any of you lend me the cash? I'll pay it out of my winnings.'

"'Here is a fiver,' I said. My chum produced two pounds and the others made up the required sum.

"'Now bring up your spook,' gaily called out the unbeliever. 'I'm ready?'

"'You must go into an empty room alone,' said the other. 'I shall lock you in, and stand outside with these gentlemen as witnesses. Your dead friend shall return to you, and write his name on a paper to convince you of his identity.'

"We found there was an empty apartment opposite. We all repaired there on a voyage of inspection.

"It was barely furnished, just a table, a couple of chairs, old oak settle and chest.

"The lad laughed derisively, as he flung himself into a chair.

"The man put ink and paper on the table, then we withdrew in a body, the door was locked. I took the key; we stood close to the panel in perfect silence.

"The storm was rising without, the wind howled, the rain dashed against the casements, while the man in our midst began muttering words in a foreign tongue and making strange signs in the air. At last he paused and spoke.

"'Do you see anything?'

"'Nothing!' came the answer from within.

"The storm was at its height, the thunder was crashing overhead, and the lightning flashed through the windows and played weirdly over the group.

"Louder and louder grew the incantation, more intense and emphatic became the voice; he seemed to be imploring an answer from someone or something unseen.

"'What do you see now?' came slowly.

"'Nothing; but stop, there is smoke, a thin wreath of smoke, coming from the corner of the fire-place.'

"'What shape does it take?'

"'No shape, it's like mist. It sweeps round in a circle; it grows larger and higher. Ah!'

"'Are you afraid now?' cried the magician in mocking tones.

"The answer came quick and firm.

"'I am not afraid!'

"The summoner's voice burst forth again, in furious tones, mingled with the raging elements without, which seemed to beat a weird accompaniment to his appeal. It rose to a shriek, then died away in a gasping murmur, he flung his arms on high, his face grew convulsed, his gestures threatening. At last he stopped and spoke.

"'You have asked to see your friend, Francis Mauleverer, who was drowned on the 10th May, 1880. Look well, he is coming now. What do you see?'

"'The cloud is slowly taking shape, it's the shape of a man. It advances towards me; it is Francis Mauleverer; the water drips on the floor; he is bending over the table writing his name. He is coming nearer; he touches me; his hand is cold and wet . . . . Help, help! . . . .'

"'Are you afraid now?' cried the magician in triumphant tones; but the only answer was a shriek and heavy fall.

"I burst open the door. We rushed in; the boy was on the floor in convulsions; a sheet of paper lay on the table. 'Francis Mauleverer' was written across it, the ink was wet. There were splashes and streaks of damp on the table and floor, a curious faint scent was in the room.

"We forced some brandy down his throat, and he soon came to his senses.

"'Where is that man?' he cried, and rushed out of the room in pursuit. We followed him back more leisurely to the cheerful fire-lit parlour.

"'It is a queer business. The fellow seems to have won his wager though! But, hullo! where are the stakes? I had them in my pocket, but they are gone,' cried my chum.

"They were gone, so was the magician, and the boy never came back. We gazed blankly at each other and slowly gathered the meaning of the whole transaction!"

"But I don't understand," cried the Pretty Girl; "what became of them both?"

"Fled! They were accomplices, don't you see? The ghost-caller seized the £10, which was ours, in the confusion, and made off with it. The boy, of course, followed him. We were the victims."

"It was jolly clever," announced the Irrepressible Youth.

"No wonder you were taken in; it did sound horribly weird and true," declared the Grass Widow. "Did not you believe in spirits returning when you saw the name written before you?"

"Well! I did," admitted the Major, "but never again since that 'All Hallows Eve.'"

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The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 4.



Lady Mary Wortly Montague at The Kitcat Club.

EACH year this famous old Club held revel and elected some Queen of Beauty to be the subject of gallant toasts and bursts of poesy for the forthcoming year. A pretty incident is told of Lady Mary Wortly Montague's presence at one of these yearly beauty competitions. It was the evening of the election of the year's fair one, and her father the Duke of Kingston boldly wagered little Mary, then eight years old, against all the matured charms that other members could adduce. To prove his choice he instantly sent a chaise to bring her to the meeting. The result was instantaneous. At the sight of her childish beauty she was elected Queen without a dissentient voice. All present rose to drink her health, solemnly kissed her, and feasted her with sweetmeats. They then perpetuated her name on a goblet with a diamond.

And we may be sure that toasts were never drunk in a worthier spirit than in the *original* Haig Whisky, now more than ever held in esteem by the discriminating the wide world over. For the Whisky of the House of John Haig is backed by nearly three centuries of high tradition.

Dye Ken John THE ORIGINAL Haig?

By Appointment.

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Two Fine Bulls at the Birmingham Shorthorn Show and Sale, Bingley Hall, Birmingham

On the left is the Shorthorn bull (exceeding twenty-two months), Monitor (Edgar W. Bishop). This fine beast was first prize and champion bull of the show. On the right is the Shorthorn bull (exceeding twelve and not exceeding fifteen months old), Diamond Archer (Misses A. F. and M. K. T. Scott). This splendid animal was first prize and reserve champion bull of the show

AGRICULTURAL NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The fall of the Coalition Government has naturally caused something of a stir in agricultural circles, and many are the opinions expressed as to whether anything will be done now for farmers generally. Sir Arthur Boscawen, the late Minister of Agriculture, takes with him to his new post at the Ministry of Health the best wishes of all who live either by tilling the soil or by stock-breeding, for in difficult times he invariably did his best for British agriculture, and was never one to spare himself in his efforts on behalf of the farming community. The new Minister for Agriculture is Sir Robert A. Sanders, who was Under Secretary for War under the Coalition, and had been a Unionist Whip, while during the war he commanded the Royal North Devon Hussars in the Near East. As Sir Robert has also been a master of hounds, being at the head of the Devon and Somerset Staghounds for many years, and is M.P. for Bridgewater, he brings to his new post many qualifications which make for success. Another event, which one may say has fairly startled the dairying world, is the achievement of the British-Friesian cow, Brookside Colantha, who in less than 365 days has given the extraordinary yield of 3,000 gallons of milk. This cow, which is in the Hache herd at Muntham Court, Findon, near Worthing, belongs to Lieut.-Colonel Ulric O. Thynne, D.S.O. (the famous polo player), and his partner, Sir John Ramsden, Bart. During her lifetime Brookside Colantha has given sixty times her own weight of milk, equivalent to about 42½ tons.

More Good Prices for Shorthorns

Shorthorns have again been making good prices, and at a collective sale held at Basildon Park, Reading, by Messrs. John Thornton and Co., some fifty-eight head of this grand breed realised £6,633 18s., an average of £112 6s. Top price of the day was 650 guineas paid by Mr. Heaton for Lieut.-Colonel Ogilby's bull, Fairlawn Air Raid, by that great sire, Collynie Clipper King. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales sold eight head to realise 655 guineas, with a top price of 230 guineas for the beautifully-bred heifer, Climsland Orange Blossom. Another good sale was that conducted by Messrs. Thornborrow at Penrith, when some 500 head of Shorthorns made an average of £43 15s. 4d., which was certainly good going.

Hackney Prices Maintained

Hackneys, those ever-popular darlings of the horse-loving public, were in great demand recently at the sale of Mr. Malcolm Sinclair's famous stud at Mill Hill, which was conducted by Messrs. Frank Lloyd and Sons. Top price of the day was 460 guineas given by Mr. Colman for the well-known stallion, Preston Dunraven, while that great son of Adbolton Kingmaker, Eton Rambler, went at 450 guineas to Mr. Andrew Maitland. At 260 guineas Mr. A. E. Sangster took a two-year-old colt by King's Chamberlain, while at 110 guineas that magnificent brood mare, Flash Clara, the winner of many prizes, passed to the stud of Sir Edward Mann; altogether, twenty-three head realised £2,322 12s., an average of £100 19s.

Large Black Pigs go Abroad

Two well-known breeders of large black pigs have been busy in the export trade recently. Mr. S. F. Edge (equally well known in the motor world) shipped a large black boar and gilt to China, whither Mr. A. Dyson-Laurie (whose Maxwelltoun herd has won 100 awards in the show yard in two years) also sent a consignment, as well as to Holland, while Mr. Edge, within the last few days, has sent specimens of the breed to South Africa, Spain, and Salonica, while as soon as therestrictions are removed large blacks of both sexes will leave Ditchling for the U.S.A. and British Columbia.

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

The Medway Education Board wrote through their officer to the Secretary of The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, bearing testimony to the good bearing of *Arethusa* lads who had been received from their district, and said: "I am glad to say that the boys whom you have received through this bureau have all reported here during their leave this month, and have expressed their full appreciation of the care and training which they are receiving. It was a great pleasure to note the very marked improvement, both in physique and manners, which had been made by each one. I feel that I have to thank you for giving these boys such a fine start in life. That such good work should have strenuously to appeal for funds is distressing. It is hoped that aid will speedily flow in."

Harrods Beautiful Bedsteads

Ranging from simple Cots to massive Four-posters, and including in an unrivalled collection many scores of handsome period reproductions as well as excellent examples of modern craftsmanship, Harrods Selection of Quality Bedsteads is such as you cannot find equalled anywhere in the Kingdom for quality, variety and value. Harrods invite a personal inspection. Bedstead Department is on the 2nd Floor.

(B & B 3252) The famous cabinet-work of Chippendale has been reproduced in this magnificent pair of BEDSTEADS, which are executed in mahogany and carved by a master craftsman. The double caned panels are a distinctive feature. Width 3 ft. 6 ins. Per Pair - - **£105:0:0**



How to Halve Housework by Electricity's Aid—demonstrations this week in Harrods 'Modern Home' Exhibition

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Days for "Ovaltine"

CHILL Autumn days. Days of rain, mist and dampness. Days which lower the vitality, impair the health, and reduce the natural powers of resistance to colds and epidemic infections.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." The stimulative and health-giving properties it contains fortify the system against colds and influenza, and give a rich reserve of health and vitality with which to face the hard, trying times of the approaching winter.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

What "Ovaltine" is

"Ovaltine" is a highly concentrated extract of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods. It is rich in all the vitamines which scientists affirm are essential for the nourishment, protection and health of the body.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. It is a complete food with a delicious flavour that appeals to everyone. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound, natural sleep. ***Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!***

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

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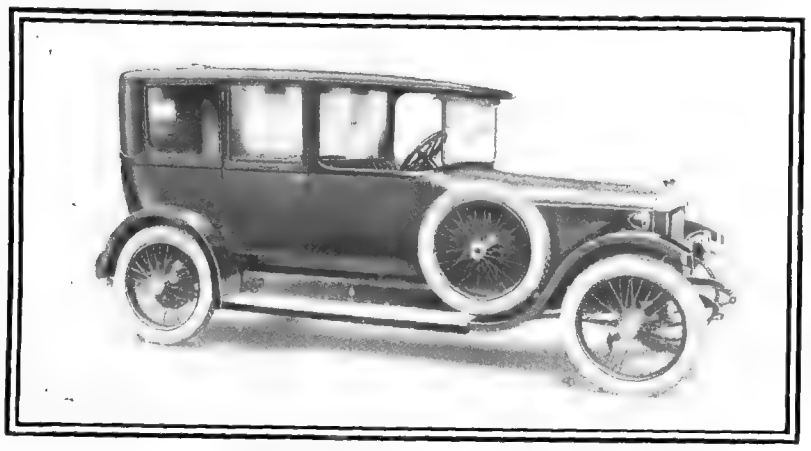
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MOTOR SHOW REVIEW—*Continued from Special Supplement.*

Daimler

A most remarkable programme has been arranged for Daimler and B.S.A. for 1923. No fewer than fifty-six types of vehicles are available, and they constitute a range of cars and chassis which should cater for every need. The Daimler chassis for next season are the 45 h.p., the 30 h.p., the short



The New 21-h.p. Daimler Landaulette

30 h.p., the 21 h.p., the short 21 h.p., the 16 h.p., and the 12 h p. All these are six-cylinder models, and, of course, they have the famous sleeve-valve engine which makes the Daimler car so luxuriously smooth and quiet in its running. The 16-h.p. and 12-h.p. Daimlers are new types, and they will be very welcome as bringing the Daimler vehicles within the range of people who do not require more powerful cars. Whilst the main features of these vehicles remain the same, one can notice that no effort has been spared in the refining of the Daimler designs, and the new models will be better than ever. Special attention has been paid to easy starting, I note. In every respect the Daimlers are magnificent productions, and now that they can be had in landaulettes, limousines, saloon landaulettes, saloon limousines, coupés, all-weather, and open cars, in a wide variety of powers, they make up a selection of the most comprehensive nature. The bodywork is up to the same high standard as the chassis, and represents the last word in refinement and comfort. At the show are to be seen a 45-h.p. seven-seater saloon, a 21-h.p. six-seater landaulette, a 16-h.p. four-seater coupé, and a 12-h.p. landaulette. These are all superb vehicles, and they serve to give an idea of the great variety of high-grade cars which are being marketed next season by the Daimler Company. Their enterprise deserves every success.

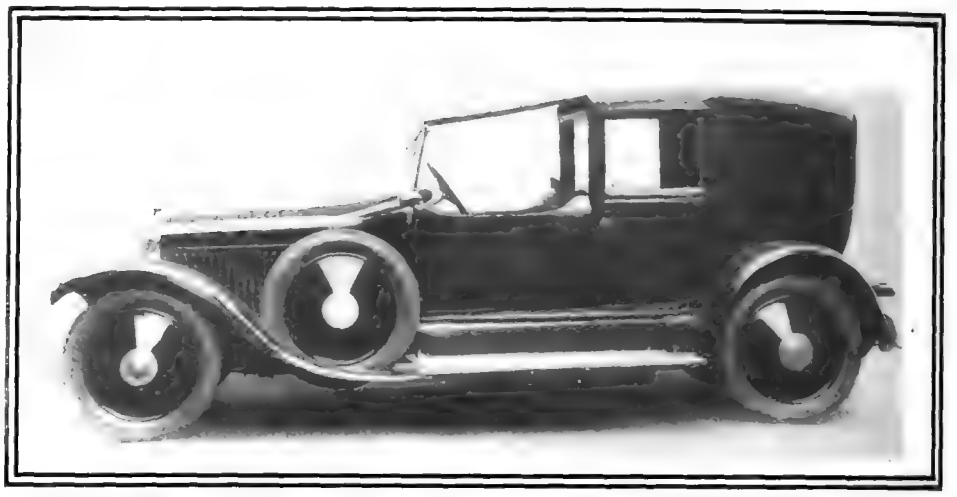
B.S.A.

The B.S.A. chassis for next season are the 12-h.p six-cylinder, the 11-h.p. four-cylinder, the short 11-h.p. four-cylinder, the 10-h.p. two-cylinder air cooled, and the 10-h.p. Popular. The 12 h.p. is a new model, and with its six-cylinder sleeve-valve engine it is one of the gems of the show. Apart from its splendid workmanship, we have the special feature of a six-cylinder silent sleeve-valve engine giving a smoothness of running which is a revelation in a car of this size. The 11-h.p. four-cylinder is also remarkable in that it has the sleeve-valve engine. The feature of the 10-h.p. B.S.A. Popular is that it sells as a two-seater at £230, and represents wonderful value. At the show can be seen the 12-h.p B.S.A. all-weather car, the 12-h.p. chassis, the 11-h.p. two-seater, and the 10-h.p. Popular two-seater. It is a stand which on no account should be missed. A representative selection of the principal types of Daimler and B.S.A. cars is also on view at the showrooms of Stratton-Instone, Ltd., 27, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

Delage

Delage cars, for which the London and Parisian Motor Company are agents, are exhibited by Messrs. Automobiles Delage of Paris. The 24-h.p. six-cylinder Delage is one of the models on view. Its engine has valves on one side, valve stems and tappets completely enclosed by aluminium cover-plates, and adjustable tappet-heads. Two Zenith carburetters, fed by a vacuum system, supply one set of three cylinders each. A pressure-fed lubrication system by pump delivers oil from the lower half of the crank-case, which forms an oil reservoir. The unit construction of crank-case, gear-box and clutch housing obviates the use of universal joints between engine and gear-box. The gear-box is fitted with four speeds. Suspension is by

(*Continued on p.* viii)



A Barker Salamanca Cabriolet on a Six-cylinder Delage Chassis

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Canteen of Spoons, Forks and Cutlery,

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Contents: 6 Table Forks, 4 Table Spoons, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Tea Spoons, 6 Table Knives, 6 Cheese Knives, 1 pair Carvers, 1 Steel.

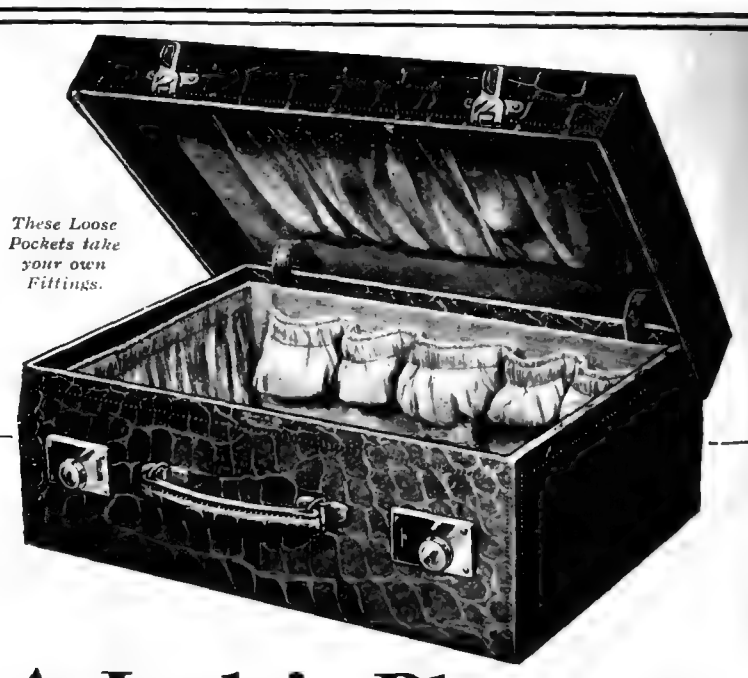
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These Loose Pockets take your own Fittings.



A Lady's Blouse or Week-End Case

In the exceptional quality of the leather used, and in unparalleled excellence of the craftsmanship, a Harrods Week-End Case is assuredly the best thing of its kind, presenting the ideal combination of utility and elegance. Come to Harrods personally and inspect.

LADY'S BLOUSE OR WEEK-END CASE. In fine quality real polished Crocodile, golden or tobacco shade. Lined rich quality Moiré Silk, with shaped pockets for own fittings. Hand-made throughout in Harrods workshops. Size 22 × 14½ × 6½ ins., **£14 5 0**; Size 20 × 13½ × 6½ ins., **£14 7 6**; Size 18 × 13 × 6½ ins. **£12.8.6**

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—because no other type of tyre is equal to the strain of present-day motoring.

Canvas tyres served a good purpose—but that was yesterday. To-day's demands on tyres are greater.

Dunlop Cord tyres are the tyres of to-day.

See the two new types, at the Motor Show—the Dunlop Cord and Dunlop Clipper Cord. They are the answer to to-day's demands.

DUNLOP

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MOTOR SHOW REVIEW—*Continued from p. vi.*



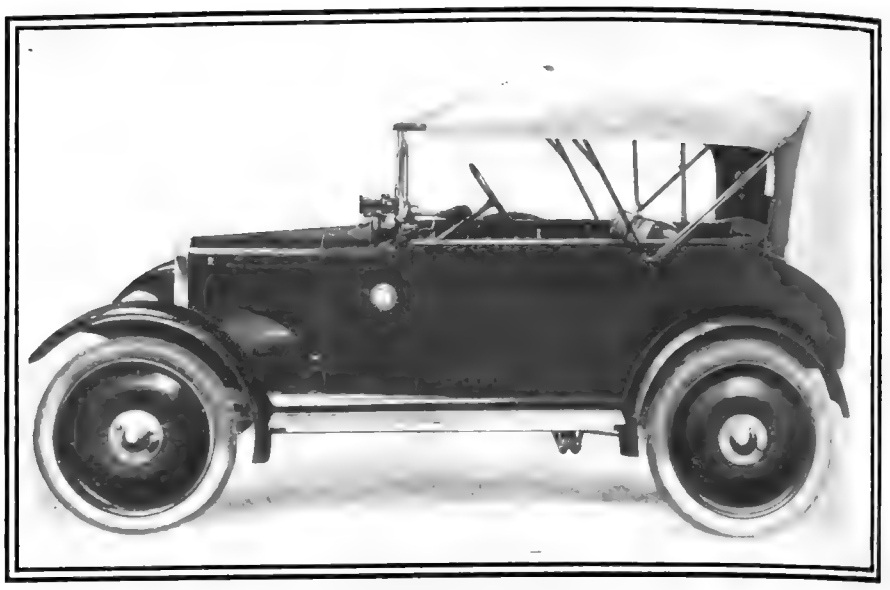
Mr. F. W. Slatter

Managing Director of the London and Parisian Motor Co., and a pioneer in the motor trade since 1899

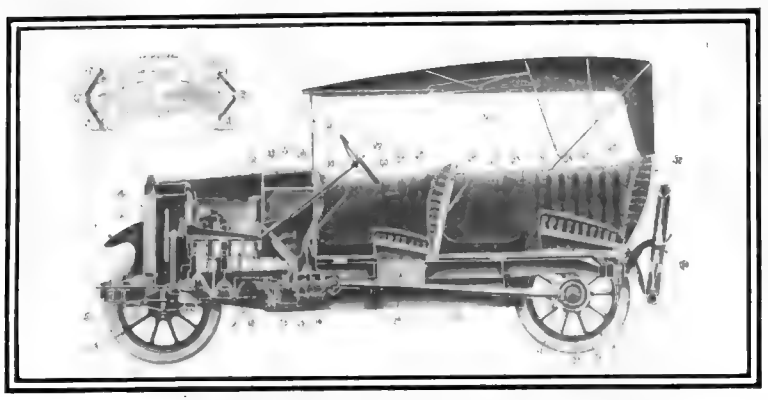
semi-elliptic springs to front and rear wheels. The brake on the cardan shaft, actuated by hand lever, will hold the car on any hill. In addition, two internal expanding brakes, Ferodo lined, operate in brake drums on the rear wheels, and two of the same type, made under Perrot licence, operate on the front wheels, all four actuated by one pedal. This system will bring a car travelling at the rate of sixty miles an hour to a standstill in a hundred yards. In every respect this is a superb example of French motor engineering at its best. Another delightful model is the Delage 12 8-h.p. four-cylinder. The Delage cars are noted for their speed and smooth running, and an inspection of the cars on view will show clever designing and beautiful workmanship, which account for the good qualities.

Barker Bodies

In the show can be seen several very fine specimens of the splendid bodywork made by Messrs. Barker and Co. (Coachbuilders), Ltd. Their own stand contains a new Rolls-Royce with semi-dome roof, brougham limousine body. This car is painted black throughout, and is luxuriously upholstered in plain drab cloth. A detachable leather extension is fitted over the driving seat. The woodwork throughout, including the instrument board, is in polished walnut. An enclosed cabriolet on a new Rolls-Royce chassis is also to be seen. This car is painted dark red, and is upholstered in fawn suède calf-skin, the car being on the lines of that built for the Prince of Wales and exhibited at last year's Olympia Show. On the Rolls-Royce stand is staged a very handsome Barker body Pullman limousine, luxuriously equipped. The same stand contains a Barker round-sided torpedo body on a Rolls-Royce chassis. The Crossley stand contains the Barker cabriolet body on Crossley chassis built to the order of the Prince of Wales. The gem of the Delage stand is the Barker-built Salamanca cabriolet on a Delage chassis.



The 1923 Model of the 8-h.p. Rover



A Sectional View of the British-built Overland

C.A.V.

The exhibit of Messrs. C. A. Vandervell, Ltd., includes their electrical productions, dynamo lighting, starting, and ignition systems. A new departure shows combined lighting dynamo and starter units, also incorporating the improved type of distributor with coil-ignition gear. New designs in switch gear include self-contained controls for dynamos. A new range of head lamps and side lamps with concealed wiring, and having the distinctive feature that they can be detached without unsoldering any connections, are on view, as also many other electrical sundries.

Ferodo

The name Ferodo has become a "household" word with motorists, as this material serves many useful purposes in an admirable fashion. One can see Ferodo clutch, brake, and transmission lining, spring interleaving, Bonrest to prevent rattling bonnets, vice grips, rear brake shoes, etc. A model of the 1,000-ton press will demonstrate how die-pressed Ferodo linings are made.

¶ A box of Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates is by far the most acceptable of all Christmas Presents. The recipient knows he or she has received what are Universally Proclaimed the finest chocolates in the world.

¶ Every chocolate is numbered underneath and a key list is enclosed in the box which describes each particular chocolate. This scheme is unique.

¶ Each individual chocolate is made and packed on the premises, therefore capacity is limited.

¶ For a number of years Charbonnel & Walker have had reluctantly to refuse orders for several days previous to Christmas, hence the necessity for this advertisement.

¶ This is not a case of seeking more business but an honest endeavour to avoid disappointment to our clients. Send for price lists now and order early.

¶ Remember Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates cannot become stale, and condition is guaranteed upon arrival either at home or abroad.

CHARBONNEL & WALKER
31, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1.



A Laboratory of Great Ideals

The Home of Dr. Cassell's Tablets

Mr. Thomas McGill, 7, Foulford Place, Kirkford, Cowdenbeath, Fife, says:—"For years I suffered with a pain across my back, and at last had to have advice. I was told it was stone in the bladder, and that an operation was necessary. Often I was in pain, heavy, dull, and dizzy, and so weak I could do nothing. At last I got Dr. Cassell's Tablets, and soon the pain was quite gone. Now I am better and stronger than before I fell ill."

THE Veno Laboratory—the home of Dr. Cassell's Tablets and other very famous domestic remedies—has established a world-wide reputation. And it has deserved the fame which has come to it, for it is a laboratory of great ideals; its standards are the highest that it is possible for human skill and endeavour to attain to.

The best of pharmaceutical skill, the purest of ingredients, and perfect methods of manufacture have resulted in the best of medicines. Dr. Cassell's Tablets—one of the most important of its products—have established an unrivalled reputation in every part of the Empire for their efficacy in the treatment of

Nervous Breakdown, Neurasthenia, Palpitation, Neuritis, Nerve Pains, Kidney Weakness, Indigestion, Headache, Children's Weakness, Sleeplessness, Anæmia, Wasting

Specially Valuable for Nursing Mothers and During the Critical Periods of Life.

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

HOME PRICES 1/3 and 3/-
Sold by Chemists in all parts of the world. Ask for Dr. Cassell's Tablets and refuse substitutes.

FRENCH and ITALIAN RIVIERAS
Travel in comfort via
NEWHAVEN AND DIEPPE.

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VICTORIA (L.B. & S.C.R.)
10.0 a.m. and 8.20 p.m.
Weekdays and Sundays.
Through Carriages between DIEPPE AND PARIS-LYON.
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The Greatest Privilege

IT is my privilege to serve many gentlemen with Kensitas, sir, but this auspicious occasion affords me the even greater privilege of serving you under happiest circumstances, sir, in your present—ahem—rôle of Sir Walter himself.

Exactly, sir, a case of presenting the greatest of pioneers with the perfected product of his discovery.

Here, sir, is the refinement of quality—prime, matured, golden Virginia of rare and fragrant bouquet, skilfully blended to make Kensitas . . . . . "as good as really good cigarettes can be." *Jenkyn*

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Extra Large Virginia

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Only the choicest of prime, matured, rare golden Virginia leaf is used for Kensitas. They are skilfully blended, and carefully made. Packed by hand. Kensitas are made to a quality —not to a price

The TOBACCONIST who stocks Kensitas is a man of sound "tobacco sense." He is worth getting to know.

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Manufacturers: J. WIX & SONS, LTD., 174-175-176 Piccadilly, W.1.

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WIT AND WISDOM OF THE WEEK.

Unconscious Humour

The report of the scholarship examination held by the Warwickshire County Council contains some amusing gems. An artificial limb is defined, for instance, as "A limb made not by God, but by some other man." Another definition is, "When a limb of wood is placed instead of a real one, not excluding the head or the abdomen." It is true that wooden heads are no novelty, but why this injustice to hearts of oak? The following also shows powers of observation: "Men and women are different; men wear outer trousers, women don't;" but the sentence that pleases me best is the following: "When anything is not supported by voluntary contributions the editor has to write it himself." That's what makes me so confoundedly busy, in spite of this *in*-voluntary contribution.—*The Daily News.*

Not to be Caught

An Edinburgh Councillor told a good angling story the other evening. One day a big man watched an angler casting in a stream for some time, and eventually inquired: "Had any luck?" "Yes," replied the fisher. "I took thirty-one trout out of here yesterday." "That's interesting," said the inquirer. "By the way, do you know who I am? I am the senior magistrate in this district, and this stream happens to be on my estate." "Ah! Do you know who I am?" responded the angler. "I am the champion liar in the district." — *The Morning Post.*

The Climbers

"Can't you make fifteen or twenty words out of that, Helen?" said Mrs. Newrich as her daughter was writing a telegram. "I don't want the clerk to think we can't afford more than ten words."—*Boston Transcript.*

He Knew Them

The skipper, entering a small American port, was considerably surprised to see a big negro coming aboard in response to his signal for a pilot. However, the negro assured the skipper that he was a fully-qualified pilot and knew every rock in the harbour, so he took the wheel and the boat went on. Suddenly there was a bump and a shiver.

"* * * * *!" roared the skipper. "I thought you said you knew every —— rock in this —— harbour."

"Dat am so, sah," said the pilot simply. "Dat am so. Dat's one ob 'em."—Beachcomber, in *The Daily Express.*



Drawn by George Morrow

The Timid Man Takes a Walk in the Country

THE TRAMP: Wot's the time, Mister?
TIMID PEDESTRIAN: I haven't got a watch, but I think it's about three o'clock
THE TRAMP: 'Ow d'you know the time without a watch?
TIMID PEDESTRIAN: I—I b—blow dandelion heads usually.

"The Gloomy Dean"

His kindred state that "singe" and "hinge"
Are fitting rhymes for his name Inge.
"The Duster-Man" declares that "thing"
Suggests just how to say Dean Inge.
Still others, that they be not stingy
And make the measure good, say In-ge.
Londoners mark the man they mean
When they but say, "The Gloomy Dean."

C. D. W., in *Life.*

Who's Haggis?

A lady tourist in the Highlands doubts the existence of a haggis.

In that northern resort
You may meet with good sport,
Such as salmon and deer in your baggis,
But there's goodlier luck
Than to bring down a buck,
'Tis in getting a pot at a haggis.

From the brae or the burn
You may empty return
If you list to the tales of the waggis,
Who would have you resort
To no lowlier sport
Than acquiring the pelt of a haggis.

It is whispered far ben
In the sporran-tree glen,
And abune, on the skirlis and craggis,
That the creature's a man,
And the haggis's clan
Ever doff to THE Haggis of Haggis.

—A. W., in *The Daily Chronicle.*



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Miss Olive Goff

The talented young soprano, who is giving her second recital at the Æolian Hall on November 15. A most attractive programme is arranged, and Mr. Herbert Heyner will assist

CIGARETTES AND POSIES

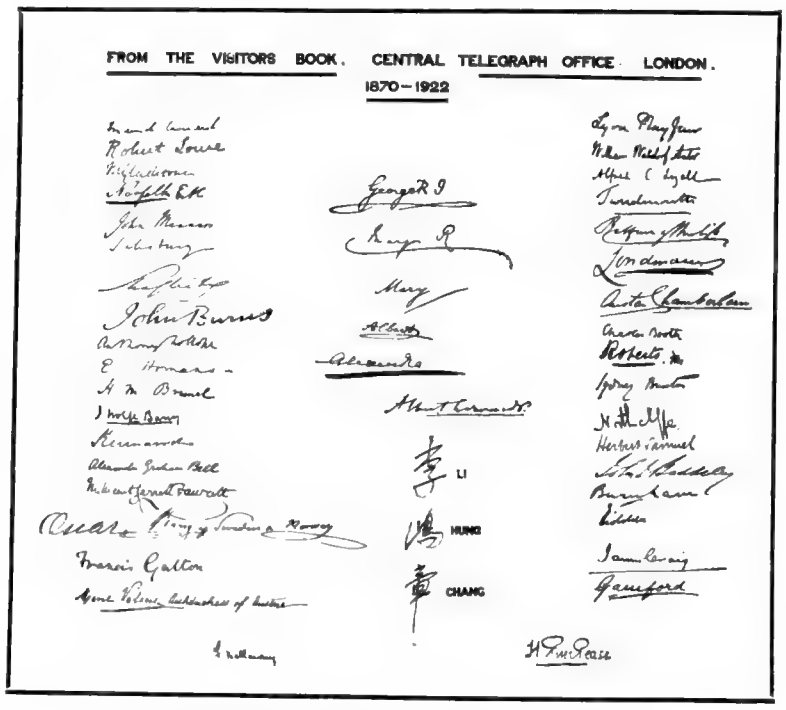
By SYLVANIA

Just because Fashion's latest whim is an ankle-length skirt and a demure little bodice, oh, what a flutter in the journalistic dovecots! Here we are heading for a complete Victorian revival, with the Modern Woman a reformed character in crinoline and shawl, her cigarette exchanged for a prim posy, all her bold, bad ways abandoned, and *This Freedom* on her bedside table, keeping company with Jeremy Taylor and Jane Austen; an end to jazz and jumpers, and hail to poke bonnets, elastic-sided boots, and all the domestic virtues! A revolution, say the scribes, never guessing that such a revolution has already taken place half-a-dozen times in the history of fashion, which is a matter of cycles rather than straightforward progress.

Woman suits her fashions to the days she lives in, and always in time of war she has cast restraint to the winds and attired herself in a manner scandalising to her elders, while with peace has come a so-called reaction in favour of more circumspect conduct and stiff and formal dress. In the days of Queen Elizabeth, ladies of fashion were hooped and corseted with iron, their necks imprisoned in stiff ruffs, and their bodies weighted with heavily-embroidered stuffs; but when the Civil Wars broke out, feminine fashions underwent a quick transformation—ruffs and farthingales vanished, to be replaced by the open collars and graceful gowns of the late Stuart period, a simpler style of hairdressing became the vogue, and a remarkable freedom of manners took the place of the stiff formality of the Elizabethan dames.

But when Anne was firmly seated on the throne, the reaction began; stiff stays and hoops became the rule, hair was elaborately dressed and powdered, life grew more and more ceremonious, and woman more and more prim and fastidious. Then came the Napoleonic wars, the outrageous Directoire fashions (which have never been matched even by our much-abused modern ones), and a general flouting of convention of every sort; all restraint was flung aside, until the peaceful days of Queen Victoria set Mrs. Grundy on her throne again. Back came the wasp waists and the hoops, girls were trained to say "Please, papa, potatoes, prunes, and prisms" outside the drawing-room door, and the still room and the nursery were supposed to provide all that any nice woman could ask in the way of interests; primness and propriety became so firmly established that it took a European war to dislodge them.

Then woman, revelling in freedom from high collars, tight waists, and trailing skirts, rather naturally went to the other extreme—bobbed her hair, cast aside petticoats, corsets, and chaperons, became a jolly pal to her menfolk and a source of indescribable bitterness to her elders. Now the cycle is complete again, and it is time for her to assume the demure garb of peace; but do not run away with the idea that our maidens are about to revert to complete Victorianism—bustles, pork-pie hats, vapours, and all. Miss 1922 may love posies and fichus and quaint frocks, but she is not going to try travelling on the Tube in a crinoline, or take to swooning at the sight of a mouse. Reaction has not killed her common sense.



Some of the Distinguished Visitors to the Central Telegraph Office During the Years 1870-1922



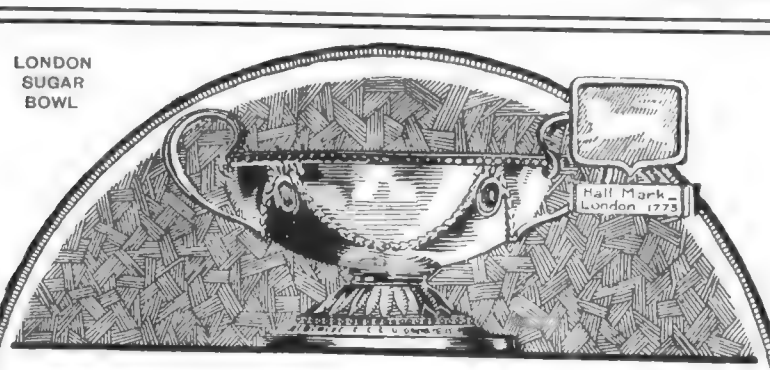
Miss Flora Woodman

One of the leading sopranos of Great Britain, who is now singing in London

Telegraphists and the Hospitals

The Central Telegraph Office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, has been described as the "nerve centre of the Empire." Cables and wireless machine telegraphs of all kinds, pneumatic tubes and automatic carriers in rich variety, convey messages from and to all parts of the world throughout the large building, where a staff of 5,000 men and women are employed. Particular interest, therefore, attaches to the issue of a booklet which has been written by Mr. Pike-Pease, M.P., the Assistant Postmaster-General in Mr. Lloyd George's Government, describing briefly not only the work performed by this large headquarters staff in the domain of telegraphy, but their activities in organising an "Old English Bazaar," which in many respects promises to be a unique effort to assist some of the most important of the great London hospitals. Inquiries, gifts, or other offers of co-operation should be sent to the Chief Supervisors, Room 58, Central Telegraph Office, London, E.C.1.

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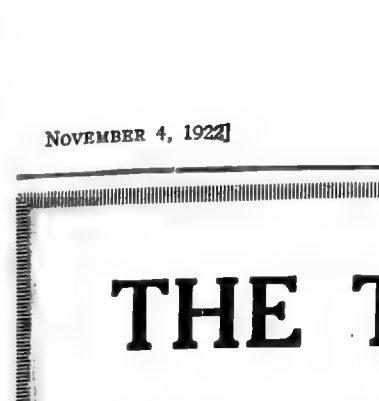
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2. Every endeavour will be made to return MSS., but Competitors are advised to keep carbon copies, as no responsibility can be accepted for loss in the post or otherwise. No acknowledgment of the receipt of entries will be sent.
3. All stories must be typewritten.
4. Authors may send in as many stories as they like.
5. The Editor's decision shall be final.
6. The winning story will be published in THE TATLER at a date to be announced later.
7. The Editor reserves the right to publish any other of the stories sent in **at a rate to be agreed upon with the author.**



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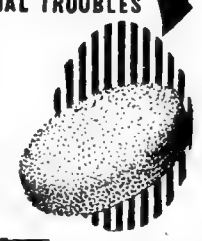


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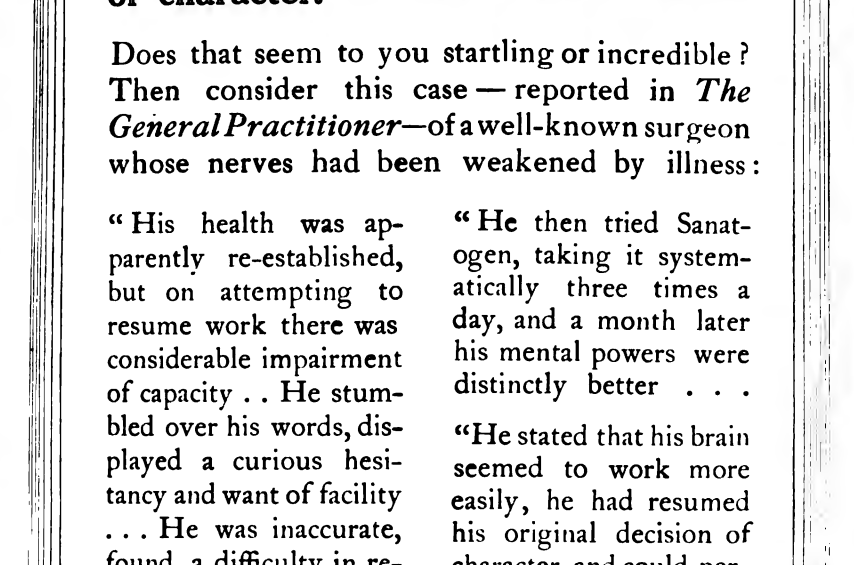
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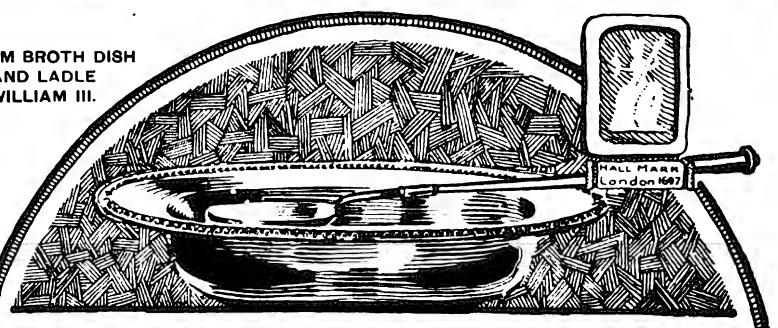
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Whether it be the old plum broth dish of 1697, or the modern silver of the twentieth century; the finest hand-chased design, or the more modest electro plate; the entrée dish or a silver spoon; the one polish which brings out in each its greatest measure of attractiveness is

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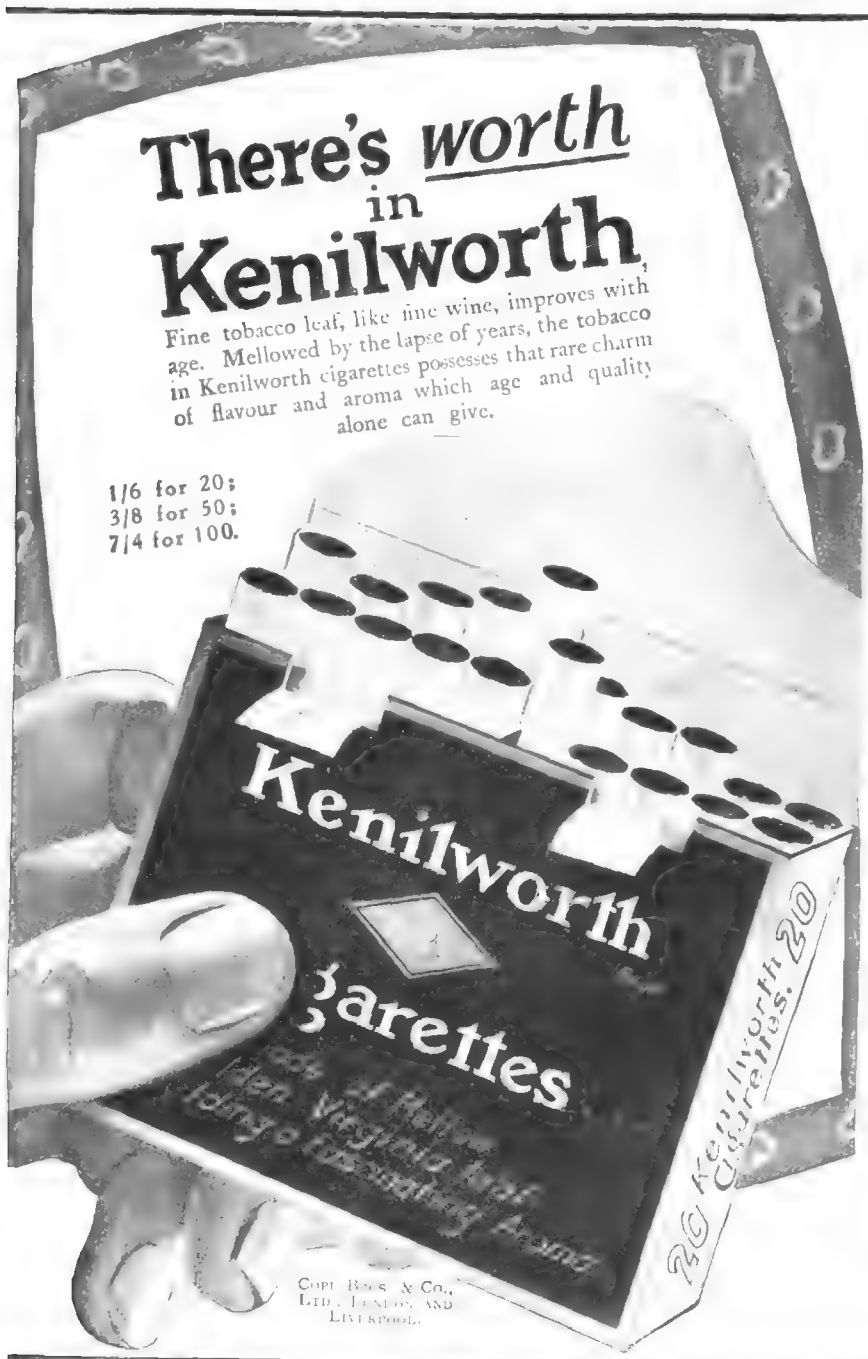
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Fine tobacco leaf, like fine wine, improves with age. Mellowed by the lapse of years, the tobacco in Kenilworth cigarettes possesses that rare charm of flavour and aroma which age and quality alone can give.

1/6 for 20;
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* *CHANGE OF NAME.—The Public are requested to note that in the near future the name of this assortment may possibly be changed.*

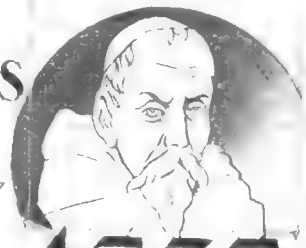
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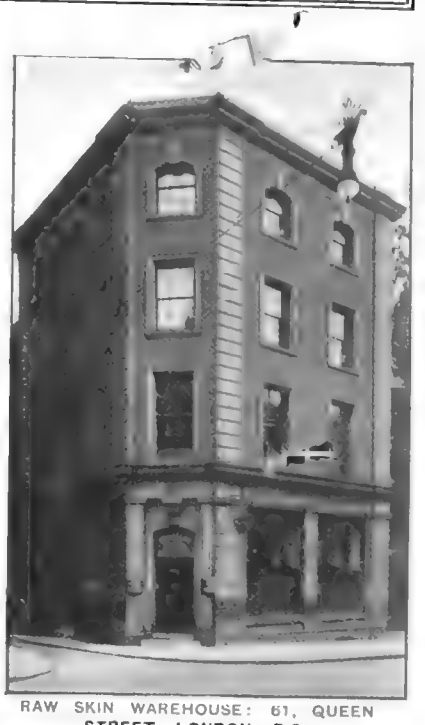
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THE PARENT HOUSE IN PARIS: MESSRS. REVILLON FRÈRES' PREMISES IN THE RUE DE RIVOLI.

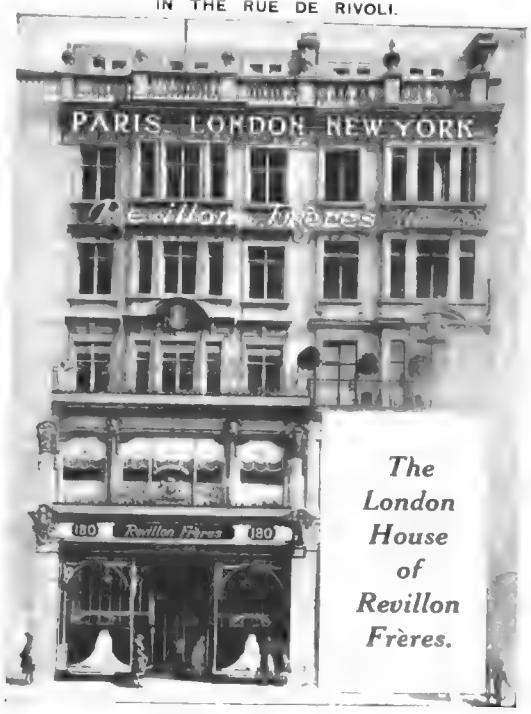


RAW SKIN WAREHOUSE: 61, QUEEN STREET, LONDON, E.C.

WE have already mentioned in our issues of September 16 and October 14 the extremely powerful buying organisation of the house of Revillon Frères, who possess 125 trading posts in Canada, Siberia, and Central Asia. To-day we illustrate the chief selling houses of this firm, which are to be found all over the world, and in which the skins collected by the Revillon Frères' posts are prepared, worked into models, and sold.

The parent house is in Paris, on the island site in the Rue de Rivoli that everyone knows; whilst vast buildings in the Champ de Mars, covering an area of 3,280 square yards, contain the reserves of raw skins, cold storage plant, and dressing-factories.

In London we find the Revillon Frères' building in Regent Street, the "Rue de la Paix" of London; whilst in Ganton Street a recently completed cold storage on the most up-to-date plans towers over the surrounding buildings.

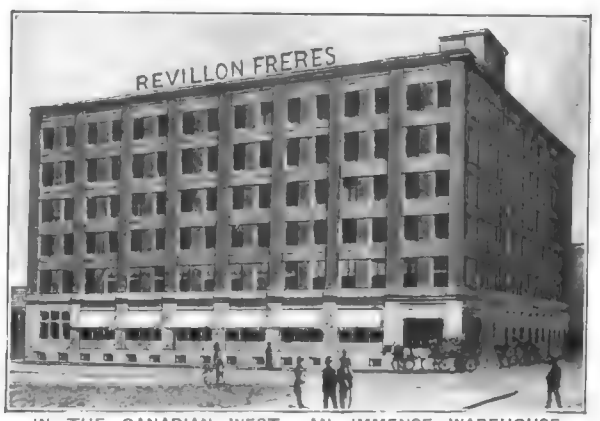


The London House of Revillon Frères.

NO. 180, REGENT STREET.



THE CENTRE FROM WHICH THE SIBERIAN POSTS ARE CONTROLLED: THE REVILLON FRÈRES' BUILDING AT KRASNOIARSK.



IN THE CANADIAN WEST: AN IMMENSE WAREHOUSE BUILT BY REVILLON FRÈRES AT EDMONTON.



MODELLED ON A FRENCH CHÂTEAU: THE ELEGANT NEW YORK BRANCH IN FIFTH AVENUE.

Across the Atlantic the firm in New York is installed in an elegant building constructed on the plans of the Château d'Azay-le-Rideau, and situated at 670, Fifth Avenue—the street *par excellence* of the huge city.

At Montreal we find at the corner of MacGill Street and St. Paul Street a fine building which is the headquarters of the Revillon Frères' posts in Canada; whilst the Siberian posts are controlled from Krasnoiarsk.

At Edmonton, in the Canadian West, the firm, to keep pace with the development of the country, was obliged to enlarge its building, and has constructed an immense warehouse for the reception of general merchandise, from which not only the Revillon Frères' posts, but all the "stores" of the country are supplied.

The superficial area of this building, one of the largest and most modern in America, is 175,000 square feet. It is entirely constructed of reinforced concrete; the floors have no joists, and, strengthened by columns at a distance of nineteen feet, are self-supporting; and it contains the latest improvements—four immense lifts, a spiral chute for the rapid delivery of goods, pneumatic tubes that connect all departments, automatic telephones, etc.



THE HEADQUARTERS OF REVILLON FRÈRES IN CANADA: A FINE BUILDING IN MONTREAL.

A special railway siding enables freight-wagons to be brought right up to the building. The goods are unloaded straight into the receiving-rooms, whence they are despatched by electric hoists to the various departments. Such are the principal selling houses of Revillon Frères, whose employees constitute a veritable League of Nationalities.

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Elliott & Fry

Dr. Greville Macdonald

The son of George Macdonald, whose biography he is writing, and the author of "Billy Bainecoat: A Fairy Romance for Young and Old," just published by George Allen and Unwin

A LITERARY LETTER : *The Ex-Kaiser's Defence.*

LONDON, November 6, 1922.

It is claimed by Mr. Greville Macdonald's publisher that *Billy Bainecoat* (George Allen and Unwin) "will grip the grown reader of literary taste as well as the imaginative child." And I share that opinion, although, as a rule, I feel a strong disposition to "'eave 'alf a brick" at all such preliminary statements that greet one on the wrappers of books. *Billy Bainecoat* is quite a good fairy tale, and it comes from one who has the right by heredity to write fairy tales. I knew Greville Macdonald long years ago as an eminent throat specialist of Harley Street, and I have been his patient through a critical illness. He long since retired from his profession to become a writer, and he now announces, through the newspapers, that he is writing the life of his father, George Macdonald, and would like to receive letters. There must be multitudes of such letters about, although it should be difficult to recapture them so late in the day, for Dr. George Macdonald died in 1905, and 1924 is the centenary of his birth. I am among those who were brought up on his charming fairy tales—*At the Back of the North Wind* (which I read in my own first paper, *Good Words for the Young*), and *The Princess and the Goblins*. Assuredly Mr. Greville Macdonald should give us an acceptable biography.

At the first blush, a book entitled *My Memoirs*, by ex-Kaiser William II. (Cassell, 25s. net), should have had a cold reception. The last election was said by many people to have been won on a pledge to hang the Kaiser. That does not seem to be an item in any party's programme at the coming election. To England he does represent to the minds of most a very great deal of the responsibility for all the horrors of the late war, and no word that he could write is likely to shake that feeling in the hearts of the English public; and as it is, the defence with which the latter half of the book is occupied is really a very rambling one and full of contradictions. It does not carry conviction, and as the ex-Kaiser writes without documents, it is of relatively small worth, although we may perhaps take it as a compliment that a man once so powerful is now so anxious to put himself right with this country.

The interest of the ex-Kaiser's book, however, is in the gossipy character of its non-controversial features—the struggle which led to the fall of Bismarck, the triumphant note with which is recorded the surrender by Lord Salisbury of Heligoland in exchange for Zanzibar and Witu in East Africa. The ex-Kaiser is able to show effectively that England under the late Marquis of Salisbury had by far the worst of the bargain, that the colonies given up were of no earthly use to Germany, and that the "barren rock," as Heligoland was called, was of the very utmost use. It sets one wondering whether the war, instead of lasting four years, could have lasted one, or would have taken place at all, if Germany had not been so successful in that piece of diplomacy.

It is interesting to read, also, how Queen Victoria, hearing that her grandson was going to St. Petersburg, expressed her disapproval of the contemplated journey, and said that a year of mourning must first elapse; "after which, my first visit was due to her, my grandmother, and to England, as my mother's country, before other lands should be considered." The ex-Kaiser tells us that he told his loving grandmother that he was not going to be dictated to by her, and the incident closed. Sometimes the ex-Kaiser is in prophetic mood. He dreams of a time when Japan will have brought China and India under her sway, and England will cast longing eyes for the assistance of Germany and the German fleet. As a piece of serious history this book is obviously of no account, and the publishers, who cut its margins, manage to give by that means an added sense of an ephemeral production; but, while not to be taken seriously, *My Memoirs* is full of readable material.

The publication of the ex-Kaiser's *Memoirs* recalls to me a visit that I and a number of other English journalists paid to Germany in 1907. A year earlier a number of German journalists had been fêted in England, and this was the return visit; but the German journalists never had such a time as was given to the Englishmen. The word had evidently gone out from the German Chancellorate that the little party was to be treated with lavish hospitality. It is true that a little bird whispered to me that official Germany was greatly disappointed in the *personnel* of the gathering. Neither *The Times*, *The Morning Post*, nor *The Daily Mail* sent representatives, and I am afraid the presence of a representative of *The Morning Advertiser*—a journal I have never seen a copy of in my life—was hardly a compensation.

There were one or two clever men in the party. There were Mr. Alfred Spender, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, and Mr. (now Sir) Sidney Low. There were representatives of the now defunct *Standard*, and other newspapers of about equal importance. I found great pleasure in the society of Professor MacKinnon of St. Andrews, who, although not a journalist, was dropped into the lucky bag as a representative of *The Aberdeen Free Press*. The only journalist in the party of whom anyone in Germany had ever heard was Mr. Stead. He, however, kept himself modestly in the background, while the mass of London and provincial journalists pushed forward in a wild desire for precedence.

Looked at apart from the grim seriousness of the war which followed, it was really a great joke, and was so treated by one of the merriest of its members, the late Mr. Peter Keary, who published a humorous pamphlet as a memento of the trip. He was a manager and partner with Arthur Pearson, and I imagine had never in his life given a thought to political problems. I suppose this journey was the most magnificent piece of insincerity ever devised. The crowd of journalists, as I have said, represented nothing whatever in the way of influence on the destinies of nations, but you would have thought that they were all arbiters of war or peace if you had seen the reception that was given to them. At Bremen there was a magnificent banquet in the town hall, and a similar function took place at Hamburg, and so the party passed on in triumph to Berlin, Frankfort, Dresden, and Munich. At every city there were gala nights at the opera, there were abundant supplies of boxes of chocolates; every kind of lavish attention was paid to these twenty or thirty guests of the German State.

I recall the party assembled on the terraces of the Sans Souci Palace at Potsdam, the German Emperor, on a magnificent horse, riding forward with his staff, conversing amiably with two or three of our party, and departing with the remark in perfect English: "Gentlemen, you are welcome to my country and to my home." Incidentally, I may say that this was one of the many rifts within the lute, for at least three of our party, who thought they ought to have been presented to the Kaiser, disappeared the next day in high dudgeon. But perhaps the culminating glories of the trip were to be found in Munich, where both the opera houses regaled us, where the art students gave us a delightful entertainment, where the editor of the principal newspaper showed himself a most genial host, and the whole party left in a special train midst wild cheering on both sides.

The sequel was given to me years afterwards, when an Anglo-Swiss journalist, then representing a newspaper in Munich, greeted me in London, and told me that this distinguished editor, Dr. Trefsz, of the *Münchner Neueste Nachristen*, whose eloquent leading articles had told us that we were the best of good fellows, and whose smile never lessened in our presence its Teutonic geniality, remarked as the train left the platform, "Thank God those damned swine have gone at last!"

I am informed by Mr. Horace Wyndham, who is not personally known to me but whose "copy" is very well known, I imagine, to every newspaper office in London, that he is "Reginald Auberon," under which pen-name he has published a book entitled *The Nineteen Hundreds*, through Allen and Unwin, a book to which I have already referred. There is a very vivacious review of Mr. Auberon's—or Mr. Wyndham's—book in the last issue of *The Spectator*.

The Spectator, by the way, has just changed its type to one which better suits my middle-aged eyes, and has reduced its price to sixpence, which also better suits my over-taxed means. *The Spectator* has, I think, become much more human of late—or is it that the old controversies are dead and the new controversies seem to us who are middle-aged of so little moment? I have not yet read the *Memoirs* of the editor, Mr. St. Loe Strachey, but I intend to do so. After all, *The Spectator* has kept many of us waiting six months for a review, and he will be well content to wait for mine of his book.

The first of the many biographies of Lord Northcliffe has just appeared—*The Real Lord Northcliffe: From Personal Recollections of a Private Secretary*, 1902–1922, by Louise Owen (Cassell). This is a little book of some fifty pages, written by Lord Northcliffe's private secretary. It is a book which reveals nothing that many of us did not already know—although Miss Owen met Lord Northcliffe every day, and some of us met him not more than once a year during his later life—but it does tell very simply and agreeably, and with that proper amount of hero worship which becomes a secretary, Lord Northcliffe's methods of newspaper ownership. There will be heartburnings at the record of Lord Northcliffe's list of friends. So many claimed the position. Perhaps I am rash, but I am disposed to deny Miss Owen's claim that he had a supreme talent for friendship. He had a marvellous gift of impulsive generosity, which won gratitude for the moment, but I should rather incline to place him with his great hero, Napoleon, among the friendless order of distinguished men.

No mention has been made anywhere of Northcliffe's feelings about Napoleon. Very early in his life he had been constantly told of his likeness to Napoleon, and there undoubtedly was this likeness, and for long years in his office in Tudor Street a life-size bust of Napoleon stood on his desk. He probably considered that he modelled his career on Napoleon, and there were many factors in his life which provoke analogy. Doubtless that was why he had his room at Carmelite House decorated in the Empire fashion.

C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF IRELAND: THEIR RISE AND PROGRESS. By Captain H. B. C. Pollard. 12s. 6d. net. (*Philip Allan*). FAR-OFF THINGS. By Arthur Machan. 7s. 6d. net. (*Martin Secker*). COLLECTED PROSE OF JAMES ELROY FLECKER. 6s. net. (*Heinemann*). THE CHEQUER BOARD. By Kate Mary Bruce. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann*). HASSAN. By James Elroy Flecker. 6s. net. (*Heinemann*). THE CULTURE OF POT PLANTS. By Hugh C. Davidson. 5s. net. (*Crosby Lockwood & Son*). VEGETABLE CULTURE: A Practical Manual. By H. C. Davidson. 4s. 6d. net. (*Crosby Lockwood & Son*). PERADVENTURE: OR THE SILENCE OF GOD. By Robert Keable. 7s. 6d. net. (*Constable*). THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. AS I KNEW HIM. By Major-General Sir John Hanbury Williams. K.C.B. 15s. net. (*A. L. Humphreys*). AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. By Gerard Hopkins. 7s. 6d. net. (*Chatto & Windus*). A LOVER AT FORTY. By Gerald Cumberland. 7s. 6d. net. (*Grant Richards*). THE MAZAROFF MURDER. By J. S. Fletcher. 7s. 6d. net. (*Herbert Jenkins*). THE MAN WHO LIVED IN A SHOE. By Henry James Forman. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). GEORGE ROMNEY. By V. L. K. Henderson. 5s. net. (*Philip Allan*). AUCTION BRIDGE FOR BEGINNERS. By Basil Dalton, M.A. 9d. (*Grant Richards*). CHRISTMAS POEMS. Selected by T. H. Darlow. 5s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). CAPPY RICKS RETIRES. By Peter B. Kyne. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). THE LIFE OF ANTONIO FOGAZZARO. By Tommaso Gallarati-Scotti. 15s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). MY LADY'S BARGAIN. By Elizabeth Hope. 7s. 6d. net. (*Nisbet*). PRINCES OF WALES. By F. Maynard Bridge. 8s. 6d. net. (*H. F. W. Deane & Sons*). HOW MANY CARDS? By Isabel Ostrander. 7s. 6d. net. (*Hurst & Blackett, Ltd.*). MANY MEMORIES. By G. B. Burgin. 16s. net. (*Hutchinson*). H. G. HAWKER, AIRMAN: HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Muriel Hawker. 18s. net. (*Hutchinson*). RED HERITAGE. By Halliwell Sutcliffe. 5s. net. (*Philip Allan*). KNIGHTON. By Guy Rawlence. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). LADIES ONLY. By May Edington. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). ROUND ABOUT THE UPPER THAMES. By Alfred Williams. 12s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). THE WANDERING YEARS. By Katharine Tynan. 15s. net. (*Constable*). THE GEORGE SAND GUSTAV FLAUBERT LETTERS. Translated by Aimee McKenzie. 21s. net. (*Duckworth*). PICTURE STORIES FOR CHILDREN. By Irmengarde Eberle. 5s. net. (*Duckworth*).

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The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 5.



The Green Ribbon Club.

FOR more than a century—in fact, from 1679 until it was pulled down in 1799—the old King's Head Tavern in Fleet Street was the usual headquarters of the notorious Green Ribbon Club. Notorious it was, under this and other names, if only for the precious set of scoundrels included among its members, chief among them all being Titus Oates. Grandiloquently enough it also called itself "The King Club," varied by "The Club of Kings," perhaps because Charles II. was one of its members. From this name arose the custom whereby all members were called "King."

The building itself is believed by antiquaries to have been built in the reign of Edward VI., and it was from its upper windows on Queen Elizabeth's processions to the city that the students of Temple Bar lowered cherubs wearing crowns of gold and carrying verses in her honour. The scene above shows Fleet Street 200 years ago, with the forerunner of the Press and the direct ancestor of the "taxi" of to-day.

But if the Green Ribbon Club was notorious for more than a century, its members knew and appreciated the *original* Haig Whisky, for John Haig has been famous for nearly three centuries. Since 1627, every year that has passed has but placed in higher esteem this product of Scotland's oldest distillers, and to-day it is respected and appreciated in the enlightened successors of The Club of Kings the whole world over.

Dye Ken

John Haig?

THE ORIGINAL

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

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Public Schools at Rugby—A Group of the Fifteens at the Match between the Merchant Taylors and Mill Hill

FILM CRITICISM IN AMERICA

The film industry in America is being subjected to considerable criticism at the present time. *Collier's Weekly* has, in particular, been publishing some adverse opinions which have aroused the sympathy of their readers. "On the other hand," writes the editor, "some producers of moving pictures naturally rise to object. One wired from Los Angeles that he wanted to write 'Why I Am Proud of the Movies.' Another producer accuses us of faking the picture that showed a line of empty baby carriages waiting outside a theatre on which a poster advertised a film called *Marriage or Death*. Every photograph which *Collier's* has printed is actual; none has been faked or posed for the purpose of the series."

What is it about the movies that forces even earnest, intelligent producers to film stupidity and distorted views of life? "Why do we let the screen educate us down instead of up?" says *Collier's*. "The intelligence, the taste, the character of the whole country are being undermined."



Pictures exclusive to "The Sphere" by H. V. Clow, Oxford St.

Oxford University v. the Old Merchant Taylors at the Old Deer Park, Richmond—the Combined Teams

This match was only just won by the Dark Blues by 12 points to 11. It was their first match of the season and one of the hardest first matches they have been called upon to play. The group reproduced above shows the two teams. Included in the above group from left to right are: J. A. Davis, R. F. Tebbutt, A. W. Shenton, G. E. King-Turner, H. J. Kittermaster, E. C. Archer, D. O'N. Hodson, A. T. Sketchley, T. Lawton, W. M. Macgregor, J. E. Maxwell-Hyslop, R. Cove-Smith, A. Shacksnovis, G. Sanders, W. I. Cheeseman, C. A. Siepmann, G. R. Bryant, I. J. Pitman, H. H. Fagnani, G. E. Aitken, D. H. Cockell, G. P. S. Macpherson, and R. R. F. Maclennan

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ASSORTED



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Buy ½-lb. or ¼-lb. Barker & Dobson "Viking" Chocolates Assorted and compare with any others at the same price. If not satisfied, return to us with name and address of confectioner, and we will refund your money.

We make this offer because we believe that, having once tasted "Viking" Assorted, you will prefer them to any other chocolates.

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BLACK & WHITE
WHISKY

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THE ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND—*continued*

disadvantages of an open-air plunge-bath in a climate like that of England are obvious enough; and its necessity, when the silver Thames ran at the foot of the garden, is not very apparent. Still, accepting the open-air theory as correct, the solid stepped construction was a mystery. It could only be explained as a retaining wall built to hold back the slope above from falling into the bath. Even so it was superfluously massive for its purpose. And the limited size, the very shape of the bath, always suggested a chamber not unlike that which covers it to-day.

Was the Bath Heated?

These theories I discussed with Signor Matania. To him the problem presented little difficulty; he pointed out that in the warm baths at Pompeii, Herculaneum, and elsewhere, the water, conducted from springs, just as in the present case, was heated by passing over furnaces before flowing through pipes into the bath. He stated his firm conviction that the high cement-cased stepped mass, whatever its present condition, once covered heating arrangements similar to those which he had seen in his native land. The suggestion is so reasonable and probable that it is to be hoped that means may be found to conduct excavations on the spot.

It should be added that, at the last visit, a crack had opened in the casing of the mass *through which water was oozing in a steady trickle.*

As to the question of a bath-house, the probability certainly seems to be that the bath was originally covered in, very likely by a vault similar to that now existing. The present structure is apparently, for the most part, of the eighteenth century, but it is impossible to say what scientific examination might not bring to light. The passage besides the bath-vault is simply the walled-off portion of a second vault almost precisely similar. The presence of twin-barrel vaulted chambers is certainly suggestive. To-day they support nothing but a meeting-house of the most ordinary construction. The whole subject would certainly repay careful examination.

The conclusions to which our joint and several investigations have led us are expressed in Signor Matania's accompanying picture, which shows the bath as he visualises it in the days when citizens of the Roman Empire dwelt in London "the August."—E. F.

•

As we go to press we learn that the old Roman Bath in the Strand has been acquired by the rector of St. Clement Danes, the church which occupies the neighbouring island site in the Strand. The Rev. W. Bickford, we understand, intends to restore the bath and watch-house and open them to the public. Further details of his proposals will be awaited with interest.

•



A Pretty Group of Hampstead Children

At the Hampstead Conservatoire, society children gave a tableau last week representing the betrothal of the young Duke of York and Lady Ann Mowbray in 1483

WITH SCOTLAND LIDDELL AT RODOSTO—*continued*

Picture these refugees! The old, the crippled, the infirm. Mothers with little babies at their breasts, and other children fretting at their sides. Young girls and boys, but no young men, no men of military age. See them huddling on that filthy, loathsome beach! See the little shelters made from their bundles and their packages. See the wood fires on which they cook their food. See the agony in their faces—the terrible fear—the tragedy. Already, as I write, they have been waiting at Rodosto for four days. They do not know how long they still may have to wait.

And flies! Millions and millions and millions of them—the word "millions" is quite inadequate. The place is black with flies. You simply cannot picture them. A plague of flies that well may cause another plague. Flies on the bundles and the sacks; flies on the food; flies on the clothes and faces of the refugees. God knows what horrors may arise from Rodosto.

A long wooden pier juts out from the beach. Both sides are crowded with the luckiest refugees. Filthy as is the pier, it is a paradise of cleanliness compared to that cesspool of a beach. Further, the refugees upon the pier will be embarked before the others are. Not all the refugees, perhaps, will get away, but those upon the pier are safe. First come, first go. Comforting sight!—the British steamship *Charwood*, from Newfoundland, lies close at hand. Already as I left the shore to-day she was preparing to tie up.

On the other side of the pier is a Greek transport. Soldiers are still loading her. Military stores of all kinds, army equipment, beds and harness, and sacks of grain were being put on board to-day. This morning bullock waggons brought the cargo out along the pier from shore. There was little room for the carts to pass along, so crowded were the refugees on either side.

The Greek soldiers. . . . The vanquished. Ragged, unkempt, unshaven and unwashed. The menfolk of the refugees, certainly—but soldiers? . . . Difficult to believe. Here, too, is tragedy. They, too, are flocking to the sea. They, too, when all is said and done, are refugees. . . .

I saw them in the town to-day. I saw our English Tommies and our Scottish Jocks. And a Greek suddenly asked me, "Are you pro-Greek or pro-Turk?"

"I am pro-British!" I said.

"To be of that great land that keeps its word. . . ." he sighed.

But I had been watching the Royal Sussex pass by. . . .

"Look here!" said the Greek, and gripped my arm. "I am nearly fifty years of age, but if the Zulus declared war against France to-morrow—By God! I'd volunteer to fight with them!"

I laughed. "Damned funny!" I thought.

And now that I come to think of this remark again—well, perhaps it is not funny after all. . . .

The dinner bell has just sounded. I must go in although I have no appetite. . . .

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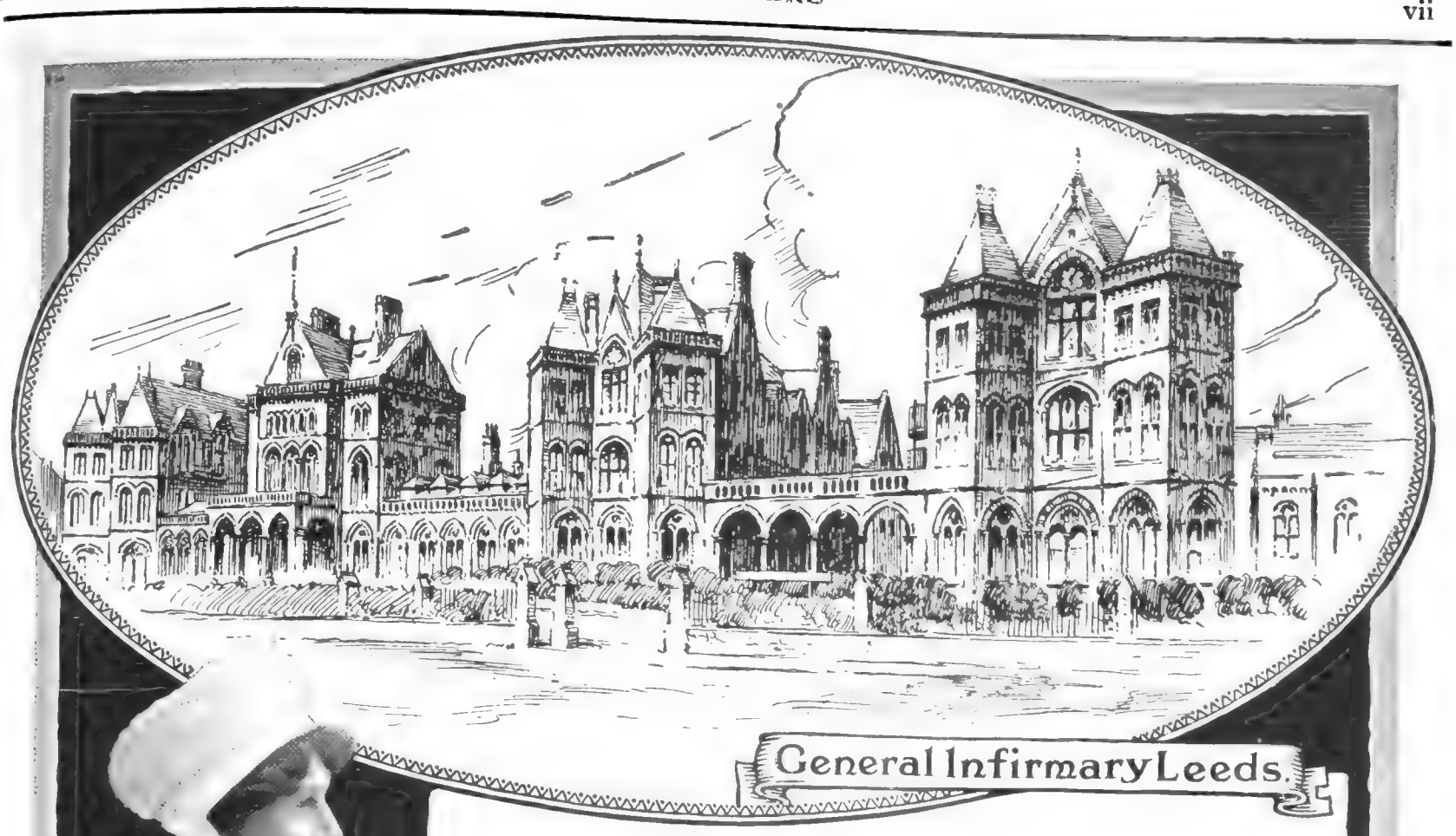


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The General Infirmary at Leeds was established 1767, has 620 beds, and treats 10,000 In-patients and 43,000 Out-patients each year at a cost, in 1921, of £107,500. The income from all sources was only £82,000. The deficiency of last year's working was £25,000, approximately £70 a day. The authorities are hoping not to close down beds, but to keep them in use they must receive generous and prompt assistance.

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for INFANTS, INVALIDS & the AGED

is recommended by medical authorities for use throughout life, from three months onwards, in health, illness, and in convalescence.

Infants thrive on Benger's when other foods disagree. A doctor writes: *"Benger's Food saved our little one; both my wife and myself send our sincere thanks."*

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A Medical Specialist in "The Practitioner" for July 1922, writes as above.

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

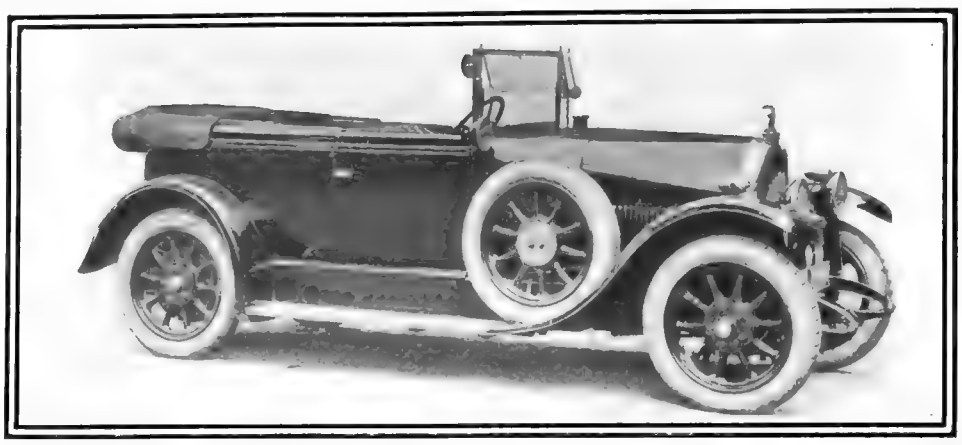
A strong note of optimism runs through the motor show this year. The great banquet given by the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders on the eve of the exhibition went with a delightful swing, and its cheeriness suggested the spirit of the show itself.

In the face of this magnificent array of motor vehicles, one cannot but be confident about the future of road transport. The public indicates its interest more keenly than ever; and indeed road travel is to-day a great and essential relaxation which we cannot do without in our national life.

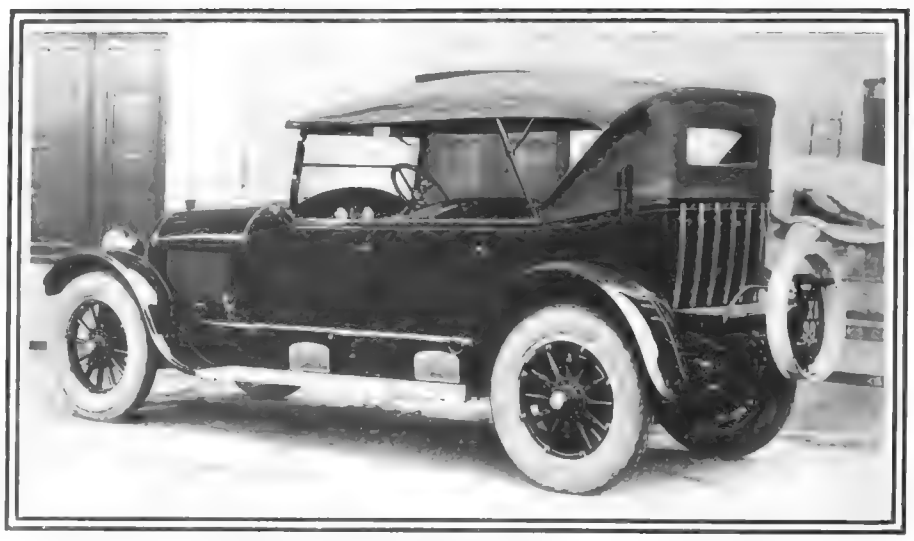
The range of cars exhibited, coupled with the reduced prices and the greater economies due to higher efficiency, render the motor a more tempting proposition than ever. As an index to the popular view, one has only to notice the new houses springing up in every suburb. The house with garage is the most sought after, and we are not far from the time when every house in every London suburb will have its garage for car or cycle.

Some critics complain that a motor show is a most puzzling place in which to buy a car. But as the price limit is well known to the buyer in the vast majority of cases, the task is simplified to the stage in which it becomes a delighful task to choose between a number of claimants all of which are good. Thank goodness Henry Ford has not said the last word in motor car design. How terrible it would be to live in a world of motors all of which were exactly the same.

A year ago we were able to herald a revision of prices which helped business through a most difficult period. This year there is a yet more general alteration of prices, and all in favour of the buyer. Thus the first great feature of the show this year is the new range of prices, and they are so tempting and so well in accord with the public buying powers that we can safely anticipate a big increase in the ranks of car owners.



The New Six-cylinder Lorraine Touring Car

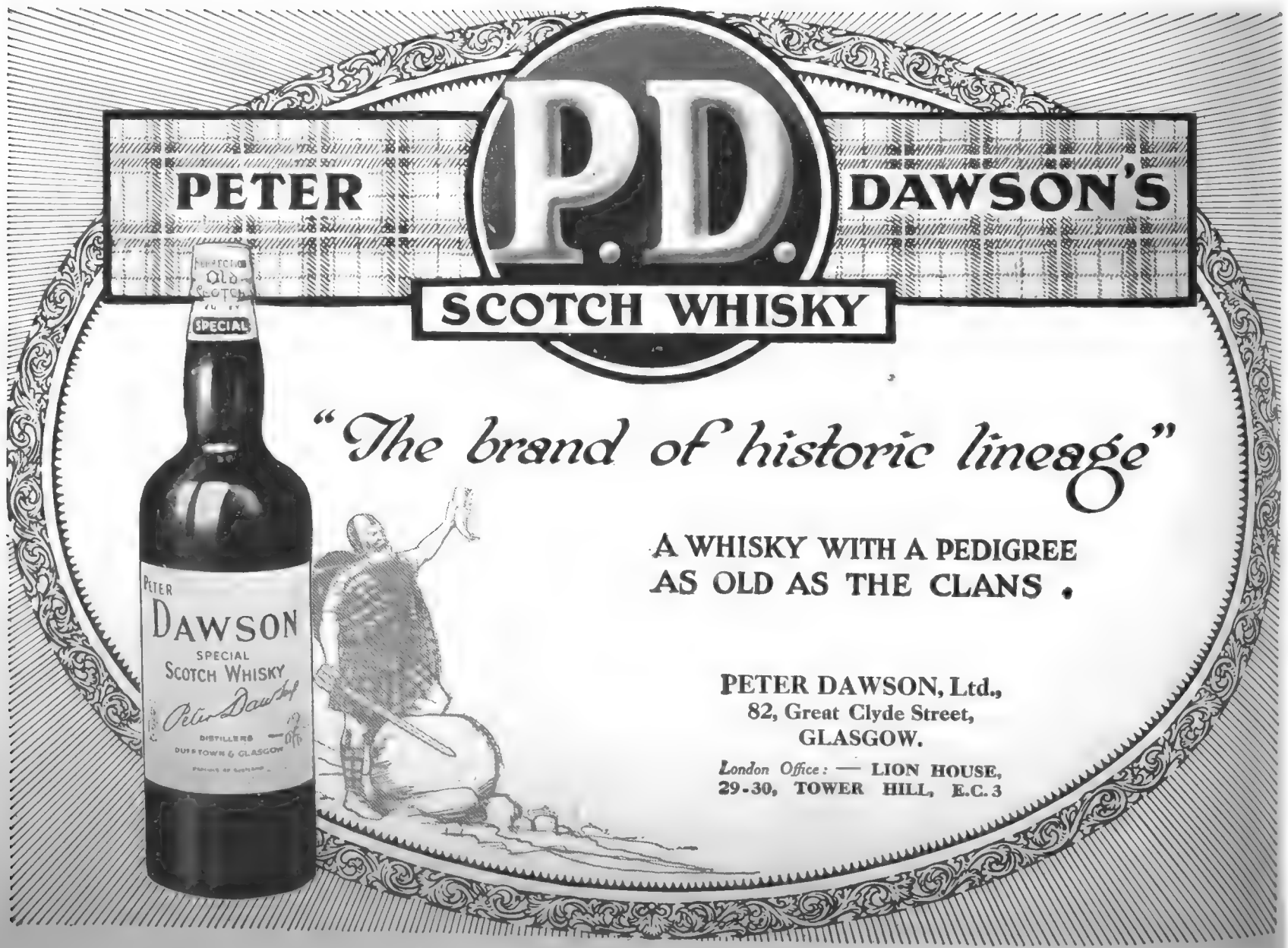


The Latest Model of the Eight-cylinder Cadillac Touring Car

After all, we are still very badly provided with motors as compared with America, and yet with our road system we have better facilities for getting useful and pleasurable service out of the car. Coupled with the reduction in car prices are the notable savings in the cost of fuel, tyres, and in running expenses generally. Hence there is all-round encouragement for the average person to own a motor car, for a very accurate idea can be obtained of what the running costs will be for normal use, and only in very rare cases need any serious increase be feared.

We have a further guarantee of economy from the fact that cars, without exception, have been improved and refined, and thus the factor of uncertainty grows so small as to be negligible. The small cars of highest grade offer motoring of the most delightful kind, and from the cheapest to the most expensive there has been a strong desire on the part of the builders to provide more efficient and reliable vehicles.

We have no radical break away from previous practice, but none the less the year marks many improvements in design and manufacture, all of which combine to make the car of 1923 a worthy example of the ceaseless evolution which goes on.



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257
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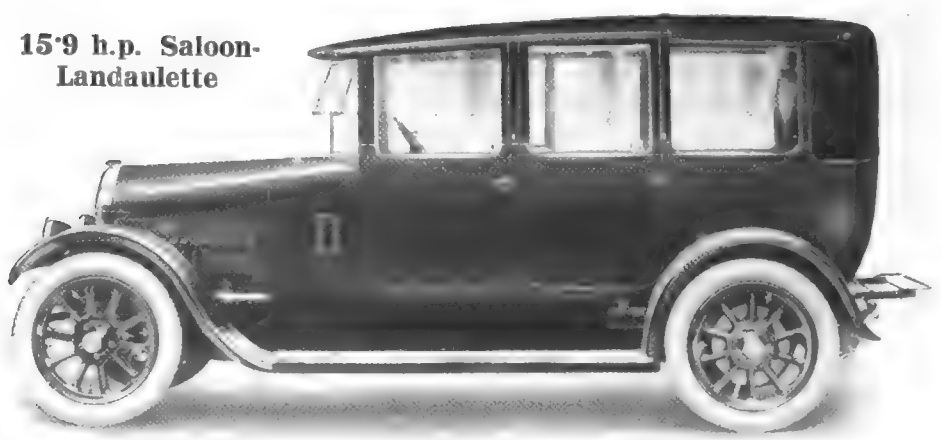
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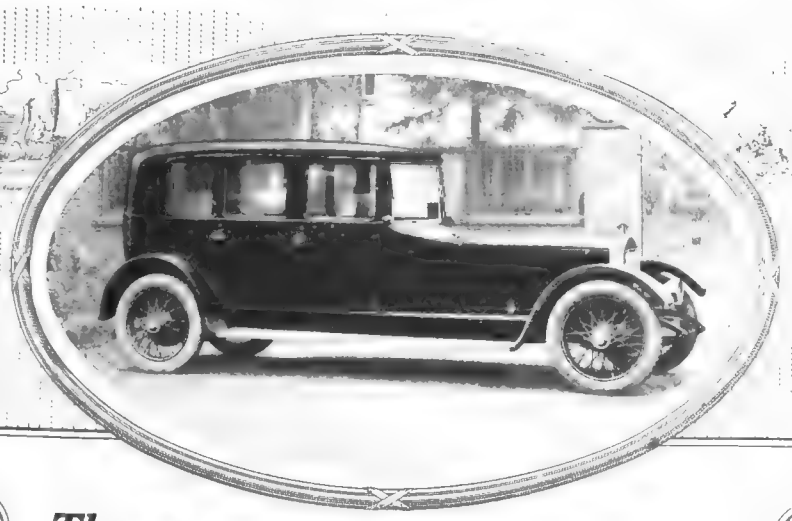
New Standards of Efficiency

THE Humber Models for 1923 embody the latest improvements in motoring comfort and efficiency. Side by side with considerable price reductions, new features in bodywork and notable refinements in Engine details have been introduced, and the choice of models is sufficiently wide to meet the requirements of all classes of motorists. Five of these are being shown at Olympia including the latest and foremost in Light Car value, the 8-h.p. Humber Light Car, a remarkable little car in every sense of the word.

The numerous improvements effected in both the 11·4 h.p. and 15·9 h.p. models are of such special importance as to make an inspection worth more than ordinary attention. Our representatives at the Show will be pleased to give you fuller particulars. Our Stand is No. 257 and the opportunity should not be missed.

15·9 h.p. Saloon-Landaulette





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40 h.p. Car

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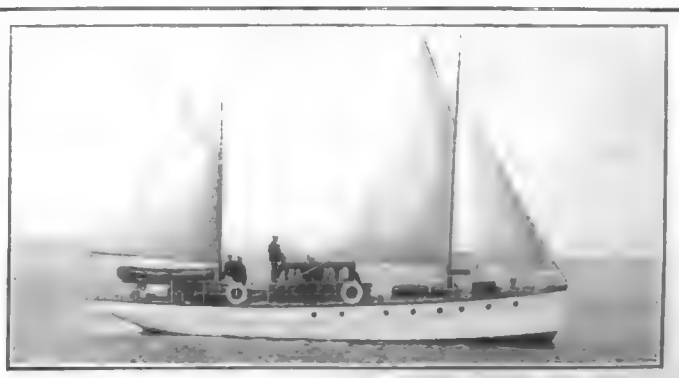
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THE G.F.S. BANNER—*continued*



Vanishing Kingston-on-Thames

This fragment of old Kingston-on-Thames, Harrow Passage, is now in the hands of the housebreakers

who gave their lives so nobly during those terrible years for God, King, and Country. On the back of the banner are inscribed in gold letters words specially written for the purpose by Mr. J. W. Drinkwater: "They died that freedom still should live; In life, O friends, as nobly give." This is the motive underlying the gift, and we may add it was that thought which was uppermost in the memorable service of Saturday last.

While the vast congregation was assembling, the Abbey bells were sounding forth a muffled peal in memory of those who have passed from us, while from the organ within there came a long stream of solemn music, including "A Soldiers' Funeral March," by William Boyce, and Dr. Basil Harwood's noble "Requiem Æternam."

At 5.30 p.m. exactly the bells left off, and the choir and clergy of the Abbey passed up the church to their places. The beautiful hymn, "Ye watchers and ye holy ones," with its fascinating refrain of Alleluias, and a few collects, formed the commencement of the service. The banner was solemnly carried up the whole length of the church by an officer wearing naval uniform, surrounded by a number of girls, fourteen in all, wearing white dresses and veils representing the different countries in which the society is at work, England and Scotland in virtue of their seniority walking nearest to the banner. The party was preceded by a verger and the cross-bearer, and presented a strikingly beautiful appearance as it passed along.

Arrived at the steps of the presbytery, the president of the society, the Hon. Lady Cunliffe, supported by the Earl of Lucan and the Bishop of Willesden, came forward and made the official presentation to the Dean, who solemnly dedicated the banner at the high altar.

The climax of the service was the procession. First of all came a verger bearing a massive mace, and a cross-bearer. They were followed by ninety G.F.S. girls, two from each diocese in England and Wales, carefully selected for this honour. Some of them had never visited London much less Westminster Abbey before in their lives. They were attired in white dresses and blue veils. Then followed the banner party with their precious trophy carried aloft, and followed immediately by the president. Lastly came twenty-eight girls representing the different countries in which the society is at work.

The service concluded with the sounding of the Last Post and the Reveille.

HER FIRST ELECTION. *By Sylvania*

This is woman's first election, and she is enjoying herself over it like a child at her first party. True, there have been other elections, and even one when she had the vote—that yearned for, fought for, and on the whole unappreciated blessing—but the shadow of the war dulled everything else into insignificance, and from a feminine point of view, and compared with the present, the General Elections of pre-war date are already lost in the mists of antiquity.

Women's part in them were strictly limited, and was designed to be ornamental rather than intelligent; if she understood how to order a dinner to the taste of influential electors, and adorned her carriage with ribbons and rosettes of her husband's party colours, she was considered to be rather brilliantly-gifted in the direction of politics. Having no political interests of her own, she almost invariably either subscribed to her husband's, and spent hours zealously addressing envelopes and distributing handbills, in the comfortable belief that she was well afloat on the sea of politics, or ignored them altogether and let these periodical turmoils rage without so much as inquiring what caused the whirlwind, or why. Sometimes she went canvassing, but the average lady canvasser of ten years ago was not generally much of a politician, and her activities were largely confined to sweet smiles and inquiries after the baby; she was as a rule rather successful with Hodge—though that worthy had a genial knack of promising his vote to every charming lady who asked for it, and then bestowing it in the opposite direction after all—but she did not "go down" at all with Mrs. Hodge.



Mr. Joseph Conrad

The distinguished novelist, photographed on the stage at the Ambassador's Theatre, where he was assisting in the production of "The Secret Agent"

No use putting on a new frock to beg that good lady to persuade Mr. Hodge to vote for Mr. James, for she was apt to retort roundly that she had no use for 'lections, and they only led a man into drink and bad company, in proof of which she would point to a black eye and shut her door firmly on the visitor's back.

Still, she did her best, poor fluttering shadow of the Political Woman! It was not her fault that the tide of popular opinion ran rather strongly against her, and that the mass of voters, and particularly their wives, suspected her of being a Suffragette, and blamed her for trapsing about the streets when she should, they held, have been at home seeing to her husband's dinner. She has blossomed forth a great deal since then, and she can hold her own with professional hecklers, let alone ladies on doorsteps; she has her political creed at her fingers' ends, and she can argue as soundly as anyone. She is no longer content merely to see her candidate in the House, but has every intention of sitting there herself, should she so desire it. She canvasses now on her own behalf, and Mrs. Hodge listens critically to her arguments, for Mrs. Hodge is a voter herself, and "'lections" are beginning to mean something more to her than a black eye.



"I Love to Dance but—OH! MY FEET!"

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You have only to dissolve a small handful of Reudel Bath Saltrates in a hot foot bath and rest your feet in this for a few minutes. Then, Presto! Away go all your foot afflictions, almost as if by magic.

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ITALY'S BEST VERMOUTH



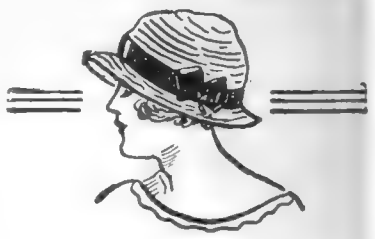
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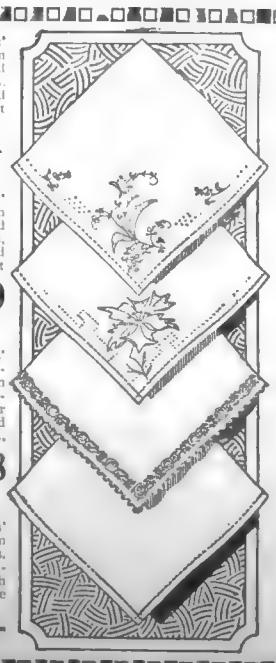
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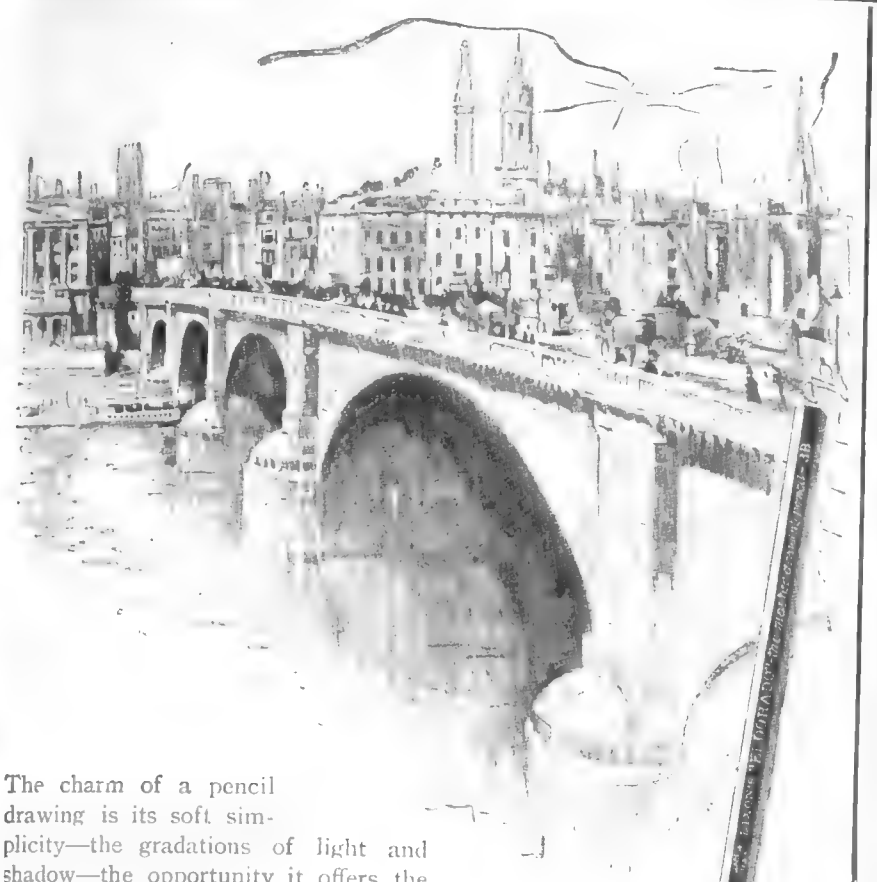
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Of all the Autumn dishes, Bird's Custard and Apples is the one which best builds up a reserve of strength and energy against the trials of the coming winter.

Remember: *"An Apple a day in the Bird's Custard way."*

1½d. pkts.; 7d. and 1/2 Silvered Boxes; 1/7½ Large Tins.

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

(*Continued from p. 153*)

After luncheon they repaired to the billiard-room, and as the table was occupied for the moment, seated themselves on one of the side benches and lit their pipes. A gentleman not staying at this hotel had walked in a few minutes before and secured the marker as an opponent, and presently he turned to the couple on the bench and said in a friendly way and with a marked Scottish accent :

"I'll no keep you two gentlemen vera long. We're just playing fifty up."

"Not at all, sir ; we're in no hurry," said Mr. Palmer, affably.

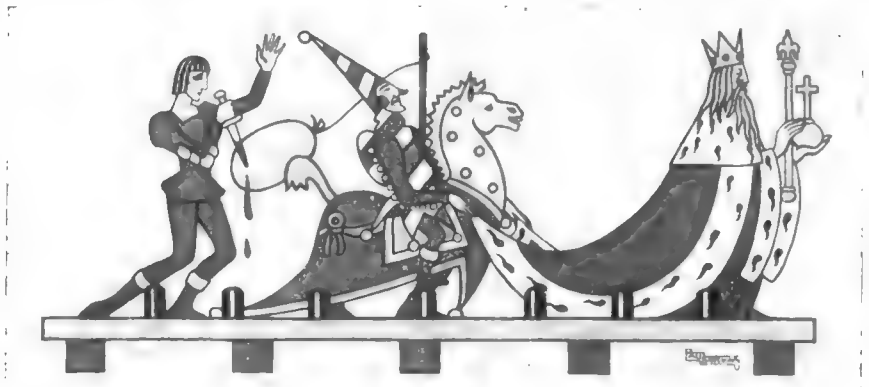
The game went on, and the two spectators fell into conversation again, talking at first in whispers, but gradually letting their voices insensibly rise. All at once the stranger caught a sentence as he was bending over his cue in front of them, and though he let no hint of interest appear on his quiet-looking, black-bearded face, he took a remarkably long time over that shot, and when he moved away he glanced quickly and curiously in their direction. A few minutes later he said :

"If you two gentlemen are no in a great hurry, mebbe ye wouldna mind if we was to make our game 100 ?"

"Not at all, sir," said Mr. Palmer again, affably as before.

The game went on, and so did the hushed conversation. And now the black-bearded Scotchman seemed to find himself rather often lingering at the same side of the table as the talkers.

(*To be continued*)



A Clever Device by Mr. Paul Shelving

Which decorates the posters of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre's productions, one of which, "The Immortal Hour," is now being given at the Regent Theatre at King's Cross

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A lieutenant at the G.H.Q., Constantinople, sent a letter to The Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, in which he said : "In reply to your letter, herewith small donation towards the sum of £25,000 you are seeking to raise to prevent curtailment of your society's work. I deeply regret the inability to render more assistance, so please do not measure the interest by the gift. Yours is a noble work—one you might well be envied. What material! What opportunities ! As a worker amongst men (of the Services), I can assure you of the sympathetic interest and the earnest prayers of our lads out here, who hope to be able shortly to add a small contribution themselves towards the maintenance of your valuable work." The committee are much cheered by such letters and help.

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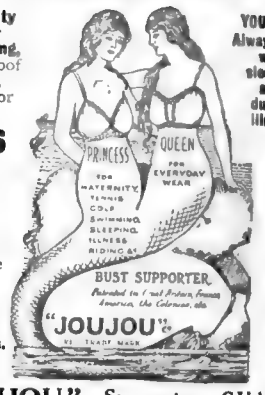
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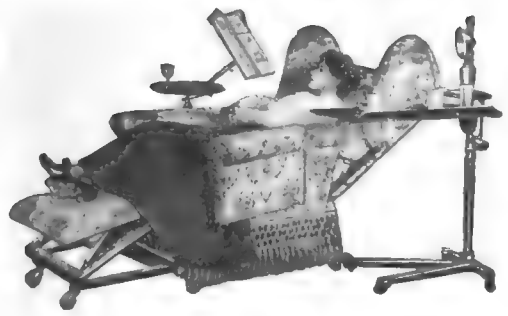


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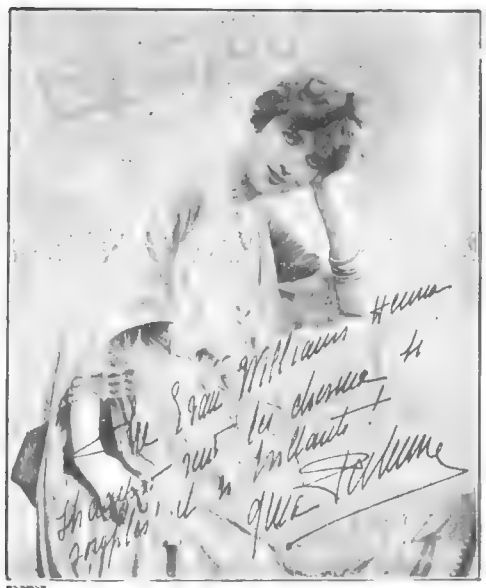
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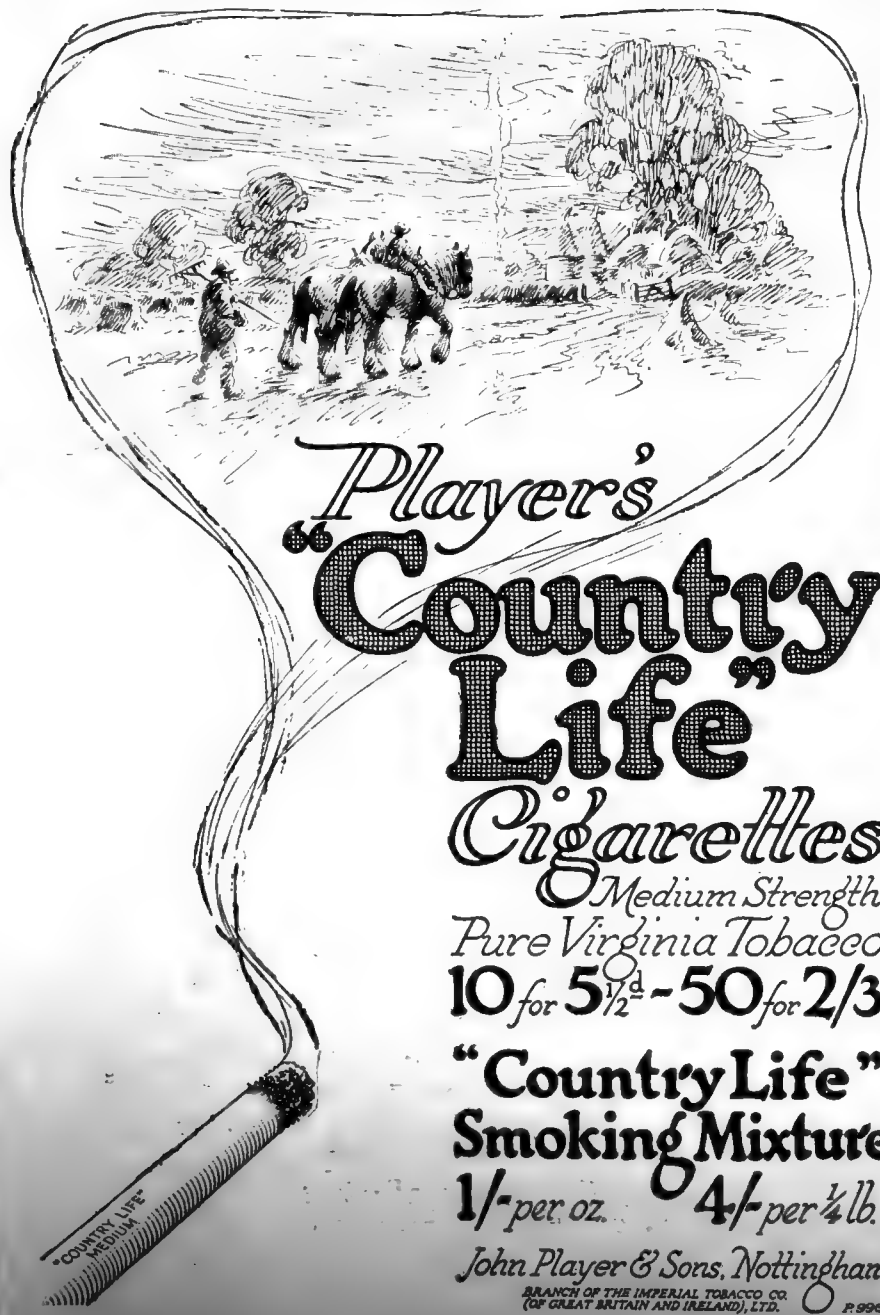
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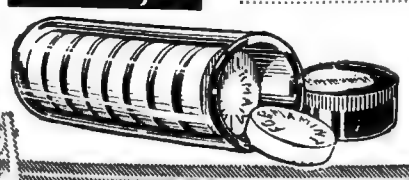
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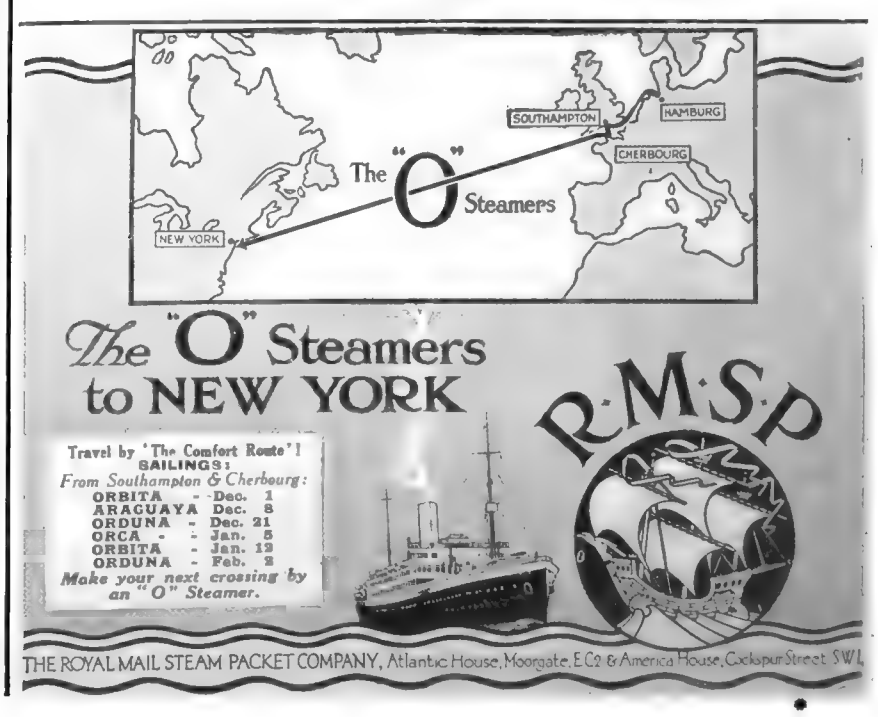
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ARAGUAYA	Dec. 8
ORDUNA	Dec. 21
ORCA	Jan. 5
ORBITA	Jan. 12
ORDUNA	Feb. 2

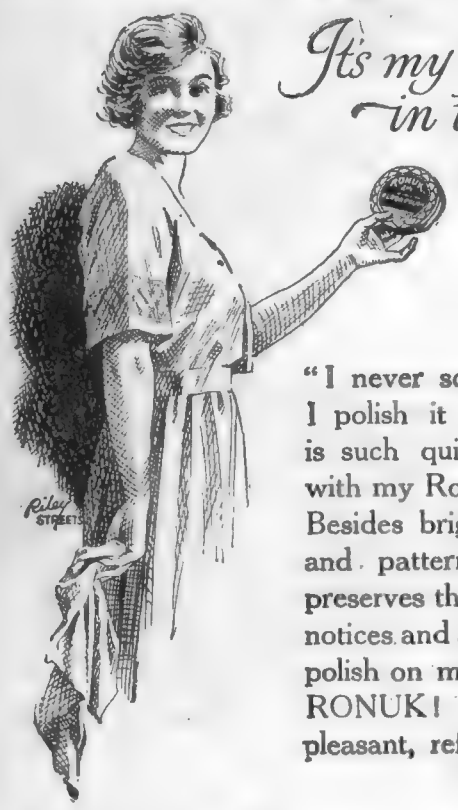
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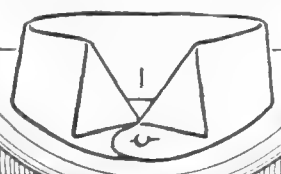
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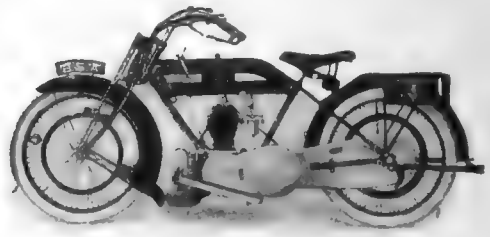


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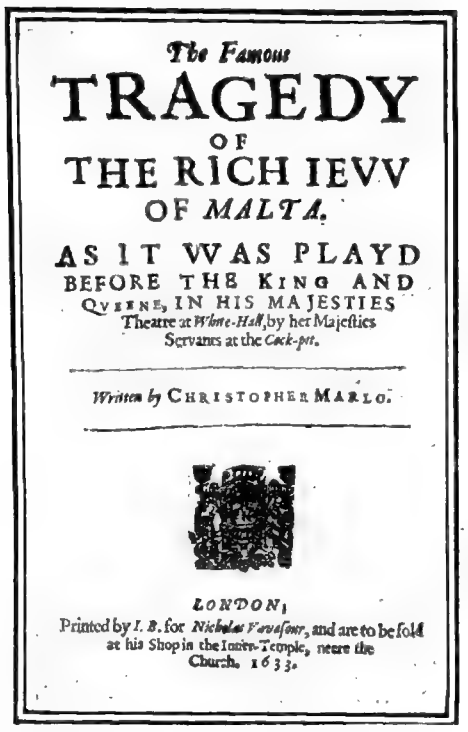
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Printed by *I. B.* for *Nicholas Vavasour*, and are to be sold
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Church. 1633.

The Title-page of the First Edition of Marlowe's Tragedy, "The Jew of Malta"

From the library of Thomas J. Wise, Esq. A copy of this first edition is valued at £150

A LITERARY LETTER : *Marlowe's "Mighty Line."*

LONDON, Nov. 13, 1922.

When I found that Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* was to be performed at Daly's Theatre by the Phœnix Society, I promptly took down the volume of Marlowe's works from my shelves and read it. I have one of the hundred copies of the large paper edition of Marlowe that was issued through the zeal of the late A. H. Bullen, and there can be no pleasanter form of reading the play, although it may be had very conveniently in a volume of the "Mermaid Series." The play interested me immensely. I found it a very striking tragedy, reflecting the spirit of its times. The play was composed, let it be remembered, in 1588, in the time when the Spanish Armada was driven from our shores. Although not published until 1633, it was first performed in 1594 in the most glorious period of Elizabeth's reign, and during the next five years, we are told, it was immensely popular on the stage.

In reading the play one is not in the least surprised. It reflects the hatred of the Jews which was inherent in the age. It reflects further the distrust of the Roman Catholic Church at a time when Spain was hardening our people into Protestantism, and a sense of splendid Nemesis when priests and nuns of that Church are slain through the iniquities of a Jew. There were many reasons why the Elizabethans and their immediate successors should have applauded the *Jew of Malta*, but seeing it on the stage to-day one has to have the historical sense very strongly to avoid accepting it as burlesque. The succession of tragedies were, at the Phœnix performance, punctuated by laughter from the audience. Laughter, as we know from *Hamlet*, may come from the obsession of too much tragedy, but here I fear the tragedy for our modern ears fails to grip. That is not to deny that the play possesses purple patches, as, for example, the following, which, indeed, are in every quotation dictionary:—

Infinite riches in a little room.
Excess of wealth is cause of covetousness.
Now will I show myself to have more of the serpent than the dove; that is, more knave than fool.
Love me little, love me long.

How much poetry of the present day contains as many lines as these, which will be in all men's mouths three hundred years after they are written? Yet Mr. E. A. Baughan, who takes rank in my eyes with Mr. William Archer and Mr. A. B. Walkley as one of the only three dramatic critics who during my active life have written with distinction about the stage, declares that in *The Jew of Malta* there are very few of Marlowe's "mighty lines," and that it is a very poor thing. I am not in the least disposed to agree with Mr. Baughan, who, I fear, lacks the historical sense. He cannot, I think, transplant himself in imagination to the point of view of the audiences which witnessed this play in the days of long ago. Not but what the play has a topicality all its own for our day. I can imagine one of the humorists of *Punch*, if he had been present, would have made a marvellous parody called the "Capital Levy," for the Capital Levy is precisely the Jew's tragedy. The Governor of Malta commandeers his wealth with amazing despatch.

There was some splendid acting also in *The Jew of Malta*. Barabas, the rich Jew, as conceived by Baliol Holloway, was excellent. I remember that a satire of later days referred to the Jew of Malta's false nose, and that nose was very much in evidence here. Then Ithamore, the slave, played by Ernest Thesiger, was a remarkable piece of acting, and Abigail, the Jew's daughter, presented by Isabel Jeans, is not easily forgotten. Still, let it be admitted that two performances are probably sufficient to satisfy all demands for seeing this particular play of Marlowe's. The last performances were at Drury Lane in 1818, so that it has waited more than a hundred years, and will probably wait for an equally long period. But I confess to an enormous gratitude to the Phœnix Society for giving me an opportunity of seeing it.

I am enchanted by *Arthur Mee's Golden Year* (Hodder and Stoughton). Mr. Arthur Mee is the editor of *The Children's Encyclopædia* and of *The Children's Newspaper*, and he must have a very large following among the young folk. *Arthur Mee's Golden Year* is a series of travel pictures. We are taken in succession through the treasure-houses of the world, with well-written descriptions of Venice and Rome and Florence, into Provence, to Arles and Avignon, through Norway, and to Paris; we are shown in succession the great sights of Egypt. Mr. Mee must have enjoyed long holidays in his day, and have taken copious notes. I think I have visited all the places he describes, and am therefore in a position to appreciate the delights of his wonderful book. It is a book which, with its abundance of good illustrations, should be one of the best of Christmas presents to a boy or to a girl this winter.

I have read also with very great pleasure Mr. Sidney Dark's *The Child's Book of English History* (Chapman and Hall). This is an attempt—not the first by any means, for even Charles Dickens attempted to do the same—to present the history of England in a way the children will enjoy it. It is not an easy task. There are so many controversial points in our island story. Most of our historians have been partisans. Macaulay, it was said, wrote his history to prove that Providence was on the side of the Whigs. Froude certainly wrote his to prove that force was the only remedy for social disorder. Some historians have been writing to prove that the Stuarts were saints, others to demonstrate that they were very much of sinners. Edward Freeman was even able to turn the quarrels of Saxons and Normans into a disquisition upon modern government. When you are writing for children you need not be too clear about your authorities, and Mr. Dark has glided over thin ice with great skill. It would be easy to pick flaws in his book. I do not think it could be proved, for example, that Cromwell was a Huntingdon brewer. He was rather a farmer or yeoman with whom brewing was as much an asset and an incidental phase as chicken-farming might be to a modern cultivator. The main thing is that Mr. Dark has told his story well, and has written an exceedingly readable and attractive book for young people.

I like not so much *The Life of Sir Arthur Pearson*, by Sidney Dark (Hodder and Stoughton). It seems to me to be too long and too full of unimportant documents. Nor is its psychology quite right, in my judgment. Sir Arthur Pearson was really a "Peter Pan." He was a boy who never grew up. He was in a way one of the best products of English life—the public schoolboy. He had a frank disposition and a keen sense of playing the game, but he had the most un-coordinated mind that I have ever met, yet he did many things successfully, although usually in an imitative way. He founded *Pearson's Weekly*, but it was a copy of Newnes's *Tit-Bits*. He started and purchased newspapers, although in this direction many of his schemes were failures; *The Standard*, which seemed quite a strong property when he bought it, is dead; *The Daily Express*, which he founded, was sold to a more subtle and more skilful personality, Lord Beaverbrook. But all this side of his life gives one a sense of failure, and proves how little there is in so-called success when it is unaccompanied by a capacity for reflection, with a lack of any special taste for art or literature. It was in the great tragedy of his life that Pearson shone. He lost his eyesight. From that moment he was filled with a passion to benefit the blind, and it is as the generous founder of St. Dunstan's that Arthur Pearson's name will be best remembered. I personally have a pleasant memento of him. He gave me a beautiful gold cigarette case to commemorate my making the peace between him and Sir Hall Caine. Truly, blessed are the peacemakers.

Contemporary criticism rarely holds its own when face to face with the verdict of "time," which should make some of our critics write with becoming modesty when they sit in judgment on living authors. They are wise who confine their criticism to dead and gone writers whose fame is assured or to patronage of the younger men who have "arrived," at least for the moment. Even so great a book as Boswell's *Johnson* did not escape contemporary condemnation. I was reading the other day Peter Pindar's amusing satire in verse on Bozzy and Mrs. Thrale, in which I find the following lines:—

Instead of adding Splendour to his name,
Your books are downright Gibbets to his fame.
Of those your Anecdotes, may I be curst
If I can tell you which of them is *worst*.

I feel a little nervous now at approaching a book by Mr. Arnold Bennett. I have admired Mr. Bennett's writings for many years. I have collected first editions of his books, but I have really never cared for him except when he writes about the Five Towns. On one of his books which gave me but moderate pleasure I wrote as well as I could. He retorted in an article in *The New Statesman* that he had found on a certain occasion that the Atlantic was "as flat as a page by C. K. S." To this I demurred. It seemed to me a gratuitous insult. "But," says one of my friends and one of his, "if you have a right to criticise Arnold Bennett, he has a right to criticise you." Yes, but this was not criticism.

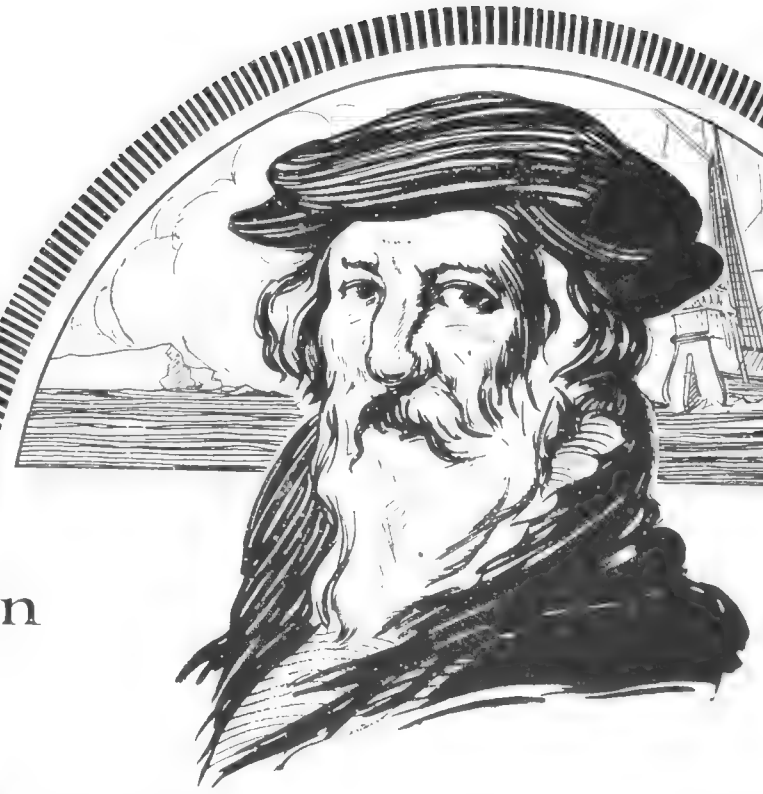
However, I do not really mind. I am quite sure that he is not a bad fellow. "Arnold Bennett has a heart of gold," said one of his club friends to me the other day. I do not doubt it, but perhaps he has feet of clay or some other solid substance; and when he kicks . . . I know something of his good qualities, for he once wrote me the most sympathetic of letters when I most needed it. However, Mr. Bennett has other critics. One of them is S. P. B. Mais, who has called his new novel, *Lilian* (Cassell), a "pot-boiler." The words, of course, are meaningless in Mr. Bennett's case, for he is generally believed to be one of the richest of our authors—that is to say, he has made money out of successful plays as well as out of successful books. Pot-boiling is the last charge that one should make against Mr. Bennett. He doubtless wrote *Lilian* because he felt he *must*, but this does not make it a good novel.

However, I am not going to criticise the book, because in a letter to *The Daily Express* Mr. Bennett hints at libel actions. "Some day," he says, "some critic with more cheek than prudence will find himself in trouble." I do not wish to be that critic. I could name several writers who have consulted their solicitors over this page which Mr. Bennett describes as "flat." So far these consultations have not been followed by Law Court proceedings, and I have no wish that they should be. I will leave *Lilian* to more courageous critics. C. K. S.

I have received the following books:—

THE ADVENTURE OF LIVING: A Subjective Autobiography. By John St. Loe Strachey. Illustrated. 20s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). THE BORDERER. By Leslie Howard Gordon. Adapted from the Play by Madge and Leslie Howard Gordon. 3s. 6d. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). FLOWER O'THE HEATHER. By R. W. Mackenna. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Murray*). WOMAN'S WAYS AND WILES: Home Truths About Love. By Alfred Edye. 3s. 6d. net. (*Jarrolds*). OH, SHOOT! Confessions of an Agitated Sportsman. By Rex Beach. With Illustrations from Photographs Taken by the Author. 15s. net. (*Hodder & Stoughton*). CONSTANCY. By Nora Kent. 7s. 6d. net. (*Parsons*). THE CURSE OF KALI. By Arthur Greening. 6s. net. (*Jarrolds*). THE KNIGHT OF RAVENSWOOD. By Maris Warrington. 7s. 6d. net. (*Jarrolds*). THE RIGOUR OF THE GAME. By Christopher Stone. 7s. 6d. net. (*Martin Secker*). D. E. Q. By Lord Gorell. 7s. 6d. net. (*John Murray*) GIVING AND RECEIVING: Essays and Fantasies. By E. V. Lucas. 6s. net. (*Methuen*). KRINDLESYKE. By Wilfrid Gibson. 6s. net. (*Macmillan*). CHARACTERS. By George Belcher. With an Introduction by Frank Swinnerton. 7s. 6d. net. (*Methuen*). MORE DRAWINGS. By H. M. Bateman. 10s. 6d. net. (*Methuen*). DECEMBER LOVE. By Robert Hichens. 7s. 6d. net. (*Cassell*). BEWILDERMENT. By Evelyn Scott. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). THE TREE OF THE GARDEN. By Edward Booth. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). JANE AND HERSELF. By Joyce Cobb. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). SIMPLE SCHEMES FOR DECORATION. By John Gloag. Illustrated by E. J. Warne. 7s. 6d. net. (*Duckworth*). CYTHEREA. By Joseph Hergesheimer. 7s. 6d. net. (*Heinemann*). RIGHT ROYAL. By John Masefield. Illustrated with Colour and Line Drawings by Cecil Aldin. 15s. net. (*Heinemann*). THE OLD ENGLISH HERBALS. By Eleanour Sinclair Rohde. With Coloured Frontispiece and 17 Illustrations. 21s. net. (*Longmans.*)

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John Cabot.

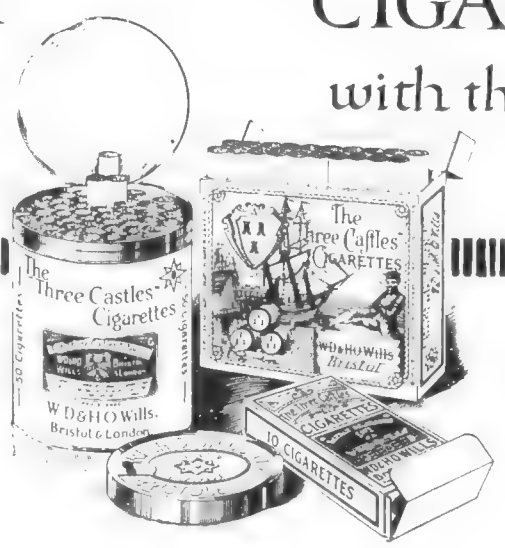
King Henry the seaventh gave a Commission to John Cabot & his three sonnes "who setting sayle from the port of Bristol ranged a great part of this unknowne world in the yeare 1497". By them the mainland of North America was discovered: one year before Columbus saw the Continent. Thus from those early days till now the famous port of Bristol has been associated with the sailings of merchants and adventurers. Thence John and Sebastian Cabot and many Merchant Venturers sailed and thither Washington sent his Virginian Tobacco in the year 1759. Famous too through the House of Wills who there for many years have made the "Three Castles" Cigarettes – thence they are shipped to the satisfaction of discriminating smokers all the world over.

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VIRGINIA CIGARETTES

The Cigarette with the Pedigree



T.C.43.

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

From a vantage point in the gallery at Olympia I was able to appreciate the fine sportsmanship of the Prince of Wales when he visited the Motor Show last week. Never was there a more unconventional or more popular royal visit. Hobbling along on crutches, and looking as if he had suffered much pain from his accident, the Prince nevertheless smilingly made his tour.

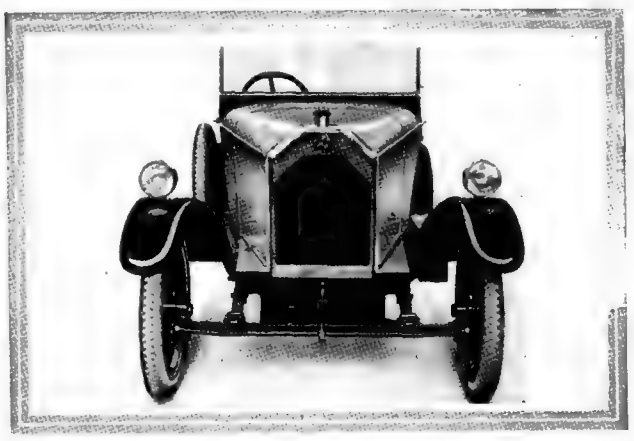
It is a very fatiguing task to struggle along through a crowded show on crutches, and no one but a very good-natured sportsman would have done it. The Prince was only able to visit a few stands, amongst those I saw him at being the Humber, Rolls-Royce, Lanchester, and the Crossley, where, with Sir William Letts, he examined his new Crossley car.

Then across the way the Prince went to the Armstrong-Siddeley stand, where, with a kindly greeting for Mr. J. D. Siddeley, he was shown the Duke of York's new car. Fatigue prevented the Prince from making a thorough tour, and the public thought it was exceedingly sporting of him to come at all.

Reports show that the business done at the Motor Show has been remarkably good, and it should silence the carpings of the few critics who every year ask what is the good of a motor show? An exhibition like that at Olympia and White City brings people to London from all parts of the world, and the function concentrates an amount of special attention on motor transport which otherwise it would not receive. As long as we continue to make progress in motors we shall need a London motor show.

For a man to enter the motor industry after the war as a newcomer, and within a few years produce over 50,000 cars, sounds like an American achievement. But it has been done by a Frenchman, M. André Citroën, and his factories now are turning out cars at the rate of 125 a day.

Wherever you travel in Europe now you see the little Citroën car, and it has proved the most potent rival to the Ford. M. Citroën has achieved this great success by his clear realisation of the public need. He has evolved a smart and up-to-date little car at a very moderate price, and he has put very good work into it. The two models of 7 and 11 h.p. are exceedingly serviceable types, and their success indicates that a new market can always be created by an enterprising business man.

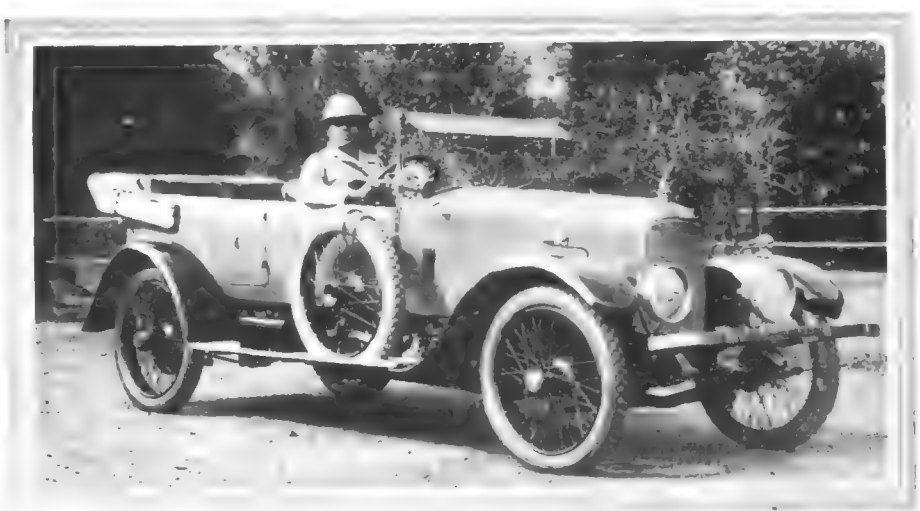


Front View of the New 10-h.p. Swift

M. Citroën has now adapted his car to take a caterpillar traction attachment similar to that of the tanks, and the other day he gave us some astounding proofs of the ability of this vehicle to climb in and out of trenches, through marshes, snow, sand deserts, and over every description of hilly ground. If this car had been available in the early stages of the war France would have won to victory very quickly. To test his caterpillar car further, M. Citroën is now organising a motor trip across the Sahara desert from Algiers to Timbuctoo, a distance of about 2,000 miles.

Mr. J. W. Beeby, who has been with Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd., for the past twenty-two years, has just been appointed managing director of the company. Mr. Beeby is responsible for the design of the new 10-12-h.p. Straker-Squire car.

A scheme for a great trunk road between Liverpool and Manchester has been fully discussed by representatives of the Lancashire County Council and county boroughs and the Ministry of Transport. From surveys and estimates prepared by the Transport Ministry it is indicated that for the entire distance of 27 miles a width of 150 ft. between fences is contemplated. Actual road construction would be limited in the first instance, however, to a paved carriageway 30 ft. wide and two footways, leaving ample space for the subsequent duplication of the carriageway or any other developments which the growth of traffic may call for. The project has been adopted, and we may expect the work to be put in hand at an early date.



The Sultan of Johore at the Wheel of his 23-60-h.p. Vauxhall Car

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WITH SCOTLAND LIDDELL IN CONSTANTINOPLE

Continued from p. 169

what happened in Smyrna. There were Allied consuls there, and Allied ships, yet Smyrna was destroyed, a deplorable panic took place, and the death roll was enormous.

Constantinople must not be allowed to be a second Smyrna.

To-day the Kemalists are occupying Eastern Thrace. There are Allied troops keeping order there, yet even their presence has not prevented a general exodus of the Greeks. The Christian population has fled *en masse*. Greece and the Greek islands are over-filled with refugees. There is no accommodation for more; but if the Kemalists come here it is quite certain that 400,000 Christian folk will leave. Where they will go to no one knows.

Moderate Turks—all those Turks who have the real interests of their country at heart—are also not a little alarmed to-day. The Angora press and recent Kemalist speeches have been decidedly aggressive. It has been openly hinted that the Kemalists want neither Greeks nor Armenians on Turkish soil. It has even been said that no foreigners will be allowed to live in Constantinople. The Angora Government is for the abolition of the Capitulations—foreigners would be subject to Turkish courts. The Angora Government wants to be free of any sort of control. It threatens to seize all foreign property as compensation for the damage suffered by the Turks in Asia Minor. Already the Aidin Railway—a British concern—has been "requisitioned"; proposals have been put forward for the abolition of the public debt here by transferring it to Greece; certain orders to the Treasury have been issued.

Angora, in fact, is proposing what will practically be a Bolshevik *regime*.

For four years Constantinople has been wonderfully peaceful and quiet, considering the mixed population, the thousands of destitute refugees, the differences in religions and political points of view. The Allied police have brought order and security to the town — but without the Allied forces behind them, police might well have worked in vain.

Earnestly I write that we must not leave Constantinople yet. One year—two years hence, perhaps — when things have settled down, when much of the present bitterness has disappeared, when Turk and Christian have learned to work in harmony, but not yet.

Rightly or wrongly—it makes no matter now—we have occupied Constantinople for four years. The people have trusted us; they have learned to feel secure. If we abandon them now we will be guilty of one of the greatest crimes in the history of the world.



A Clever Reconstruction of a French Colony

In the picturesque Colonial Exhibition at Marseilles. The French are wonderfully clever in conveying a sense of reality to their exhibition efforts. This one shows a typical scene in Western Africa. In the foreground are enormous trunks of wood from the Ivory Coast and from Guinea. Behind are the quarters of the African labourers

THE OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON

By A. R. Horwood

In the Shires.—What makes the Shires, the central shire of England, shaped, as an old antiquary remarked, like a heart, so alluring to men and women who hunt? Many reasons. Firstly, the five packs contain the best blood in England, the Belvoir tans being *par excellence* the best foxhounds. Foxes for generations have had to increase their speed, for hounds are bred for pace as well as nose. Then, again, the Shires have a history. They have made history. No book on hunting can omit the exploits of the Old Meltonians, young bloods who risked their necks every day for the sake of a hunting run, and risked them over again as they larked back to Melton to dinner, and mad larks after the wine had flowed freely in their veins.

Hunting Elsewhere.—But for all that, in spite of the great glamour of the Shires, is not hunting anywhere a glorious experience? A rousing gallop across any country is the most exhilarating exercise in the world. There are the same risks, the same uncertainties, difficult timber and water; to come through a long run, and end up at the finish in the first flight, has the same attraction whatever the pack you follow. You need always that perfect judgment of pace, that reserve of pluck to carry you over a bad place, that intimate understanding between your mount and yourself which make up horsemanship, and whether your mount be green or a tried one, you get the same satisfaction.

At the Heel of the Fox.—When the pack begins to make merry music, rails crash, whips crack, and the ringing "Tally-ho" of the huntsman is carried to your ears over the breeze, you take the first fence with the lightest of hearts, on the best of terms with the whole world. Your mount is no less eager. The little beauties are as keen as the varmint himself if he be a veteran. If he has come scatheless before through a long run, he can again. And he has a stout heart, as well as cunning, and a knowledge of the country. When pack, field, and quarry alike enjoy the opportunities of a fine hunting morning, that indeed is true sport.

Delayed Leaf-fall.—Cubbing has been delayed in most countries, but it has proved none the less that there are plenty of foxes. There have, however, been few opportunities for a run in the open. Leaf-fall has been delayed, and fences are still very blind. It needs more frost and rain to bring the leaves down generally. Blind fences are unsafe. Scent has been good here, bad there. Horses are easier to obtain, and hounds are up to strength in most cases. In the Shires all the available hunting boxes are filled up, and there is as great a demand for them in the provinces.





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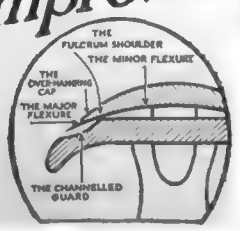
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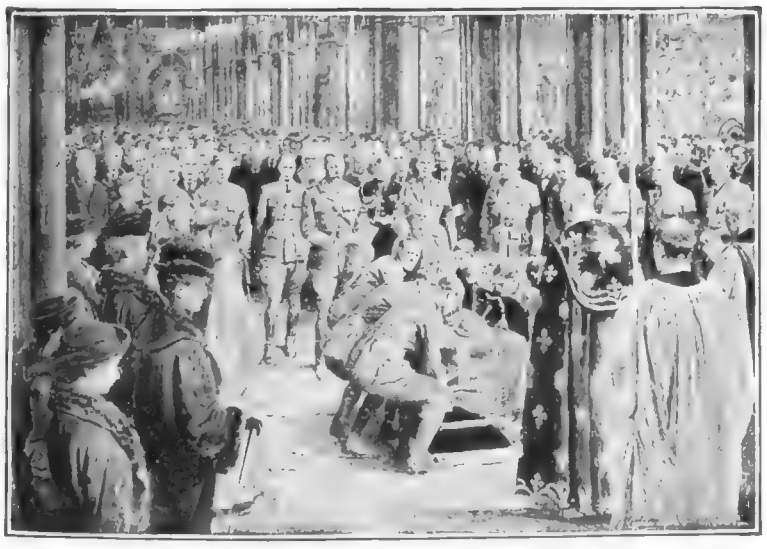
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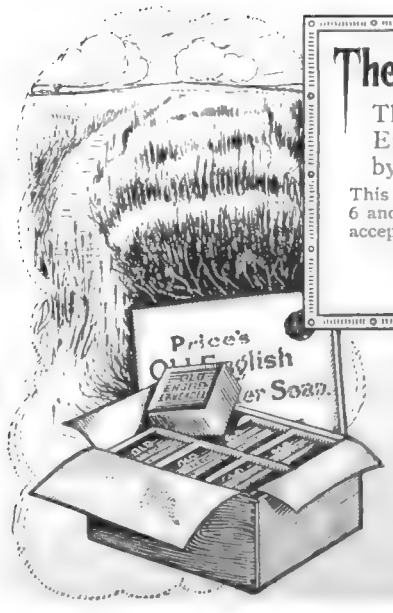
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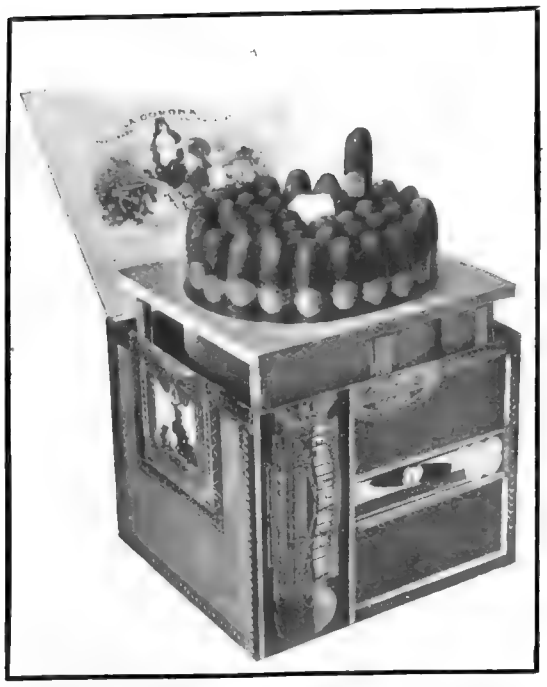
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The New Method of Packing Havanna Cigars

For the Benefit of Cigar Smokers

Cigar smokers throughout Britain will be delighted to welcome the new method of packing Havana cigars illustrated above. Hitherto the custom has been to pack good cigars indiscriminately in wooden boxes, so that the chances of crushing them and thus spoiling their flavour were considerable. By means of the new system, however, of "Vertical" packing, the connoisseur can be sure that his cigars will reach him fresh and uncrushed. Only the choicest grades of Havana cigars are packed thus—so that in asking for "Verticals" one is not only ensuring uncrushed cigars, perfectly fresh and conditioned, but also the very best it is possible to procure. The new method is to pack the cigars in an air chamber in order to improve and condition them. The Vertical packing also preserves the cigars in their original shape. We commend to our cigar-smoking readers this latest system of satisfying their palates.

The Merchant Taylors versus Dulwich

In THE SPHERE for November 11 we published a picture taken at Dulwich College. Inadvertently this picture was described as consisting of the fifteens of "Merchant Taylors and Mill Hill" instead of as the fifteens of the "Merchant Taylors and Dulwich College."

SEVERNDROOG FORT IN BOMBAY
An Historical Note

In THE SPHERE for September 9 we published pictures and notes dealing with Severndroog Castle in Kent, now a London park. A correspondent in India now sends us the following note on the fortress from which Severndroog takes its name. He writes as follows:—

"Savarnadurg fort (or Suvarndurg), the Golden Fortress, is built on a small rocky island about a quarter of a mile from the shore, near the small port of Harnai in the Ratnagiri District of Bombay Presidency. It is surrounded by lofty walls, and is, perhaps, the most striking of the Ratnagiri coast forts. It is now in ruins and overgrown with vegetation, but is still an imposing building when seen from the sea.

"It is believed to have been built by the Bijapur kings in the sixteenth century; was strengthened by Shivaji, the founder of the Maratha empire, in 1660; and was, early in the eighteenth century, a stronghold of Angria, the notorious pirate. Under Angria's successor, Tulaji, it became one of the chief centres of piracy, and its fleets did so much damage that an expedition was sent against it by the Peshwa's Government, helped by the Bombay Government, whose commodore, Commodore James, was in command of the forces attacking the fortress from the sea while the Marathas attacked it from the land. The expedition started in March, 1755. Arriving off Chaul on March 25, Commodore James was joined by the Maratha fleet carrying 10,000 troops. The same afternoon it was heard that the pirate fleet was at anchor in Suvarndurg Bay. The commodore proposed to blockade the harbour by night, but through some delay on the part of the Maratha fleet, this was not done in time, and the pirates, observing the force advancing on them, fled down the coast before a light wind and outsailed the commodore's slow vessels. The chase was given up at night, and the commodore came back to Suvarndurg, where he found his Maratha allies "up to their chins in trenches, bombarding the three land forts with one four-pound gun." Seeing their helplessness, Commodore James decided to undertake the attack on Suvarndurg with his forces alone, and on April 2 commenced a bombardment from the sea side. The main fort mounted fifty guns, and the three land forts eighty between them. Commodore James's force consisted of the *Protector* of forty-four guns, a ketch of sixteen guns, and ten bomb vessels. Anchoring within 100 yards of the fort, the English fleet silenced the enemy guns, and a fire breaking out and spreading to the fort magazine, the pirates fled to fort Gova, near by. Before Suvarndurg could be taken, the Governor and some of his best men came back, and refused to surrender. Commodore James, fearing that help might come from Dabhol during the night, landed half his seamen, and, breaking down the sallyport with axes, they captured the fort.

"Grant Duff says the siege lasted in all four days, without the loss of a single man.

"Suvarndurg was formally handed over to the Marathas on April 11.

"The fort was taken from the Peshwa in 1802 by Holkar. In 1804 it was, in the interests of the Peshwa, captured by the English from a revolted Maratha officer. In November, 1818, after the fall of the Peshwa, it was captured by Colonel Kennedy. Its history then ends. The fort is kept in as much repair as a very small annual grant from Government to the Public Works Department will permit."

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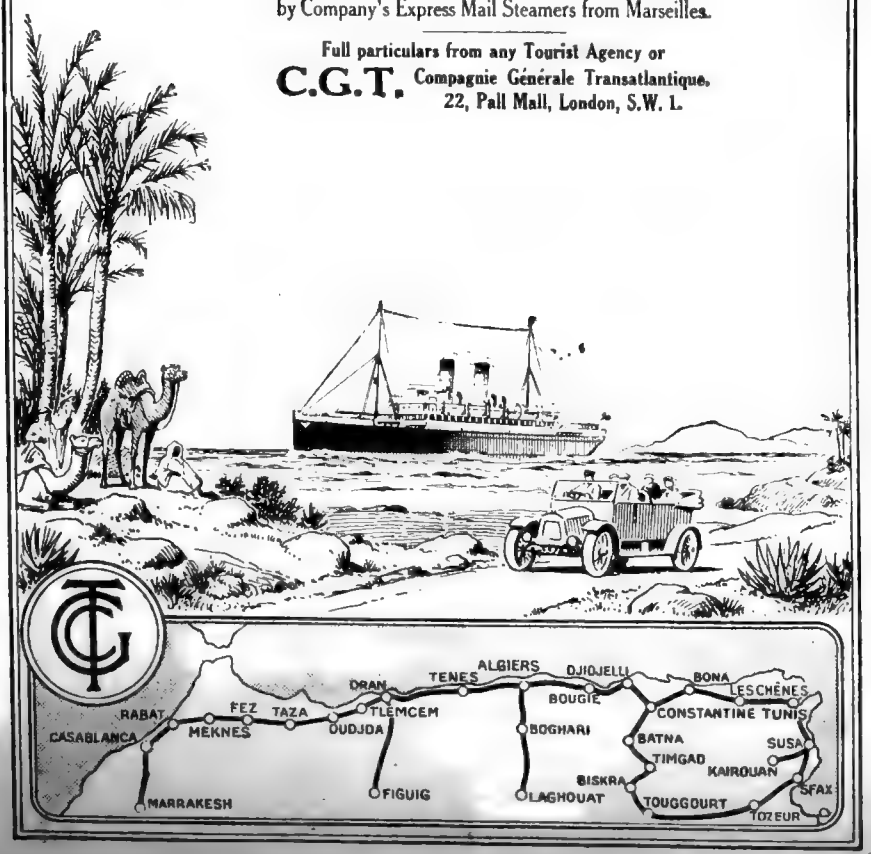
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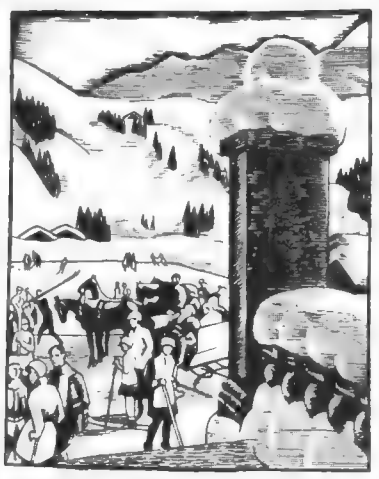
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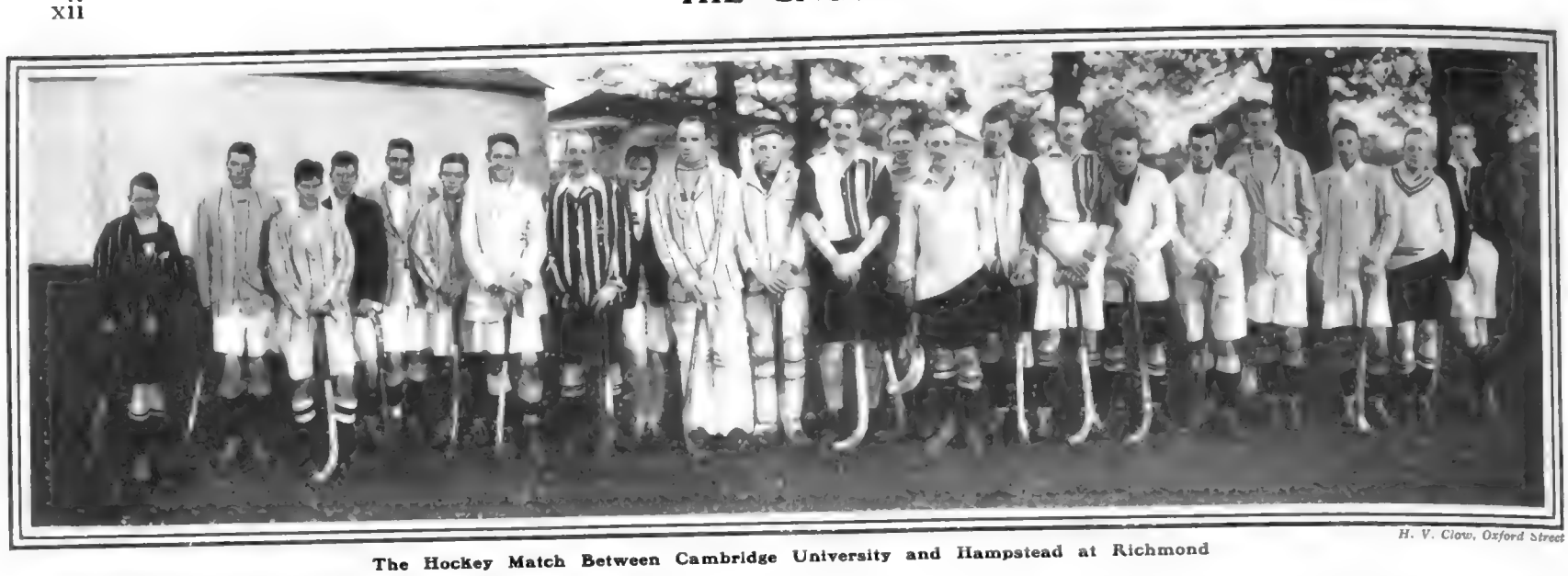
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H. V. Clow, Oxford Street

The Hockey Match Between Cambridge University and Hampstead at Richmond

This match, played recently at Richmond, was won by Cambridge 2-1, after a close game, during which the losers gave a very creditable performance. The above group shows the two teams. The names, reading from left to right, being: L. L. Irwin, G. F. Green, M. E. Rowe, O. G. Hovil, C. D. Terry, R. Morphen, B. G. Whitfield, J. H. Bennett, G. W. F. Haslehurst, C. M. Skerrett-Rozers, N. B. Dearle, Major R. Leyborne-Popham, A. C. Eiloart, E. E. Trotman, B. G. Lampard-Vachell, C. J. A. Wilkinson, R. Q. Crutwell, J. I. Outram, F. C. Meggitt, A. R. Penn, E. C. Michelson, and E. M. Murphy

A Prize for an Acrostic Solution

In the centre of this page we print a double acrostic relating to the ever-fresh Gilbert and Sullivan operas, to which we invite our readers' solutions. To the first successful solution reaching this office we offer a prize of *One Guinea*. Solutions should be addressed, "*Acrostic*," 6, Great New Street, London, E.C.4.

The German Youth of To-day.

The Kaiser's *Memoirs* (just published by Cassell, under the title of *My Memoirs*, 1878–1918), contains some very piquant passages, especially where he compares the youth of Germany with the youth of Britain. In one place he writes as follows:—

"Now that Germany had entered into world economics and world politics, however, as a by no means negligible factor, the aspirations of German youth should have undergone a more prompt transformation. For this reason, during the later years of my reign, I used to compare with a heavy heart the proud young Britons, who had learned much less Latin and Greek than was required among us, with the children of Germany, pale from overstudy. To be sure, there were even then enterprising men in Germany, brilliant names can be cited among them, but the conception of serving the Fatherland by travelling not along a definite, officially certified road, but by independent competition, had not yet become sufficiently general. I, therefore, held the English up as an example, for it seems to me better to take the good where one finds it, without prejudice, than to go through the world wearing blinkers.

"With these considerations as a basis I won *School Reform* for my German youths against desperate opposition from the philologists. Unfortunately, the reform did not take the shape which I hoped, and did not lead to the results which I had expected.

"The Germanic idea in all its splendour was first revealed and preached to the astonished German people by Chamberlain, in his 'Foundations of the Nineteenth Century.' But—as is proved by the collapse of the German people—this was in vain. Certainly there was much singing of 'Deutschland uber alles,' but Germans, obeying the commands of their enemies, allowed the Emperor to fall, and the Empire to be broken in pieces.

"Had Germans of all classes and conditions been educated to feel joy and pride in their Fatherland, such a degradation of a great nation would have been unimaginable. This degradation—which, it must be admitted, occurred under remarkable, extremely trying circumstances—is all the more difficult to understand in view of the fact that the youth of Germany, although it was impaired in health by overstudy, and not so toughened by sports as the English, achieved brilliant feats in the world war such as were nowhere equalled before."

A GILBERT AND SULLIVAN DOUBLE ACROSTIC

Two members of the D'Oyly Carte
Last season won the audience heart.

(1) Gilbert uses all the time
With great effect this form of rhyme.

(2) A girl who broke a jester's heart

(3) Here we have a wicked Bart.

(4) It was in this court absurd
That Angelina's case was heard.

(5) Dazzled by thoughts of wedded bliss,
Shadbolt this light did not miss.

(6) In statements that could be termed thus
Sir Joseph Porter had great trust

(7) The only consolation left
To Bunthorne of a bride bereft.

(8) Let's make him tipsy the judge suggests,
But Angelina soon protests.

(9) In book of etiquette it's clear
You must not do what's written here.

(10) One of two kings, the tenor he,
Yet he's beheaded here you see.

(11) One of twenty who sang and sighed,
For each would be a poet's bride

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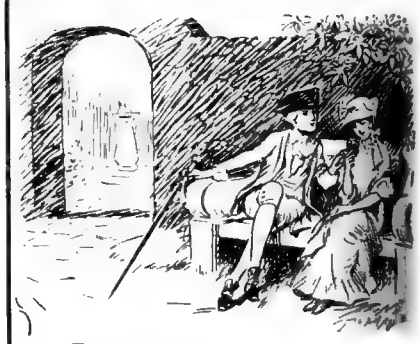
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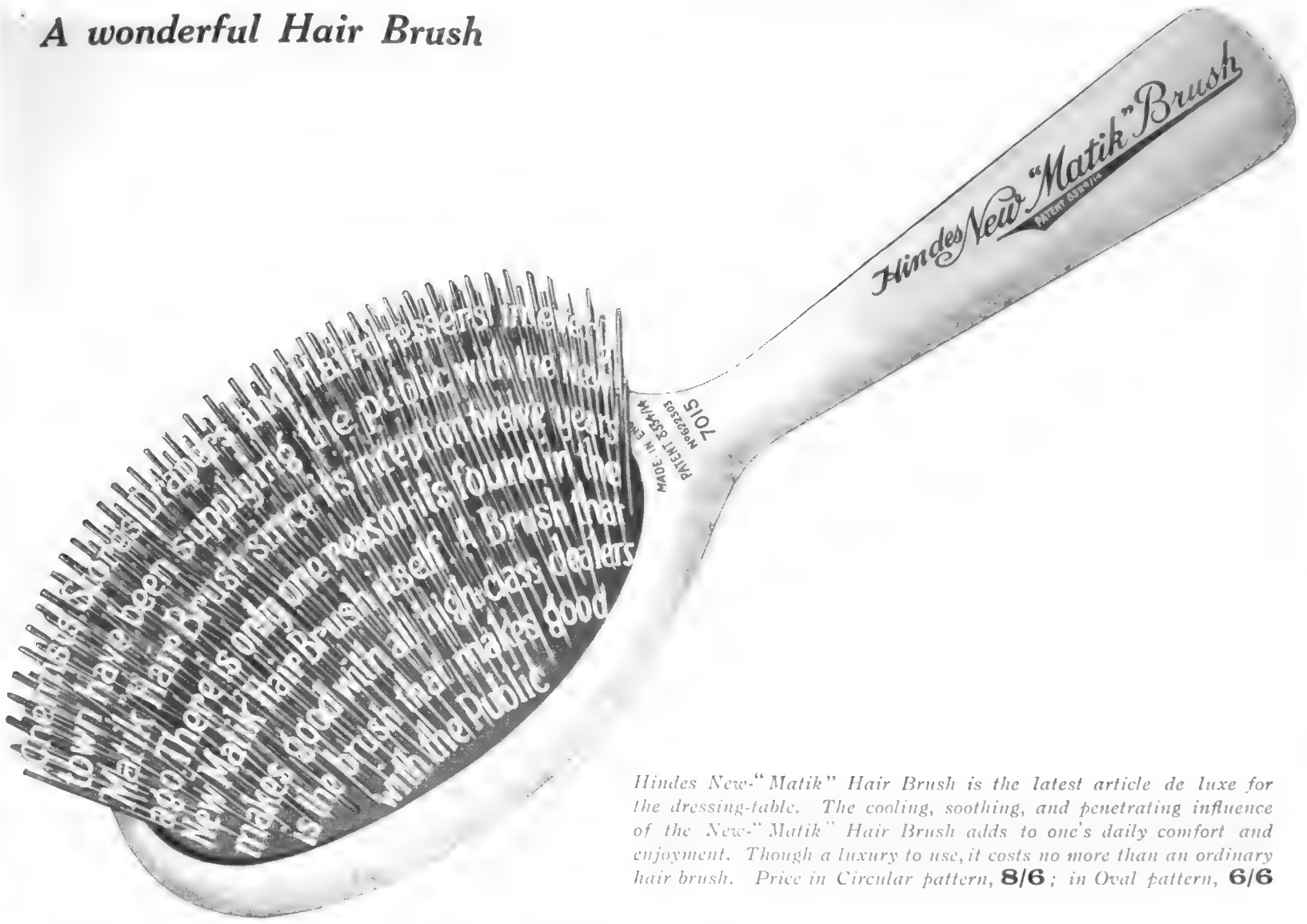
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Darnley (Sir Francis Laking) with his Mother, Lady Lennox (Miss Norma Whalley)

THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

(Continued from p. 185)

"So am I!" said he.

On the pavement she turned on him with a flash in her eye.

"I said good-bye to you!"

Mr. Essington sighed, audibly and tragically.

"If you only knew my story!" he exclaimed.

This appeal to her feelings met with surprising success. She glanced at him quickly, and then in a low voice answered:

"I—I should like to."

Maintaining his air of interesting mystery, he suggested gravely:

"Let us come this way; it looks quieter, and my confession is not one that calls for crowds and gaiety!"

They turned down a side street towards the esplanade. It was quite dark now, but they could see the white flashes of waves ahead of them and hear the steady run of the surf on the shingle. Miss Carey's eyes were downcast and her lips tightly closed, yet he felt instinctively that for some reason she was waiting eagerly for his next words.

"It's a deuced strong reason, too," he thought. "She really wants to hear a confession. Now what the devil shall I confess to?"

He was still debating this point as they approached the lamp-post at the corner. And then he perceived that there was a man at the corner too. He stopped abruptly and held out his hand.

"I see a fellow who owes me a fiver," he said hurriedly, "and it would embarrass him considerably if we met. If you will give your address . . ."

He stopped as abruptly as he had begun. The five-pound debtor had evidently seen him, and the delicacy of his creditor was extraordinary. Rather than cause him a moment's uneasiness, he fairly took to his heels and sprinted into the night.

(To be continued)



Lady Diana Cooper as Queen Elizabeth

As she will soon be seen upon the screen



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The First Christmas Cards

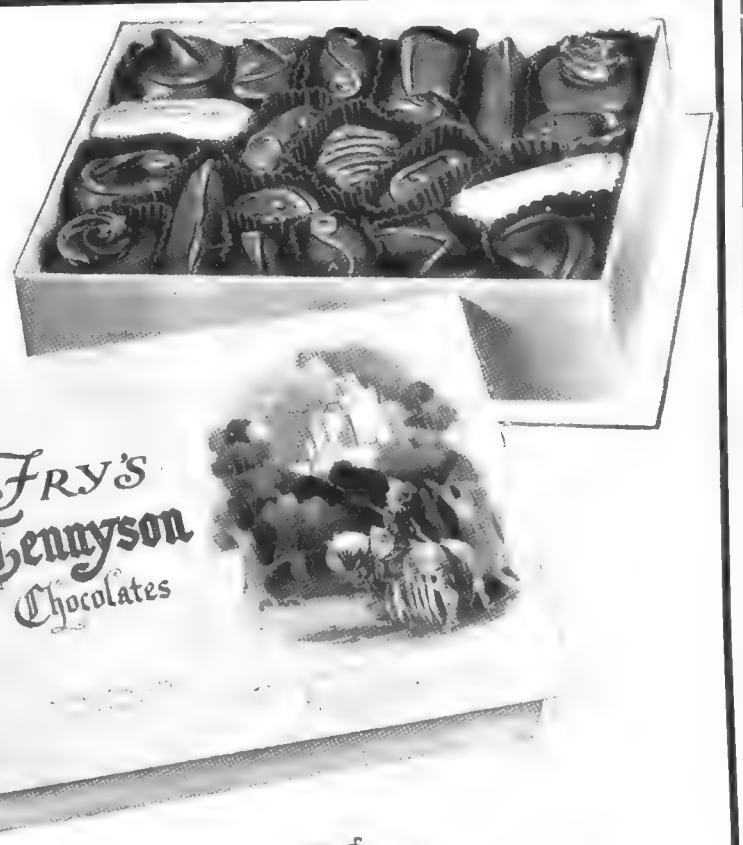
The Medici Society of 7, Grafton Street, has been known hitherto by its appeal to the few who are dilettante. It appeals this Christmas to the many who are charmed by delicate artistry. Its Christmas cards and calendars—most of them reproductions in colour from old masters—will prove a joy to the lover of art.

The London Rifle Brigade

This year, as for many years past, the guard of honour to the new Lord Mayor consisted of a platoon from the London Rifle Brigade, and although their service dress is not so gay as the shako and green cock's feathers and the rifle-green uniform of pre-war days, their smartness is still "First in the City." The London Rifle Brigade is the oldest of the City Territorial regiments, being formed in 1859 under the title of the 1st London Rifle Volunteer Corps, hence their motto, "Primus in Urbe." For many years their headquarters were in the Guildhall, in the great hall of which their drills were held. Although nowadays the headquarters of the regiment are at 130, Bunhill Row, their connection with the Corporation still continues, for the regiment has the right, founded on the custom of years, to all Guards of Honour at Guildhall, with the exception of royal ones, the right to which is vested in the other famous City regiment.

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at the Mansion House on
5th December, 1922

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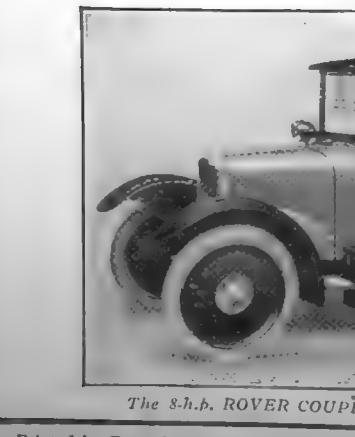
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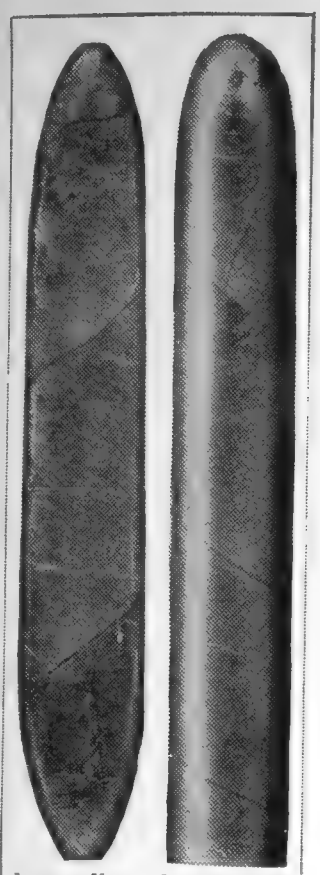
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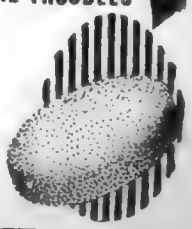
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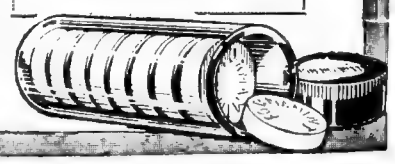
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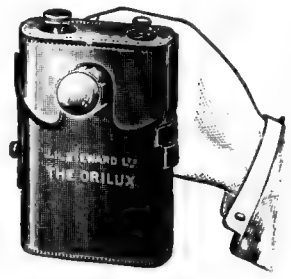
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But it was to dinner out of town that the teams always drove, and the dinners rivalled the turnouts as works of art. The drivers of the coaches were often noblemen, but whatever their degree the custom at the time illustrated was to imitate the typical stage coachman as closely as possible. At times this imitation was perhaps too slavish, as when the noble drivers carried it to lengths involving speech and personal manners as well.

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THE ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND

¶ *In the issue of "The Sphere" for November 11 we published pictures and an article dealing with the old Roman bath in the Strand, during the course of which its method of construction was discussed. Below we give further details concerning this highly interesting relic of Roman London.*

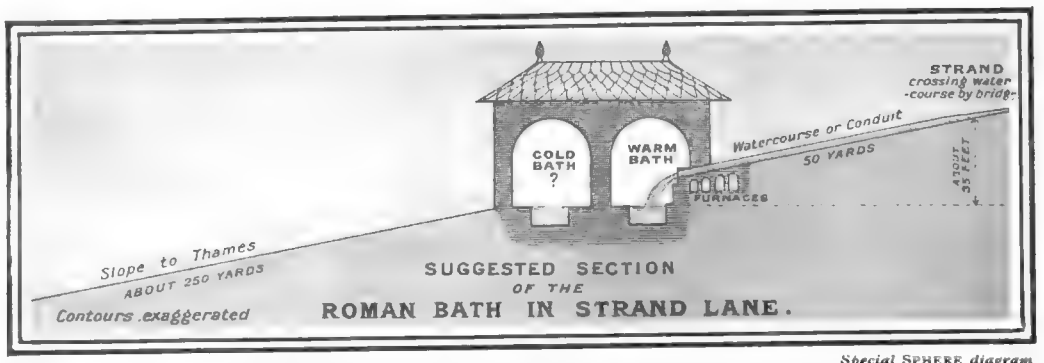
All the evidence which it has so far been possible to collect tends to show that the buildings surrounding and covering the bath are of ancient foundation, however much they may have been patched and restored. In a former article it was pointed out that there were two barrel-vaulted chambers divided by a massive wall. That covering the bath is still intact; half of its fellow has been cut away.

When John Sanders inspected the bath in 1841 this condition of things already obtained. There was one intact vault and a half vault. But he adds the important information that the half-arch, evidently from fear that it might collapse, was shored up by a beam of massive timber, *at least two hundred to three hundred years old, probably much more.* This half vault, then as now, formed the entrance passage, but in a room on its right was "Essex's bath" (so stated by the then proprietor). This had no floor; its bottom was the sandy bed of the brook, with the water bubbling up through it. At the end of the passage there is to-day a recess in the very thick wall. In 1841 this was a doorway giving access to a vaulted passage *which led towards Surrey Street, and thence upwards towards the Strand.*

The Vault Construction

The construction of this vault impressed Sanders, but he made no drawings, and his description is somewhat obscure. It gave the impression of an ovaloid arch like that of the Palace of Ctesiphon. It is hardly possible to avoid the conclusion that this remarkable complex of vaulted buildings was connected with the baths.

At the present stage of our investigations the problem is unsolved. One can only indicate possibilities. That there once existed at this point a complex of massive vaulted chambers and passages cannot be doubted. It is equally certain that they were connected with the bath, since the corridor which Sanders saw led into the second vault. The question now is, the period of construction, and to answer it will need careful investigation. If it can be proved that these twin chambers, with their remarkable corridor, existed intact as far back as 1550, there is no saying how ancient they may be. E. F.



Special SPHERE *diagram*

A Section Through the Baths and the Surrounding Ground

This diagram shows (in exaggerated form) the slope of the ground down to and away from the bath. It is presumed that the watercourse from the Strand passed over furnaces which heated the water for the warm bath. Alongside the warm bath is shown a presumed cold bath

THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

Continued from p. 213

"No sah, him be one muchee dam different chappee."

The talkative man gazed at him with unabashed interest and then turned to his companion, a sedate and elderly person.

"Ill bet you a bob I can tell you who that chap is!"

The elderly man seemed a little scandalised.

"'Ush! He can 'ear you!" he expostulated.

"That's all right," said the other reassuringly, "he can't understand the lingo so long as we talks quick and natural like. It was just me taking special pains that made him answer more or less sensible—and not very sensible neither when one comes to think of it."

"Well," asked his friend, "who is he then?"

"One of the Maharajah's little lot; I'll put a sovereign on it!"

"Which Maharajah?"

"What, haven't you 'eard? The Maharajah of Deccanpore has taken Slopeley Park! He's one of the richest chaps in India; no end o' wives and horses and servants and I don't know all what! He's taken it for the shooting, he has. It's bin in the papers, and I knows it for a positive fact, because it's not twelve miles from where I live, and Mr. Bumberley, 'is butler, is quite an old friend o' mine."

"Is 'e a nigger, too?" inquired the elderly man.

"What! Mr. Bumberley? Ha, ha! That's a good 'un! Why 'e was Lord Slopeley's butler, and the Maharajah has took him on with the house, and him and a whole lot more servants is there now. They're all English, mind you. The Maharajah ain't coming with his nigger crowd not till Tuesday. At least, that's what Bumberley told me."

"But if the Maharajah ain't come, why d'you think this chap is one of 'is lot?"

"Well, now, is it likely there'd be another nigger travelling on this line to the very station for Slopeley Park?" demanded the talkative man.

"Well, we'll soon see if he gets out at the next station," said the other.

"Yes, that'll settle it, and you just see if he doesn't!"

Throughout this conversation the solemn Oriental had gazed into space with an air of such complete absorption in his own meditations that there could be no doubt at all of his ignorance of English if spoken rapidly and naturally.

"'E's not going to get out 'ere after all!" whispered his friend.

Suddenly the talkative passenger's face cleared.

"Yes, he is! Didn't I tell you, now?"

As the train drew up, the dusky gentleman rose, salaamed profoundly to his two fellow passengers, and pronounced what was clearly a parting benediction.

"Suchah muckah nevah wasah!" he intoned; and then with grave dignity descended on to the platform.

"It is Providence! Allah be praised!" he said to himself as he listened to the loquacious gentleman's conversation, and it was with the happy feeling of one directed by a kindly destiny that he stalked solemnly down the platform, salaamed to the ticket collector, and gravely beckoned to a cabman.

"Will you pleasee to drivee me to Slopeley Park?" he commanded in slow, distinct accents.

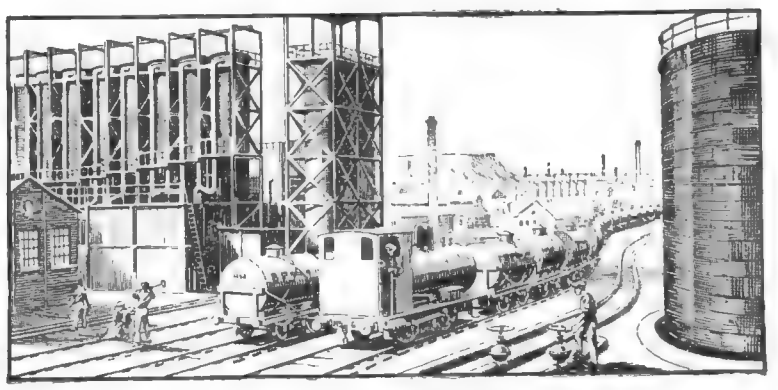
As he rattled out of the station yard into the streets of a small town a further flash of inspiration visited him. Confident though he felt of his own abilities to meet most emergencies, he always believed in being as well prepared as possible. He now jumped up suddenly, put his head out of the window, and hailed the driver.

"Is there a jeweller in this town?" he inquired.

"There's a jeweller *and* watchmaker, sir."

"Drivee me to him!" commanded the Oriental gentleman.

(To be continued)



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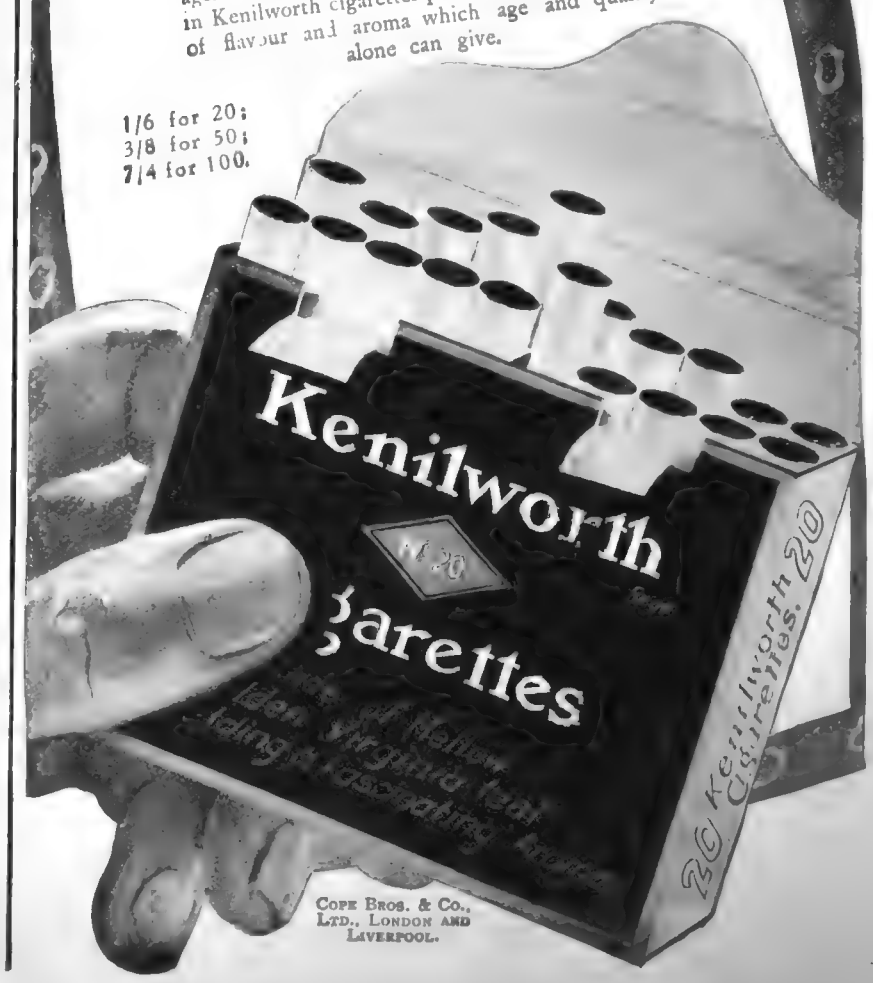
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THE VILLAIN OF THE PIECE

By SYLVANIA

There are people who revel in snow and people who profess to find an east wind exhilarating; there are even enthusiasts, excluding ducks and frogs, who enjoy a good soaking downpour; but you never heard of anybody who pretended to get any pleasure out of a fog. In a little while you may read this under a clear blue sky, and if you then blame yourself for having so wasted your time, remember of your charity that it was written in a fog, after days of fog, and that after a certain time, fog penetrates into the human brain. Fog, like old age, cannot be kept at bay; you may shut your windows and your doors, and it comes in through the keyhole and expands, like the fisherman's genie, until it fills the whole house; it crawls up your sleeves and down your neck, it makes the milk late in the morning, and causes perfectly respectable citizens to wander home at ten when they were expected at eight—in short, it plays havoc with the peaceful, well regulated existence of the normal Briton, and there is no comfort to be had from the experts who merely tell you, with gleeful gloom, how many pounds of soot, or carbon, or whatever it is, have been encrusting themselves on your long-suffering lungs since this morning. Sometimes it is a "rolling fog," or so they call it; sometimes it is a mere ordinary fog that spreads itself over London and settles down comfortably for the day without any rolling. To the inexpert eye both seem very much the same.

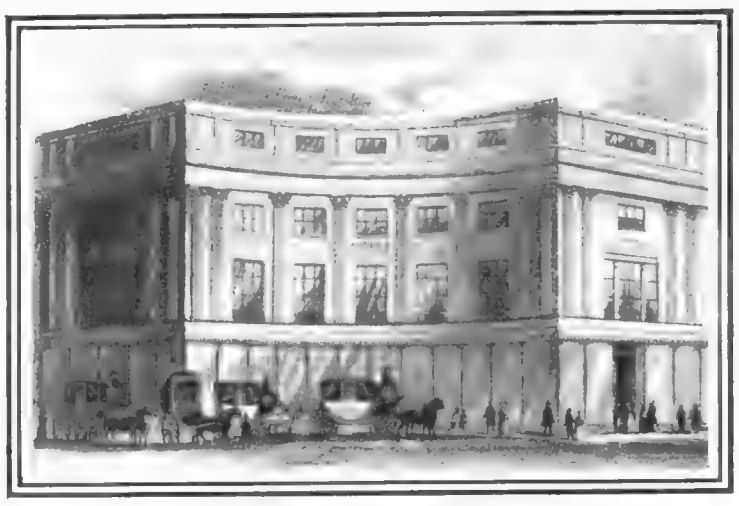
But, as has been said, the main characteristic of fog is the insidiousness of the thing! This time it has even climbed to the heights poetically described by the Underground's posters as the roof of London. Ordinarily we roof dwellers get a good deal of harmless, if un-Christian, fun out of walking along the Spaniards Road on a foggy afternoon and watching the pall over London while we enjoy the sunshine, but just now we might almost be in the Strand ourselves, and the really old inhabitants, who pretend they don't know what the Spaniards looks like in a fog, are getting quite annoyed about it.

The poets, of course, would have you believe that there is romance even in a "London particular," and so there may be—if you happen to be east of Suez at the time; otherwise, I defy anybody to find anything the least romantic in fog, though I admit that the really adventurous may not find it altogether without compensations. Maybe there are brave spirits—Drakes and Raleighs born out of their century—who are exhilarated at finding themselves at Barnes when they ought to be at Battersea, but I doubt it; probably the only people to whom fog brings anything but sheer annoyance are those who are still young enough to be pleasantly thrilled at having breakfast by electric light, and who would be only too pleased to lose themselves on the way to school. But even fog has its uses, surprising as that may be, for an evening paper assures me that no less a person than Whistler owed the "atmosphere" of his pictures to its agency; he exposed them, face upwards, in his Chelsea garden when there was a fog, and the London smuts did the rest.



Mr. Edmund Goulding

An Englishman, who is now the highest paid film story-writer in the world. It is said that Inspiration Pictures have paid the record price of 10,000 dollars for one of Mr. Edmund Goulding's stories. He arrives in this country early in December



Regent Circus, in Oxford Street, a Hundred Years Ago

This is an engraving published about the year 1820. Compare this view with that published on another page, showing Messrs. Jay's new premises

THE JAPANESE STAGE

A Performance at the Imperial Opera House, Tokio

The Prince of Wales's Eastern Book, just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, contains some interesting details concerning the Japanese part of the town. The gala performance at the Imperial Opera House, we are told, gave his Royal Highness a very comprehensive view of the Japanese stage. So keen was the competition among the leading actors to appear on this occasion that a programme lasting until after one o'clock in the morning was fully carried out in order that as great a number of performers as possible might be included. The Opera House is built on European lines, and only the stage setting and arrangements for this performance were Japanese. The auditorium was an even more wonderful spectacle on this occasion than the stage. The Prince of Wales and the Prince Regent sat in armchairs in the centre of the first row of the dress circle, with six Imperial Princesses in European costume on their right, and six Imperial Princes on their left. Around them were grouped the Ministers, high officers of state, and members of the Imperial Court. The theatre was filled to the last seat. All the ladies were in evening dress, the men in uniforms covered with decorations, and such a scene had never before been witnessed even on gala nights. The appearance of the Imperial Family almost *en masse* at a public theatrical performance was itself unprecedented.

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

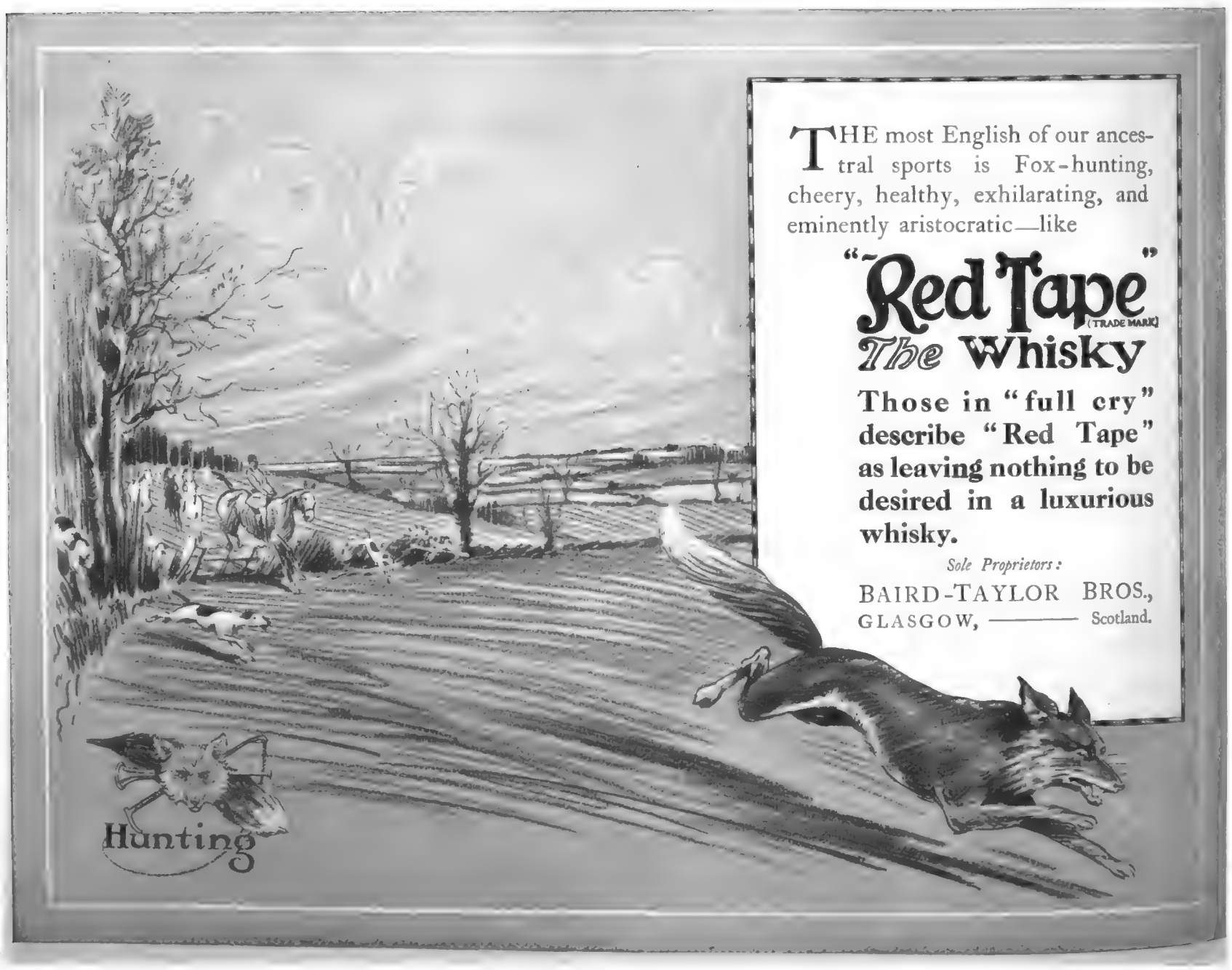
There is no doubt that the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship are really an Imperial work. The society has quite recently sent out twelve lads to Australia to learn farming under the Commonwealth scheme. The committee were grateful to learn that one of their old boys from their Bisley school, who had been out in the Dominion for some time, kindly met the lads and gave them a welcome; not only that, but he also placed his advice and protection at the disposal of the boys. This is the kind of spirit which the committee inculcate among all their boys. The society should receive help, not only from the Motherland, but also from overseas. Let it be known that financial help will be welcomed from all parts of the British Empire, and if sent to 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, will be gratefully acknowledged.

Winter Art Exhibitions in London

The Autotype Fine Art Company have on exhibition at their galleries at 74, New Oxford Street, a small number of aquatypes; these are published after the method evolved by Mr. W. H. Bartlett, the artist.

At the galleries of Thomas Agnew and Sons at 43, Old Bond Street, a highly interesting loan exhibition of pictures by old masters is being shown in aid of Lord Haig's appeal.

The Cotswold Gallery, 59, Frith Street, Soho, is holding an exhibition of pottery and etchings by Bernard Leach.



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Great undertakings, like the All-England Tennis Grounds, Wimbledon, or small reconstructional work—if it's Building or has to do with Building—you will find it to your advantage to have our estimates.



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A box of Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates is by far the most acceptable of all Christmas Presents. The recipient knows he or she has received what are Universally Proclaimed the finest chocolates in the world.

Every chocolate is numbered underneath and a key list is enclosed in the box which describes each particular chocolate. This scheme is unique.

Each individual chocolate is made and packed on the premises, therefore capacity is limited.

For a number of years Charbonnel & Walker have had reluctantly to refuse orders for several days previous to Christmas, hence the necessity for this advertisement.

This is not a case of seeking more business but an honest endeavour to avoid disappointment to our clients. Send for price lists now and order early.

Remember Charbonnel & Walker Chocolates cannot become stale, and condition is guaranteed upon arrival either at home or abroad.

CHARBONNEL & WALKER
31, OLD BOND STREET, W. 1.

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PRICE-REDUCTIONS
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Standard of Quality and Workmanship maintained

WE are pleased to be able to announce very important reductions in the prices of our celebrated London-made gold watches; these reductions with the option of purchasing on the "TIMES" SYSTEM of MONTHLY PAYMENTS, for which *no extra charge of any kind is made*, brings within reach of all the possibility of possessing a watch of Benson's own London make, unrivalled the world over for strength, durability and accuracy of time-keeping. There are many Benson models ranging from **£14** upwards, but whatever the price the watch is of that high standard of quality for which Benson's have been noted for over a century.



The "Field" Watch

18-ct. Gold, crystal glass case. Old price £42 ... Now **£34**

Hunter or half-hunter case. Old Price £42 ... Now **£38**

NEW Illustrated Catalogue of Pocket Watches with REDUCED PRICES and full particulars of the "TIMES" SYSTEM of MONTHLY PAYMENTS free on application.

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For over a Century the Nation's Timekeepers
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**" . . . Heaven, rain upon her head
The blistering drops of the Maremma's dew "**

Count Francesco Cenci (Mr. Robert Farquharson) curses his daughter, Beatrice. A scene from "The Cenci," Shelley's drama, at the New Theatre

Cameras for Press Work

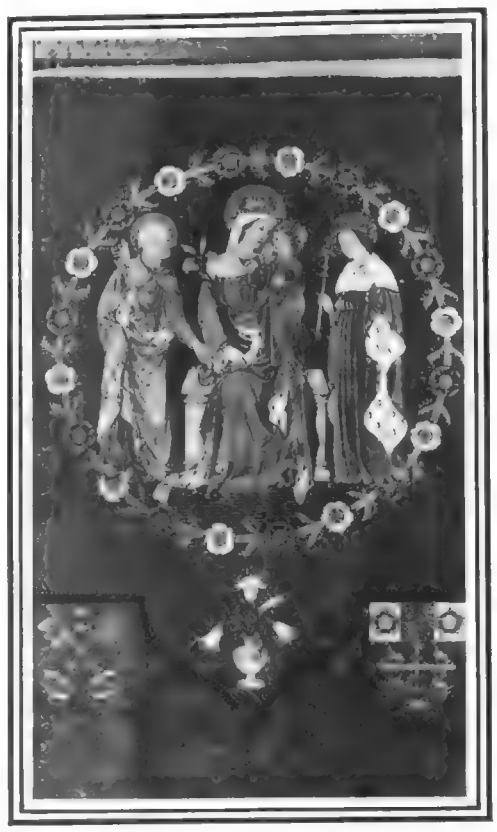
From time to time the Editor receives inquiries from various readers concerning suitable cameras for press work. The latest letter to reach THE SPHERE office is from Liverpool; our correspondent inquires concerning a camera which would take snapshots and full-length figures in the open, streets, etc. On behalf of our readers we have made inquiries of the Kodak Company, and are informed by them that their best cameras for press work are the Graflex series. The prices of these range from £16 to £80; the shutter speeds vary from 1/10th to 1/1,000th of a second. For all practical work, especially by amateurs, these speeds will be found quite adequate.

The Gilbert and Sullivan Acrostic Competition

Owing to the great number of replies received concerning the Gilbert and Sullivan Acrostic Competition, it has been found impracticable to publish the results of this competition in this issue. A full list of results will, however, be published in next week's issue.

Coast Protection Around the British Isles

A reader of THE SPHERE requests some information concerning coast protection. We understand that in the locality in which the correspondent resides the foreshore is being washed away, and it is difficult to get anything done to prevent it. Of course, one may say at once that the local municipal authorities of the maritime counties have much practical experience of coast protection. The question of whether much or little is done in the neighbourhood is largely a matter of expense. The means by which erosion may be prevented is fairly well known, though the proper cure is not always supplied to a particular district. The literature of the subject



A New Banner for the Abbey

A reproduction of the above banner in full colours will appear in "The Sphere" for December 23. It has been presented to the Abbey by the Girls' Friendly Society



"The Ministers of Death are Waiting at the Doors"

Miss Sybil Thorndike as Beatrice, the unhappy daughter of the monstrous Count Cenci, in Shelley's play, "The Cenci," being presented at the New Theatre

is mostly to be found in the technical serials; some of those we have recently consulted are as follows—Gaudard's "Protection of the Sea-coasts," in *Proceedings of Civil Engineers*, CXVIII., 165; Pitt's "Plant for Harbour and Sea Works," in *Proceedings of Civil Engineers*, CXIII., 2–18; Allanson Winn's "Utilization of Tidal and Wave Action for the Protection of Foreshores," in *Feilden's Magazine*, September, 1900; same author's "Constructive Power of the Sea," in *Transactions of Institute of Civil Engineers of Ireland*, 1900, Vol. XXVIII.; the "Yougall Foreshore Protection Works and Deep Sea Erosion on the East Coasts of England," in *Transactions of Institute of Civil Engineers of Ireland*, 1903, XXIX.; and outlines of the subject in various encyclopædias.

The Epsom Downs in Art

We have just received a proof of the reproduction of Mr. Munnings's "Gipsies Arriving on Epsom Downs for Derby Week," from the Medici Society. Of this print 150 proofs, signed by the artist and stamped by the Fine Art Trade Guild, are being issued at £5 5s. each. Ordinary prints, to be published in March, 1923, will be £1 11s. 6d.

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Harrods for Gifts!

To visit Harrods is to solve happily the problem of choosing suitable Christmas Gifts. A tour of the many departments will bring to notice a thousand-and-one suggestions for useful and beautiful presents which might not otherwise occur to you. Below are illustrated some beautiful examples, which are typical of the fine Christmas merchandise with which every department at Harrods is now stocked . . . . . Come!

108-page Book of Christmas Gifts sent free



SPIRIT FLASK (PS 3895), covered Crocodile leather. With glass lining, improved bayonet cap and loose cup.

Nominal capacity.	In Silver.	Electro Plate.
½-pint ...	42/-	25/-
¾-pint ...	55/-	29/6
1-pint ...	75/-	37/6



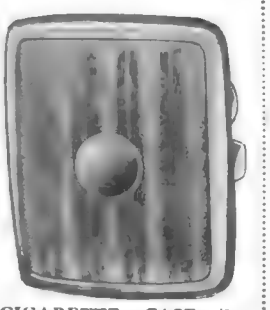
MILITARY HAIR BRUSH (PS 6133). Silver backed. Each **36/6**

Silver Salon is on Harrods Ground Floor



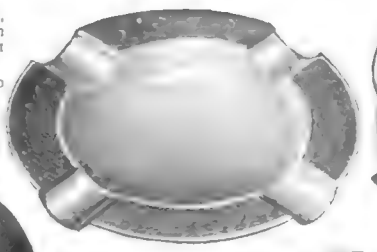
CASSEROLE DISH (PS 6140), of Pyrex Transparent Ovenware. Complete in pierced Electro Plate Stand Length, 8½ ins. **38/6**

Length, 9 ins., **45/-**



CIGARETTE CASE (PS 6060) of Sterling Silver. Size 3⅜ × 2⅜ ins. Will hold 14 cigarettes. Double row. Engine turned. **29/6**

Plain Silver, **25/-**



ASH TRAY (PS 6128), of Sterling Silver. Diameter, 4 ins. Plain, **16/6**

Engine turned, **19/6**

Orders Value 20/- or over sent Carriage Paid





BOOK MATCH CASE (PS 6131), of Sterling Silver. Plain, **13/6**

Engine turned, **17/6**



MUFFIN OR TOAST DISH (PS 6070), of best Electro-Plate. With loose lining and hot water compartment. Diameter, 8 ins. With Beaded edge. **21/-**

With Plain edge, **18/6**

Equally suitable for chops, vegetables, savouries, &c.



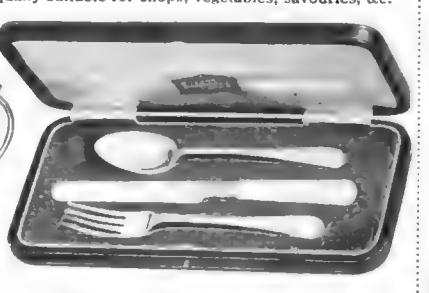
PIN CUSHION (PS 6131), and Jewel Box. Of Sterling Silver, mounted. Diameter, 3⅜ ins. **21/-**



EGG STAND (PS 6142) of A.I. Electro-plate. Complete with spools. **50/-**

ELECTRO-PLATE TEA SET (PS 6174), comprising teapot, sugar basin and cream ewer.

Capacity, 2 pints £3 9 0
Capacity, 1½ pints £3 5 0



CHILD'S KNIFE, FORK AND SPOON (PS 6112), of Sterling Silver. In velvet-lined case. **32/6**

AFTERNOON TEASPOONS AND TONGS (PS 6114), of Sterling Silver. Six in velvet-lined case ... **39/6**
Without Tongs **32/6**
Case containing twelve Spoons and Tongs **69/6**

Just the Gift for 'Her'

Four typical examples from the Fancy Leather Department on Harrods Ground Floor

DAINTY PURSE (FL 608), suitable for Dances. Containing captive mirror and powder puff. **8/6**

SILK HANDBAG (FL 606) (*illustrated below*), fitted with inner division. In Black, Navy or Nigger. Postage 6d. **11/9**

TOP OPENING BAG (FL 609) of Tapir Calf. Fitted with card case and mirror, finished with enamelled clasp. **39/6**

LADY'S HANDBAG (FL 505) (*illustrated below*), of rich quality Poult de Soie with *Tortoiseshell frame.* In Black, Nigger or Navy, or in any coloured silk to order. Post free **37/6**





FL 609



FL 608



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A Helpful List of Gift Suggestions

You will find many useful Gift-suggestions for your own Christmas shopping listed hereunder. These are representative only of the fine Christmas Gifts displayed in the various departments of this 'Store of the Christmas spirit'

For Ladies

LADIES' PURE SILK STOCKINGS (LH 2), full-fashioned, with lisle thread feet and tops. Excellent wearing quality. In Black, White, Grey, Fawn, Covert, Putty, Tan, or Nigger Brown. Per pair **8/11**

Six pairs (in box), **52/6.**

LADIES' MILANESE SILK STOCKINGS (LH 10), best quality "Kayser" make. In Black, White, Silver, Mole, Beige, or Seal Brown. Per pair **12/6**

Three pairs for **36/6.**

Ladies' Hose Dept.—Ground Floor

LADIES' IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. 1,000 dozen. Hemstitched. Size 12 inches square, with ¾ inch hems. Harrods Price per DOZEN **4/11**

Usually **7/6.**

LADIES' HEMSTITCHED HANDKERCHIEFS. 350 doz. Irish Linen. Full size, 14 inches square, with ¼ inch hems. Harrods Price per DOZEN **6/11**

Usually **9/11.**

Handkerchief Dept.—Ground Floor

LADIES' UMBRELLAS. "La Militaire" style, fitted with leather wrist straps. In a large and varied assortment of handles, and good wearing bordered Taffeta covers on Fox's frames. **13/9**

LADIES' "MILITAIRE" UMBRELLAS, in an unequalled selection of handles. On Fox's frames with good wearing all-silk covers. **25/9**

Umbrella Dept.—First Floor

PRONGS (HD 1768), of Tortoiseshell and Gold. An acceptable present. Per pair **15/-**

Slides, each, **8/6.**

FOLDING MANICURE CASE (HD 1763), of Morocco Leather with imitation Tortoiseshell fittings. In assorted colours **63/-**

Hairdressing Dept.—First Floor

TORTOISESHELL CIGARETTE CASES. Rich medium dark colouring. To hold 8 cigarettes. CI 570. **37/6**

Many other designs at **32/6, 30/-, 27/6, 22/6**

Jewellery Dept.—Ground Floor

No. 1 COLOGNE. This Cologne is the finest obtainable, delightfully fragrant and refreshing. 1-Litre bottle, **57/6**; 1-pint, **32/6**; 8-oz., **13/6**; 4-oz., **7/-**; 2-oz., **3/9.**
In Wicker bottles, **46/6, 23/6,** and **13/6.**

LAVENDER WATER. Distilled from finest Mitcham Lavender Flowers. A delightful and most acceptable Christmas gift. Per quart, **69/6**; per pint, **37/6**; 8 ozs., **14/6**; 4 ozs., **7/6**; 2 ozs., **4/-.**

Perfumery Dept.—Ground Floor

For Men

MEN'S IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. 850 dozen. Hemstitched. Size 17½ in. square, with ½ in. hems. Harrods Price, per dozen, **8/11**

Usually 11/6.

MEN'S FINE IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS. 500 dozen. Hemstitched. Size about 18 in. square, with ¾ in. hems. Harrods Price, per dozen, **13/6**

Usually 15/6.

Men's Handkerchiefs—Ground Floor

LEATHER CASE (FL 1570), containing Folding Coat Hangers. Suitable for Ladies or Gentlemen.

In Suède, with two hangers - - **5/6**
In Suède, with three hangers - - **7/6**
In Pigskin, with two hangers - - **7/6**
In Pigskin, with three hangers - - **10/6**

TREASURY NOTE CASES, the handiest form.

In Persian Goat - - - - - - **3/-**
In Morocco - - - - - - - **3/6**
In Pigskin - - **10/6, 7/3, 5/6** and **4/6**
In Velvet Calf - - - - - - **5/6**

Fancy Leather Dept.—Ground Floor

CASHMERE AND WOOL MIXTURE WOOLLIES. In a large variety of plain colours. Lovats, Heather Mixtures, Greys, Canary. Natural Camel shade; also a large variety of fancy colours, mixtures, etc. Scotch make. Each **42/-**

ELASTIC TUBULAR SILK SCARVES. In white, plain colours, block stripes or fancy stripes. All the newest colourings and designs. Each **39/6**

Knitted Wear—First Floor

DEERSKIN GLOVES. In Grey or Tan, with one dome fastener. Sizes 7 to 9. Per pair **12/6**

SILK CROCHET-KNIT TIES. In all shades of plain colours, and heather mixtures; also in a large assortment of stripes. Each **10/6**

Men's Outfitting Dept.—Ground Floor

STERLING SILVER CIGARETTE CASES. Plain or engine-turned. CI 674. Engine-turned both sides; to hold about 12 cigarettes, **45/-**

A great variety of Cigarette Cases from **19/6** to **£10 10s.,** according to size, weight and design.

TOBACCO POUCHES, shaped. With gold medallion on snuff-coloured gazelle or tan antelope. To hold 3 ounces, CI 193, **24/6**

Also without gold medallion:
3-ounce size - - - **13/6, 12/6, 7/-**
2-ounce size - - - **11/6, 10/6, 6/-**

CASES OF PIPES. Containing two H.L. de Luxe Briars, with silver mounts and vulcanite mouthpieces, **27/6**

Containing two Bruyère Antique, with gold mounts and vulcanite mouthpieces, **42/6**

Also single pipes in cases, **25/-, 20/-, 15/-, 13/6**

Smokers' Requisites—Ground Floor

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

One reason why high-grade British cars are worth more is the amount of careful testing they are given before they reach the buyer. As a result of this testing we find that these cars are capable of great achievements and very long service. A good example is supplied by the Armstrong-Siddeley. The Dewar trophy for the most meritorious performance in an observed trial by the R.A.C. during the twelve months ending October 15 has been awarded to the 18-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley six-cylinder open touring car for its 10,000 miles road test in the early summer.

Not content with this, news comes to hand that a 30-h.p. Armstrong-Siddeley six-cylinder interior drive limousine has successfully concluded an even more searching test, to wit, a 15,000 miles R.A.C. road trial, which occupied thirty-four working days.

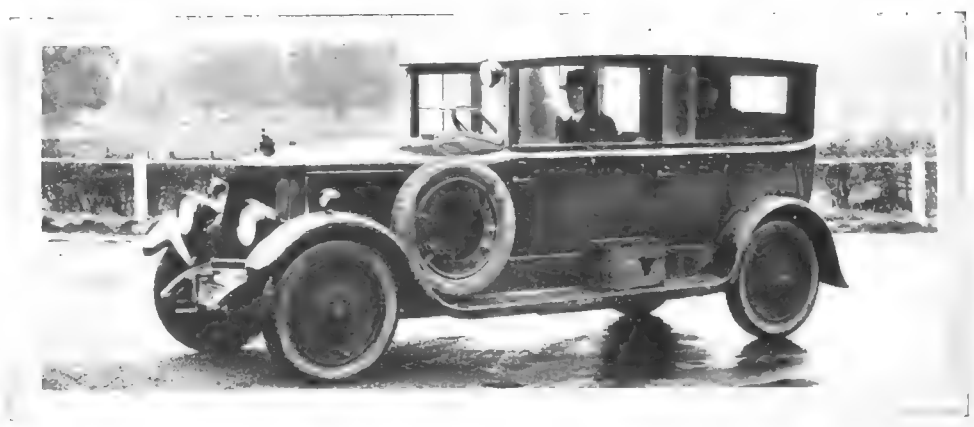
In order to demonstrate fuel, oil, and water consumption, tyre wear, and general reliability, the car (carrying throughout an R.A.C. observer and two other occupants) was run continuously night and day on the road, 450 miles in every twenty-four hours. On fifteen days the weather was bad, and on fourteen nights there was fog.

The fuel consumption was 21·2 miles per gallon, equivalent to 4·34 ton-miles per gallon. The oil consumed was 2¼ gallons, equivalent to 6,667 miles per gallon. The total amount of water replaced in the radiator was 3·2 gallons. Three of the tyres travelled the full mileage; the fourth, temporarily removed for 694 miles, completed the trial. In a subsequent speed trial at Brooklands the car, with three up and without any adjustments whatever, accomplished a speed of 62·83 miles per hour.



The 45-h.p. Saloon Landaulette, Equipped with Marconi Wireless Telephone Installation

Note the aerial on the roof, which folds flat when not in use



The Armstrong-Siddeley Car, which has Successfully Accomplished an R.A.C. Test of 15,000 Miles in Thirty-four Days

Here we have proof positive of the outstanding reliability of the Armstrong-Siddeley, and we also have the most reliable data as to running costs, for the Royal Automobile Club trials set the hall-mark of accuracy on the published details. It will be noted how remarkably economical this powerful and enclosed car has been in fuel and in tyres. These facts point to high efficiency in matters where cheaper cars are so often sadly deficient.

The Dunlop Rubber Company are great believers in the power of advertising as a means towards large production and consequently low selling prices, and no one can help noticing what an effective Dunlop advertising campaign is now in progress. The advertising contractors acting for the Dunlop Company are Messrs. A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd., a firm whose name has been closely identified with the motor industry since cars first appeared on the road. We learn that Sir Charles F. Higham is acting as adviser on Dunlop publicity.

1815——1922

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GRAY'S INN ROAD, W.C.

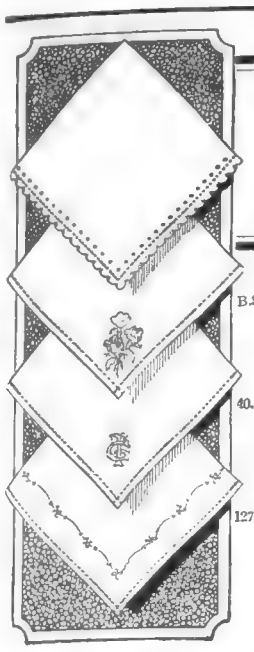
"CUBITT BUILT"

Has the same Important Significance in 1922 as it has had since 1815.

A FEW OF THE MOST RECENT BUILDINGS SO ERECTED IN LONDON BY THIS COMPANY ARE ILLUSTRATED IN THIS ISSUE OF "THE SPHERE."

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No. 90265. Ladies' fine linen Handkerchiefs, embroidered, and with scalloped edges, size about 11½ in. Per dozen **20/-**

No. B.8. Ladies' embroidered jewel, fine sheer linen Handkerchiefs, sparkling at all times, more radiantly with artificial light. Per doz. **20/-**

No. 40. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, hand-embroidered, two-letter monogram, size about 12 in. Per dozen **15/9**

No. 1.719. Ladies' fine linen hemstitched Handkerchiefs, dainty embroidered borders, size about 12 in. Per dozen **21/-**

B.8.

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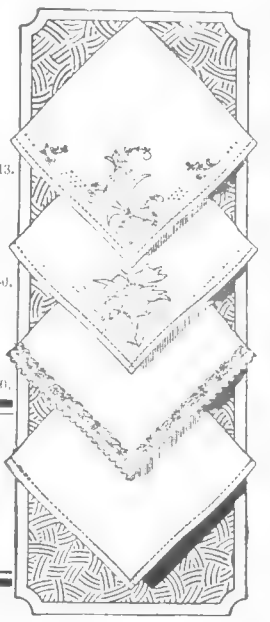
12719.

IRISH LINEN HANDKERCHIEFS

make pleasing Xmas Gifts.

Handkerchiefs are often taken as a sure index to the taste of the user; the greatest possible care, therefore, should be exercised in their selection. One is on sure ground if one chooses Robinson & Cleaver's genuine Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, so much superior in appearance and quality to the many "Linen" substitutes. Robinson & Cleaver have been noted for their Irish Linen for the last 50 years.

Write to-day for a copy of our Illustrated Handkerchief List No. 36K, sent post free. We guarantee delivery of parcels, and pay carriage on orders of 20/- and upwards in United Kingdom.



R.13.

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LINEN MANUFACTURERS
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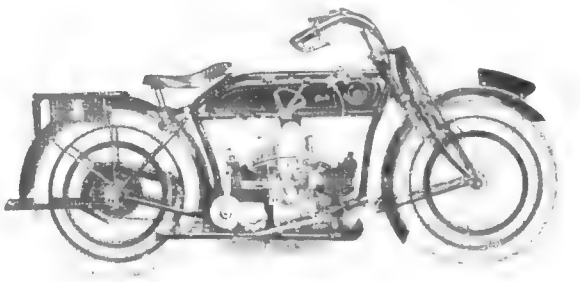
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20.

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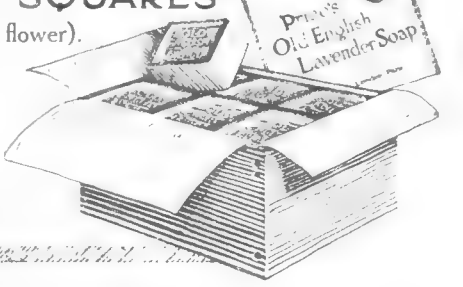
The delightful and refreshing odour of LAVENDER is welcomed by young and old alike. The old-world perfume is embodied enchantingly in

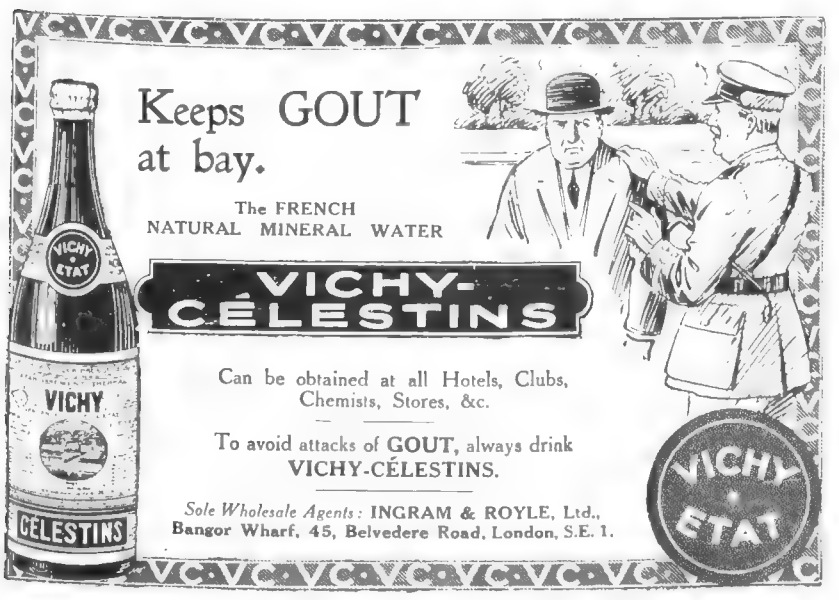
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THE CHANGING FACE OF LONDON.

In the centre of this issue of THE SPHERE we publish a section, "The Changing Face of London." In this series we endeavour to represent some of the changes which London is undergoing owing to the erection of new buildings in some of its main thoroughfares. On this page we supplement these pictures by another view of the fine Aldwych House—taken during erection. This huge undertaking was carried out by J. Farkinson and Sons, the famous Blackpool constructional contractors.

This second picture, of the Wimbledon tennis court, shows one of the achievements of Mullen and Lumsden of Holborn and South Norwood. They were the general contractors for the whole of the roads, grounds, paths, main drainage of site, water supply, suction circulation pipes from the lake, and for the general finishing and the whole of the joinery and internal fittings of the stand at Wimbledon. We further understand that they have received instructions for the erection of the residences of the groundsman, etc., also for the demolition of the old stand in Worple Road, and the erection of the new stands for Courts 2 and 3, ready for next year's opening.



Aldwych House, Erected by J. Parkinson and Sons, in the Course of Construction

The Angkor Wat at Marseilles

We have received the following interesting letter from a correspondent, Lieut.-Colonel McGrigor: "I have been reading the current issue (4th) of THE SPHERE, and was interested in the illustrations and letterpress about the ancient ruins of Angkor Wat as represented in the French Exhibition going on just now at Marseilles. I was probably the first European to visit those ruins, from a cross-country westerly direction from Bangkok, through Siam and Cambodia, on to the China Sea, and I have described them in full in one of my books of travel, *Through the Buffer State*. The province of Angkor, where Angkor Wat (*Wat*, Siamese for a temple) is situated, then belonged to Siam, though the French may have annexed it since."



A Gilbert and Sullivan Singer Married

Mr. James Hay, the leading tenor of the D'Oyly Carte Company, who has just been married to Mrs. Ettlinger



The New Huge Tennis Court at Wimbledon, Erected by Mullen and Lumsden



Mrs. Ettlinger, now Mrs. James Hay

The widow of a City merchant, was married to Mr. J. Hay at Christ Church, Down Street, Piccadilly, a few days ago

An Expert Opinion of the New

20 H.P.

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"OUR first—almost involuntary—remarks after we had ridden in the car for no more than 100 yards was to the effect that **it was certainly a Rolls-Royce.** From that, much may be deduced.

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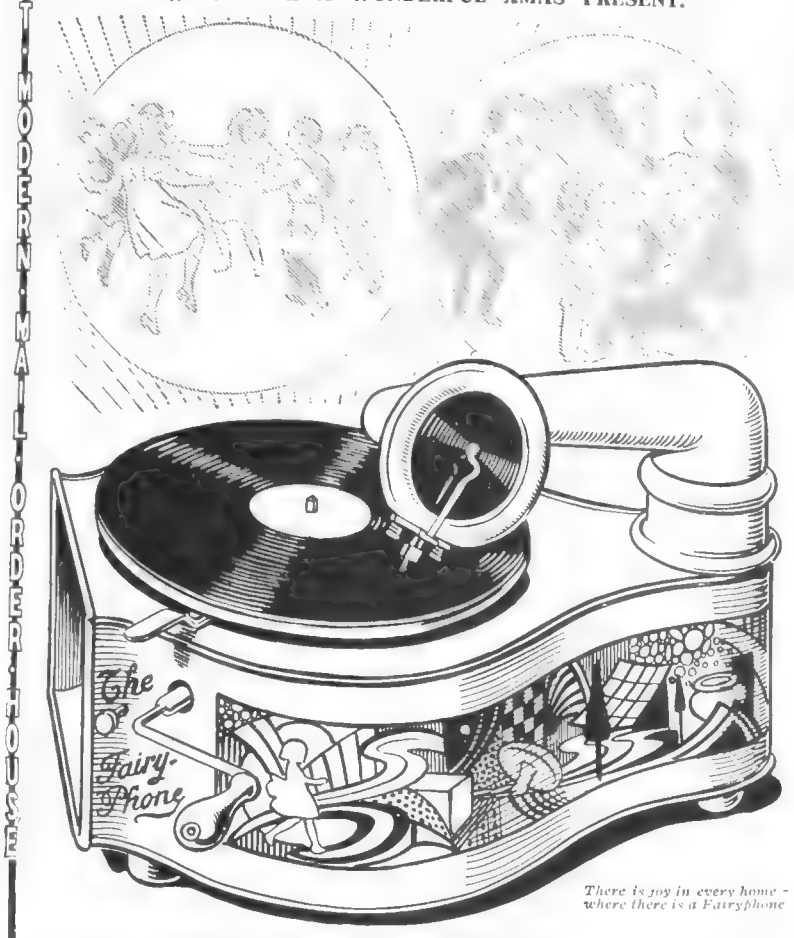
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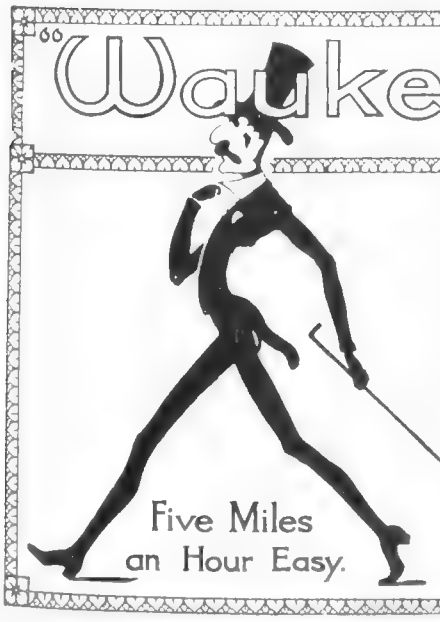
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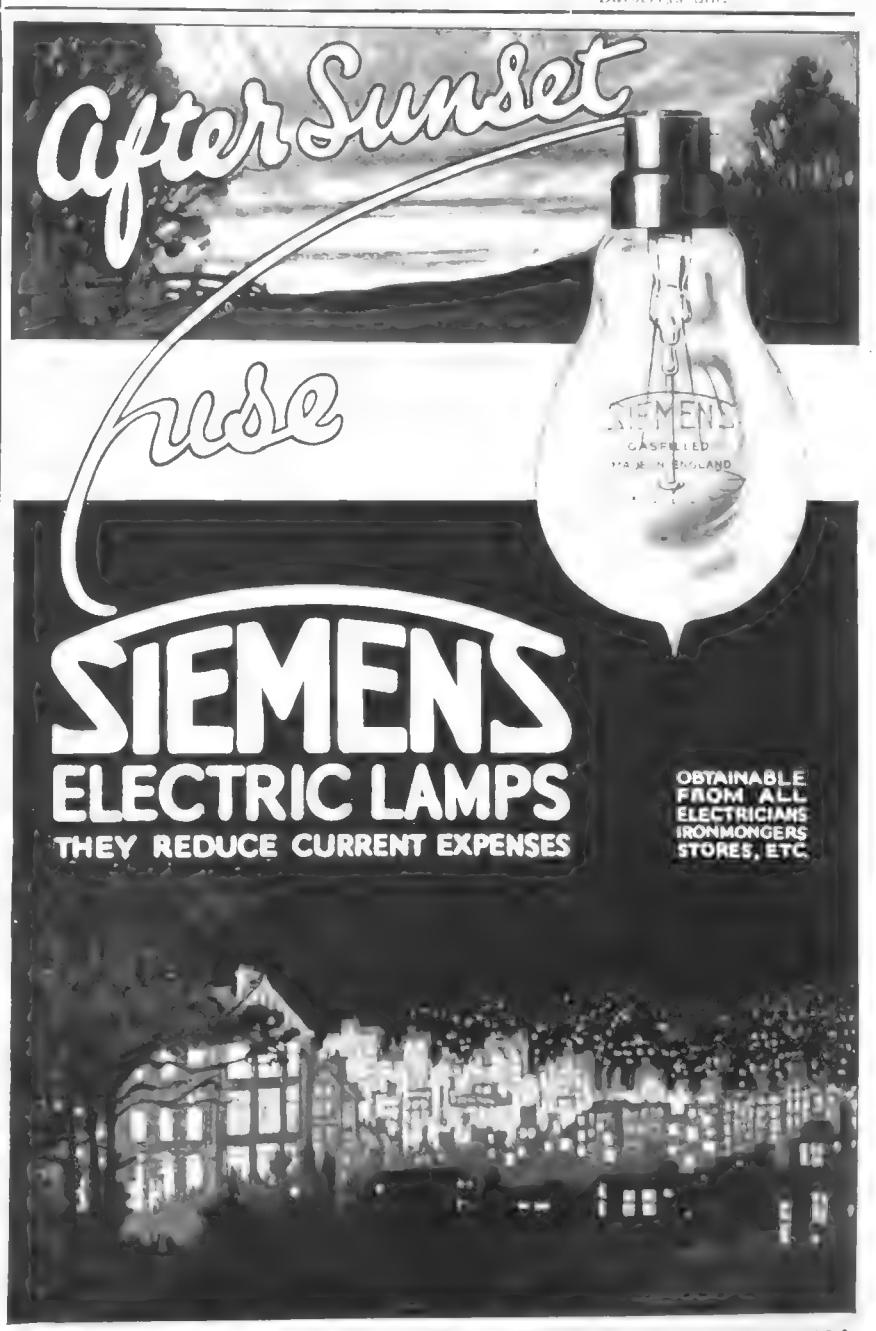
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NEW GOLF COURSES for LONDONERS : *A Stately Mansion as Club-house.*

Golf is adding every day to the host of its devotees in London—or perhaps we should say, would-be devotees. For here is the great difficulty. There are not enough golf courses within easy reach of London to go round—no, nor nearly enough. The resources of every existing course are taxed to the utmost. At the week-ends particularly, when most people have their one chance for a round or two, courses near London are more than uncomfortably crowded.

Here, then, is a piece of news which will be received with the greatest possible interest by many hundreds of Londoners. There are three new and beautiful golf courses to be opened shortly no more than half-an-hour distant from Baker Street or Marylebone—three delightful eighteen-hole courses, all quite close to one another! It is very doubtful whether such facilities for the golf enthusiast can be paralleled within twenty miles of the Marble Arch.



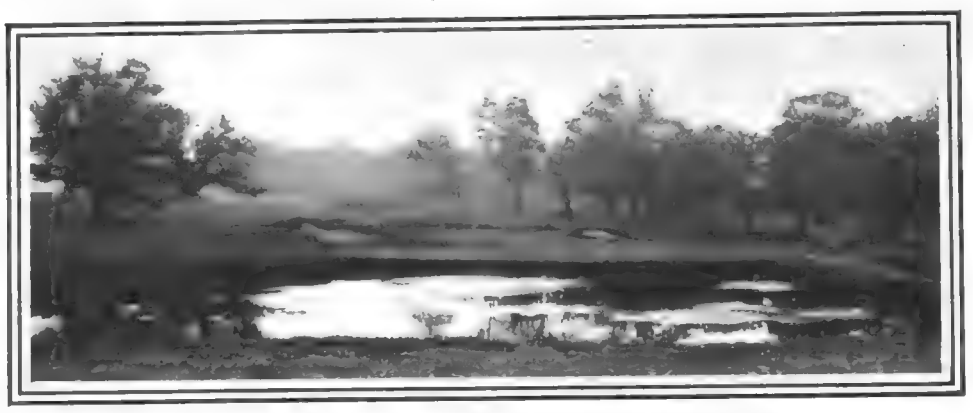
The Fourteenth Hole from the Teeing Ground on "A" Course at Moor Park, near Rickmansworth

Within Easy Reach of Town

The place where the miracle is going to happen is Moor Park, a beautiful estate on the border of Hertfordshire and Middlesex. Rickmansworth lies to the north, Watford to the east, and Northwood to the south. The Metropolitan and Great Central railways supply an admirable service of fast trains. The problem of how to get there is easily solved. There could hardly be a more accessible spot so near London.

Mr. H. S. Colt, perhaps the most prominent golf-course architect of the day, is undertaking the laying-out of these three courses, and he is finding the job very much to his liking. The "A" course, the first of the three, is practically ready for play.

The very first hole is a good one, a fine two-shot hole of 430 yards, with a green measuring 60 by 40 yards, with a large natural hummock just at the back of it. The fourth hole offers the long driver his chance. The fifth hole measures 160 yards, and there are bunkers right round the green, except immediately at the back.



The Approach to the Tenth Course at Moor Park

The eighth hole measures a good 500 yards, and is the longest on the course. The drive is over a dip in the ground on to higher land, and there is trouble in plenty for the erratic.

The twelfth, of 350 yards, is a splendid plateau hole. After a good drive you can use the good old Scotch pitch-and-run shot, or even employ a wooden putter. The fifteenth and seventeenth holes are both short, but entirely different in character. The former is played from a large pulpit tee on to a long, narrow green. The latter demands a tee-shot across a ravine on to a big double-decker green carved out of the side of a hill.

Moor Park—An Historic Residence

Moor Park was built by the Duke of Monmouth in 1670, and was afterwards re-fronted in the Italian style by Benjamin Styles, one of the heroes of the South Sea Bubble adventure. Subsequent owners of the property include Lord Anson, the victor of Cape Finisterre, the first Marquis of Westminster, Lord Ebury, and the present "Lord of the Manor of the Moor," Lord Leverhulme. Each of these owners has dealt faithfully with this historic estate. Its original beauties have been preserved and further cultivated. The outside of the mansion is in a remarkably perfect state of preservation. The treasures of its interior have never been dissipated. The great reception rooms were painted by Sir James Thornhill, and the paintings might have been done yesterday. There is much exquisite furniture, some of it contemporary with the original building.

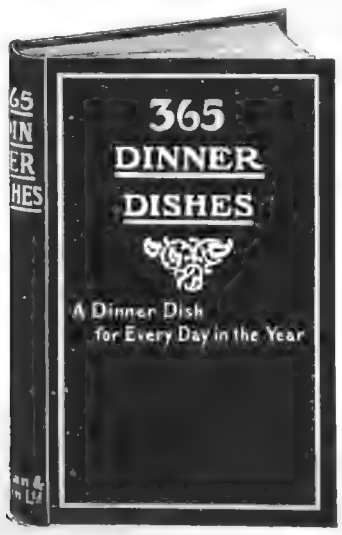
Three courses half-an-hour from Baker Street, with one of the "stately homes of England" as a club-house! Here, indeed, is an enterprise to which Londoners will pay overwhelming attention.

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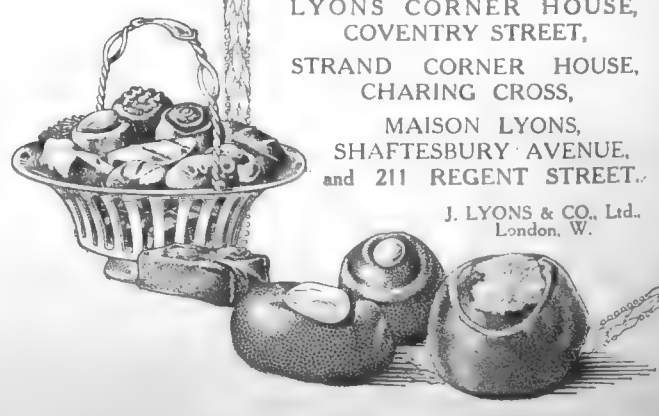
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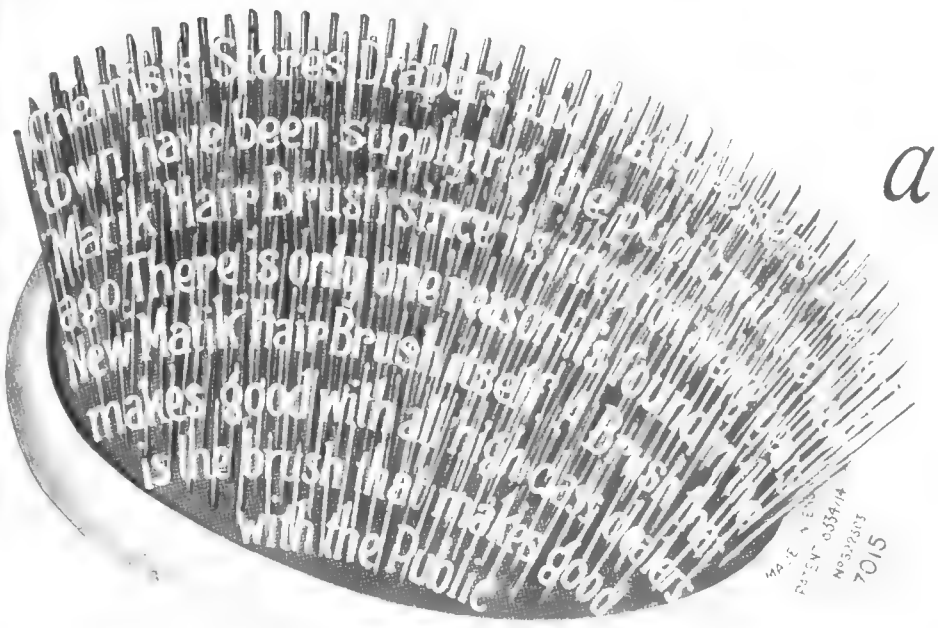
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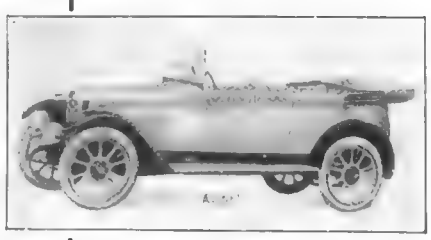
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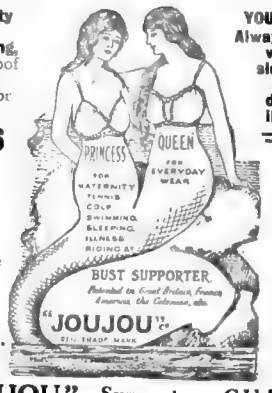
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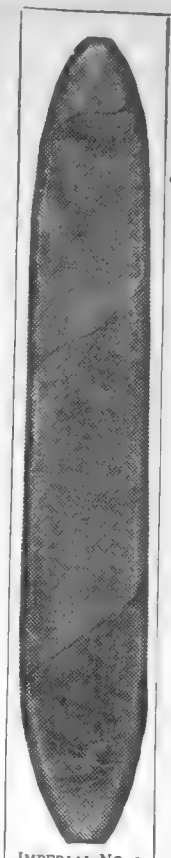
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It is the high quality of the Criterion brand which interests them.

The exquisite nuttiness of the flavour, the fine smoking qualities, the delightful aroma, the faultless "make" and elegant appearance of Criterion Cigars combine to make them the most popular smoke with the most critical cigar smokers.

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Samples of 5 *for* 3/-

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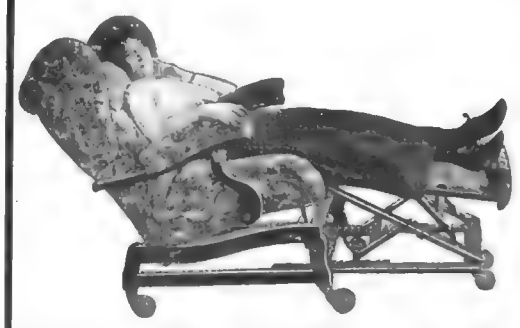
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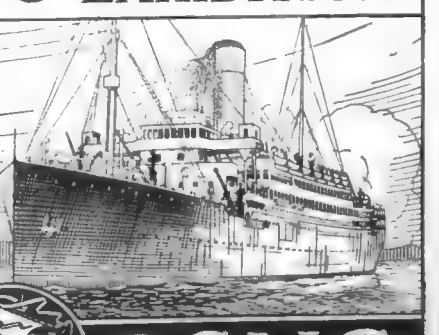
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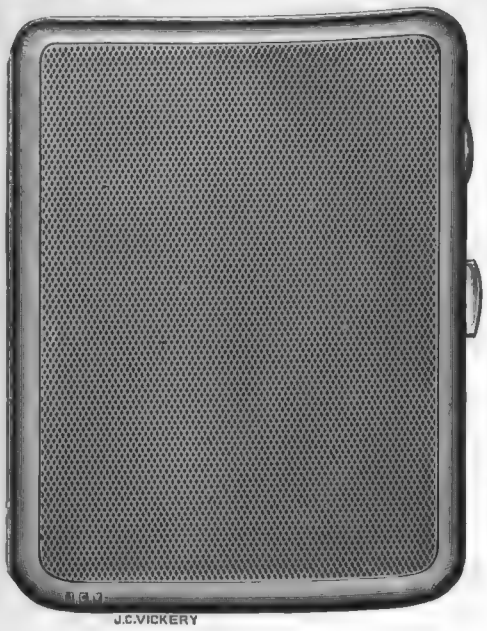
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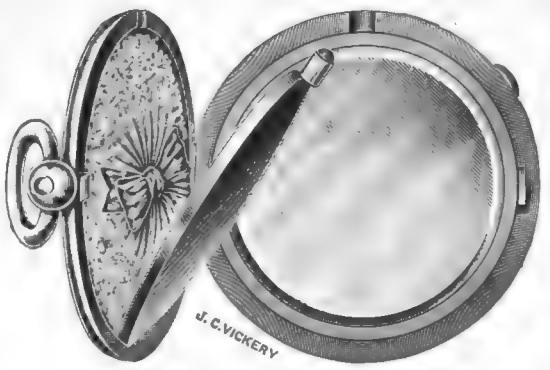
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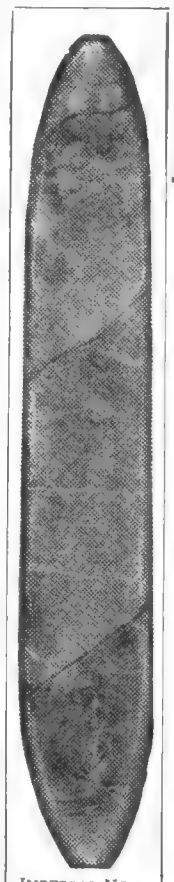
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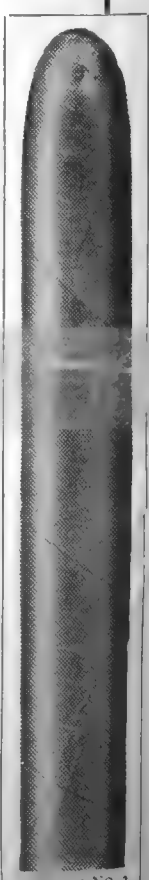
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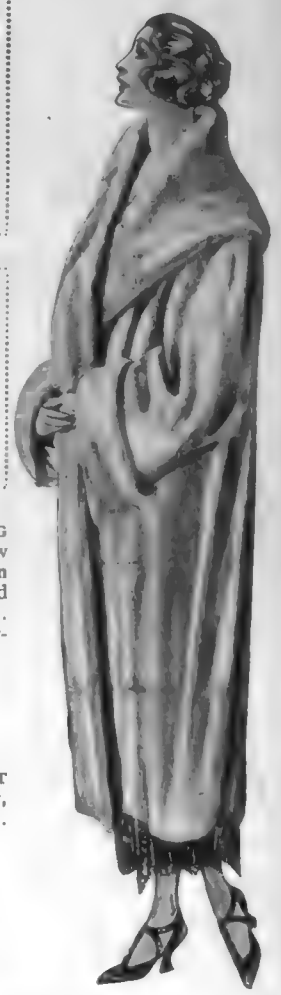
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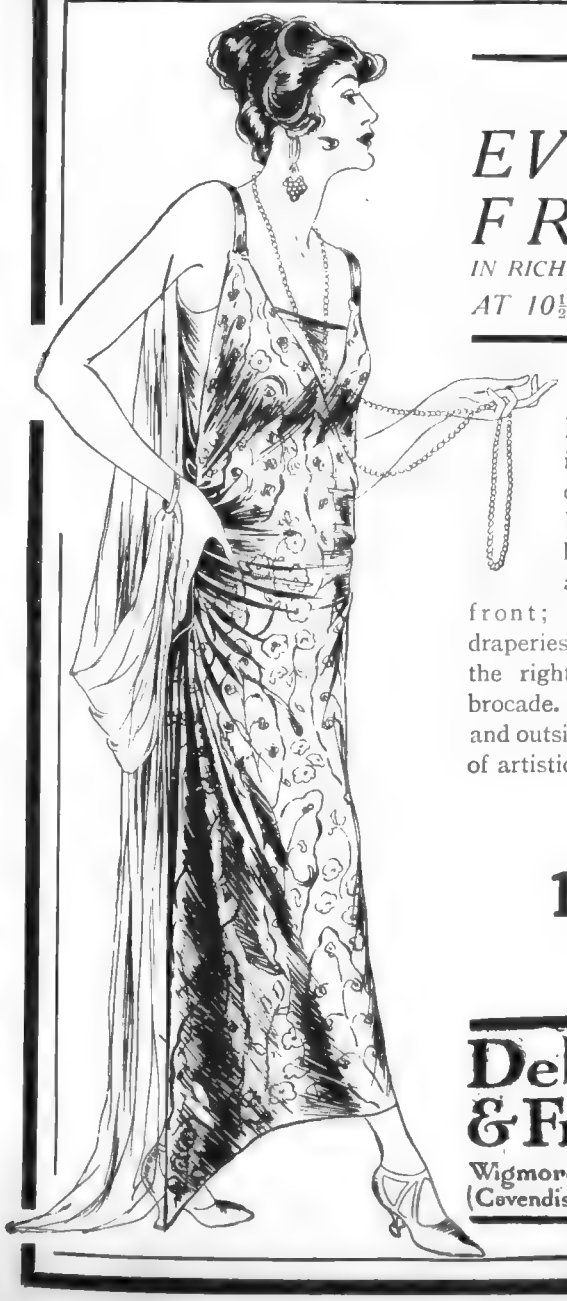
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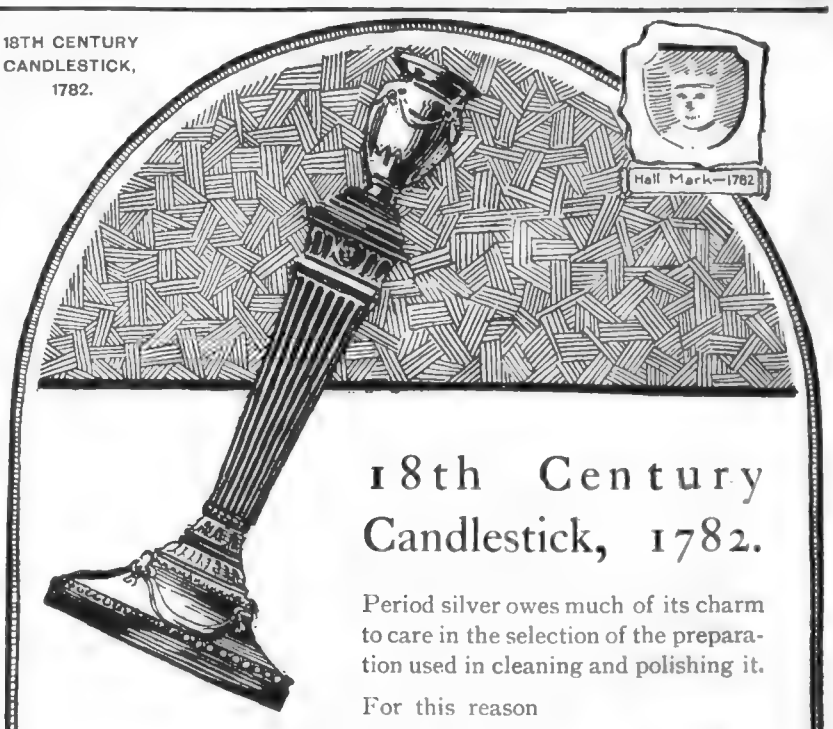
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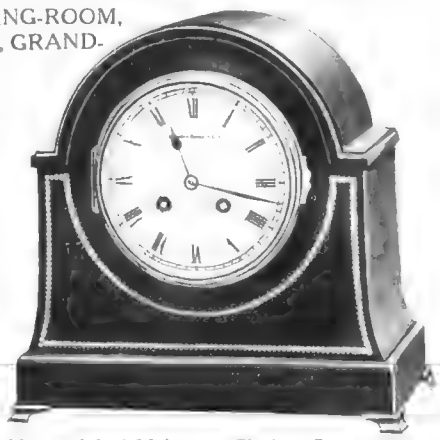
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DRAWING-ROOM, DINING-ROOM, BEDROOM, CARRIAGE, GRANDFATHER, CHIME, and every form of CLOCK.

Also FOLDERS, with luminous dial in Leather Case from - **£2 5 0**

Ditto in Silver from **£5**

Illustrated Catalogue post free on application.



No. 1—Inlaid Mahogany Clock. Best quality. Striking Hours and Half Hours on deep-toned Gong, **£12**



No. 2—Mahogany case, Brass Columns. Best quality 8-day lever movement, 6 inches high, **£5**



Clocks Watches and Jewellery

65 CHEAPSIDE ALSO AT 105 REGENT ST., LONDON

Over 2000 INSTALLATIONS ERECTED AND 1500,000 LIGHTS IN DAILY USE ON THE D&G SYSTEM



IMPINGTON HALL, Cambridge: The residence of A.G. Morey Weale, Esq., where we have recently installed a complete LIGHT and POWER installation.

Established in 1886 by engineers with five years' previous experience, the Company has unique information regarding equipments designed to meet all working requirements in

ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER INSTALLATIONS

Evidence that the D & G System is the most reliable and cheapest in the long run can be verified by sending for a copy of our latest booklet.

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36, GROSVENOR GARDENS, LONDON, S.W.1.
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63, VICTORIA STREET, BELFAST.

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Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 18

BLENHEIM PALACE:—Designed by Vanbrugh, and presented to the Duke of Marlborough as a reward for his victory at Blenheim in 1704.

Johnnie Walker: "John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, head of an illustrious family; yet they tell me your Army 'swore terribly in Flanders'."

Shade of Duke of Marlborough: "True, but unlike the Army of to-day they had no JOHNNIE WALKER."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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Artistic Jewellery

All harassed with doubts as to what to give must cast their worries aside and visit Vickery's, 179, Regent Street, W.; there are little things for a few shillings, and others of regal magnificence costing many hundreds of pounds. Pictured on this page is a mascot with a tom-tit in the centre, it is enamelled in true colours in 15-carat gold. There are other pendants with chicks and magpies. Also portrayed is a diamond cluster pendant on platinum neck-chain. Worthy of every consideration—there is an infinite variety of walking sticks, with solid carved animal and bird handles, for men and women. The new catalogue is ready, and will be sent on application to all who mention this paper.



Gold and Enamel Pendant

At J. C. Vickery's

Yuletide Gifts

A veritable Mecca for all seeking gifts that are different is Liberty's, Regent Street, W. All who are unable to reach these *salons* must write for the illustrated catalogue, as it is printed throughout in colours; the reproductions are perfectly beautiful. For the kiddies there are cuddly dolls; there is a "chick-a-biddy" covered with felt, 7 in. high, for 3s. 3d.; the parrot, covered with velvet, 17 in. from head to tail, 11s. 6d.; mascot hats in plush and velvet are 2s. 3d., and mascot dolls in felt and wool are 3s. 11d. Exceptionally beautiful are the cushions; the one on this page is covered with printed velveteen, filled with pure down; it is £2 15s. Gramophone record (or musical) cabinet spring seat, covered with brocade, is £4 17s. 6d., and there are pretty foot-rests for 7s. 11d.



A Printed Shantung Scarf

At Liberty's

Frocks and their Accessories

No matter whether a dress is sought or some accessory of the toilette, Jay's, Regent Street, W., must be visited. Much to be desired is the knitted wool dress relieved with artificial silk pictures, which is pleasantly priced at 8½ guineas. Again, there are all-wool knitted coats and skirts for 6½ guineas. A novelty this season are the marabout fans in all the fashionable shades, with carved ivory sticks, for 38s. 6d., and there are others of red and black coque feathers. There is no doubt about it that the tapestry bags will enjoy an immense success; they are as finely worked as the pictures of bygone days. In the domain of stockings, gloves, and handkerchiefs there is a host of possibilities to explore.



Erasmic Perfume, Shaving Stick, and Dentifrice

Erasmic Toilette Preparations

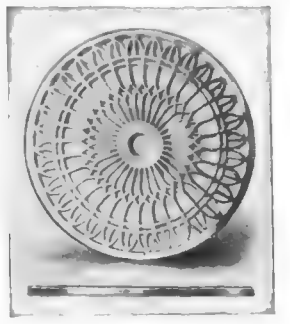
Something initialled by Erasmic is always tremendously liked, no matter whether it be soap, perfume, or any of their other specialities. The virtues of an excellent face cream or skin food, as well as an elusive perfume, are present in the "Peerless" Erasmic soap, which is sold by all chemists and stores of prestige. This season they are putting up their powders, brilliantine, etc., in artistic black and gold Japan cases, which are ornaments on any dressing table. Emphasis must be laid on the fact that this season they have brought out three new perfumes — Parfum Chypre, 7s. 6d.; Parfum Si Belle, 10s. 6d.; Parfum de Lui, 25s.



A Decorated Tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem Toffee

Super-Kreem Toffee

When in doubt play trumps, or rather give the children a tin of Sharp's Super-Kreem toffee. It is an extremely wholesome sweet, and is always appreciated; it is sold everywhere. It is obtainable in 4s. decorated tins, or 1s., 1s. 6d., and 2s. 9d. tins, also in drums for 1s. and 2s. 6d. When the latter are empty they give untold joy to the little folk, as they require little persuasion to create volumes of noise. It is likewise sold by the pound. Neither must it be forgotten that there is assorted Super-Kreem toffee consisting, of chocolate, almond, cocoanut, and plain.



A Silver-mounted Glass Teapot Stand



A Silver Toasting Fork

At the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company

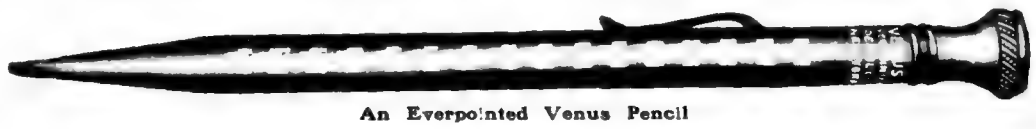


A Wool and Artificial Silk Dress

At Jay's

Venus Everpointed Pencils

Is there anything more annoying than when, at a critical—one might almost say vital—moment, there is no point to the pencil? Users of the Venus pointed pencils never suffer in this way, they are extraordinarily simple to use. It must be mentioned, however, that all desirous of obtaining information regarding the various styles can obtain the same from Venus, 173–5, Lower Clapton Road, London, E. 5. The best lead to use is Thin Leads, No. 38, made in seven degrees, so that every hand may be suited; the H.B. Medium is excellent for general use. They are stocked by all jewellers and stationers of prestige in pretty velvet-lined cases.



An Everpointed Venus Pencil



A Sapphire and Diamond Pendant

At J. C. Vickery's

Presents of Silver

It is always pleasant to receive a present of silver, especially when it emanates from the showrooms of the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, 112, Regent Street, W. Surely nothing could be more desirable than the silver-mounted toasting fork (length 17½ in.) for £1 10s. A novelty is the silver-mounted glass teapot stand, diameter 6 in. for £1 10s., small size £1. A strong point in its favour is that if the glass should break it can be replaced for quite a small sum. Then a child's solid silver mug is £1 12s. 6d., and a Regent Plate and glass sardine box with cover is £1. The catalogue is a fount of inspiration for all engaged in the pleasurable occupation of present giving; it will be sent gratis and post free.

A Simple Christmas Card

Christmas is essentially a season of remembrance, and there is no better way of honouring it than by sending a greeting card to everyone. Once again, on Christmas morning, cards will rekindle friendship in thousands of hearts all over the world. Away, perhaps, in some plantation home in Africa, a boy will be able to look out across the years and live over again Christmases of years gone by, with the old log-fire burning in his memory, and the merry laughter echoing back across the plains of time. All because someone remembered to send him a greeting card. Many old eyes will light anew with pleasure; many young ones, too, will sparkle the more, simply because greeting cards have brought that wonderful message: "I still remember you." Old friendships will be recalled, new ones strengthened, acquaintances will ripen into something greater, due alone to a little friendly remembrance in the form of greeting cards. Now is the time to prepare our lists and buy our cards. Let "scatter sunshine with greeting cards" be our precept and our example this Christmas.



Printed Velveteen Cushion

At Liberty's

Fry's Chocolates

There are many who, during the ensuing weeks will be seeking something that will cost 5s., 7s. 6d., or 10s. 6d., and then it is that they will do well to remember that these are the prices of boxes of Fry's delicious chocolates; all that has to be done is to ask the nearest store for the same. There is the Jazz box illustrated for 10s. 6d. The black and gold roses on a background of orange strike a note of refinement. The Lattice box is 5s.; it has a grey and cream background with a lattice-work of roses. A country view is portrayed on another box that is 7s. 6d.; they are all tied up with satin ribbon. Chocolats Fantasie is 3s. for a half-pound box. The chocolates are as delicious as the boxes are artistic.



The Jazz Box, Containing Fry's Delicious Chocolates

Presentation Swan Pens

No busy educated man or woman can in these days afford to be without a fountain pen, and there are none better than the Swan, no matter whether it be the self-filling pattern that costs 15s. or the handsome presentation model below, which ranges in prices from 27s. 6d. to 10 guineas in rolled and plain gold and silver; mounted with precious stones it is obtainable at various prices up to £50. These excellent pens are sold by all stationers and jewellers, while Mabie, Todd, and Co., 133, Oxford Street, W., will send the illustrated catalogue on application. If the nib of any Swan pen is not suitable it will be exchanged on presentation, which is indeed an immense advantage.



A Swan Self-filling Pen

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The John Haig Clubland Series, No. 8.



The Royal Societies Club.

IN 1709 the leading Philosophers of the time used to foregather to discuss over the dinner-table their problems and their theories. At one time, before it adopted its present title of the Royal Societies Club, this meeting place was known as Dr. Halley's Club, after that staunch old "Admirable Crichton" of Science, who was its leading member.

Another famous member was the woman-hating Cavendish, and a story is told how one evening an exceedingly pretty girl was observed watching from an opposite window the assembled philosophers at dinner. First one and then another got up until all were clustered round the window lost in admiration of the fair one. Cavendish, who thought they were looking at the moon, bustled up in his odd way, and discovered to his unutterable disgust the unsuspected philandering of his fellow scientists.

And if a pretty face could thus distract the learned, how much more than probable it is that the philosophers of 1709 admired and appreciated John Haig Whisky, for then, as now, the *Original* Haig Whisky was renowned among scientific and unscientific alike. For nearly three centuries now this product of Scotland's oldest distillers has enjoyed an unequalled reputation.

Dye ken

John THE ORIGINAL **Haig?**

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

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Shop at Maison Lyons

"Shop at Maison Lyons" is excellent advice to all who wish to obtain the very best of all possible value for their money. A post card addressed to them, 370, Oxford Street, W., asking for particulars of their various specialities, will receive immediate attention. The red seal box of chocolates contains three distinct varieties with soft, hard, and assorted centres; small boxes are 2s. 6d., large 5s. It must be remembered that this firm's chocolates are really delicious; they are sold by the pound, 4s., as well as put up in camouflaged boxes like the one on this page. By the way, Turkish delight is 1s. 6d. and 2s. per tin. To the credit of this firm must be placed a really good and economical Dundee cake; there is no better stand-by during the Christmas holidays. It is made in various sizes. Warmly to be recommended is the 4s. 3d., which weighs over 2 lb. and is in a pretty tin. Lyons fruit pies are a boon to the busy housekeeper, as all that is necessary to do to them is to place them in the oven for five minutes; they are from 1s.



A Pretty Doll
Conceals a Box of Maison Lyons Chocolates

State Express Cigarettes

All seeking a gift that is expressive of individual selection — something distinctive, something exclusive, which bears evidence of personal thought—must turn their attention to a box of State Express cigarettes. In the good old days one's friends spent weeks in preparing their tokens of goodwill, however humble. Whether it took the form of a hand-painted or hand-knitted tie, the token expressed that element of personal care. So it is with State Express cigarettes. Each is individually made by hand—one at a time! The tobacco leaf is selected with meticulous care and matured like old wine. All stalk, sand, and dust is eliminated, and every cigarette is separately rolled and encased by hand in pure vegetable paper.



State Express Cigarettes



A Canister of U.K. Tea

A Constant Reminder of the Donor

There is no doubt that anyone will welcome an Onoto pen, pencil, or diary, as each in their own individual way spell perfection. Those who are looking for a pen to send away this Christmas will do well to remember that the Onoto pen is made by Thos. De La Rue and Co., for it is made to last. It is a very clean and handy self-filler, and cannot leak. It can be sent through the post filled with ink. There are ever so many models, at all prices, from the plutocratic ones in gold cases to the standard pen at 12s. 6d., and there is also the pencil.



Onoto Pen, Pencil, and Diary

Gifts that Please

Everyone is always pleased to have a gift that emanates from Harvey Nichols and Co., Knightsbridge, S.W., especially when it takes the form of fur. No one must visit these *salons* without seeing the blue wolf animal stoles for 11½ guineas; they are made of specially selected skins of an exquisite grey *nuance*. Again, there are natural skunk wraps, five strands wide, for 21 guineas, and blue kitt-fox stoles are 10 guineas. As there are many who cannot afford to spend quite as much as this, attention must be drawn to the gloves, which are noteworthy on account of their excellent wearing qualities. For instance, there are strap and dome chevrette gloves in tan and slate for 9s. 6d.; 6s. 11d. is the price of reindeer fabric gloves inlet with black and finished with picot edges; while elastic wrist mocha suède gloves lined with silk are 14s. 6d. Equally desirable for Christmas gifts are stockings, and for these accessories this firm has no rival to fear.



Fashionable Gloves
At Harvey Nichols and Co.

U.K. Teas

Christmastide is always associated with the time-honoured custom of giving presents. There are few households in the United Kingdom where a caddy of tea would not prove a most acceptable and welcome gift. The United Kingdom Tea Company of 1, Paul Street, London, E.C., Tea Merchants by Appointment to His Majesty the King and Her Majesty



He will welcome this gift

The Christmas gift that will please him most is the New Improved Gillette Safety Razor.

He will instantly recognise that it is something he can *use* every day, something that will save him time and money, and add to his comfort and personal efficiency.

It is a gift he will appreciate far more than anything else you can think of.

See the full range of handsome New Improved Gillette outfits to-day—any Gillette dealer will help you to select your gift. The prices *NOW* range from 21s. and upwards.

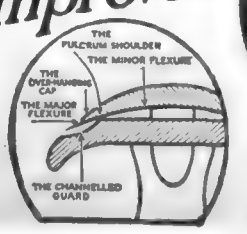


NOW 21/-

NEW STANDARD (*as illustrated*). Triple silver-plated New Improved Gillette Safety Razor. Metal Box containing 12 double-edge Gillette Blades (24 shaving edges) in Genuine Leather Case, purple velvet and satin lined - - - - - - - - - - **21/-**

Also Gold Plated 25/-

The New Improved **Gillette** Safety Razor



TRADE Gillette MARK KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

NO STROPPING. NO HONING.

Sold by Cutlers, Stores, Ironmongers, Hairdressers, Chemists and Jewellers throughout the country.

Gillette Blades. In packets of 12 (24 shaving edges)—Reduced price **4/6**
In packets of 6 (12 shaving edges)—Reduced price **2/3**

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, LTD., 184-188, Great Portland Street, London W.1. *By Appointment to His Royal Highness The Prince of Wales.*

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"OVALTINE"

Prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs, "Ovaltine" presents the concentrated nutriment and nerve-restoring elements extracted from these natural tonic foods. It is also abundantly rich in all the necessary vitamines which scientists affirm are essential for the nourishment, protection and health of the body.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cup of hot milk or milk and water make a most delicious beverage which is readily digested and completely assimilated.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

"Ovaltine" is also a valuable source of strength, giving health and vitality and restoring in fatigue. It is specially recommended for convalescents, nursing mothers, fast-growing children, and at times of severe bodily or mental strain.

"Ovaltine" is obtainable throughout the British Empire.

Sold by all Chemists and Stores in the United Kingdom at 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6

It is economical to purchase the larger-sized tins.

A. WANDER, LIMITED
45, Cowcross St., London, E.C.1
Works: King's Langley, Hertfordshire

P. 155

Sound Sleep

Sleeplessness is frequently due to nervous debility and digestive unrest. "Ovaltine" is rich in those elements which restore the nerves and correct digestion. Taken just before retiring, a cupful of "Ovaltine" promotes sound and refreshing slumber.

OVALTINE
TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE
Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

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Queen Alexandra, undertake to supply teas at most reasonable prices, packed and delivered carriage paid to any address in the kingdom. A choice blend is packed in decorated canisters holding ¼ lb., ½ lb., 1, 3, 5, 7, and 10 lb. respectively, at the inclusive price of 3s. per lb. Also in useful hinged lid plain canisters holding 7, 10, 14, and 20 lb. respectively. Other blends are as follows: No. 3 on list, New Century blend, 2s. 4d. per lb.; No. 4 on list, Kaisow and Darjeeling, 2s. 8d. per lb.; No. 5 on list, Terrace tea, 3s. per lb.; No. 7 on list, Souchong, Assam, and Ceylon blend, 3s. 4d. per lb. It may be mentioned that the company's "Volora" (tea for invalids), price 3s. 6d. per lb., is excellent. Teas are packed by the company without additional charge in small packets convenient for charitable distribution. A special Christmas list has been issued by the company, giving particulars of a large variety of seasonable commodities, and a copy of this list will be sent free on application.



The "Lytup" Bag
At Dunhill's

"Lytup" Bags

Christmas means theatres and taxis in town, driving to dances in the country. Everywhere have touches to be given to the complexion in the dark, tickets and latch-keys have to be hunted for. Therefore there could not possibly be a more acceptable Christmas present than a "Lytup" bag. There is a splendid selection of "Lytups" in the Dunhill shop at 50, Jermyn Street. Should distance prevent a visit, then a selection will be sent on approval; naturally, the usual trade references must be given. These hand-bags are provided with tiny electric bulbs, which light up when it is opened. They are made in various colours and designs, the one pictured being black and white.

Perfumes and Toilet Luxuries

The name of Dubarry et Cie., 81, Brompton Road, S.W., is synonymous with all that is best in the domain of perfumes and toilet luxuries, hence all and sundry will be well advised to write for the illustrated Christmas catalogue and carefully study the same. Warmly to be commended is the fashion that forbids the mingling of perfumes, whether as perfumes or scents, contained in toilet articles; as a matter of fact, the finest characteristic bouquets are so subtle that the pleasing effect of any particular one would be nullified by association with any other odour. The Golden Morn perfume carries with it a suggestion of youth and health, and its fragrance, although elusive, is irresistible and fascinating. In cut crystal bottles of unique design with butterfly-design stopper, in silk-lined case, the price is 21s. Smaller size in less elaborate bottles is 8s. 6d. post free. All orders are sent post free, with the customer's card enclosed, to any address in Great Britain. As it is not always possible to give expensive Christmas presents, attention must be drawn to the Dubarry Bath Tablets; they are 4s. 9d. per box of twelve tablets; one tablet is sufficient for a large bath. They are endowed with various perfumes, not forgetting the Golden Morn. An important virtue of Poudre Dubarry is its fidelity to Nature's own tints; its wonderful transparency defies detection; it is likewise 4s. 9d. a box.



Golden Morn Perfume
At Dubarry et Cie.'s



Golden Morn Bath Salts
At Dubarry et Cie.'s



Rowntree's Delicious Chocolates

A Christmas Box for Everybody

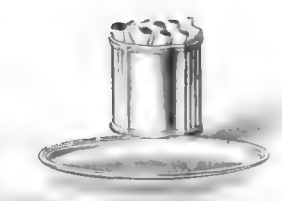
The old-time phrase, "Christmas box" meant, not a coin but a box which would hold money, like a collecting box or a missionary box, and it was actually presented on "Boxing Day." Nowadays Christmas gifts are far more varied, and one of the best of all Christmas boxes is a box of Rowntree's chocolates. This renowned firm have issued this year an exceptional range of beautiful boxes suitable for the purpose. They are all filled with delicious chocolates, which are distinguished by the superlative quality of their centres and the daintiness and attractiveness of their shapes. All confectioners and stores stock these really excellent chocolates; schoolboys revel in a piece of the same for their favourite "elevens" with a hard biscuit.

BY APPOINTMENT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BY APPOINTMENT

8-day Lever Clock, in plain finely figured tortoiseshell-fronted case, with strut at back
£5 0 0



Solid Silver Cigarette Stand with Ash Tray.
£2 5 0



9-ct. Gold-mounted Ivory Cigarette Tube, to take any size cigarette, in ivory case of novel design; the cigarette can be ejected without using the fingers.
£1 4 0
18-ct. Gold mounted ditto ... £1 15 0



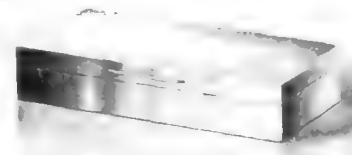
Ash Trays in Mexican Onyx, silver-gilt mounted, with hand-coloured porcelain models of various quaint birds.
£1 7 6



8-Day Lever Clock, in fine blue or pink enamel and silver-gilt case, with strut at back.
£7 0 0



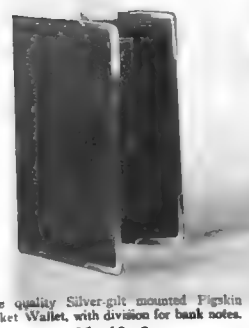
Silver-gilt mounted Perpetual Calendar, with hand-coloured porcelain model of quaint bird, on Mexican onyx base.
£1 8 6



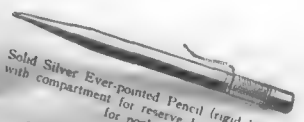
Solid Silver Cigarette Box, lined cedar wood, length 7 inches.
£5 0 0



Solid Silver Engine-turned Flask, gilt inside, with bayonet cap, concave and thin for pocket.
3½-ounce size £2 5 0
4½-ounce size 2 17 6
6½-ounce size 3 10 0



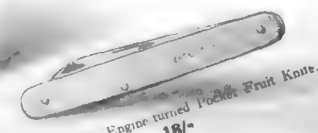
Fine quality Silver-gilt mounted Pigskin Pocket Wallet, with division for bank notes.
£1 10 0
With 9-ct. Gold mounts ... £2 10 0



Solid Silver Ever-pointed Pencil (rigid lead), with compartment for reserve leads and clip for pocket.
19/6
9-ct. Gold £5 12 6
18-ct. Gold 7 12 6



Two African Ivory concave Military Hair Brushes, with fine quality bristles, with Ivory Comb in solid leather case.
£5 0 0



Solid Silver Engine-turned Pocket Fruit Knife.
18/-

GIFTS BOOK SENT FREE. SELECTIONS FOR APPROVAL

ONLY ONE ADDRESS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd
112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

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"The THREE CASTLES" Virginia Cigarettes

The Cigarette with the Pedigree.



Master Ralph Layne

Merchant of London, Governor of Virginia 1586, is credited with the introduction of Tobacco into England. He sailed with Sir Richard Grenville in April 1585 and returned with his company under Sir Francis Drake in 1586. Master Layne didnt guess he was taking home so fair a plant "that doth as needful stand as heaven or fire or air or sea or land: as moon or stars that rule the gloomy night or sacred friendship or the sunny light" And yet, who lives with these "Three Castles" Cigarettes shall have his needs fulfilled till he can say "For thy sake "Three Castles" I, would do anything but die!"

"Theres no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the

"THREE CASTLES"

W.M.Thackeray "The Virginians"

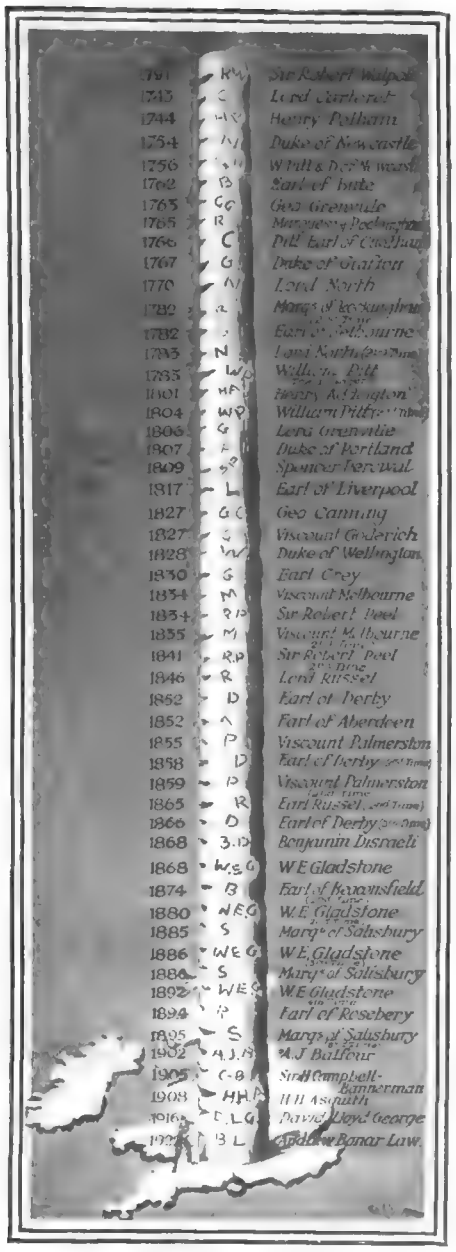
W.D. & H.O.WILLS.
BRISTOL & LONDON
ENGLAND

T.C.44

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The Notched Pole

British Premiers since the year 1721, indicated by initials on the pole

POLLS OF THE PAST—A Peep Show.

By WALTER SICHEL

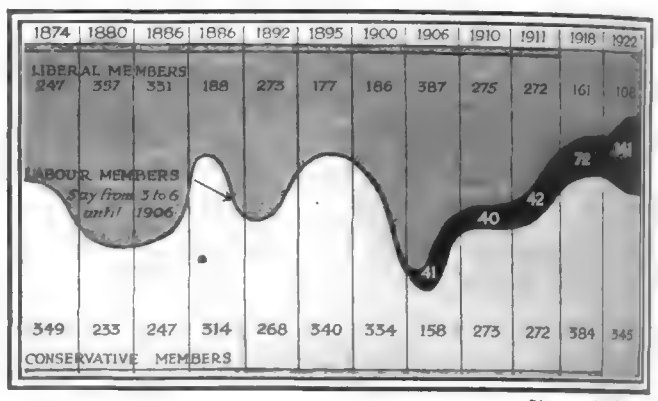
In these cinematic days it is a pity, perhaps, that no film has yet been made of the dramatic election scenes that still re-echo through history. There is much less rough-and-tumble fun as well as much less of ordeal for the modern candidate. The hustings meant real hustle once upon a time when John Bull wore boxing gloves, the people, less "educated," were far more shrewd and known, while the secrecy of the ballot would have been called un-English. There was also much more colour, both in costume and language, and great was the part played by ancient hostelries in the drinkful battle of the polls.

There then were no struggles of a day, but proved "linked" bitterness "long drawn out." The native love of show and pageant used to find full-bodied expression in these traditional Saturnalia, and the fair footed it with the brave. Everyone remembers the famous Westminster election of 1784, when the lovely Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire kissed even butchers in her enthusiasm for Fox, while his competitors were nicknamed the "Ass" and the "Lion," and the song sounded, "Let Charlie and liberty carry the day." But few are aware that the same brilliant madcap assembled the chiefs of her party in her dressing-room, while the Prince of Wales himself descended into the arena with a fox brush as cockade. It was a lady's battle. "Perdita" Robinson and Mrs. Armstead (the actress's handmaid, who eleven years onwards was to prove Fox's devoted wife)canvassed the throng, who shouted, "All for love," or "The world well lost." And who now recollects? And the whole was crowned by the gorgeous ball given by the sparkling Mrs. Crewe with her "buff and blue."

But who, I wonder, recollects Sheridan's retort on the same hustings twenty-two years later, when he parried the coarse cut-and-thrust of his opponent (Paull, a tailor's son) as follows: "He has declared that he would like to dash my brains out. . . . I cordially agree with him, and have only one more request to submit. Let him be very careful when he performs his operation. Let him pick up my brains, *for he needs them sadly*"? And to march still farther onwards, who recollects the very young Disraeli's rejoinder, at his first Marylebone adventure, to an elector who bawled out, "On what do you take your stand?"—"My head"?

Space forbids a procession of memorable things unremembered, but I am old enough to remember, as a Harrow boy in 1868, the impromptu wit of the young Lord George Hamilton—happily still with us. His foes, who supported Mr. Labouchere in the Liberal interest, railed at his youth, asking in the slang of the time, "Does your mother know you're out?" to which he at once replied, "No, but in a very short time I hope she'll know that I'm *in*." And when Mr. Labouchere (who had lately had a disastrous fracas, it was rumoured, with Farina of Cologne) twitted him with his years, he quickly stopped that mordant tongue with, "I may be an infant-in-arms, but I was never fed on *farinaceous* food." It was by no means always the candidate who scored, and on one occasion, when the son of a baron with a foreign name paraded that distinction, one of the crowd scathed him with, "Yes, and I wish your mother had been *barren*, too."

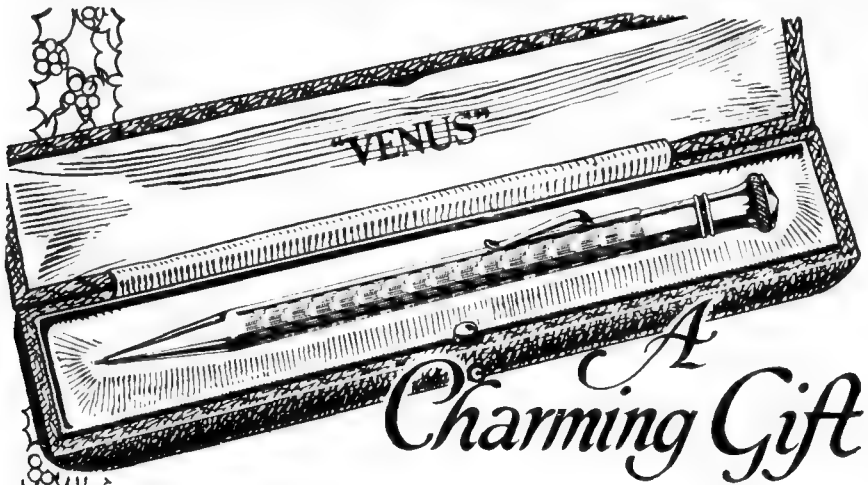
But I must ramble no more. Those old bludgeon-contests were for sharply-defined issues sufficiently understood. But now it might seem otherwise, though indeed the real issue shapes itself clearly to me. It is two-fold; England needs a rest-cure, and in every department and almost every country the conflict is between nationalism and inter-nationalism. We are less picturesque than of old, but let us pray that our perception, if not our tongue, may be as poignant.



Diagrams by G. Brou

Party Strength in Parliament Since 1874

This diagram shows how the balance of power has been held in the Commons during the past fifty years. The growth of the Labour party, from two or three members in 1886 to the second largest party in the House, is one of the noticeable features of the 1922 Parliament



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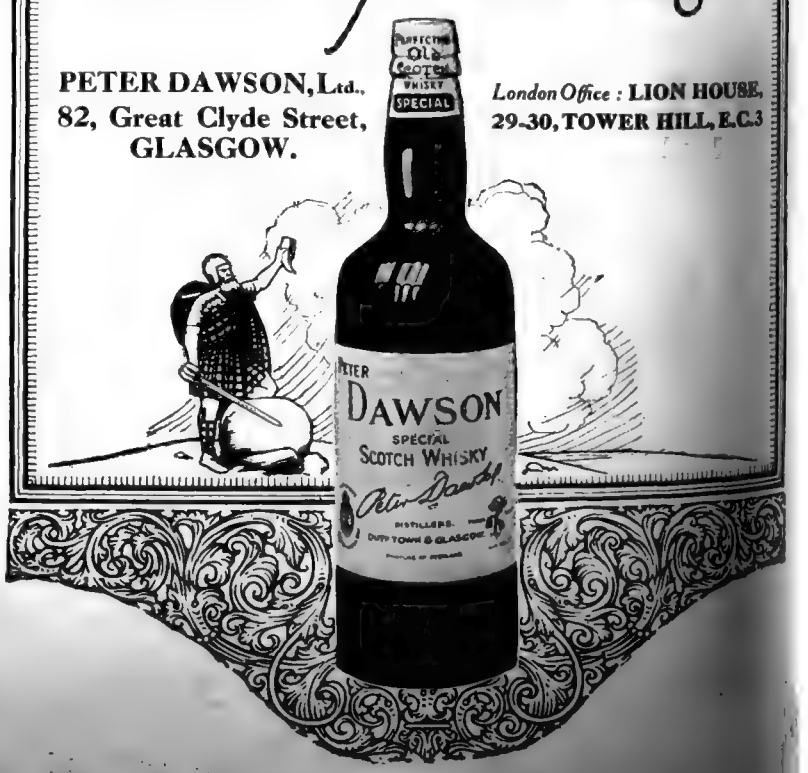
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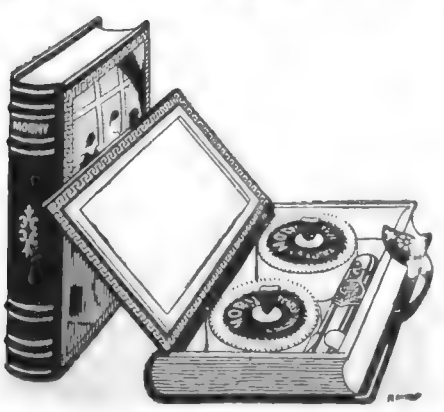
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P Hearne.



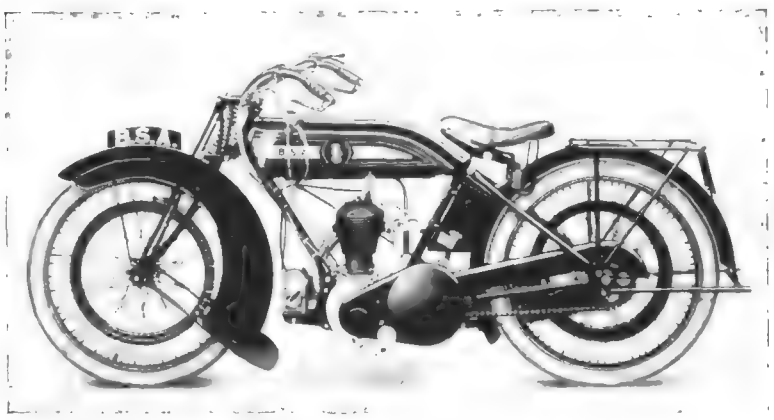
Mr. J. W. Beeby, the New Managing Director of Messrs. Straker-Squire, Ltd.

To visit the cycle and motor-cycle exhibition, which opened last week at Olympia, was to renew many delightful memories of boyhood's days. Did ever gift give greater pleasure than one's first pedal cycle? How proud we were of the most primitive models in the early days, and how exciting it was from year to year to follow the new development as the bicycle went through its rapid evolution.

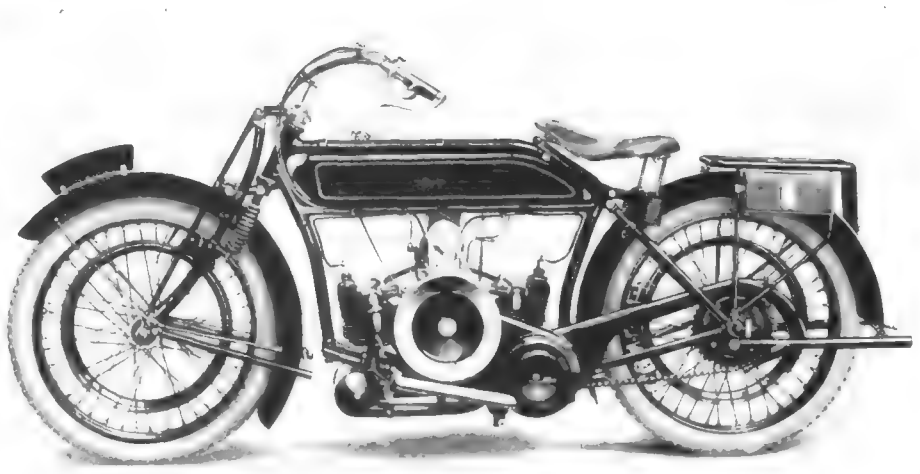
Then the joy of the first motor-cycle, fiercer and more disturbing even than the pleasure derived from the first pedal cycle! . . . It is good to think that the boys of to-day will go through the same thrills, and wistfully we envy them.

And how fortunate the modern boy is with the highly perfected pedal cycle, a thing of lightness, speed, and grace; and the motor-bicycle, a marvel of mechanical ingenuity, awe-inspiring in its wonderful complexity. Yet the modern riders cannot be happier than we were.

As long as there are boys in the world we shall have cycles and motor-cycles. The joy of being young and strong, and of feeling one's power expressed in speed by the bicycle wheels, is a sensation which will always appeal to boys. Then, when they are a little older, the motor-bicycle makes another kind of appeal no less irresistible.



The New 2¾-h.p. B.S.A. Motor Bicycle—A Fine Example of the Latest Practice



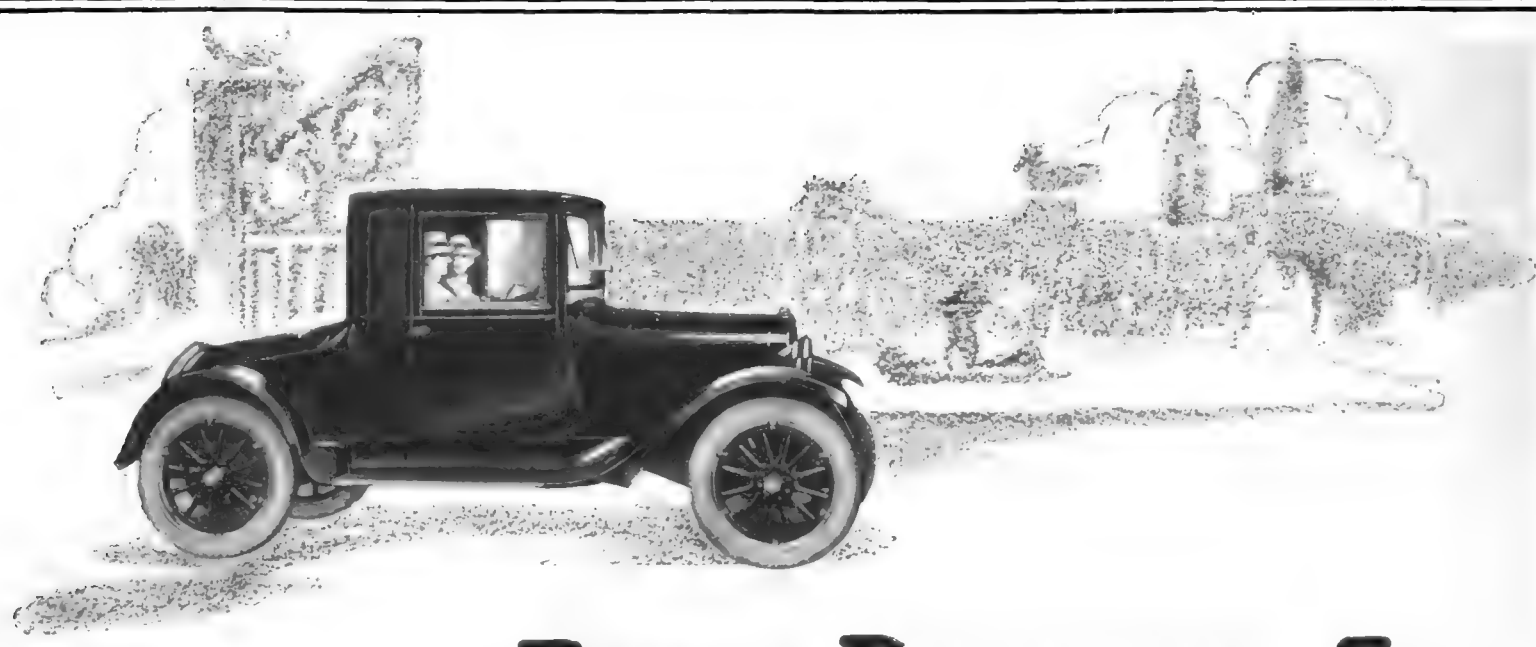
The 1923 Model of the 4½-h.p. Humber Touring Motor Bicycle

Amazingly good are the machines of to-day. In cycles one has the refined products bearing such historic names as Humber, Rover, B.S.A., Rudge, Raleigh, Sunbeam, etc., and in motor-cycles we have most of these names repeated, and many others added. You can have motors ranging from 1¾ h.p. to 12 h.p., and from one cylinder to four cylinders. Side-cars in many models offer that still later development in cycle transport.

The race for the Spanish Grand Prix, which was decided recently near Barcelona, proved a further triumph for Kenelm Lee Guinness, who won the event on a Talbot-Darracq car fitted with Dunlop tyres. The car used was one of the famous Talbot-Darracq team which have already competed with success in six big international races. The average speed attained was nearly 65½ miles per hour for a distance of 331 miles over bad roads.

The Royal Automobile Club will celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of its foundation on December 7–8. In honour of the event delegates from every Automobile Club in the world have decided to do honour to the club by holding their world conference in London. The Prince of Wales, who is the vice-patron of the club, has graciously consented personally to receive the delegates at St. James's Palace.

The great day of the celebrations will be December 8, when the Royal Automobile Club have arranged a grand gathering of the members to a dinner, which will be served in the Royal Covent Garden Theatre, and afterwards a theatrical performance such as has rarely been seen in this country will be given.



DODGE BROTHERS COUPÉ

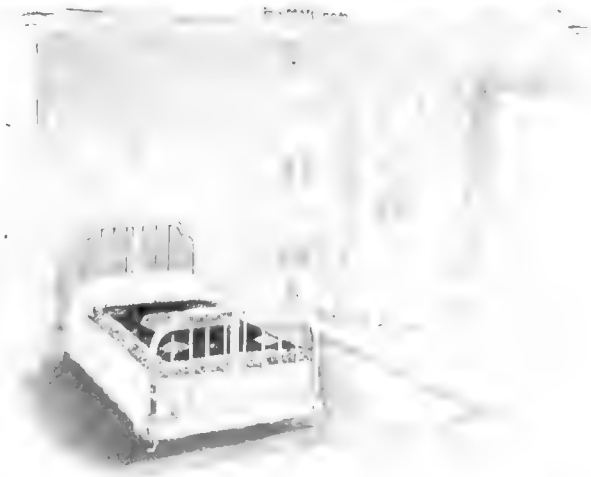
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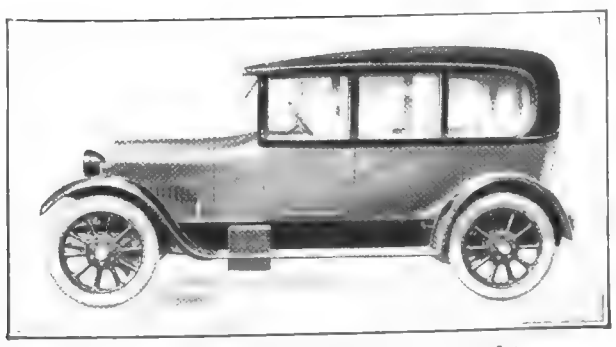
THE variable conditions of road and weather at this season of the year impose severe tests upon the qualities of a car—but the 12 h.p. ROVER Saloon illustrated will prove its superiority. It may be purchased with every confidence to provide comfort in service and absolute dependability real carriage comfort under all climatic conditions. Many improvements in the chassis have been effected for 1923, a new engine developing considerably more horsepower is fitted, giving greater liveliness and more speed to the car. The lubrication of the engine has been altered to pressure feed.

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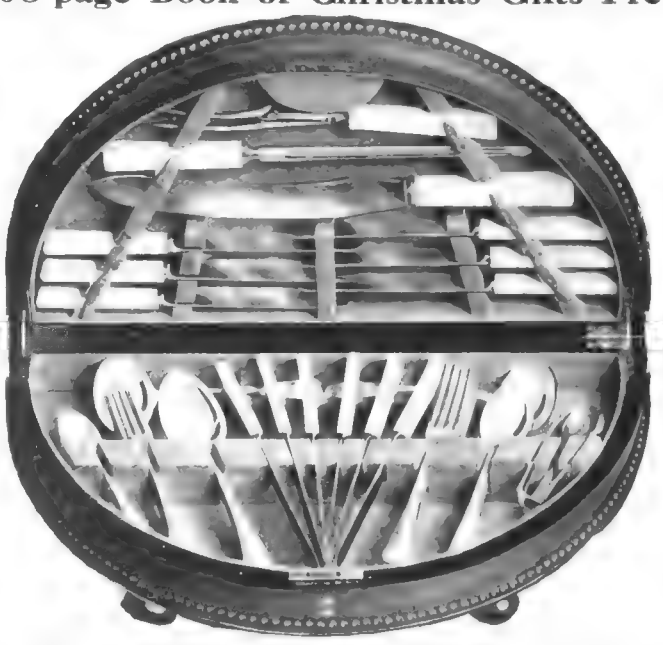
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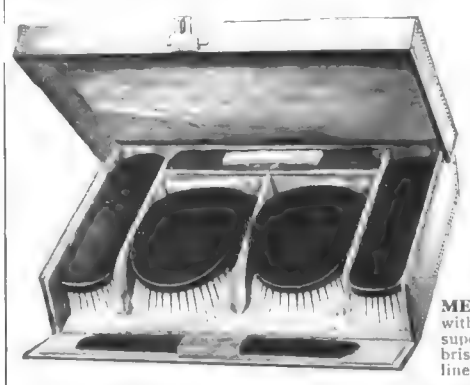


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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

The New Stevenson

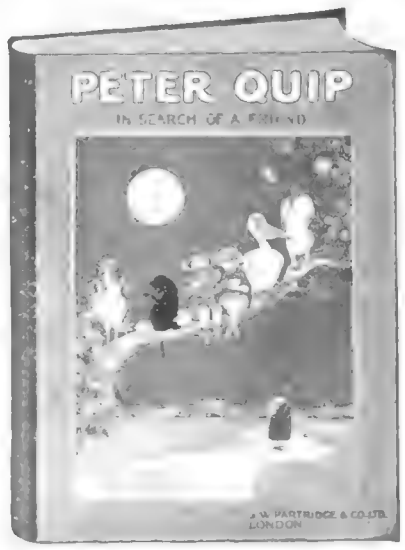
Surely an ideal Christmas present is the new edition of R. L. Stevenson. It is published in London by Mr. Heinemann, in some forty volumes, at about £40. It is called the "Vailima Edition," and to my mind it beats the Edinburgh, the Pentland, and, in fact, all other editions of Stevenson out of the field. It is beautifully printed, as indeed was the Edinburgh edition, although the Pentland edition was not, but it is much more complete than these earlier issues. If you are making friends with a new writer you only want to know him at his best. But when you are his devoted bond-slave you like to have him at his worst as well as at his best. You certainly like to watch the prentice hand before his powers reach their fulness. Altogether, I proclaim the "Vailima" Stevenson the most priceless of possessions. There are only a thousand sets, and happy will be their possessors.

The New Melville

Another noble gift-book for Christmas is the Standard edition of the Works of Herman Melville, published by Constable. Here there are only 750 sets, and I believe I am right in saying that half of these went direct to America, so that those who want to give a delightful gift to a friend will have to hurry to their bookseller. Melville's books—*Typee*, *Omoo*, *Moly Dick*, etc.—have had a relatively small vogue in England. Yet their votaries know what treasures they are, and how greatly they appeal to the adventurous mind. Here in twelve large handsome volumes, issued at 10 guineas, is a noble gift of literature for the Christmas season.

An Old Friend in a New Dress

A more practical gift—or at least, a gift to more practical people—is the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*. This book has gone through edition after edition, and has been frequently re-edited. When it first appeared, there was scarcely a science of geology. Lyell had not, I imagine, written his *Outlines*. No one had dreamt of the electric light, the telephone, the wireless. An old encyclopædia makes quaint reading to-day. But here is the most up-to-date of books of reference, and one of the best. There are, as before, ten volumes at 20s. each, and the modern mind is scattered over the pages of the first volume, which is before me. I will be less general when I notice later volumes, but here I need only say that George Bernard Shaw, G. K. Chesterton, Lord Askwith, Edward Clodd, and Professor W. A. Bone are among the new contributors to this new issue.



An Ideal Children's Book

Illustrated by W. Heath Robinson, and published by S. W. Partridge and Co.

A Glimpse of the Old World

Mr. Percy Gardner, professor of Classical Archæology in the University of Oxford, contributes a preface to *Greek Vase Painting*, by Ernst Buschor (Chatto and Windus, 25s. net). The book contains 160 illustrations of Greek vases and the most minutely detailed history of the conditions under which they were made. One is impressed now, as always, with the wonderful love of beauty in that early world.

The Future of London

If you want to add a good book to those in your library upon London you will buy *London of the Future*, edited by Sir Aston Webb (T. Fisher Unwin, 42s.). This book is issued by the London Society, the members of which have contributed their essays free of charge. Sir Aston Webb tells us what the London Society is. I confess never to have heard of it before. It aspires to interest Londoners in London, to preserve as far as possible all that is old and beautiful in London—not, we are assured, to reconstruct London and turn it into another Paris. Yet this last is precisely what I want to see done to London. I should like to destroy many buildings which have been constructed within my memory, including the buildings adjutting on to the Law Courts on the western side, and the ponderous block of stones which have grown up near Piccadilly Circus, destroying the fine eighteenth-century or Regency lines of Regent Street. So far from permitting the present Regent Street to be destroyed, I would continue the balcony indefinitely. The trouble is, we can none of us agree as to what will make London beautiful.

The Spirit of London

I agree with Dean Inge for once, if he really suggested the blowing up of Charing Cross Bridge as our National War Memorial. But I would first of all blow up the bridge at Ludgate Circus, which hides from me every day a part of St. Paul's Cathedral. Well, here is a collection of essays telling us how London may be improved. Colonel Hellard writes on the Roads and Streets, Mr. H. J. Leaning on Railway Reconstruction, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu on Commercial Aviation, Sir Reginald Blomfield on the Bridges of London, Mr. Raymond Unwin on the Development of London, Lord Devonport on The Port of London, and our new Ambassador to Paris, Lord Crewe, on The Spirit of London. The whole book is paved with good intentions.

"Peter Quip"

From the old-established firm of S. W. Partridge, which has a long record behind it of entrancing children's books, I have received *Peter Quip in Search of a Friend*, of which that humorous artist, W. Heath Robinson, is both author and illustrator. It is a book for a very little child, and is full of delightful fantasy in which birds and children play an entertaining part. From the same firm I have received *Lucie Attwell's Annual*. Lucie Attwell is one of the clever artists of children's pictures who has come to the front of late with a great deal of clever work. She is quite gifted enough to have an annual all to herself, and here are in colours a succession of her baby children possessed of an immense amount of vitality and charm. A third book from this firm is *Partridge's Children's Annual*, which is in its thirteenth year of issue. It contains a pleasant medley of clever pictures by Miss A. L. Bowley, who has delighted us for so many years, by Harry B. Neilson and other favourite artists, while the letterpress is contributed by a variety of clever verse-makers and tellers of children's stories. It is a book which will make many children happy.

Stone-Ware

Mr. J. F. Blacker, who has a considerable reputation by his other "A B C" books—*The A B C of Old English China*, of *Old English Pottery*, and so on—has produced through the firm of Stanley Paul another volume entitled, *The A B C of English Salt-Glaze Stone-Ware, from Dwight to Doulton*. This book completes his series of "English Ceramic Art," which began with Old China, and was continued in Old Pottery. It was one John Dwight of Fulham who first introduced this type of pottery into England, with quaint pots and vases. Coloured enamel was introduced into the process in the eighteenth century. Pottery seems to have been made largely at Mortlake, Fulham, and Lambeth through the succeeding years. We have the whole story of Dwight's enterprise told with an abundance of illustrations. Then chapters are devoted to "Staffordshire Salt-Glaze Ware," and the book goes on to recapitulate the career of Sir Henry Doulton of the Lambeth firm associated with his name and with that of George Tinworth, whose life story is a romance one never tires to read. Finally, there is a full account of other potteries of more modern date, and countless illustrations of treasures very dear to the collector.



Lambeth Stone-Ware of the Early Nineteenth Century

From "The A.B.C. of English Salt-Glaze Stone-Ware." By J. F. Blacker. Published by Stanley Paul and Co.

Dean's Christmas Stories and Rag Books

The firm of Dean and Son have published some pretty books for Christmas, including *Youngsters' Big Book*, with many bright illustrations in colour by A. L. Bowley and other artists whose work is associated with the children, and letterpress by Agnes Grozier Herbertson and other writers whose names are well-known in the same connection. There is *A Book of Stories*, *A Book of Tales*, and Dean's "Merry" Series, but the strongest feature in Messrs. Dean's books is undoubtedly the skilful way in which they cater for what one may call babyland; that is to say, the rag toys and rag books which they issue from year to year in astonishing numbers and with astounding skill. Every year produces some novelty, and in 1922 it takes the form of very clever doll-head boxes and a miscellany of quaint animals, which must give an infinity of pleasure to the very little ones. The succession of rag books has been supplemented by washable feeding mats and knockabout toys.

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Last season won the audience heart.

(1) Gilbert uses all the time
With great effect this form of rhyme.
(2) A girl who broke a jester's heart.
(3) Here we have a wicked Bart.
(4) It was in this court absurd
That Angelina's case was heard.
(5) Dazzled by thoughts of wedded bliss,
Shadbolt this light did not miss.
(6) In statements that could be termed thus
Sir Joseph Porter had great trust.
(7) The only consolation left
To Bunthorne of a bride bereft.
(8) Let's make him tipsy, the judge suggests,
But Angelina soon protests.
(9) In book of etiquette it's clear
You must not do what's written here.
(10) One of two kings, the tenor he,
Yet he's beheaded here you see.
(11) One of twenty who sang and sighed,
For each would be a poet's bride.

THE SOLUTION TO THE ACROSTIC

(1)		D istic	H
(2)		E lsi	E
(3)		R uthve	N
(4)		E xcheque	R
(5)		K e	Y
(6)		O fficia	L
(7)		L il	Y
(8)		D efendan	T
(9)		H in	T
(10)	(M)	A rc	O
(11)		M aide	N

The Gilbert and Sullivan Acrostic Competition

The announcement of the results of this competition have been held over till this issue owing to the great number of entries received. So great has been the eagerness of readers to participate, that by the first post on Saturday morning, a few hours after the publication of this issue containing details of the competition, the entries began to flow in—by telegram, by post card, and by letter.

It will be remembered that the prize offered was one guinea for the first correct solution received; as, however, in the first batch of entries there were three correct solutions, the editor has decided to present *three* prizes of one guinea each.

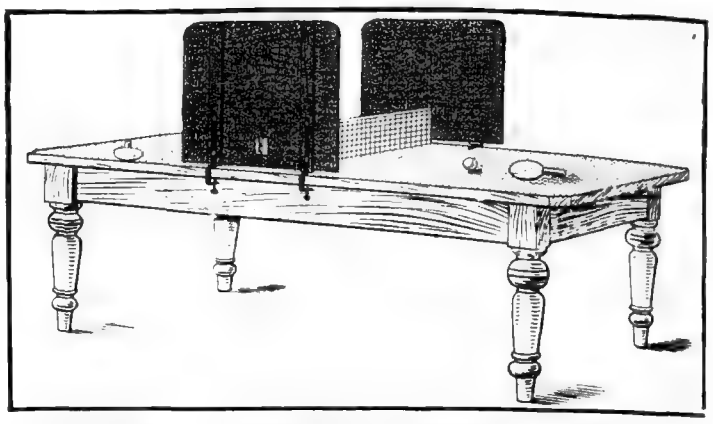
The prize-winners are accordingly (in the order in which their letters were opened):—

Miss H. LOWRY, Clencairn, Manor Road, Bournemouth.
Miss K. R. TAYLOR, Daisyfield, Stalybridge, Cheshire.
Miss S. BARTER, Tramore, St. Mildred's Road, Ramsgate.

Our feminine readers are, apparently, not only keen students of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, but also extremely prompt in despatching an entry once they have solved it. Below we print a list of the senders of *correct* solutions. The percentage of error amongst the competitors was very low; in the majority of cases there was only one error in the whole list submitted, in others two errors—but rarely more. To one of the correspondents (who might otherwise have been included in the list of successful competitors) the Editor would whisper that Derek Oldham spells his name with an H, and Henry Lytton with two T's.

The names of the senders of successful solutions are as follows:—

Miss L. TIMPSON, 29, Wordsworth Walk.
L. STANDFIELD, 5, Christ Church Road.
Miss R. A. HORNE, 2, Campden Hill Gardens.
R. S. ATKINS, Malvern.
Miss I. CARR-SMITH, Holmdene.
K. J. DAVIS, 16, Bassett Road.
Miss C. G. WILCOX, The Bents, Wallasey.
Miss PHYLLIS HARE, Bedford College.
H. J. YOUNGER, Harmeny, Midlothian.
Miss R. STANDFIELD, 5, Christ Church Road.
Miss RANDALL, 48, Shaftesbury Road.
K. H. RANDOLPH, Oxford.
H. J. ROWLETT, 111, South Norwood Hill.



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The Poultry World

There are few subjects to-day over which people wax more enthusiastic than over keeping poultry. We have constant discussions as to whether poultry may be made to pay. Not everyone can make them pay. There seems to be a knack in it, but with everyone who does attempt poultry farming there is an immense amount of satisfaction apart from the profits. The pleasure is apparently contained in the cultivation of a variety of hens, in the delightful gamble as to how many eggs a day one may obtain as against some rival. Many of the problems involved are rendered easy, and a vast amount of information is provided, in *The Encyclopædia of Poultry*, issued in two volumes by the Waverley Book Company, 96, Farringdon Street, London. Two guineas expended upon these handsome volumes, rich in pictures and full of detailed advice, is two guineas saved in the long run, so many are the traps into which it is possible for poultry enthusiasts to fall, all of which the practical experience contained in these volumes will enable us to avoid.

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

The burning of an orphanage in County Galway by the Irish rebels had its sequel in that well-known Training Ship, the *Arethusa*. The orphanage was burnt down, rendering homeless about forty poor boys. The bulk of these lads are on their way to Australia, but one strongly desired to become a sailor, and the committee of the *Arethusa* are glad to have the pleasure of receiving him into their ship. He is a plucky lad, and on the day that the orphanage was burned he was the first boy to meet the rebels. The commander and officers will do their best to give the boy a fitting training. Subscriptions and donations, which the ship needs badly, will be most welcome. The headquarters are at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, where gifts will be thankfully received.

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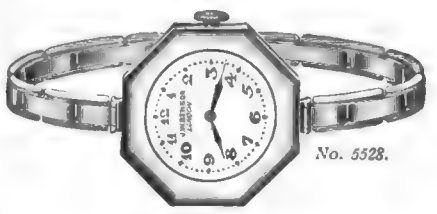
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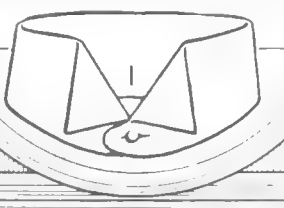
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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE (cont. from p. 241)

"What's he up to?" he demanded. "If you'd tell me that, George, instead of staring like a stuck pig, I'd be obliged to you!"

"P'r'aps he's wondering what game to try on with you next, Mr. Bumberley," the footman suggested.

"Try on with me? I'd like to see 'im—I'd *like* to see 'im!"

The very thought stung him to instant action.

"George," he said, in a calmer but impressively significant voice, "me and you had better step along and 'ave a squint at what this In'jun 'umbug is doin'. I'll take the poker and you can take—well, anything you see. Don't say nothing to anyone else yet, but just you follow me."

As they advanced, it occurred to him that the best place for such an observant young man was the background, sufficiently near to hurry to the rescue if need be but not near enough to see or hear anything that had better remain his superior's secret. Accordingly, he was advancing stealthily along the landing towards the corridor that led to Mr. Gottasittah's bedroom, with the footman waiting at the top of the stairs, when just as he reached the corner he was astounded to see, advancing with equal stealth to meet him, a tall, distinguished-looking young man, dressed in well-cut tweeds, with a small leather case in his hand and a light overcoat over his arm. Instantly the stranger held up a warning finger, and whispered, "Hush!"

"Who—who are you?" demanded Mr. Bumberley in an equally guarded voice.

The stranger came quite close before answering in his ear—"A detective! Have you begun to suspect him at last?"

"'Im?" repeated Mr. Bumberley with bulging eyes. "D'ye mean the In'jun? Yes, sir, I 'ave, indeed!"

"We have known all the time at Scotland Yard!" said the detective. "I followed him down from town, so as to catch him in the act, and now I have caught him!"

"Followed him?" repeated Mr. Bumberley, his eyes bulging afresh. "But when did you get into the 'ouse?"

"Within half an hour of this scoundrel's arrival!"

"You mean you've been 'ere all night?"

The detective smiled knowingly and nodded.

"I have, Mr. Bumberley. When duty calls the British detective force, nothing can keep us out!"

Taking the butler by the arm in a friendly yet authoritative way, he led him out on to the landing, at the same time throwing such a dark and wary glance back over his shoulder that it became evident they were dealing with no ordinary criminal.

"Who is the rascally chap?" inquired Mr. Bumberley, still in a hushed voice.

The detective bent and whispered—

"A thug!"

Mr. Bumberley started.

"What! D'ye mean one of them murdering fellows . . . ?"

"Murder and robbery are his hobbies! He is the most dangerous man in India. We must take the most thorough precautions or even yet it may be too late to avert a tragedy."

"Should I go and fetch a gun, sir?" inquired George, who had been advancing step by step, his little eyes glittering with curiosity, ever since he heard the first whisperings.

Mr. Bumberley turned on him with some asperity.

"What are you a-doing of 'ere?" he demanded. "Didn't I tell you not to move till I whistled?"

The detective laid a kindly hand on the footman's shoulders.

"George happens to be quite right this time, Mr. Bumberley," said he; "you cannot be too well prepared. This villain is armed to the teeth and absolutely reckless. His own life is nothing to him if he can first kill three or four of the household."

"Three or four?" said the butler stoutly. "I think we'd have something to say to that!"

The detective shook his head.

"A dead shot with an automatic pistol would probably exterminate the men in three minutes. His knife would then finish the women! Three or four is an under-estimate, I assure you."

At this clear intimation of their danger, George hurriedly retreated to the stair-head to resume his duties, and even Mr. Bumberley's confidence appeared to be a trifle shaken.

"What—what should we do, sir?" he inquired.

"Obey these directions implicitly! Collect all the men about the place. Arm them with all the weapons available. Three should stand on the landing ready to rake the passage with their guns in case he comes out this way. Three more should be at the foot of the back stairs, supposing he goes in that direction, and two or three should stand outside his window, ready to fire the instant they see him. Don't mind breaking a little glass, Bumberley; your royal master will gladly foot the bill in such a cause as this."

"But where 'll you be?" demanded Mr. Bumberley.

"I am going for the police. We require a strong force to make sure of him. Can you let me have a horse and trap?"

"Yes, sir; I'll order the dog-cart and a groom to drive you."

"Not a man must be spared!" said the detective emphatically. "I shall drive myself. Within an hour at most I shall be back. Till then do not approach too near that bedroom door as you value your lives!"

So prompt was this expert in hustling the household and sending out messages for the keepers and grooms, that within some twenty minutes of his first mysterious appearance in the passage, a cordon was drawn round the lair in which the thug was lurking, and with what he assured them was a comparatively easy mind (provided always they obeyed his injunctions to the letter), he was able to leave them in quest of the police. Leaping into the dog-cart, he picked up the reins with a practised hand, cracked his whip, and sped down the avenue at a gallop.

(To be continued)



The Mystery of Easter Island

This island is now reported to have disappeared beneath the Pacific. It was famous for its huge stone idols, one of which (now in the British Museum) is reproduced here

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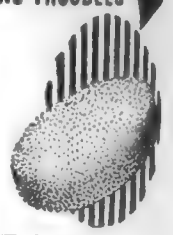
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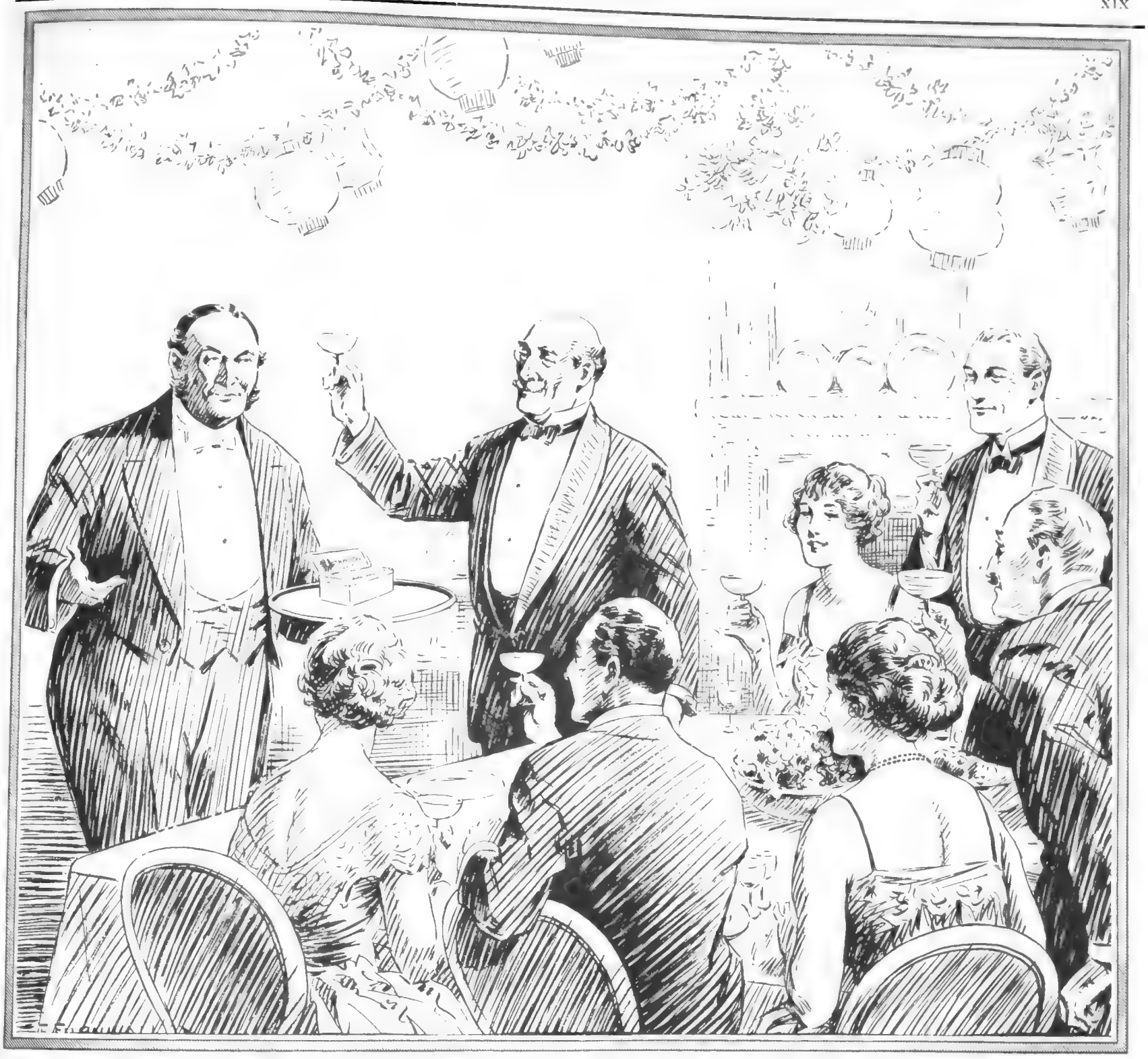
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THE CROWNING GLORY

By SYLVANIA

Woman is in trouble again over her back hair—or rather the lack of it—for a certain evangelical cleric of Belfast has been solemnly warning the male members of his flock against marriage with any girl who bobs her hair, and this on grounds which would appear to lack justification, since the only person who really came to disaster through a cropped head seems to have been Samson, and he was a man. However, in virtuous Belfast, bobbed maidens are to be eyed askance, and the good young man will only look with favour upon her whose hairpins are many, and whose tresses have never known the barber's scissors; she alone may hold up her head and attend Dorcas meetings with a light heart, while her shorn sister walks humbly, knowing, now that it is too late, that she docked her matrimonial value with her hair.

But the poor girl may surely take comfort from the fact that never in the history of woman have the clerics been really satisfied with the way she did her hair. In Saxon England the monks were already shaking their heads over the vanity of the ladies' long plaits, and when Elizabeth was on the throne the preachers were inveighing as lustily as they dared against the scandalous vogue for false hair (and red at that, out of compliment to the Queen) which prevailed in fashionable circles, while the Puritan's first behest to his womankind was to banish curls and cover up their dangerous tresses with a cap. True, there was no word of bobbing, but fashion was to bring worse things than that.

For woman presently grew tired of wearing merely her own hair plaited, curled, or plain, and took to training it over a vast erection of horsehair a foot or so in height, after which it was powdered and trimmed with a garland of flowers, a couple of dozen yards of ribbon, two or three ostrich plumes, and any other trifles which my lady might fancy. The arrangement of this tower of hair and stuffing was a lengthy business which had to be entrusted to the expert hands of a professional artist, with the result that ladies carried their heads carefully and treated his work with such precautions that it endured for days and, upon occasion, even weeks; and as bear's grease and pomatum entered plentifully into the preparation of the structure, the horrid truth is that madam's head was not always pleasing at close quarters. Be sure that the clerics of the time drew many a lesson from this unlovely state of things, yet cannot those of to-day see that there have been worse things than bobbing?

Bobbed hair may suit the minority only, yet ought the captious male to give thanks if the lady of his choice is bobbed when he looks back upon that which his forebears have endured from the locks of their lady-loves. She, at least, has no hairpins to drop out and betray a stolen kiss, no long ringlets to catch in his waistcoat buttons as he folds her in his arms, no powdered tresses to leave a large white patch upon his shoulder, and, best of all, no padded tower of hair to be taken down and re-erected at intervals of ten days or so—and I wager she makes just as good a wife as any of the ladies who were equipped or handicapped, whichever you prefer, by these various inconveniences.



The Dentists' Patron Saint

This picture has been presented to the Medical Society of London by the Ivory Cross and was unveiled by the Duchess of Portland on Monday afternoon. St. Apollonia has been adopted as the patron saint of dentistry. She lived in the third century A.D., and had her teeth drawn one by one for refusing to bow down to idols. The picture was painted by Carlo Dolci

EXPERIENCES OF A SOLDIER'S WIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE. By M. K. P.

(*Continued from p.* 229)

However, day by day, troops were now arriving—infantry, marines, air force—and as always in the East, in proportion to the show of force by those in authority, so the ardour of the mob for trouble cooled down. Indeed, this was noticeable in such a small way as at the beginning of the last week in September it was almost impossible to go into a tram owing to the overbearing rudeness of the conductors to anyone who appeared English, but towards the end of the week the improvement in their manners was most marked.

At last we were really embarked on the *Kinfauns Castle*—a very comfortable ship, which had done a record journey from England, and intended to convey us back there as quickly as possible. There were, of course, a few wives who said they were not going to be evacuated—which was foolish, as it was obvious we were an added anxiety and trouble to our men-folk, who might be ordered anywhere at any moment. Of course, we all had our try at remaining in some helpful capacity, such as V.A.D. I was awfully disappointed at my failure to get enrolled as a worker in the Near East Relief. I had thought it such a brilliant idea, but they were flooded out with workers of their own, refugees from Broussa and Smyrna, and parts of all Anatolia.

Constantinople paid us the compliment of weeping at our departure. After weeks of glorious sunshine and perfect weather, the rain came down in torrents, and it was cold and very miserable; a more appropriate setting for our feelings could not have been imagined. But oh, the depression of it!—watching the crowded *Water Witch*, the big army tug, crowded with husbands of every rank and unit waving good-bye through the streaming rain, disappear over the turbulent waters, unrecognisable as those of our brilliantly blue and beloved Bosphorus, into the mist and twilight descending on Stamboul. We have all been through many, many kinds of farewells in the last eight years, but we have been more or less able to stage them ourselves in the most bearable and cheerful manner. This farewell, owing to unavoidable circumstances, was dragged out unendurably, and even the skies played their part in piling on the agony.

We lay out in the stream till 1 a.m.; then the lights of Stamboul and Pera appeared over the horizon, and Leander's Tower flashed its warning to us for the last time.

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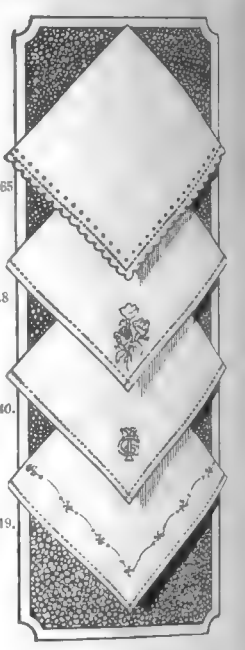
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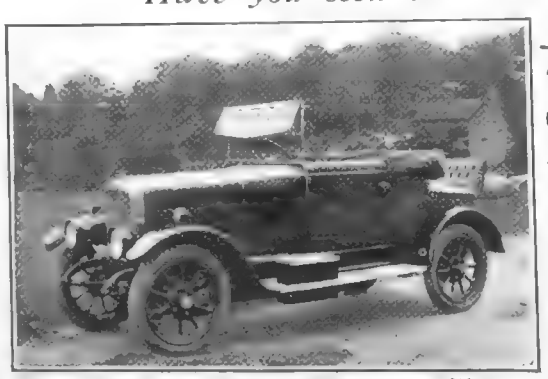
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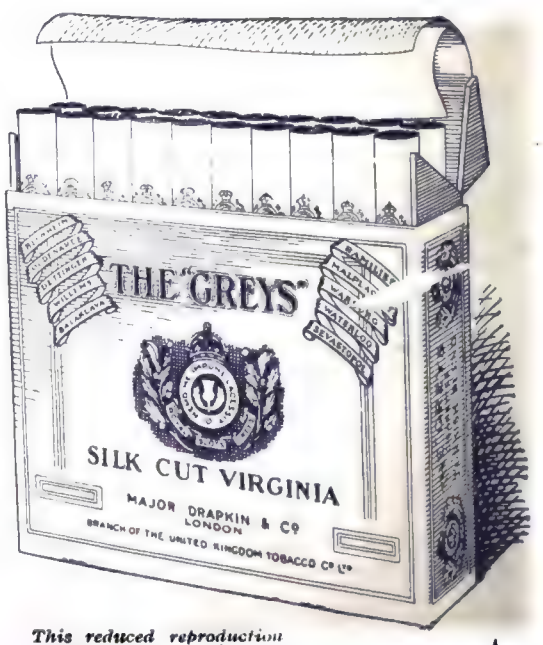
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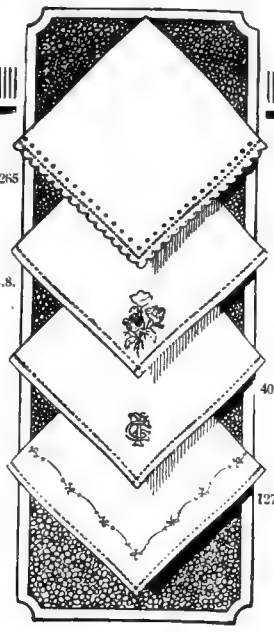
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For over 80 years we have made a special study of Carpets and have earned what we consider to be a well-deserved reputation for the excellence of the quality, style and value of our carpets. *Customers are advised, in their own interest, to compare our prices before placing their orders elsewhere.*

ORIENTAL RUGS FOR XMAS GIFTS

We have now in stock a particularly interesting collection of Persian and Turkish Rugs, all of which are marked at exceedingly low prices.

A FEW EXAMPLES:

Baluchistan Rugs

3 ft. 8 ins. × 2 ft. 11 ins.	47/6
4 ft. 3 ins. × 2 ft. 8 in.	50/-
4 ft. 9 ins. × 2 ft. 8 ins.	59/6
5 ft. 3 ins. × 2 ft. 10 ins.	65/-

Pergam (Turkish) Rugs

3 ft. 6 ins. × 3 ft. 0 ins.	£4 4 0
4 ft. 2 ins. × 3 ft. 2 ins.	4 17 6
3 ft. 9 ins. × 2 ft. 10 ins.	4 10 0
4 ft. 7 ins. × 3 ft. 4 ins.	5 15 0

Fine Shirvan (Persian) Rugs

3 ft. 4 ins. × 2 ft. 3 ins.	£3 19 6
4 ft. 5 ins. × 3 ft. 0 ins.	5 5 0
5 ft. 0 ins. × 3 ft. 5 ins.	5 15 0
4 ft. 7 ins. × 3 ft. 0 ins.	5 10 0

Persian Strips

Many other sizes in stock

12 ft. 9 ins. × 3 ft. 3 ins.	£7 15 0
14 ft. 6 ins. × 3 ft. 2 ins.	8 10 0
12 ft. 4 ins. × 3 ft. 4 ins.	9 10 0
11 ft. 0 ins. × 2 ft. 11 ins.	10 10 0
13 ft. 5 ins. × 3 ft. 2 ins.	10 10 0
15 ft. 4 ins. × 2 ft. 10 ins.	13 10 0
14 ft. 2 ins. × 3 ft. 2 ins.	13 10 0
22 ft. 11 ins. × 2 ft. 10 ins.	29 10 0

Kazak (Caucasian) Rugs

7 ft. 0 ins. × 5 ft. 0 ins.	9 15 0
7 ft. 6 ins. × 4 ft. 8 ins.	10 10 0
7 ft. 6 ins. × 5 ft. 3 ins.	10 10 0
7 ft. 10 ins. × 4 ft. 8 ins.	11 10 0
8 ft. 6 ins. × 5 ft. 3 ins.	11 10 0

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO. LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1

L. & N.W.R.
CHRISTMAS EXCURSIONS
FRIDAY & SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22nd & 23rd

from **EUSTON** to

Lake District
Isle of Man, etc.,
Ireland
Scotland
North Wales
South and Central Wales
East Lancs.

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AND

NEW YEAR EXCURSIONS
on FRIDAY, DECEMBER 29th, to
SCOTLAND.

EXTENSION OF THE WEEK-END TICKET FACILITIES.

Week-end Tickets will be issued between any two stations at a single fare and a third (plus fractions of 3d.) for the double journey, as under:—

Fridays, December 22nd and 29th, by trains leaving the starting station at or after 5 p.m., and to Ireland by the Friday afternoon boat trains. Minimum fares: 1st class, **30/-**; 3rd class, **15/-**.

Saturdays, December 23rd and 30th, by any train. Minimum fares: 1st class, **10/-**; 3rd class, **5/-**.

These tickets will be available for return on the following Sunday (where train service permits) by any train after 6.0 a.m., and on the following Monday or Tuesday by any train.

For all information apply to Mr. L. W. Horne, General Superintendent (Southern Division), Euston Station, London, N.W.1, or Mr. Ashton Davies, General Superintendent (Northern Division), Hunt's Bank, Manchester.

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ARTHUR WATSON,
General Manager.

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The John Haig Clubland Series No. 9.



The Beef Steak Club.

FOUNDED in the reign of Queen Anne, the Beef Steak Club was both Bohemian in character and exclusive in membership. Its membership was sought even among Royalty and it was only in 1785 that its original limit of 24 was increased by one to permit of the election of the Prince of Wales. The Beef Steak was its all powerful motif. Its emblem was a gridiron. Glass, cutlery, the very rings worn by its members, all bore the emblem. The beautiful carving on the walls had a gridiron as its motif. A grating in the form of an enormous gridiron separated the grill itself from the dining room, and punctually at 5 p.m. every Saturday the curtains were drawn aside, disclosing to the attendant members the cooks at work on the 4 lb. steaks that each member would shortly demolish.

The Prince of Wales, like other members, was brought in blindfold and was instructed by an officer of the Club, known as "The Bishop," in the following oath of allegiance: "You shall attend duly, vote impartially, and conform to our laws and orders obediently. You shall support our dignity, promote our welfare and at all times behave as a worthy member of this sublime Society. So Beef and Liberty be your reward."

Beef and Liberty as a reward naturally included John Haig Whisky, for the *original* Haig Whisky had already been firmly established in the favour of the discriminating for over a century and a half, thanks to the painstaking care and consummate skill of Scotland's oldest distillers.

Dye Ken
John
THE ORIGINAL
Haig?

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

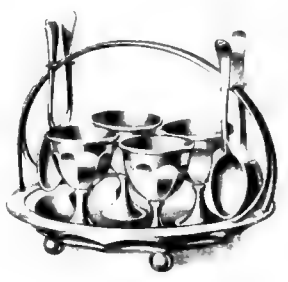
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CHRISTMAS GIFTS *of* HIGHEST QUALITY *and* BEST VALUE ~ CATALOGUES POST FREE

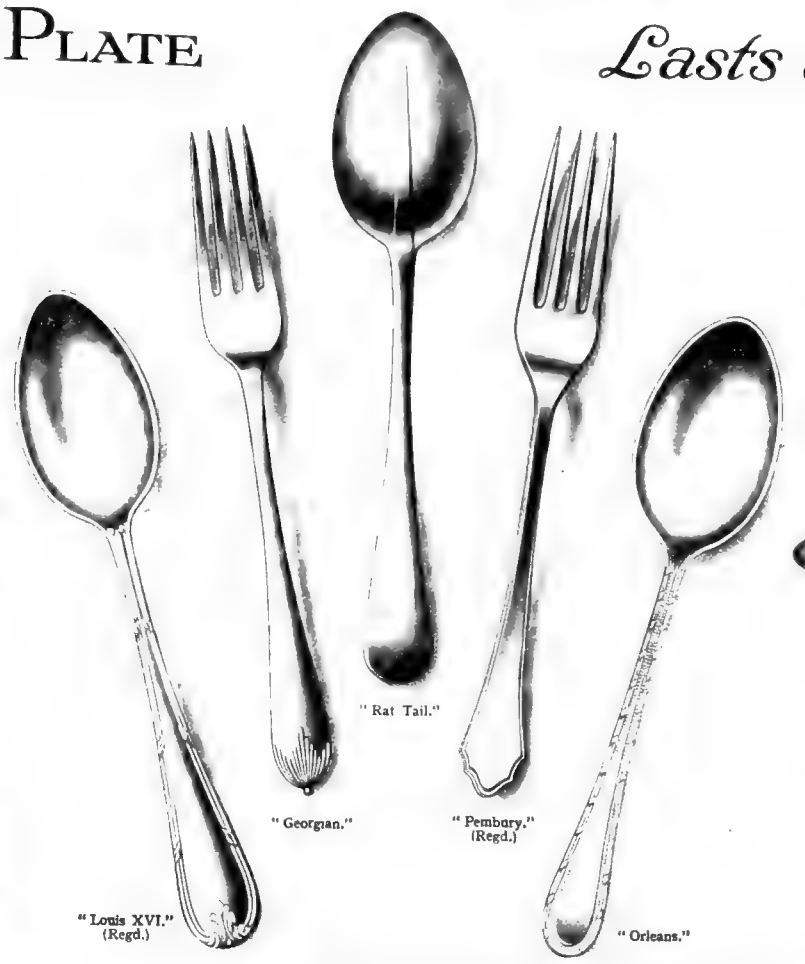
PRINCE'S PLATE *Lasts a Lifetime*



20118. Mappin Plate Fruit or Cake Dish.
Diameter 9 in. ... £1 15 0

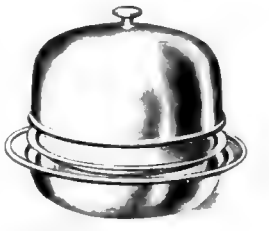


20115. Mappin Plate Egg Frame and Spoons.
£2 5 0





20106. Prince's Plate Cake Basket, finely pierced.
Diam. 10½ in. ... £2 5 0

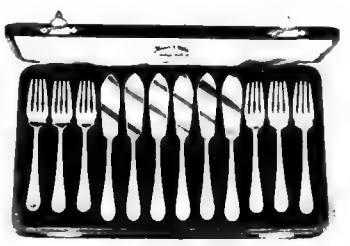


20030. Mappin Plate Muffin Dish with loose lining.
£1 15 0

ANY QUANTITY SUPPLIED AT FOLLOWING RATES:—	PRINCE'S PLATE. "Rat Tail" or "Old English" Patterns.	MAPPIN PLATE. "Rat Tail" or "Old English" Patterns.	PRINCE'S PLATE. "Pembury" (Regd.) and "Georgian" Patterns.	MAPPIN PLATE. "Pembury" (Regd.) and "Georgian" Patterns.	PRINCE'S PLATE. "Louis XVI" (Regd.) and "Orleans" Patterns.
	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
Table Spoons or Forks ... per doz.	2 15 0	2 5 0	3 0 0	2 12 6	3 5 0
Soup Spoons ... ... ,,	2 15 0	2 5 0	3 0 0	2 12 6	3 5 0
Dessert Spoons or Forks ... ,,	2 2 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	1 18 6	2 7 6
Porridge Spoons ... ... ,,	2 2 0	1 16 0	2 5 0	1 18 6	2 7 6
Tea Spoons... ... ... ,,	1 1 0	1 0 0	1 2 0	1 1 0	1 5 0



2744. Case of 6 Prince's Plate Tea Spoons and Tongs. Georgian pattern, illustrated above £9 18 6
12 Tea Spoons and Tongs in Case ... £1 10 0



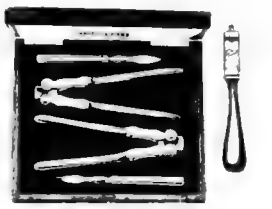
A 3300. Leather Case containing 6 pairs of Prince's Plate Fish Knives and Forks.
£3 3 0
In "Rat Tail" or "Orleans" patterns, illustrated above.



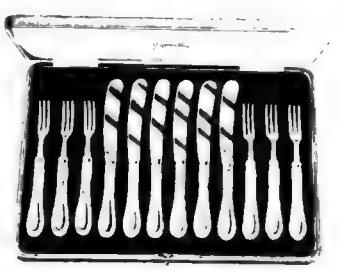
C 289.—POLISHED OAK CASE, CONTAINING—

12 Table Spoons. 1 Soup Ladle. 12 Cheese Knives. 1 pr. Game Carvers.
12 Table Forks. 12 Tea Spoons. 12 pairs Fish Knives 1 Steel.
12 Dessert Spoons. 1 pr. Sugar Tongs. and Forks. 1 pair Knife Rests.
12 Dessert Forks. 12 Table Knives. 1 pair Meat Carvers. 1 pair Fish Servers.
2 Sauce Ladles.

PRINCE'S PLATE Spoons and Forks in "Old English" or "Rat Tail" patterns. Stainless Steel Cutlery with "Tusca" (Regd.) Handles ... £34 0 0
In MAPPIN PLATE... ... ... £32 5 0
In PRINCE'S PLATE, "Georgian" or "Pembury" (Regd.) patterns ... £35 0 0
In MAPPIN PLATE £33 5 0



A 3098. Case of 2 pairs of Prince's Plate Nut Crackers and Picks... ... £1 8 6
Case of 2 pairs of Nut Crackers only, £1 1 0



A 4023. Case of 6 Tea Knives and Forks, with Prince's Plate Blades and Handles, £1 18 6
Case of 6 Tea Knives only ... 1 1 0

BY APPOINTMENT

MAPPIN & WEBB *Ltd*

158-162, Oxford St; W.1. 2, Queen Victoria St; E.C.4. 172, Regent St; W.1.
LONDON.

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Practical and Acceptable

Practical and acceptable is everything at Vickery's, 179, Regent Street, W., and those in quest of Christmas presents will do well to pay them a visit; the catalogue is a veritable fount of inspiration. Illustrated on the left is a lady's leather handle crook umbrella fitted with pull-out pencil; it is most useful for races, shopping, etc. Carved ivory animal and bird handles are present in other umbrellas, and of walking-sticks there is an admirable collection. Attention must be drawn to the solid gold case with best steel folding scissors, and there are others in sterling silver cases. Always appreciated by a man are dinner jacket or coat fasteners, so it may be mentioned that there are many novelties.

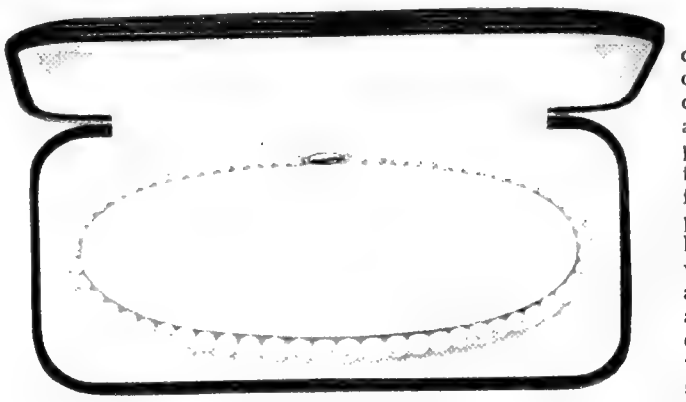


Umbrella fitted with Pull-out Pencil

At J. C. Vickery's

Ciro Pearls

Fashions in gems may change, but the vogue of the pearl remains. This winter more pearls are being worn than ever, which is not surprising when one realises that they are the gems that suit every style of beauty, every complexion, and every style of dress. As a Christmas gift it would be difficult to find anything more appropriate, or more appreciated by women in general, than a necklet or one of the many Ciro Pearl ornaments to be seen in great variety at the showrooms of Ciro Pearls, Ltd., 39, Old Bond Street, W. At the reasonable price of a guinea one can select from an attractive array of pearl jewels a present that will delight every woman and most men. For the former there are necklaces, brooches, rings, ear-rings, etc., all emanating from the Ciro laboratories and *ateliers* in Paris. For men there are scarf-pins, cuff-links, and studs.

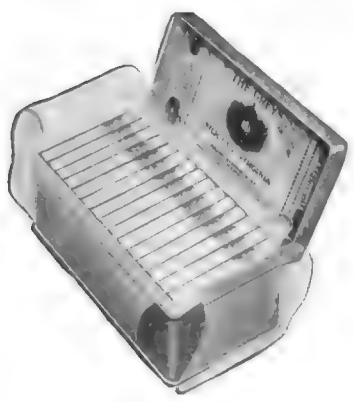


A Necklet of Ciro Pearls

At 39, Old Bond Street, W.

Cigarettes for Christmas

Those who experience difficulty in selecting suitable Christmas gifts can never go wrong nowadays in choosing a box of good cigarettes. Good "smokes" are acceptable to both men and women, provided they are selected with discrimination, which means that while the quality must be beyond reproach, the cost need not be excessive. Indeed, it is possible to obtain Virginia or Turkish cigarettes made from the finest obtainable leaf, and packed in tastefully decorated tins suitable for gift giving, at very moderate cost, and in this connection attention may be drawn to the fact that the famous Greys can be had in handsome tins containing fifty or a hundred cigarettes. Greys Virginia Silk Cut are made in two sizes, the big Greys, and the Greys size two. Both are identical in quality, the only difference being in size and price. For those who prefer Oriental leaf there is the Greys Turkish, a cigarette of delightful aroma; and for pipe smokers no tobacco would be more welcome than the Greys.



Greys Cigarettes

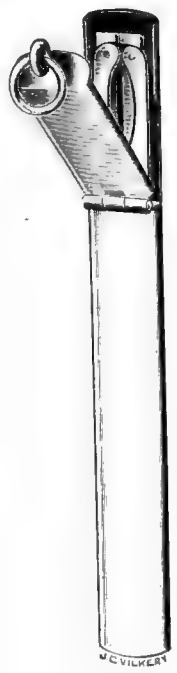


The Sabretache Bag

At Boots's

A Fashionable Rendezvous

There is no more fashionable rendezvous at this date in the calendar than Boots, Regent Street, W.; it is there that the Sabretache bag pictured on this page may be seen. It is a guinea, and is fitted with captive purse, mirror, and powder-puff. Then there are men's brush sets for 25s. in simuli-crocodile cases, as well as real hide attaché writing cases for 15s. 6d., postage 9d. extra—they are ever so useful. Again, there are draw-up work-bags in coloured lamb-skin for 3s. 6d., while fitted pochettes are 3s. 11d. and 4s. 11d.



A Gold Case with Steel Scissors

At J. C. Vickery's

Kunzle Chocolates

There are chocolates and chocolates, but the Kunzle chocolates are perfectly delicious. A box of the same is a source of the pleasantest surprise, as one never knows what flavouring will have been selected for the inside. They look so pretty in their white satin-paper boxes tied up with blue ribbon, while many of the bon bons are wrapped up in coloured tinsel paper. It is a foregone conclusion that women will select chocolates with wrappers to harmonise with their toilettes. It is these chocolates that she will secrete in her brocade sweet bags, taking them with her to theatres, etc. It is safe to predict that they will not last long. It must be mentioned that the material used for both the inside and outside of the same is of the highest quality obtainable, and that on their own merits they are increasing in popularity as Christmas gifts every year. They are sold everywhere, but, of course, all who are wise take the greatest care to see that the box bears the name of Kunzle, as none are genuine without it. Three, or even more, boxes are not too many.



"Look For It"

On Your Box of Chocolates



A Feather Coiffure Ornament

At Emile's

Perfumes and Combs

"Give a bottle of Coty's Paris perfume for Christmas" is sound advice; it is perfectly delightful, and as in these days it is essential that we all be practical, it must be mentioned that it is 16s. 6d. a bottle, post free 17s. 3d., in the *salons* of that notable artist in hair, Emile, 24, Conduit Street, W. Hot foot from Paris, too, have come the gold and silver wire wigs, which are being worn at dances, fancy dress and otherwise, as well as in the boudoir; there are many who believe that they will eclipse those of silk. Reproduced on this page is a pretty feather head-dress that owes its origin to Emile. From the Christmas list, sent gratis and post free, it will be seen that this firm's hair ornaments range in price from 1 to 18 guineas, and that their real tortoise-shell fancy combs and pins are from two to three guineas, while there are pretty slides from 16s. 6d. It must be mentioned that this firm is responsible for the Ultima Transformation.

Winter Wraps

The prospect of a good old-fashioned Christmas, with snow on the ground, will turn the attention of all discerning folk to the Eiderscutum coat, for which Aquascutum, 100, Regent Street, W., is responsible; it is feather-light, furry warm, and fleecy soft, and is expressed in pure new wool. It is as suitable for walking as for motoring and travelling generally; double-breasted it is 9 guineas, and single-breasted 8 guineas. Another desirable wrap-coat is the Frinton; it is cut on Scutum lines, with Raglan sleeves. A feature is made of outfits for the winter sports, and exceedingly popular are those consisting of breeches and coat; they are carried out in snow-proof covert cords. Then for sports in general there is the "Tadmorton" suit; the coat has a half-detached belt with expanding patch pockets caught down with buttoned flaps. On application this firm will send patterns of their materials, together with illustrations of their designs.



An Eiderscutum Coat

At Aquascutum's

Toys and Games for Boys and Girls

The toys and games for boys and girls are really more attractive than ever, as a visit to Gamages, Holborn, will convince all and sundry. Should it not be possible to do so, well, then the illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free on application. Standing out with special prominence amongst the dolls is the one with soft body, short clothes, with unbreakable head, for 14s. 9d. She, however, will have a formidable rival in the cheer-i-o dog, made of soft white silk mohair cloth, for 3s. 6d., while mascot black cats are the same price. A few words must be said about the rubber sponge toys for the bath, as they give untold pleasure; they range in price from 10½d. to



A Pretty Doll

At Gamages

Pretty Frocks for Slender Purses

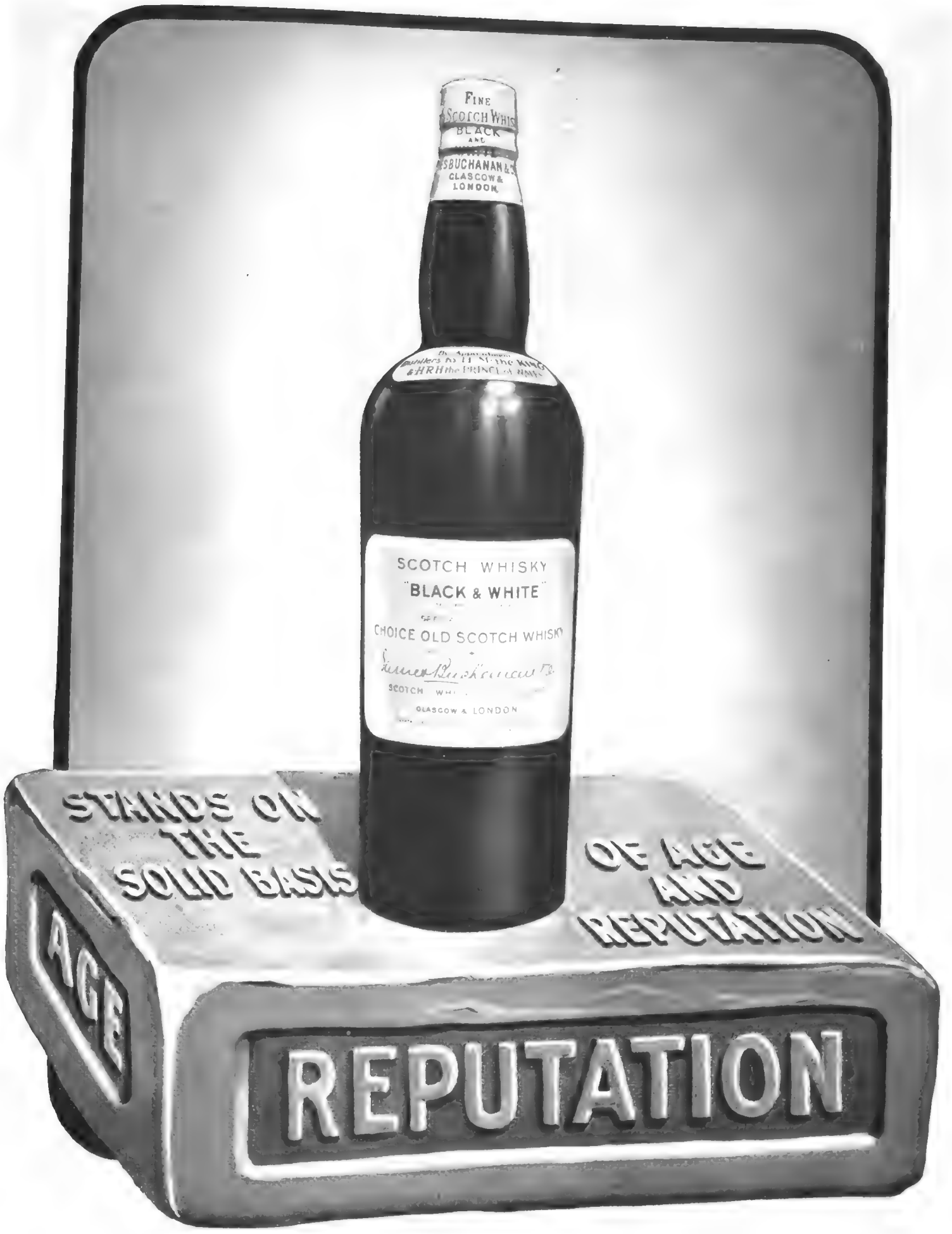
It is not altogether an easy task to chronicle the many attractions in the domain of frocks at Lilla's, 53, High Street, Clapham, S.W. No, it is not a mistake but an absolute fact, that the pretty frock pictured on this page, and carried out in taffetas trimmed with motifs of monkey fur, is only £5 15s. 6d. It is extremely appropriate for all who are revelling in the summer of life. Then it is indeed good news that Lilla is a perfect genius in the matter of renovations; she will give an entirely new lease of life to a frock that many would consider could never be worn again. For full particulars regarding "My Maid" service reference must be made to the new catalogue sent gratis and post free. It must not be imagined that Lilla is not pre-eminently successful with dresses for the older woman, as she is; she excels in casting a shadow over the unpleasant points and emphasizing those of which the prospective wearer is justly proud. All contemplating a sojourn in India must remember that Lilla specialises in outfits for the same, and she is in a position to send out things from time to time for an extremely modest sum. Therefore it is well to allow her to take measurements before leaving, asking her to send catalogues from time to time.



A Party Frock

At Lilla's

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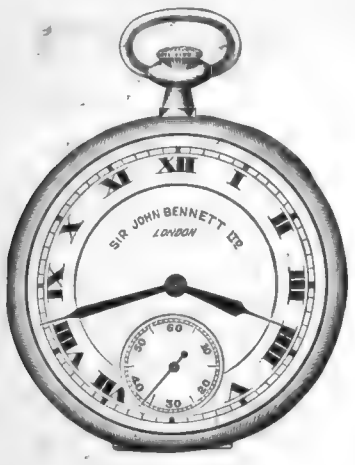


"BLACK & WHITE"

is of the highest standard of quality both at Home and Abroad.

James Buchanan & Co., Ltd., are enabled to maintain this, owing to their holding, with their Associated Companies, the largest Stocks of fine old matured Scotch Malt Whiskies.

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A Reliable Timekeeper

At Sir John Bennett's

Reliable Time-keepers

In these strenuous days it is of paramount importance that men as well as women should be punctual, and provided they are equipped with a reliable time-keeper from Sir John Bennett's, 65, Cheapside, and 105, Regent Street, W., there is no reason why they should not be so. From the catalogue, sent gratis and post free, a slight idea of the diversity of choice may be gleaned. For women there are 9-carat gold watches mounted on 9-carat gold bracelets for £13, while there are 18-carat gold watches on black silk bands for £10. Appropriate souvenirs for Christmas presents are the owl brooches. This all-important bird seated in a crescent is £3 3s., two seated on a perch being £3.

Prices That Are Right

A visit to Samuel Brothers, Oxford Circus, or Ludgate Hill, E.C., will convince all and sundry that the prices that prevail are all right. Just imagine, the brushed-wool set pictured on this page is only 31s. 6d. Then there is the Kozi-Kuddla kit for boys and girls, consisting of coat, pantettes, and cap. It is made of hand-knit fine all-wool yarn, and has an effective brushed-up fleecy surface. The 14-in. size is 35s., rising 3s. 6d. every 3 in. Artificial silk frocks with silk flounce are 21s. 9d. Again, there are Tiny Tot suits of the combination character in stout double woollen knit for 13s. 6d.

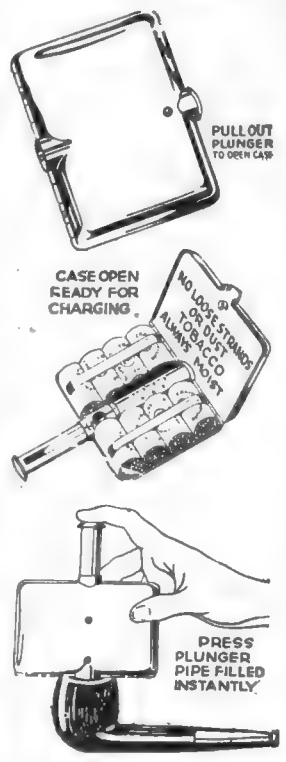


A Brushed Wool Outfit

At Samuel Brothers'

Cartridge Case and Pipe Filler

A Christmas gift that has the merit of being different, new, and yet practical, is somewhat hard to find. Perhaps the most unusual gift this Christmas will be Baron's cartridge case and pipe filler. With this invention the pipe smoker can fill his pipe in five seconds, knowing that the tobacco is evenly placed in the pipe and that he has not wasted a single shred. This pipe filler carries sufficient cartridges for a day's supply. The cartridge method of pipe smoking appeals to every man, because it ensures a clean, cool, smooth-burning smoke, sweet to the end. It gives the true flavour of any mixture. The cartridge contains the exact proportions of the several tobaccos just as they were fixed by the blender. Clogging or superfluous moisture, which ruins the taste of the tobacco, is non-existent. The Baron cartridge case and pipe filler fits the waistcoat pocket as neatly as a cigarette case; it is beautifully finished in nickel and will last a lifetime.



Cartridge Case and Piper Filler

At Carreras'

Ever-welcome Handkerchiefs

Handkerchiefs in their most attractive forms are ever to be found at Robinson and Cleaver's, Regent Street, W.; the Christmas list is ready, and no one must consider their Christmas shopping complete until it has been carefully studied. A slight idea of the infinite variety may be gleaned from the trio pictured on this page; there is one of real lace, another with fine hemstitched tucks, and yet another with hemstitched squares, and then ready to receive them is the taffetas sachet with the figure seated on the top. Now, regarding price, there are cotton hemstitched handkerchiefs for 4s. 9d. a dozen, and fine linen handkerchiefs with open-work border, edged with lace, for 10s. 3d. per dozen. Children's assorted handkerchiefs, six in a box, are 2s. 6d., and jewel handkerchiefs, embroidered in colours in one corner on fine white mull, are 8s. 6d. per dozen.



Pretty Handkerchiefs and a Sachet

At Robinson and Cleaver's

The Charm of Variety

The name of D. H. Evans and Co., Oxford Street, W., is one to conjure with in these difficult days of gift selection. The illustrated catalogue is indispensable, no matter whether the offering required be for a member of the younger or older generation. Sketched on this page is an extremely pretty party frock, which, in 20-inch size, is 29s. 11d. It is effectively trimmed with reversible blue and mauve ribbon, the fabricating medium being cream spotted net. Another party frock endowed with an old-world atmosphere is of taffetas embroidered with sprigs to tone; it is provided with the new puff sleeves with a small bunch of flowers at the waist; it is 63s., and is suitable for children from six to ten years of age. Again, there are dresses of chiffon velvet for 55s. 11d., and everything that is most desirable in woollen frocks and wraps.



A Party Frock

At D. H. Evans's

A Man's Present—that is NEW that is different that is practical

Possessing every quality of the Ideal Christmas Gift, the

BARON'S CARTRIDGE CASE & PIPE FILLER

PRICE 7/6 OR COMPLETE WITH 24 CRAVEN MIXTURE CARTRIDGES 9/11

will be welcomed by every man who smokes a pipe. It is unique—there is nothing else quite so out-of-the-ordinary. It is useful and practical. It is a permanent reminder of your good wishes and good judgment.

It fills the pipe in five seconds, evenly, without any waste, and contains space for a day's supply of cartridges. Ensures a clean, cool, and smooth-burning smoke sweet to the end. No clogging or superfluous moisture to ruin the taste of the tobacco. It fits the waistcoat pocket and is beautifully finished in nickel. It will be just as good in ten years' time as it is to-day. There is nothing to get out of order.

You cannot go wrong if you give your men friends this interesting and practical present. To complete the gift just add a tin of Craven Mixture in cartridge form.

The Baron's Improved Cartridge Case and Pipe Filler is obtainable from all tobacconists. Should you experience any difficulty write —

CARRERAS Ltd. 55, Piccadilly, W.1



These Tobaccos are obtainable in CARTRIDGE FORM—

CRAVEN Mixture (12)	1/2½
HANKEY'S Mixture (24)	2/9
SIL PHILLIP'S Mixture (24)	3/1
BARON Mixture (24)	2/5
BARON Blend (24)	2/5
BLACK CAT Mixture (12)	1/-
SEA LIFE Navy Cut (12)	1/-

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What Gift?

The gift season is here once more, and the problem of what to choose is more acute than ever. The variety of presents to be seen in all the shops is bewildering, but in fixing upon CIRO PEARLS, whether the recipient is to be a woman or a man, you save yourself an immense amount of worry, and may be certain that your gift will be welcome.

Ciro Pearls

are so appropriate for everyone and for all occasions. They can be worn indoors or outdoors, by day or by night, and with any shade or style of dress, when any other jewel would be entirely out of place. They are the one gem men can wear—never ostentatious, always in the best taste. CIRO PEARLS, though frankly replicas of genuine Oriental pearls, cannot be distinguished from them in lustre, sheen, texture or weight. Our exclusive secret process gives them their outstanding supremacy. They have never been successfully copied.

At our showrooms, where a remarkable variety of CIRO PEARLS in all tints, sizes, weights and gradations can be seen, your own eyes will convince you of their elusive charm and absolute fidelity of reproduction. But if a visit is not possible, we suggest that you avail yourself of our reliable postal service and

OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

Complete Satisfaction or Money Refunded.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or any other Ciro Pearl jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required at a cost of 1s. 4d. per inch.

Write to-day for illustrated booklet No. 18, post free.

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39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 18

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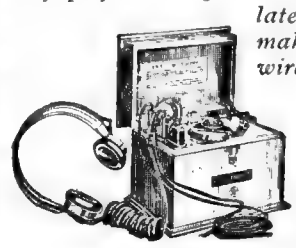
The latest Xmas Gift Idea!



"GECOPHONE"
TWO-VALVE RECEIVING SET. Approximate range (with P.O. Standard Aerial) 100 miles. Price, complete, **£25**

Simplicity is the keynote of all **"GECOPHONE"** Receiving Sets. They are noticeably devoid of all technical complications, and can be installed and operated with the utmost ease.

Of perfect design and construction, they represent the accumulated knowledge and experience of their makers in many years of telephone and wireless development.



FULLY APPROVED by H.M. Postmaster-General, and comply in all respects with the regulations affecting Wireless Broadcasting.

CRYSTAL RECEIVING SET No. 1. Approximate range (with P.O. Standard Aerial) 25 miles. Price, complete, **£5 - 10 - 0**

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Obtainable from all principal Electricians, Stores and Ironmongers.

Manufacturers (Wholesale only):
THE GENERAL ELECTRIC CO., LTD., MAGNET HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY EXCURSIONS

Special Reduction of Fares by the Midland Railway

The Midland Company's Christmas Excursions will commence on Friday, December 22nd, and be continued by various trains throughout Friday and Saturday.

The arrangements will be a great advance upon Christmas, 1921, the availability of the tickets in many cases being for an extended period, with specially reduced fares in many instances.

Last year there were no excursions to the North of Ireland, viâ Heysham, but this year tickets will be issued from St. Pancras and other Midland stations to Belfast, available for return within 15 days.

The districts to which Midland excursions will run include Scotland, Ireland, and principal towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire and North of England. There will also be excursions between the Midland and Northern Counties and the West of England.

EXTENSION OF WEEK-END TICKETS

For the Christmas and New Year Holidays the week-end tickets will also be available for return on Tuesday, December 26th, 1922, and January 2nd, 1923, respectively.

Apply for Programme, &c., to the MIDLAND RAILWAY CO., ST. PANCRAS, or any MIDLAND TICKET OFFICE or office of THOS. COOK AND SON.

Midland Railway, DERBY. December, 1922.

FRANK TATLOW, *General Manager.*

4 AT A TIME! One generous customer was so delighted with the "PETKIN" that he bought FOUR for his lucky grandchildren!

BEST XMAS GIFT FOR BABY

THE "PETKIN" BABY CHAIR



High Chair for Meals.



Low Chair for Play.

7 DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

This remarkably clever invention can be used as a High Chair for Meals, a Low Chair for Play, and most wonderful of all, it folds up as a neat, handy-size Attaché Case to hold all Baby's things when visiting or travelling. Such a handsome piece of Furniture, with so many extra uses (a stool, workbox, pedestal, table, etc.) becomes an article of permanent value in any home.

In a Christmas article—"About Good Things," a current periodical says—

"Mothers endure endless discomfort to make their Babies happy, but why shouldn't the Mother's comfort be combined with the Baby's happiness? *There is no doubt* the *'PETKIN' Baby Chair does meet this need*—and it is quite absurdly cheap—both the Mothers and their Babies will find it a joy."

THE PETKIN Six-in-One Combination Chair, New Improved Model, can be set-up or folded in a moment anywhere. Nothing to go wrong. Simple, Safe, and Strong.

PRICE only **47/6** Carriage Paid.
(Orders outside British Isles, 5/- extra.)

You need not have the least hesitation in ordering one now. TRY IT FOR SEVEN DAYS FREE; satisfaction assured or money refunded. *This is guaranteed.* But if you would like to know more about this wonderful Baby Chair, a special Descriptive Pamphlet has been published giving all required information. Sent FREE on receipt of post card.

A Boon to Mothers too



Take the "PETKIN" with you. It carries all you need.

VICTOR MORRIS (Dept. L 1),
24, Warwick Street, Regent Street, LONDON, W. 1

BABY LEARNS TO WALK without assistance in my new **"KIDLET"** Baby Walker—can be left happily playing—leaves Mother entirely free! Ask for particulars.

AUSTRALIA.

TRAVEL BY
THE MAIL ROUTE and THE MAIL STEAMERS
of the
ORIENT LINE,
calling at
GIBRALTAR, TOULON, NAPLES, EGYPT, and COLOMBO.
Through Tickets to NEW ZEALAND & TASMANIA.
Saloon tickets interchangeable with P. & O. Line.
SHORT HOLIDAY TRIPS
to
SPAIN, RIVIERA, ITALY.
Managers: ANDERSON, GREEN & Co., Ltd.
Head Office: 5, Fenchurch-avenue, London, E.C.3



Celtic Crosses
In the Beautiful Grey
CORNISH GRANITE
Everlasting in Wear.

St. Minver Cross
4 ft. high
£19 0 0
Carriage Paid.

Estimates quoted **Erection** any Cemetery or Shipment Abroad.

Booklet S. Post Free.

MAILE & SON, Ltd.
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367, EUSTON ROAD, LONDON, N.W.1.
FOUNDED 1785.

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Mr. Bainbridge Colby

Former Secretary of State of the United States, and now President Wilson's law-partner, was here recently in conference with Ministers on the East Galician question



Senor G. Cisneros y Raygada

Peruvian Chargé d'Affaires, who has left London to take up a similar post in Brussels. Señor Cisneros has been in the Peruvian diplomatic service for thirty years



Mr. Antony Svehla

The new Premier of Czecho-Slovakia, became the first Minister for the Interior, and held this office until September, 1920. He is leader of the Republican Agrarian Party



The New Peruvian Minister

Dr. Agustin G. Ganoza, the new Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Peru. Dr. Ganoza has held Cabinet rank, and been President of the Peruvian Senate



Sir Henry Gauvain M.D.

Who lectured at the Eleventh Annual Conference of the British Commercial Gas Association. He dealt with the havoc wrought upon children's health by smoke and fog



Madame Sarah Grand

The famous novelist, who is acting as mayoress of Bath. She has been one of that city's most prominent citizens for a number of years

THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE

(*Continued from p. 269*)

and tell me something I want very much to know. I shall be sitting on that bench near the west end of the esplanade, where I was before when we first met, at ten o'clock to-morrow morning. Do *please* try and come! Yours sincerely, KATE CAREY.

P.S.—I know you will think this a most extraordinary thing of me to ask you, but you will understand better when we meet.

Mr. Essington frowned darkly on the ungentlemanly snorer who had intruded on his charming Kate's confidences, and all at once, as if half conscious of his displeasure, the sleeper moved restlessly. Instantly the light was turned down to a blue point, and he stood like a statue, scarcely breathing. The man in the bed muttered in his sleep, and then the steady snores began again. Treading very gently, Essington stole over to the door, slipped out, and softly closed it behind him.

"Who the deuce can the bounder be?" he wondered afresh.

A little later he was seated in the dignified dining room, now a sombre vault illuminated only by a single jet of gas, with a box of biscuits on the table beside him and a tumbler of a pinkish frothy liquid. This was Uncle Theodore's favourite beverage, the most refined form of orangeade, and though his late nephew regarded it as a prostitution of the science of chemistry, and probably responsible for most of the sudden deaths in England, he sipped it now with comparative thankfulness. It at least served to float in the biscuits, which were cracknels, and dry at that.

As he supped, he re-read Kate Carey's letter, and now that he had got over his indignation, and his mind was able to concentrate itself better on the epistle itself, it struck him as affording grounds for considerable satisfaction. The fervour of her appeal, the acuteness of her anxiety to meet him again, and the readiness with which she flung aside all maidenly conventions in order to procure another interview, seemed very hopeful symptoms.

"On the whole, I prefer 'em just a trifle more coy," he reflected. "One likes to be loved, but, for choice, a little more gradually. Possibly, however, she suspects that there is some difficulty in the way of making me her own. In fact, considering that each time we met I have had to bolt in the midst of our budding felicity, that seems a very probable explanation. Yes; one must make allowances."

So engrossed was he in these pleasant meditations that he did not even hear the door open behind him, and a smothered shriek was the first intimation that he was no longer alone in the dining-room.

(*To be continued*)



The Princess Amrit Kor

The only daughter of H.H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala, whose betrothal is announced to H.H. the Rajah of Mandi. The Princess was educated in England and France

Lawrence Phillips Memorial Exhibition.

A Memorial Exhibition of the work of the late Lawrence B. Phillips, F.R.A.S., F.S.A., A.R.E., who at the early age of eighteen invented the keyless watch, will be opened on December 1, at Walker's Galleries, 118, New Bond Street, and in it will be shown a selection of his etchings and paintings, together with some of his scientific and literary achievements. Mr. Phillips died in April this year in his eighty-first year. He was a constant exhibitor at the Royal Academy and the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers.

Barker & Dobson

VIKING Regd CHOCOLATES

ASSORTED

Sold in ½-lb., 1-lb. and 2-lb. boxes at **2/6, 5/-** and **10/-** per box. Also by weight at **1/3** per ¼-lb.



The best of everything at Christmas

Good chocolates are as necessary as holly to the proper Christmas atmosphere. You can't get more delicious chocolates than "Viking" Assorted, and it is economy to buy them because they are pure and wholesome and the best possible value. So in this case you save by getting and enjoying the best at Christmas.

LIVERPOOL & LONDON

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In the Cinema.

Allenburys' *Glycerine & Black Currant* PASTILLES

A soft demulcent fruit pastille, dissolving smoothly in the mouth, soothes the throat in a close smoky atmosphere. The 'Allenburys' Glycerine and Black Currant Pastilles are prepared according to the old French recipe; they contain the choicest fruit juice and pure Glycerine. The smoker appreciates them; they are acidulous and something more than cloying sweetmeats. Non-smokers in a tobacco-laden atmosphere lose the annoying tickling of the throat which sometimes troubles them when the blue haze settles over the company.

Insist on 'Allenburys'

In Distinctive 2 oz and 4 oz Tins, of all Chemists

Sole Manufacturers

Allen & Hanburys Ltd
37, LOMBARD STREET, E.C.3.



The Ideal Xmas Gift.

PEARLS by

SESSEL

SESSEL PEARLS are the finest reproductions existing. They are made by a secret and scientific process, which imparts to them the same sheen, delicacy of tone, texture and durability of genuine Oriental Pearls.

SESSEL PEARLS are positively superior to any others existing. Every Necklet, in fact, every pearl made in our laboratories is an exact and faithful reproduction of a real pearl, the minutest details being studied in their manufacture.



Beautiful Collar of Sessel Pearls with 18-ct. Gold Clasp, in Case,
£4 : 4 : 0

Sessel Pearl Earrings, Pins, Studs, Rings in Solid Gold Mountings.
From
£2 : 2 : 0

Sessel Clasp with Sessel Emerald—Sapphire or Ruby centre.
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ILLUSTRATED BROCHURE No. 5 ON REQUEST POST FREE.

No Agents.

Sessel Pearls can only be obtained direct from

SESSEL
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CARL ZEISS JENA

MISGIVING cannot precede nor can disappointment follow gifts such as these—

The New Model
ZEISS "Telex" Prism Glass
in Hide Case. Mag. 6. Field of View extraordinarily large 150 yards at 1,000 yards. Ample light.

The
ZEISS Prism Theatre Glass "Teleater"
in either Leather Case or Beaded Bag.

The
ZEISS "Punktal" Spectacle Glasses
in Shell Frame.

Full particulars, with name of reputable optician who supplies the genuine Zeiss productions, from the Distributors
J. W. ATHA & CO. (Dept. T.O.2), 8, Southampton Row, W.C.2

CARL ZEISS JENA



THE REBORN ROMANCE OF CANDLES

Echoes of 1650.

Fashion's decree in decorative and lighting effects definitely includes—CANDLES—therefore the artistically furnished room is incomplete without its candle appointments—

Cromwellian Candles are
CANDLE DISTINCTIVENESS.

They are hand-moulded and of solid colours. They burn with a steady light, and possess a perfect "cup," making them dripless and smokeless.

Thirty-two art shades of ripe rich solid colour, giving forth the faint aromatic odour of the berries from which they are made.

These Candles are stocked in the following sizes and prices, in any of thirty-two different colours:—

Height	6 inches	8 inches	10 inches	18 inches
per dozen	6/- (except Black)	7/6	9/-	22/- (or 4/- per pair).

Minimum quantity supplied, one dozen (except 18-inch size), postage 1/- extra. If desired, supplied in a special Xmas gift box with card, 1/- extra.

CROMWELLIAN CANDLE COMPANY, 145, Oxford St., W.1.

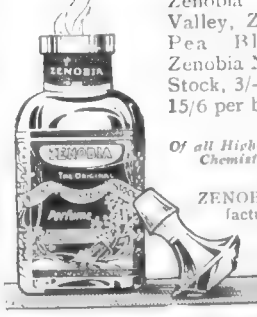


Memories

A whispering wind, laden with loveliness, crossing a garden wherein all was perfect—it is delightful to recall it; and nothing brings back those sweet memories so vividly as the fragrance of the flowers faithfully reproduced.

Zenobia Night Scented Stock is the captured breath of Nature in her sweetest mood, as also are Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Lily of the Valley.

ZENOBIA
PERFUMES



Zenobia Lily of the Valley, Zenobia Sweet Pea Blossom and Zenobia Night Scented Stock, 3/-, 5/-, 8/6, and 15/6 per bottle.

Of all High-Class Perfumers, Chemists and Stores.

ZENOBIA, LTD., Manufacturing Perfumers, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

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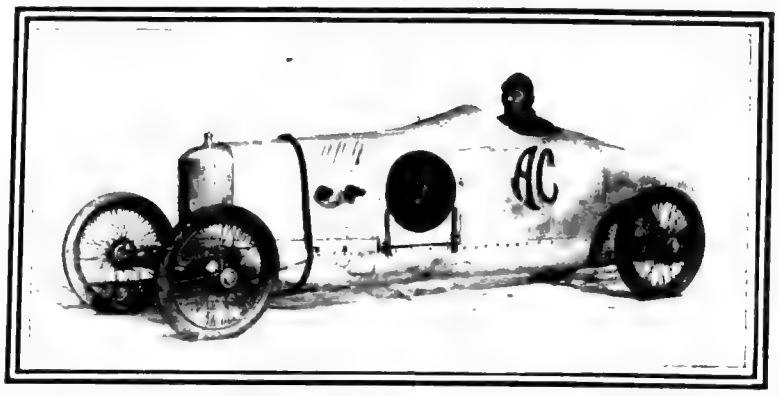
IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

After fifteen years of splendid service to the motor movement, Sir William Joynson-Hicks has resigned the chairmanship of the Automobile Association, as he has become a member of the Government. In his new office as Secretary of the Department of Overseas Trade Sir William should be a great success. His energy and ability and charming personality will carry him far.

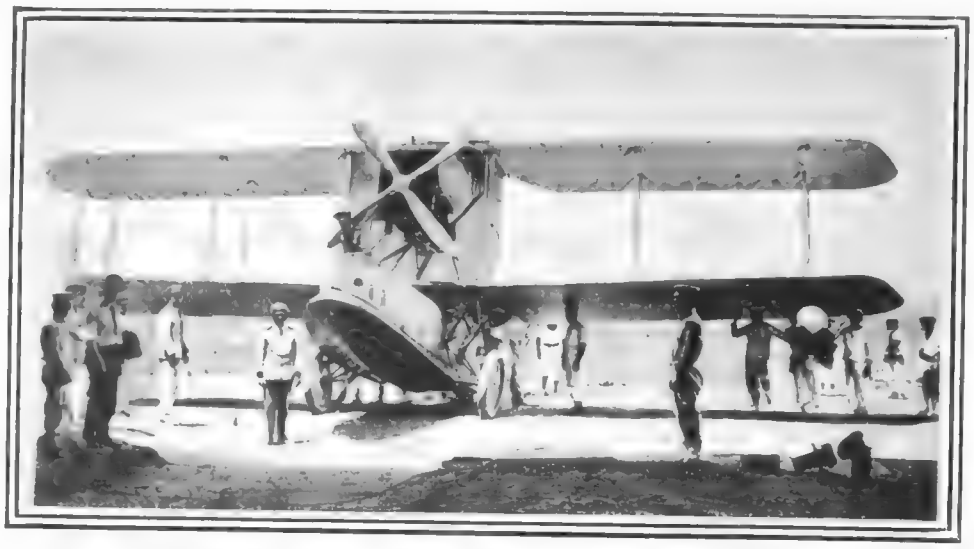
The new chairman of the A.A. is Colonel Charles Jarrott, and a more popular choice could not have been made. More than twenty years ago I had my first experience of the skill and daring of Charles Jarrott as a racing motorist. He has always represented British sportsmanship at its best, and to this day he holds the affection and respect of the motoring community, for above all others we love a good sportsman. It is not generally known that the creation of the Automobile Association was mainly due to Colonel Jarrott, for, hating the unjust police-trapping methods of the day, he cast about for a method of combating a persecution which was helping to ruin a great British industry. From this idea has developed an organisation which now in innumerable ways renders essential service to the motoring community.

In motoring we must keep going forward or we stagnate, and hence it is absolutely necessary that we have live organisations like the A.A., which not only looks after the present state of affairs but is always planning new developments for the future. There are many big problems which yet remain unsolved, and unless motorists are loyally banded together we can do very little to combat the difficulties and dangers which the future will bring.

Messrs. Rolls-Royce ask me to contradict the statements circulated to the effect that all, or the majority, of the parts of the new 20-h.p. Rolls-Royce chassis are manufactured at the works at Springfield, Mass., of Rolls-Royce of America Inc. It is difficult to understand how anyone could believe that Rolls-Royce should import parts from America, seeing the magnitude of their plant at Derby. As a matter of fact, the orders for the American-made 40–50-h.p. Rolls-Royce car are now exceeding every week the number of chassis produced, and Mr. Claude Johnson has left for America to discuss, amongst other things, the proposal that the English company should send chassis to America to make good this deficiency.



The A.C. Light Car, which has Travelled 101 Miles in an Hour at Brooklands



One of the Napier "Seagull" Flying Boats in the Japanese Naval Service

A further reduction in the prices of the popular Citroën cars is announced. The smallest Citroën, the 7·5-h.p. 2-seater with electric lighting and starting, now sells for £195, the 10-h.p. 4-seater for £245, the 11·4-h.p. 4-seater for £265. The new English body models are also reduced in price, the 2-seater with dickey to £310, and the comfortable 4-seater to £330. The smart 11·4-h.p. Citroën coupé with English body now costs only £395.

The latest amazing record of the little A.C. car is to accomplish 101 miles in the hour at Brooklands. This was done by the A.C. single-seater racer, the engine being under 1½ litres, the normal size of all the four-cylinder A.C. engines. The fastest lap was 104·85 m.p.h., and this was the last lap of the performance, showing that the A.C. was being driven within its power. Looking back only a few years, it is hard to realise the immense advances which have taken place in the efficiency of engines and light cars. It is interesting to remember that the A.C. is the lightest of all cars in the 1,500 c.c. class, either in its ordinary touring or racing models.

BY APPOINTMENT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BY APPOINTMENT

Diamond and Sapphire, or Diamond and Ruby Ring. £30 0 0

Diamond, Platinum and Gold Brooch. £5 10 0

Sapphire or Ruby, Platinum and Gold Brooch. £2 15 0

Diamond and Platinum Ring. £20 0 0

Pearl, Diamond and Platinum Ring. £45 10 0

Diamond, Onyx, Platinum and Gold Veil Fastener. £8 5 0
Made with interchangeable centres.
Prices of extra centres as follows:—
Emerald £3 15 0 Ruby ... £3 0 0
Diamond 3 0 0 Sapphire 3 0 0

Diamond, Sapphire and Platinum Ring. £30 0 0

Pearl, Diamond, Platinum and Gold Ring. £13 10 0

Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and Gold Ring. £13 10 0

Diamond, Sapphire and Platinum Ring. £20 0 0

Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and Gold Brooch. £14 10 0

Diamond, Aquamarine, Platinum and Gold Necklet. £57 10 0

Diamond, Platinum and Gold Necklet. £42 10 0

Diamond, Sapphire and Platinum Ring £15 0 0

Emerald, Diamond, Sapphire, Platinum and Gold Veil Fastener £65 0 0

Mother-o'-Pearl Links, with Pearl centre and Platinum border. per pair £4 10 0
4 Buttons to match £4 0 0
3 Studs to match 3 0 0

Diamond, Black Onyx, Platinum and White Gold Veil Fastener. £28 10 0

18-ct. Gold and Enamel Links. per pair £4 15 0

Gifts Book sent free. Selections for approval Carriage Paid.

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XMAS NUMBER IS OUT

And is better than ever!

A screamingly funny plate by BATEMAN is included

Stories by—

E. F. BENSON,
B. MACDONALD HASTINGS,
and others.

Beautiful and amusing illustrations.

2/-

A WONDERFUL NUMBER!

1822 HENRY HEATH LTD 1922

ONE HUNDRED YEARS OF HAT MAKING

By Appointment
To His Majesty the King & H.R.H. the Prince of Wales

THE "HEATHER" HAT

HENRY HEATH is responsible for this most serviceable model, framed on the shape of their celebrated "Sans Souci" hat. This hat is made in a slightly heavier weight brushed fur felt and is finished with a row of even stitching from crown to brim, and for those who prefer a heavier weight hat it is all that could be desired. A most useful hat for all occasions, and stocked in navy, champagne, lemon, egg blue, cherry, mauve, rose, jade, myrtle, light green, grey, tabac, castor, carbon, gold, rust, royal, cerise, white and black.

Price **30/-**



The name of our nearest Provincial Agent can be had upon application.

105·107·109· OXFORD ST·W·

A selection of Hats will be forwarded upon request.

Big Demand— Price Reduced

THE instantaneous success of the new 10/12 h.p. Straker Squire has enabled the makers to double their output, with the result that the price of the two- or four-seater complete has been reduced to £400—astonishing value for money considering the superb quality, advanced design, luxury and high performance capacity of this remarkable car.

Top gear speeds from 2½ to over 55 m.p.h. on the level; 35 miles to the gallon of petrol; 10,000 miles to the set of tyres. Test the new Straker Squire and prove these facts for yourself.

SOME SPECIAL FEATURES.

Brooklands Test on 2nd gear in 15 secs. with four passengers.
5—760 × 90 mm. Wheels and Tyres.
Lighting and Starting Set.
4-Speed Gear Box; Right-hand Change.
Magneto Ignition.
Five Lamps.
Spring Gaiters.
Speedometer; Clock; 2 Horns.
Petrol and Oil Pressure Gauges.
Exagun system of Chassis Lubrication.
Four-seater Body (Four Doors) and All-Weather Curtains.

REFINEMENT: All the refinement and comfort of a large car at light car cost.

Four-Seater, complete - - £400

Other Models.

15/20 h.p. Chassis - - - - -	£540
15/20 h.p. 2 or 4-Seater, complete - -	£725
24/80 h.p. 6-Cylinder Chassis - - -	£1150
24/80 h.p. 6-Cylinder 2 or 4-Seater - -	£1450

Straker Squire

Write to-day for full specification of this remarkable car.

TRIAL RUNS ARRANGED.

STRAKER SQUIRE, LIMITED,
Angel Road, Edmonton, N.18.

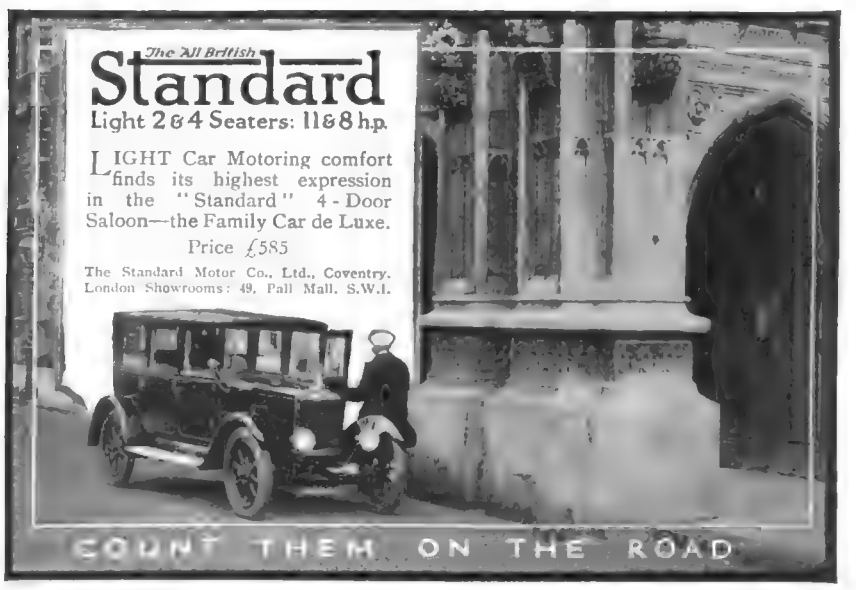
Telephone: Tottenham 2393. Telegrams: Rhomboidal, Tottlane, London. 52

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Standard
Light 2 & 4 Seaters: 11 & 8 h.p.

LIGHT Car Motoring comfort finds its highest expression in the "Standard" 4-Door Saloon—the Family Car de Luxe.

Price £585

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London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.



COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD

Longer Life for your Springs

Duco Gaiters are neat and smart in appearance, and when once fitted they need never be removed. Only a very occasional replenishment of grease is sufficient to keep your springs in perfect condition. **Of all Garages from 9/6 each.**

DUCO

Grease-retaining GAITERS

Write for Duco Booklet. Sent Free on Request.



Your Springs will have much longer life and will give a much more satisfactory service if they are fitted with DUCO Grease-retaining Gaiters. These Gaiters provide complete protection against corrosion and rust, feeding the leaves of Springs with a constant supply of grease, thus adding very considerably to the smooth running of the car. **Of all Garages from 9/6 each.**

Wholesale only: **BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd.,**
with which is amalgamated **THOMSON & BROWN BROTHERS, Ltd.,**
Great Eastern St., E.C.2; 118, George St., Edinburgh, AND BRANCHES.

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A VISIT TO FINLAND

(*Continued from p.* 254)

class. First class does appear to exist, but the only difference seems to be in price, as outside the second-class compartments were labels with I on one side and II on the other, thus making them either first or second class as required.

The language difficulty occurs here as elsewhere. Finnish and Swedish are both taught and used generally; the names of streets are posted up in both languages, and Finnish seems to be increasingly used now that Finland is a republic, although I understand it is a very difficult language. Swedish certainly appears much easier. It will most decidedly be a great advance when one language becomes adopted and used as a universal international language, be it Esperanto or any other; it was very interesting to see how one could understand and be understood by people of so many different nationalities—about thirty—by means of Esperanto.

At the present rate of exchange—210 marks to £1—one can live very cheaply in Finland, although if one frequents the first-class hotels, restaurants, etc., in the towns the prices are not so very far from those of ordinary hotels at home. As an illustration of the cheapness, my wife and I had a room at a good hotel, with coffee and bread and butter, at a cost of 1s. 8d. each, while for a meal of veal cutlets, potatoes and vegetables—tomatoes, cucumber, beetroot—bread, butter, and milk, followed by coffee—a really good meal, well cooked—we were charged 9d. each. The country is "dry," and the principal drinks are lager—very light—and milk; the milk, butter, cheese, and dairy produce generally are very good.

The country has been designated "The Land of the Thousand Lakes," and also "Strawberry Land," and it deserves either name, for the whole place seems to consist of islands and lakes of all sizes—the islands mostly covered with firs, pines, and birches. The Finnish people were most kind, attentive, and obliging to us; they seem to be always good-tempered, kindly, and ready to assist in any way, and they are very enterprising and up-to-date.

C. W. Faulkner's Christmas Cards

All the old charm of Christmas cards is revived for us in the variety of specimens which Messrs. C. W. Faulkner and Co. have provided this season. A thousand and one picture post cards and more elaborate greetings are intermingled with artistic calendars for the walls, and some of them are hand-coloured. Nor must the children's books be forgotten. They include *Toyland A B C* and *Baby's Business*, the best of all alphabets for the very little ones. Then there is *The Story of Dulcibella and the Fairies*, by Alice M. Raiker; illustrations by Hilda T. Miller. The old-established firm of Faulkner has excelled itself this year.

A New Volume on Military Prints

Lieut.-Colonel C. de W. Crookshank of the Hon. Corps of Gentlemen at Arms, late Royal Engineers, has compiled a very finely-produced work entitled "Prints of British Military Operations." It takes the form of a catalogue *raisonné* with historical descriptions covering the period from the Norman Conquest to the campaign in Abyssinia. The volume contains a number of interesting reproductions of old military prints, including one of Carberry Hill, the action outside Edinburgh, in the course of which Mary Queen of Scots was captured by the insurgent Scottish nobles. The plate is of special interest as including the scurrilous banner on which was shown the naked body of Lord Darnley. It was this banner which was carried before the Queen when she was taken as a captive through the streets of her capital city, before her imprisonment in the castle of Loch Leven. The banner bore the words, "Judge and Avenge my Cause, O Lord." The words can be seen on the banner, together with the kneeling figure of the infant James (afterwards James I. of England). In the portfolio published with the volume are sixteen plates of famous actions. These have been very carefully reproduced. The work, which has been published by Messrs. Adlard and Son and West Norman of Bartholomew Close, would make an admirable gift to a regimental mess or to an officer of historical bent.



Hoppe

The late Arthur Whitby—Actor

Who has just died at the age of fifty-three. He began his career as an actor with Sir Frank Benson in 1892, and excelled in Shaksperean parts. During the war, despite his age, he joined the army, and was wounded at the Dardanelles

THE CESAR FRANCK CENTENARY

(*Continued from p.* 264)

official phrase goes, that is to say, in recognition of his merits as a civil servant—the Conservatoire appointment being a position "under Government." The concluding years of Franck's life witnessed the birth of four masterpieces which will render his name for ever famous—the Violin Sonata written for Eugene and Theophile Ysaye, the symphony in D minor, the string quartet, and finally, the three chorales for the organ, which were the last things he wrote.

Franck's days were now drawing rapidly to a close. One evening in May, 1890, he was struck by the pole of an omnibus as he was making his way to a friend's house. He seemed to recover from the injury, but in the autumn he had an attack of pleurisy, and he died on November 8, just thirty-two years ago. He was laid to rest with the utmost simplicity in the cemetery of Montrouge, but a few years later his remains were exhumed and re-interred in the cemetery of Montparnasse.

And now to the memory of this little old man, so modest, so timid, honour is to be paid by the highest. Franck became a naturalised Frenchman in 1835. The complete cycle of his works will be given in Paris and Liège, and there will be a gala performance at the Opera House in the latter city, at which the King and Queen of the Belgians will be present.

Around the World

The firm of John Walker and Sons of Kilmarnock, the proprietors of "Johnnie Walker," have issued under their famous imprint an imposing quarto book, bound in leather, entitled *Around the World*. Apart from being an ingenuous advertisement of a famous whisky, the book is really a treasury of geographical and architectural knowledge conveyed in the most agreeable form. On every page there is a well-produced illustration in half-tone beautifully printed, and facing this is instructive letterpress. We are taken first to Paris, thence to Nîmes, Carcassonne, and Monico, over the Great St. Bernard, and by the Italian lakes through Italy, and then to Sicily, to Greece, to Constantinople. In the first hundred pages the present writer preens himself on the fact that there is scarcely a place presented that he has not seen. But this inexhaustible guide takes us on to India and China, to the United States, Canada, Australia, etc.—altogether an amazing record of the world in pictures.

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"SORT 'EM OUT!"

By SYLVANIA

If you love ghosts at all—not those grisly spectres that disturb your rest o' nights with rude knocking and clanking of chains, and delight in laying icy fingers on you in the dark, and such unmannerly tricks, but the gentle, fragile little ghosts that wander in old gardens and sigh in the corners of old rooms where the fragrance of *pot-pourri* still lingers in blue china bowls—then you had best take your way to Islington, and there, among London's lumber, if you have eyes to see and ears to hear, you will find them fluttering, disconsolate and lonely, round the things they used to love. But you must have eyes that see, or you will only find the rubbish from a thousand attics thrown down upon the ground, to be turned over and fingered by keen-faced Jews and pallid Cockneys; you must have ears attuned to the voices of the past or all you will hear will be the slogan of the market, bawled in half-a-dozen raucous keys, "Sort 'em out! Any price you like!" It is only if you have these gifts of the fairies that you can see visions among old clothes and bits of broken iron.

For it is there that London turns out her pockets and empties her cupboards, and throws away the things that were her treasures not so long ago—the horsehair and mahogany chairs, once the pride of her parlour, the hideous vases that were so dearly prized, all the odds and ends that gradually leave the drawing-room for the spare-room, and then reach the attic by way of the servants' bedrooms, until they come at last, by devious, dingy ways, to the stone pavement of the market. That moth-eaten old sofa, the torn sampler that somebody's old aunt worked when she was a slip of a girl, the chipped tea-cups that were a wedding present sixty years ago—do you mean to tell me that there are no ghosts near them? What of the young folks who did their correct and proper courting seated demurely side by side on that sofa when it, too, was young and its upholstery very smart and new? What of the little bride who poured out tea into those cups, and the girl who stitched that sampler when Queen Victoria was hardly yet a Queen—do you think that they forget the things they used to love?

But if you find the Past in the market, you find the Present too, and it is very sharp and very much on the look-out for dreamers, since it knows that they can without too much difficulty be persuaded that this brass candlestick, with its Birmingham gloss still bright upon it, served to light Nell Gwynne to bed or that a Queen Anne cream jug is indeed veritable old pewter instead of merely very bad electro-plate. Shrewd men with vast bags walk seriously among the vendors' pitches, sorting, handling, and occasionally making a purchase; working women cluster round the old-clothes stalls, chaffering and bargaining; ladies in furs and ospreys gaze curiously at the crowd, and excited Americans obtain wonderful "bargains" in the way of old china and brass; cheapjacks bawl the praises of their wares, and an old lady sells sugar-sticks of every colour in the rainbow and as thick as a walking-stick, while a coal-black negro drives some mysterious trade that seems to necessitate no stock, and a friendly bull pup, just bought by a stall-keeper, tries his best to put his paws round the neck of everybody who comes within reach.

The Present is very strong in the market, but always, closest to you, are the ghosts.

THE PORTRAIT OF BEATRICE CENCI

By GUIDO RENI, at Rome

The production of Shelley's *Cenci* at the New Theatre has aroused considerable interest in the fateful Italian drama set forth by Shelley. Beatrice Cenci was, of course, an actual historical character, and the authenticity of the picture by Guido Reni in the Barberini Gallery at Rome has always been accepted as a portrait of the unhappy lady.

Signor Bertolotti, in his monographs of 1876 and following years, was, however, not merely content to destroy the legendary impression of Beatrice Cenci, the woman, but also undertook to prove that the famous portrait was not that of the ill-fated heroine of Shelley's tragedy. His arguments are as follows:—

(1) The Pontifical treasury accounts show no trace of any money being paid to Guido Reni before 1608. Therefore, he concludes, Guido did not visit Rome before 1608, and could not possibly have portrayed Beatrice, who was executed in 1599.

(2) The catalogues of the Barberini Collection of 1604 and 1625 show no portrait by Guido therein.

(3) An examination of 2,000 pages of other catalogues had a similar result.



The Portrait of Beatrice Cenci

Etched by W. B. Scott from the picture attributed to Guido

Therefore Signor Bertolotti decided that the picture was not, and could not be, a portrait of "La Cenci."

Thomas Adolphus Trollope, writing in *The Magazine of Art* of 1881 (Vol. 4, pp. 384–8), accepts these conclusions, and adds reasons and conclusions of his own. He observes:—

(A) That the beautiful head, with the coquettish turn of the neck and the "sentimental" expression, cannot be that of a "thoroughly depraved woman of nearly twenty-two," who was a mother, and had lately been tortured.

(B) That the face is identical with one in Guido's fresco of the Martyrdom of St. Andrew (S. Gregorio Magno on the Cælian Hill), also with one in his fresco of Aurora in the Rospigliosi Palace on Monte Cavallo.

He considers the identity beyond doubt, despite variations of hair arrangement, head-dress, and so forth.

On these grounds he also rejects the claim of the portrait to represent Beatrice Cenci, and opines that all three faces were painted from a favourite model.

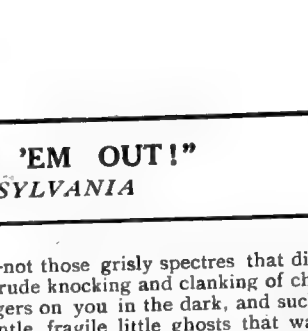
This accumulation of evidence may at first appear convincing, but there are other reasons for doubting its conclusiveness. The evidence of the Papal accounts is not conclusive. Because Guido executed nothing for the Papal Government until 1608, that is not to say that he may not have done work for private families or individuals long before. In 1599, when Beatrice Cenci died, he was twenty-four years of age—quite old enough to have painted an effective portrait, or at all events to have made sketches which he afterwards worked up. He may well have visited Rome many times before 1608. Is it not possible—nay, probable—that he was commissioned by some friend of Beatrice to make a farewell sketch?

One would hardly expect to find the picture catalogued in the Barberini Gallery only five years after the tragedy, or even twenty-six years later. Very likely it was still in Guido's possession. There is nothing extraordinary in pictures remaining hidden for long periods, as all art critics will admit. And this was not a famous picture—merely a portrait of a woman who, however wronged, was undoubtedly a parricide who had suffered a felon's death.

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The secretary of the *Arethusa* tells us that two *Arethusa* boys have just obtained a unique position in the recent swimming contest covering two thousand boys in training in the Royal Naval Barracks at Shotley, near Harwich. These two lads of the popular training ship secured the first and second places in the contest. We are sure that our readers will congratulate the ship and the boys. Everywhere throughout the service *Arethusa* lads are well spoken of. We are sorry to hear that the society to which the ship belongs, namely, the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C. 2, is straitened financially. We trust that it will not be forgotten, and that during Christmas and the New Year they may receive special contributions.

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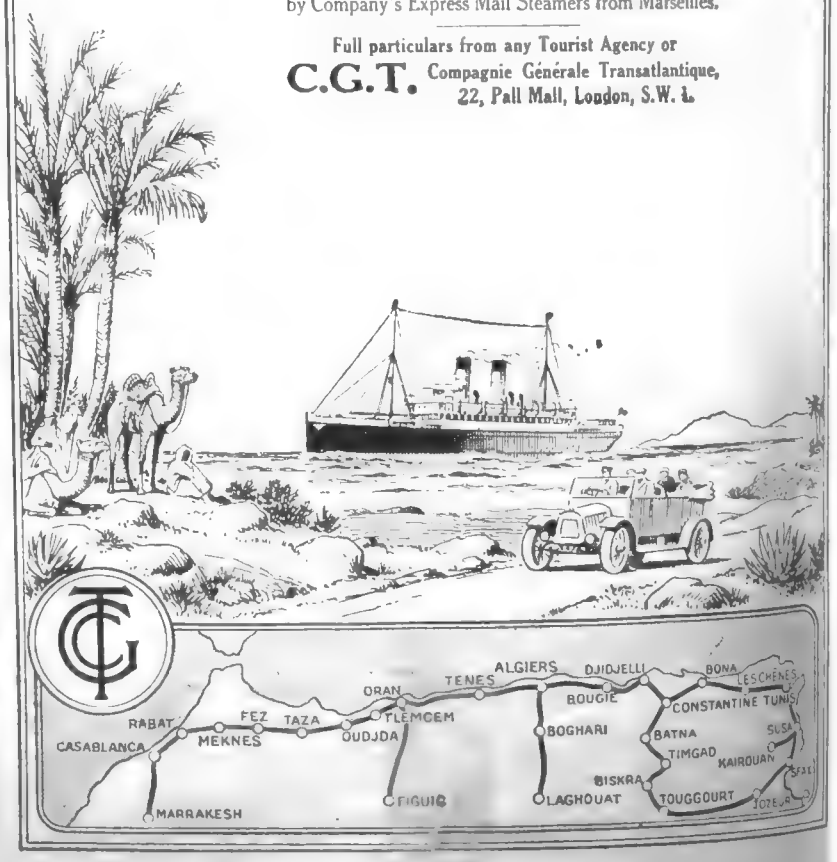
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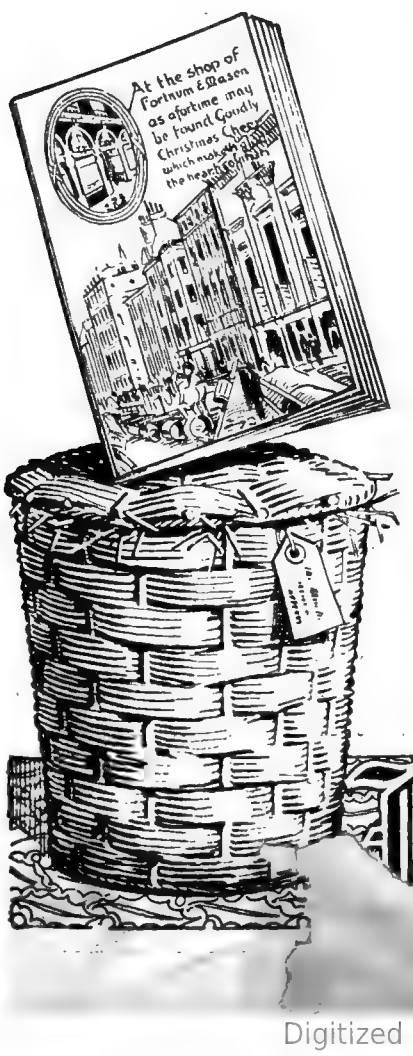
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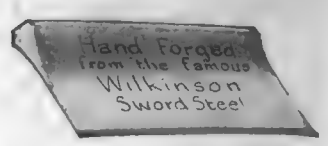
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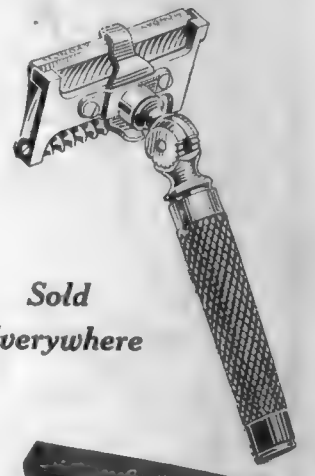
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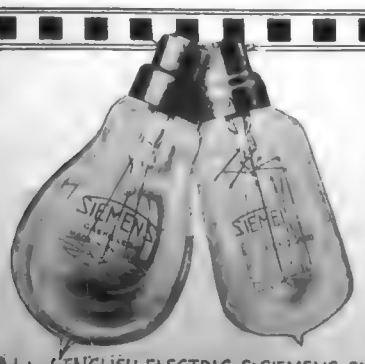
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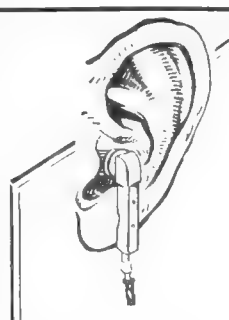
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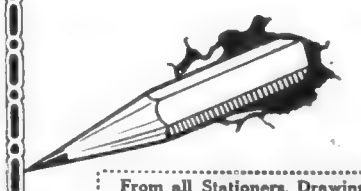
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ROVER

"The Car that set the fashion to the World"

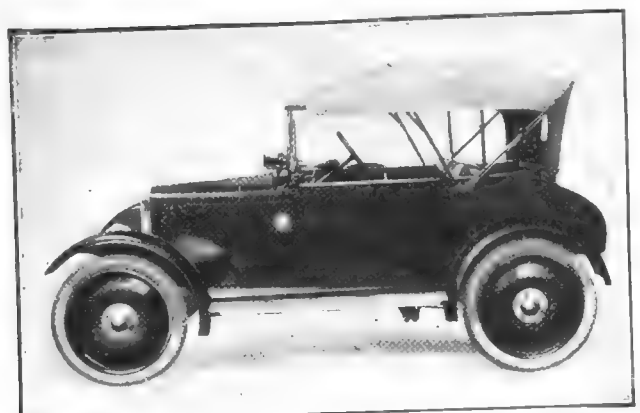
THE proved power and reliability of the "ROVER EIGHT," of which there are now over ten thousand in the hands of satisfied and enthusiastic owners, has resulted in the introduction for 1923 of a Four-Seater Model, illustrated below. This is a marked advance upon the open type of car with dickey seat, as the extra accommodation is built into the car, which may be enclosed with hood and side curtains. The rear seat has ample room for two children or one adult. All 1923 Models have better body work, improved finish, and many detail improvements, representing unequalled value.

The full range of Rover Models includes:—12 h.p. Chassis, £415; 12 h.p. Two-Seater, £525; 12 h.p. Four-Seater, £550; 12 h.p. Limousine Coupé, £650; 12 h.p. Coupé (Drop Head), £675; 12 h.p. Saloon, £775; 8 h.p. Two-Seater, £180; 8 h.p. Four-Seater, £190; 8 h.p. Two-Seater De Luxe, £200; 8 h.p. Four-Seater De Luxe £210; 8 h.p. Coupé with Self Starter, £240. Self Starter on 8 h.p. Models £15 extra.

So far as can be foreseen at present there is not likely to be any further reduction in the prices of Rover Cars during the 1923 season.

Send for Catalogue illustrating all Models

THE ROVER COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY
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The 8 h.p. ROVER FOUR SEATER, Price £190.

The All British

Standard

LIGHT 2 & 4 SEATERS 11 & 8 H.P.

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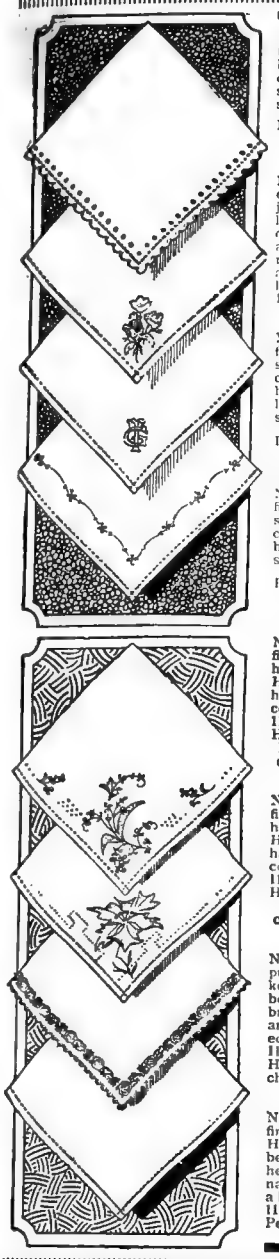


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Woollands are not incorporated with any other house, but enjoy all the advantages of personal control.

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MANY rare delicacies to vary the normal Christmas fare are included in the Fortmason Hampers now on offer at prices ranging from 21/- to 105/-, carriage paid.

Some of the many good things are indicated herein, but particulars and prices of each hamper (there are seven in all) are given in the handsomely illustrated catalogue, which will be sent free on request.

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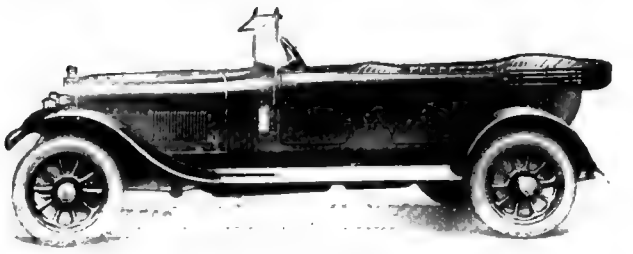
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Other Touring Models are
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Xmas with a reference to WHISKY



THIS is the season of happiness unalloyed, festivities galore and real good fellowship.

It is the season when one's Whisky *must* be good, for now-a-days our friends are critical; and we should hate to think they left us with the impression that we are in need of guidance in the selection of our beverage.

But how *are* we to select our Whisky confident in the knowledge that it *is* good? We cannot rely upon *price* to guide us.

There is such a vast difference in the quality, age and mellowness of whisky to-day that there is but one *safe* method of selecting a brand. It is the old, tested method of clinging to a whisky with a reputation. Drink the brand that our fathers drank—Sandy Macdonald—and you will get the finest whisky that Scotland produces.

SANDY MACDONALD
SCOTCH WHISKY

MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS (Distillers) LTD.,
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FOR over a century Benson's have consistently offered only the best and most worthy rings. For beauty of gems and workmanship—for real worth Benson's rings are unequalled. Moreover, the remarkable range of designs and stones makes the choice of a suitable ring simple.

Inspection is cordially invited without obligation to buy. Illustrated are a few examples of fine diamond rings.

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MAPPIN & WEBB Ltd

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The WOMAN'S SPHERE.

By MARJORIE



A Christmas Wrap

Of Russian ermine smartly trimmed with tails. At the International Fur Store

A change has come over Toyland. Apparently the inhabitants have risen in rebellion, stoutly declaring that Christmas is their time, and that they will have nothing to do with the fairy tales; they must be read at home or seen at the theatres. At any rate, there are few set pieces this year; naturally, Father Christmas strolls about laden with toys. Generally speaking, toys are less expensive than last year; naturally, there are notable exceptions, and the dolls and animals are smaller, an important alteration that is sure to be appreciated by the denizens of the nursery.

Siki and Carpentier

"Take me to see Siki and Carpentier boxing," will be the demand of all boys. It is an enormous toy which has taken up residence at Oxford Circus. The price is £150. It has already been purchased by a well-known club, but there is a condition attached to the sale, and that is, that it does not change residence until the Christmas holidays are over. Another splendid new toy is the auto-skiff, with action the same as in rowing. It is of varnished beech-wood, with sliding seat and front, and wheel steering. It is suitable for children from two to fifteen years of age.

Dolls of All Nations

Dolls of all nations is another idea. In order that small personages may be able to study the fascination of the same, a large doll's house has been erected; a child of ten can enter it. Father Christmas performs the duties of footman. The inhabitants of this house are about seven to ten inches high and are obtainable for about 25s. Reverting, however, to the toys, le Grand Guignol Punch and Judy is most amusing. It is made of decorated wood, and includes curtains and three dolls. Among its many advantages is that it is quite easy to work; it is 48 in. high, and is 25s.

Wooden Toys

The very strong wooden toys are more practical than ever. There are omnibuses, navvy wheelbarrows, and engines; they are large enough to hold a small child. The pigeon-shooting game will be as much appreciated by the elder as the younger generation. A number of pigeons are mounted on perches attached to a stand; the perches revolve rapidly, and the birds when hit fall off. With gun and six plugs, the price is 29s. 6d. There is a host of possibilities to explore in rubber toys, which seem to be a never-failing source of pleasure, as, when they have done duty in the bath for many a long day, they can be given to the dog, who always regards them as the best of all possible playthings.

Furs of Regal Magnificence

A reputation for trustworthiness in all business transactions stands for much, and it is just this that is responsible for the constant *va et vient* of the leaders of fashion at the International Fur Store, 163–165, Regent Street, W.1. Not only are the designs of the wraps and stoles well in advance of the prevailing fashions, but the quality and working of the skins is unique. Pictured on this page is a wrap of the Spanish shawl character. In it, seal musquash and moleskin are present. Its fastenings are of the simplest, and as a consequence it is quite easy to adjust. Very beautiful, too, are the Russian ermine wraps,



A Spanish Shawl

Of moleskin and seal musquash, endowed with unique draping possibilities. At the International Fur Store



A Decorative Shoulder Wrap

Of sable dyed squirrel hemmed with fringe. At the International Fur Store

and there are others in which ermine and seal musquash share honours. For the south of France this firm has designed and carried out some remarkably decorative wraps in white lapin. They come down over the hips, and are from £25, the majority of which are trimmed with monkey fur. Thirty pounds is the price of a wrap cut on jumper lines. It is provided with fastenings, so that it has not to be slipped on over the head. It is of white lapin mounted on black crêpe marocain, the collar as well as the medieval belt being trimmed with monkey fringe.

Stoles and Shoulder Wraps

What a delightful present is the ermine wrap pictured on this page! Note the clever arrangement of the pockets, with the panel at the top. Facing it is a sable dyed squirrel wrap outlined with fringe; both were sketched at the International Fur Store. Never has skunk held a higher position in the affections of the leaders of fashion than to-day. Here handsome wrap stoles are £25. A very effective fur about which everyone is talking is natural chinchilla rabbit; it is only the initiated who is able to distinguish it from its prototype.

Suggestions for Christmas Gifts

No more appropriate title could have been chosen for Harvey Nichols & Co.'s (Knightsbridge, S.W.) brochure, "Suggestions for Christmas Gifts"; it will be sent gratis and post free to all who mention the name of "The Sphere." There are powder-puffs with an attractive figure seated on the top, each packed in a tinsel box, for 15s. 9d., and brocade rose-perfumed handkerchief boxes for 16s. 9d. The cigarette boxes in finest gilt lacquer are 12s. 6d., and trinket boxes to match 29s. 6d. Ever so much to be desired are the vanity cases with mirror lid in plain black moiré for 12s. 9d., or in brocade for 15s. 9d. Again, an important trifle that is sure to bring good luck is the mascot doll for 10s. 6d. Of gloves there is a splendid assortment; those of chevrette lined with white glacé are 15s. 6d., and two-button deerskins are 14s. 6d., which is indeed moderate.

Winter Sports in Norway

What a capital present a trip to Norway would be, and as a consequence the following facts cannot fail to be of interest. The Norwegian winter sports season is from December to May, so it is advisable to write at once to the Norwegian State Railways, whose new headquarters is Norway House, Cockspur Street, London, S.W., for their programme of tours. That the prices are moderate may be gleaned from the fact that a twenty-three days' tour to Finse, on the Bergen-Christiania railway—a splendid ski-ing centre, costs only £23, that is, £1 per day, inclusive of first-class travelling and all expenses at hotels, including tips. The Norwegian State Railway Office undertake to make all reservations and arrangements for winter sports travellers to Norway, and to give full information, illustrated booklets, etc., on receipt of the tourist's requirements.

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The John Haig Clubland Series No. 10.



The Swimming Bath at the R.A.C.

A strange contrast with such old-time Clubs as Dr. Johnson's is afforded by the Royal Automobile Club. Essentially modern in conception, palatial in construction and equipment, vast in its membership, the R.A.C. is probably the most luxurious and imposing of all London Clubs. First established in very modest premises in Whitehall Court some twenty-five years ago, its magnificent building is now one of the sights of Pall Mall, and within its doors its members can enjoy every luxury. Turkish baths, photographic dark rooms, squash racquet courts, skittle alleys, such are a few of its unusual features, but most remarkable of all is its wonderful swimming bath. Apart from its purely utilitarian function of ministering to the members' comfort, this bath with its electroliers and its classical pillars mirrored in the water is a truly beautiful sight.

But fully as members of the R.A.C. appreciate its manifold luxuries, it is obvious that they, like all other men of discrimination, must appreciate to the utmost the many qualities of John Haig Whisky. For nearly three centuries, indeed, clubmen the world over have known and appreciated this the *original* Haig Whisky—ever since, in fact, it was sent forth from the doors of Scotland's oldest distillers.

Dye Ken John THE ORIGINAL Haig?

By Appointment.

The Clubman's Whisky since 1627

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO. LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, & 79, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.3.

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CHRISTMAS PRESENTS. *By Marjorie.*

Less Costly Gifts

It is indeed good news, at the time when our exchequers are at an extremely low ebb, to learn that J. W. Benson, the well-known watchmakers of Ludgate Hill, have greatly reduced the prices of their famous London-made pocket watches. These reductions are due to the fall in prices of material and wages alone; the outstanding qualities which have ever characterised all Benson's productions still remain. A further benefit for their customers is provided by "The Times" system of monthly payments, a system which adds nothing to the cash purchase prices.

Furs for Christmas

Nutria is quite one of the most fashionable furs this year, so it is not surprising that Burberrys in the Haymarket, S.W., are making a feature of coats and wraps of this lovely pelt; it is of this that the shoulder wrap pictured is fashioned. Then there are handsome coats of natural musquash, to say nothing of those of ermine and mink. There are many contemplating a visit to Switzerland or Norway for the winter sports; well, they cannot do better than let Burberrys equip them for the same. There are ski-ing outfits consisting of long coat and breeches, to which a skirt can be added if desired; they are made of waterproof materials to which the snow never clings. The colourings are extravagant, but that is as it should be, as they look so well amidst the snow fields and mountains. There are the thoroughly practical woollen sweaters for wearing beneath the coats, with long sleeves and collars that encircle the column of the throat. Furthermore, there are the Balaclava helmets, as well as an infinite variety of scarves. The illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free to all mentioning the name of this paper.



A Nutria Cape
At Burberrys'



Bassano

A head of permanently waved hair
At T. Vasco's, 16, Dover Street, W., winner of the Prize of Honour at the International Competition, London, October 26, 1922



Zenobia Perfume

Perfumes that Please

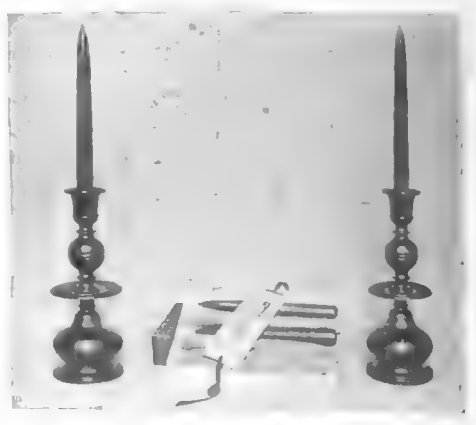
Ask any woman if she would not like a bottle of Zenobia perfume for a Christmas gift, and the answer will be in the affirmative. There is always a delightful fascination about the unknown, so attention must be drawn to this firm's new perfume, Parfum Anonyma; it is 15s. 6d. a bottle, and is enclosed in a plain white case. Those who prefer an Oriental perfume will do well to consider the possibilities of No. 681; it is sold by all stores and chemists of prestige in three sizes, for 12s. 6d., 18s. 6d., and 25s. 6d. per bottle. It is packed in an extremely pretty gilt-covered satin case.

Christmas Fare

Many women are painfully conscious at the present moment of the difficulties of preparing the Christmas feast. They must write to Fortnum and Mason for their free booklet, "Goodly Christmas Cheer." Fortnum and Mason, Piccadilly, has become an institution almost as national as the great festival it caters for. And this little book, tastefully printed and bound in covers showing a view of Piccadilly in 1810, is well worthy of the firm. A particularly attractive and trouble-saving item is the Fortmason Christmas Hamper—various sizes at various prices from a guinea upwards. The family that possesses one of these hampers should be in for a very good time indeed.

Cromwellian Candles

There is much to be said in favour of the modern reproduction of old furniture panelling, pewter and brasses, when no anachronism is present, say, in the matter of lighting. Everyone, therefore, will be glad to hear that it is now possible to procure the actual old type of tapering candle, hand-fashioned and dyed throughout according to the recipe of the chatelaines of 1650. They are entirely free from spluttering or dripping, which enhances their decorative value. They are obtainable in thirty-two art shades, thus lending themselves to manifold decorative atmospheres suitable to the environment in which they are placed. They can be matched to the colour of woods or metals or fabrics, and are a delight to the fastidious woman who insists on harmonious furnishing. They are to be seen at 145, Oxford Street.



Cromwellian Candles
At the Cromwellian Candle Company

A Man's Present—that is NEW that is different that is practical

Possessing every quality of the Ideal Christmas Gift, the

BARON'S CARTRIDGE CASE & PIPE FILLER

PRICE 7/6 OR COMPLETE WITH 24 CRAVEN MIXTURE CARTRIDGES 9/11

will be welcomed by every man who smokes a pipe. It is unique there is nothing else quite so out-of-the-ordinary. It is useful and practical. It is a permanent reminder of your good wishes and good judgment.

It fills the pipe in five seconds, evenly, without any waste, and contains space for a day's supply of cartridges. Ensures a clean, cool, and smooth-burning smoke sweet to the end. No clogging or superfluous moisture to ruin the taste of the tobacco. It fits the waistcoat pocket and is beautifully finished in nickel. It will be just as good in ten years' time as it is to-day. There is nothing to get out of order.

You cannot go wrong if you give your men friends this interesting and practical present. To complete the gift just add a tin of Craven Mixture in cartridge form.

The Baron's Improved Cartridge Case and Pipe Filler is obtainable from all tobacconists. Should you experience any difficulty write
CARRERAS Ltd.
55, Piccadilly, W.1

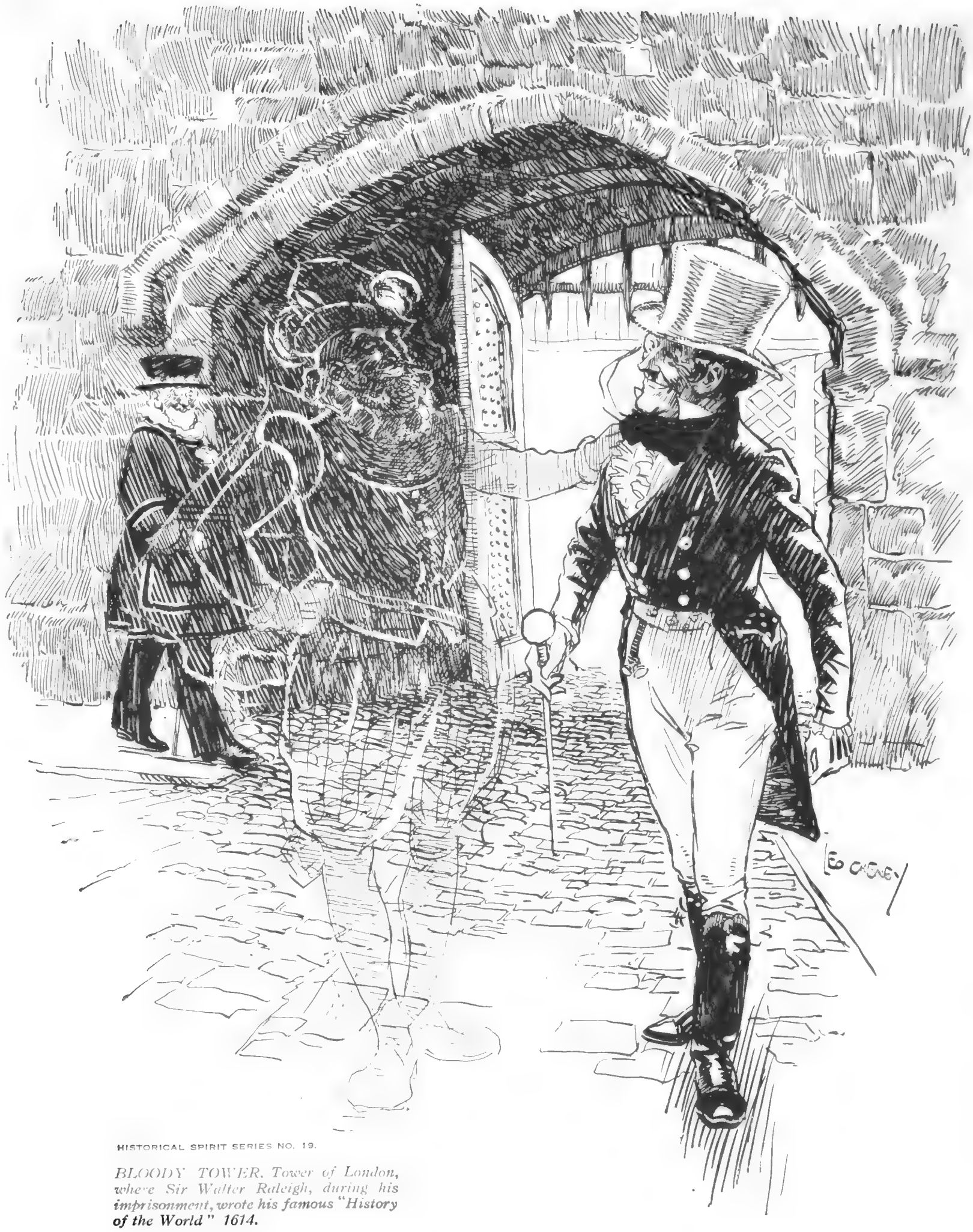


These Tobaccos are obtainable in CARTRIDGE FORM—

CRAVEN Mixture (12)...	1/2½
HANKEY'S Mixture (24)	2/9
SIL PHILLIP'S Mixture (24)...	3/1
BARON Mixture (24) ...	2/5
BARON Blend (24) ...	2/5
BLACK CAT Mixture (12)...	1/-
SEA LIFE Navy Cut (12)...	1/-

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Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*



HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 19.

BLOODY TOWER, Tower of London, where Sir Walter Raleigh, during his imprisonment, wrote his famous "History of the World" 1614.

Johnnie Walker: "Hail! Sir Walter Raleigh. Every man who smokes ought to bless your name."

Shade of Sir Walter Raleigh: "And every man that lifts a glass for you should do the same."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

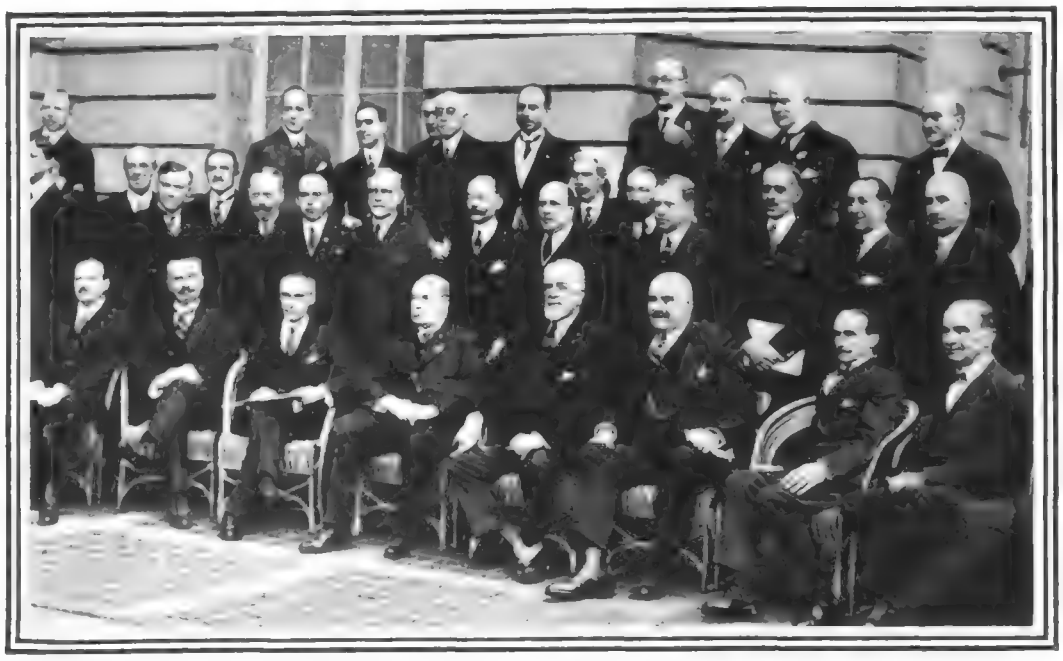
A memorable event in the history of automobilism was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Royal Automobile Club, and it was celebrated last week in a manner which well fitted the importance of the occasion.

Those of us who have been connected with motoring during the past quarter-century can feel proud of the progress of the club, and perhaps we can the most clearly realise the amazing progress which has been made by road transport in that period. Twenty-five years hence other generations will be celebrating, I hope, the fiftieth anniversary of the club, and no doubt they will be talking of the "good old times" of 1922 and their pioneer work.

But I doubt if they will have a more enjoyable function than that in which we took part last week. The R.A.C. had chartered Covent Garden Theatre for the occasion, and here in the old home of grand opera at its best there was served a most enjoyable banquet, followed by a splendid variety entertainment.

The R.A.C. has set a new fashion in theatre-banquets, and to old stagers like myself the innovation is an immense improvement on having dinner in one building and then going to another building for a theatrical entertainment. We motorists are strong advocates of time and labour saving methods.

The Prince of Wales and many other distinguished people were present at the R.A.C. banquet, and the whole proceedings went off in the most enjoyable manner, leaving a lasting impression of the wonderful development of motoring, and also further establishing the reputation of the R.A.C. as delightful hosts. Tributes from all parts of the world have come to the R.A.C. for its splendid pioneer work in the cause of motoring, and the club well deserves the praise which has been given to it.



International Delegates Who Took Part in the Quarter Century Celebrations of the R.A.C.

Right to left, front row—Le Chevalier Rene de Knyff (France); Le Comte Robert de Vogue (France); Le Marquis de Dion (France); Le Baron de Zuylen de Nyevelt de Haar (France); Brigadier-General Sir Capel Holden, K.C.B., F.R.S.; Signor S. E. Crespi (Italy); Monsieur Otto Nekvasil (Czecho-Slovakia); Baron Haymerle (Austria). Right to left, second row—Monsieur Edmond Chaix (France); Monsieur George A. de Ro (Belgium); Monsieur Rich; Le Baron G. Nothomb (Belgium); Le Comte Charles Raczzynski (Poland); Sir J. W. Orde (England, Sec. of R.A.C.); Sir Arthur Stanley; Mr. W. S. Hogan (U.S.A.); Monsieur Karl Fasbender (Austria); Monsieur Jaroslav Kalva (Czecho-Slovakia); Baron Rengers (Holland); Monsieur Zdenko Janak (Czecho-Slovakia); Mr. Alfred Armitage; Monsieur Arnold Rorholt (Norway). Right to left, third row—Monsieur de cav Carlo Moldenhauer; Sir Bruce Bruce-Porter (England); Monsieur C. J. Megevey (Switzerland); Lieut.-Colonel M. O'Gorman, C.B., M.V.O.; Monsieur Paul d'Aoust (Belgium); Colonel Francis Drake (U.S.A.); Colonel Lindsay Lloyd, C.M.G., C.B.E. (England); Monsieur A. Harentz; Monsieur E. F. Empeyta (Switzerland).

The Conference of the International Association of Recognised Automobile Clubs met at the Royal Automobile Club last week. It settled many important questions concerning foreign touring, and decided that Austria should be again admitted, and, later on, Germany. This proposition was made by the Italian Club, and was carried. A proposition to create a new kind of triptych, embodying a passavant and a permit de circulation, proposed by the Swiss Automobile Club, was considered, and a small commission was set up to study the question.

The Conference adopted the resolution put forward by the R.A.C., that all motor vehicles of four wheels or more come under the jurisdiction of the Recognised Automobile Clubs, and lastly, it adopted a proposition to institute a Grand Prix of Europe race, for which purpose a commission was set up to work out the details.

After the official luncheon to the delegates, some beautiful plaques were presented to Sir Arthur Stanley for the club. One of these was from the Swedish Automobile Club. On the back of it is engraved, "With appreciation and admiration of work done and results obtained in twenty-five years," signed Clarence von Rosen, the President of the Swedish Automobile Club. A beautiful silver jug was given by the Swiss Automobile Club, and another plaque was presented by the Norwegian Automobile Club in commemoration of the twenty-fifth year of the R.A.C.'s existence.



DODGE BROTHERS MOTOR VEHICLES

Many words and phrases in common use pass into common abuse. "Efficiency" is an example. Another is "low cost of upkeep." Read the adjoining letter. The experience would be accounted as extraordinary on any other car than the Dodge Brothers.

International Motors Ltd.,
Brook Green, Hammersmith, W.6.
Telephone: Hammersmith 1972-3-4

90,000 MILES!

To Messrs. International Motors, Limited, Brook Green, Hammersmith, LONDON, W. 6.

108, Barker Street, Oldham, Lancs.

Dear Sirs,

I am going to tell you in this letter what my opinion is of the DODGE BROTHERS' CAR; I also wish to tell you that I am a Taxi Proprietor in the hilliest district in Lancashire, and that with my fleet of taxis I have tried four different makes of Cars, but the Dodge is the only one that has stood up to the work and hills around our district.

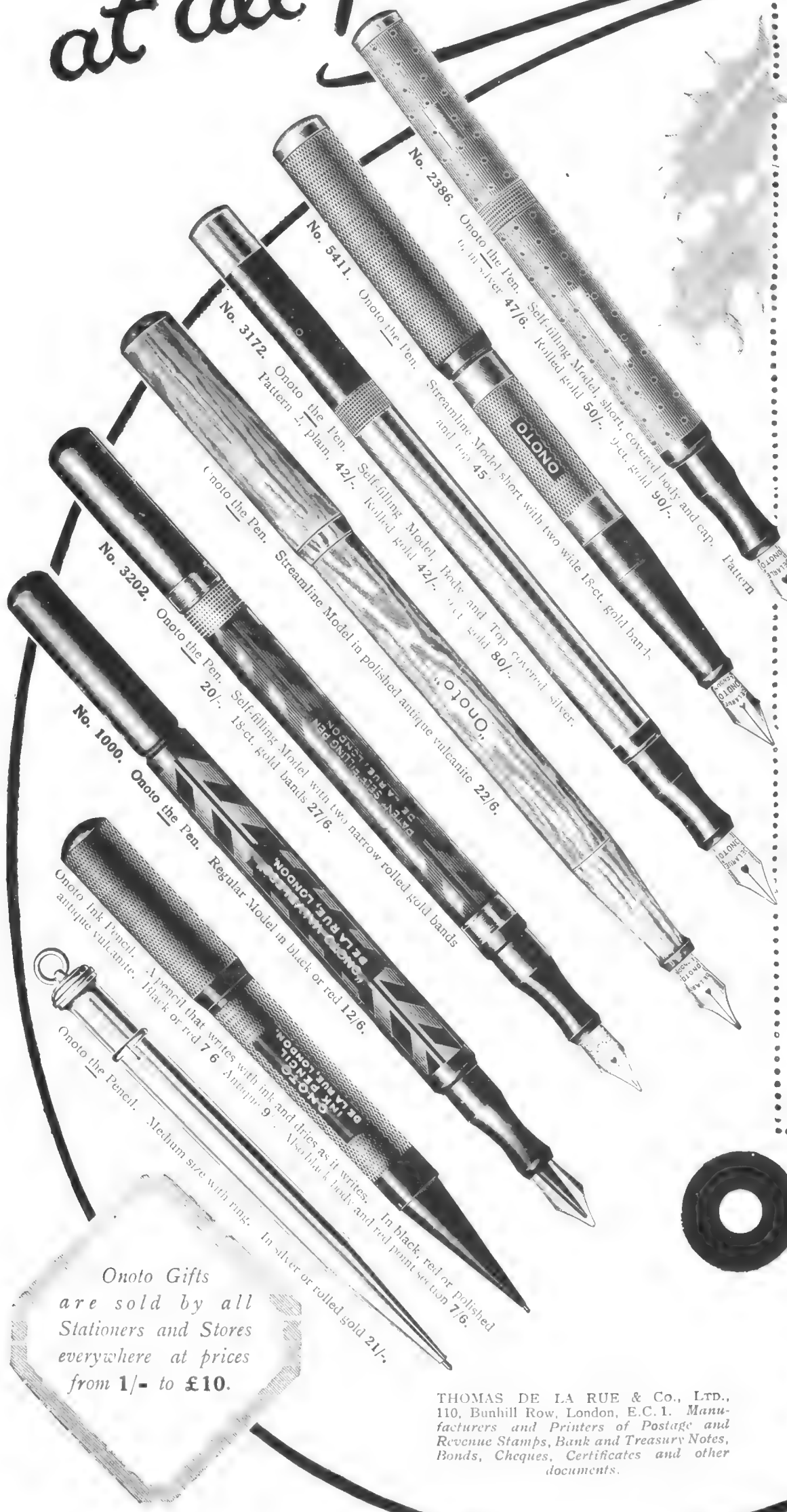
At the present time I have five Dodge Brothers' Landaulettes; my first I bought in February of 1920. This car has done over NINETY THOUSAND MILES, and the only cost I have had has been for three new valves, a set of new piston rings, and the big ends taken up twice. The only things it requires now are two new stub axle pins.

The car is doing on petrol 22 miles to the gallon, and on tyres I am getting about 8,000 miles on the back wheels. This car is as good as a new one and I would not accept £600 for it to-day. The other four cars are turning out as good, for each has done OVER FIFTY THOUSAND MILES up to now. In my opinion there is nothing to equal the Dodge Car for Taxi work. I give you the privilege to make use of this letter.

Yours faithfully,
(Signed) W. H. HAYES.

Note
The cost of renewals for NINETY THOUSAND MILES is £1-17-0
the labour for taking up big ends would not be more than £5-0-0

Onoto Gifts at all prices



Onoto Gifts are sold by all Stationers and Stores everywhere at prices from **1/-** *to* **£10.**

AN Onoto Gift is the gift that is *sure to please*. You cannot go wrong if you give an Onoto. Since money is scarce people want useful and permanent gifts this Christmas. And for the same reason you want to spend within your money and yet give more pleasure than ever.

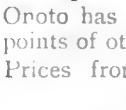
An Onoto Gift solves every Christmas problem. No matter how little or how much you pay, an Onoto Gift is a gift that everyone is proud to possess. Your Stationer has a large range at all prices.

All Onoto gifts are British all through. Buy them and keep British workpeople employed through the winter.

Onoto the Diary

Get an Onoto Diary for 1923—The Diary with a monthly as well as an alphabetical index—a £100 prize competition—an accident insurance coupon for £2,000—specially thin but opaque paper.





No other Diary has these advantages. But the Onoto has also all the good points of other diaries. Prices from **1/-** upwards.



Whenever you see a Pillar-Box, remember to send an Onoto Pen.

Onoto the Pen

THOMAS DE LA RUE & Co., LTD., 110, Bunhill Row, London, E.C. 1. *Manufacturers and Printers of Postage and Revenue Stamps, Bank and Treasury Notes, Bonds, Cheques, Certificates and other documents.*

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Christmas Railway Arrangements

The Great Northern Railway Company has arranged a very comprehensive programme of excursions for Christmas and the New Year in connection with which reduced fares will apply to most of the stations. On Friday, December 22, special corridor express excursions for five, six, nine and fifteen days will leave King's Cross for Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the Midlands, and the North of England; and on the same day excursion trains will leave for Scotland for five, six, eight, and fifteen days. Week-end tickets issued on the Friday and Saturday prior to the Christmas and New Year holidays will be extended for return on the Tuesday following the date of issue.

The Midland Company's Christmas excursions for 1922 will be a great advance upon Christmas, 1921, the availability of the tickets in many cases being for an extended period, with specially reduced fares in many instances. This year excursion tickets will be issued from St. Pancras and other Midland stations to Belfast, available for return within fifteen days. The districts to which Midland excursions will run include Scotland, Ireland, and principal provincial towns in the Midlands, Yorkshire, Lancashire, and North of England. There will also be excursions between the Midland and Northern Counties and the West of England.

The Great Western Railway Company's programme presents a number of very attractive features. On the days immediately preceding December 25 many of the famous expresses from Paddington Station will be run in duplicate. The week-end tickets issued on Friday evening, December 22, after 5 p.m., and on Saturday, December 23, in addition to being available for return on December 24 and 25 (where train service permits) will be extended to enable passengers to return by any train up to Tuesday midnight, December 26. The week-end ticket costs a single fare and a third for the return journey, and is available by any of the G.W.R. expresses. Excursions on a generous and comprehensive scale have also been arranged.

Passengers will be interested to learn that the **South Eastern and Chatham Railway** will issue cheap 15-day tickets to Paris and Brussels, whilst cheap long week-end tickets will be issued to Boulogne, Calais, Ostend, and Flushing; these latter tickets will obviate the need of passports for British subjects. In order to provide for the ever-increasing traffic to Switzerland for the Winter Sports, extra trains will be run by the direct Calais–Laon route. Special arrangements are also being made for passengers to Riviera and Italian destinations. All the Continental services will run as usual during the Christmas holidays with the exception of the Folkestone–Flushing service.

The London and North Western Railway Company's Christmas excursion programme is of a very comprehensive character. All excursions from Euston will be by express corridor trains, and a through service has been arranged to all the principal towns served by the company, with a reduction of one-seventh on excursion fares over 20s.; week-end tickets are made available for an extra day. The excursions will be run on Friday, December 22, and Saturday, December 23. Week-end tickets will be issued on both days to all districts.

The extension of the usual week-end ticket facilities of the **London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway,** which enables the return journey to be made not later than December 26, will be a boon to visitors to the Sunny South. The Brighton and French State Railways are running excursions to Paris for Christmas on December 21 to 24 and for the New Year on December 29 to 31. The trains leave Victoria (L.B. & S.C. Rly.) at 10.0 a.m. (1st and 2nd class) and 8.20 p.m. (2nd and 3rd class). Pullman cars are run in the trains in England and corridor and restaurant carriages in France.



At Dr. Barnardo's Homes

Two only of the 94,000 who have passed through the famous home for orphaned boys and girls

A List of Christmas Charities

The Prince of Wales, president of the school, presiding at the Mansion House a few evenings ago, on the occasion of the 164th Anniversary Festival of the **Orphan Working School and Alexandra Orphanage,** assured those present of his sincere sympathy for the school's welfare, and hoped he had convinced them that it is a charity worthy of most generous support. There are over 300 orphan children in the school, and they come from all parts of the country. The treasurer, Lord Marshall, will welcome gifts to help this old-established charity at 73, Cheapside, E.C.2.

In fifty-six years **Dr. Barnardo's Homes** have rescued from the ruin of body or soul, or both, 94,000 of the Empire's most valuable asset—her children. From every corner of the kingdom these children have been drawn; and into every corner of Great Britain, and far away overseas into her Dominions they have gone again, or will go years hence—sturdy, steady, trained, and capable workmen or workwomen—to do the work their Mother Empire needs. A vast organisation such as Barnardo's cannot be carried on without funds. It is a great work for God; it is a great work for the Empire. Donations should be sent to the Director, at head offices, 18–26, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

The **Evelina (Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.)** is the largest children's hospital for the whole of South and South-East London. Funds are most urgently needed for carrying on the beneficent and increasing work of the hospital. The Evelina has never received payments or grants of any kind either from the Government or the British Red Cross Society, although of course most of the patients belonged to those who were fighting for their country. Contributions for any amount will be most gratefully received by the Secretary at the hospital, Southwark Bridge Road, S.E.

The **Cancer Hospital (Free)** is in the unique position of having under one roof all the essentials for a combined attack on the numerous and difficult questions which cancer research involves. The Electrical and Radio-therapeutic Department and the Research Institute are probably the best-equipped in the world; and there are special wards for X-ray and radium treatment. As this is one of the few hospitals maintained by voluntary contributions, gifts are urgently required by the committee. These should be addressed to The Secretary, The Cancer Hospital, Fulham Road, S.W.3.

Within the area served by the **Royal Northern Group of Hospitals** there are hundreds of poor people who depend on the free medical treatment they receive for their physical well-being. In order to assist these patients the hospitals appeal for donations at this festive season of good will. Donations should be addressed to The Secretary, Royal Northern Group of Hospitals, Holloway Road, London, N.7.

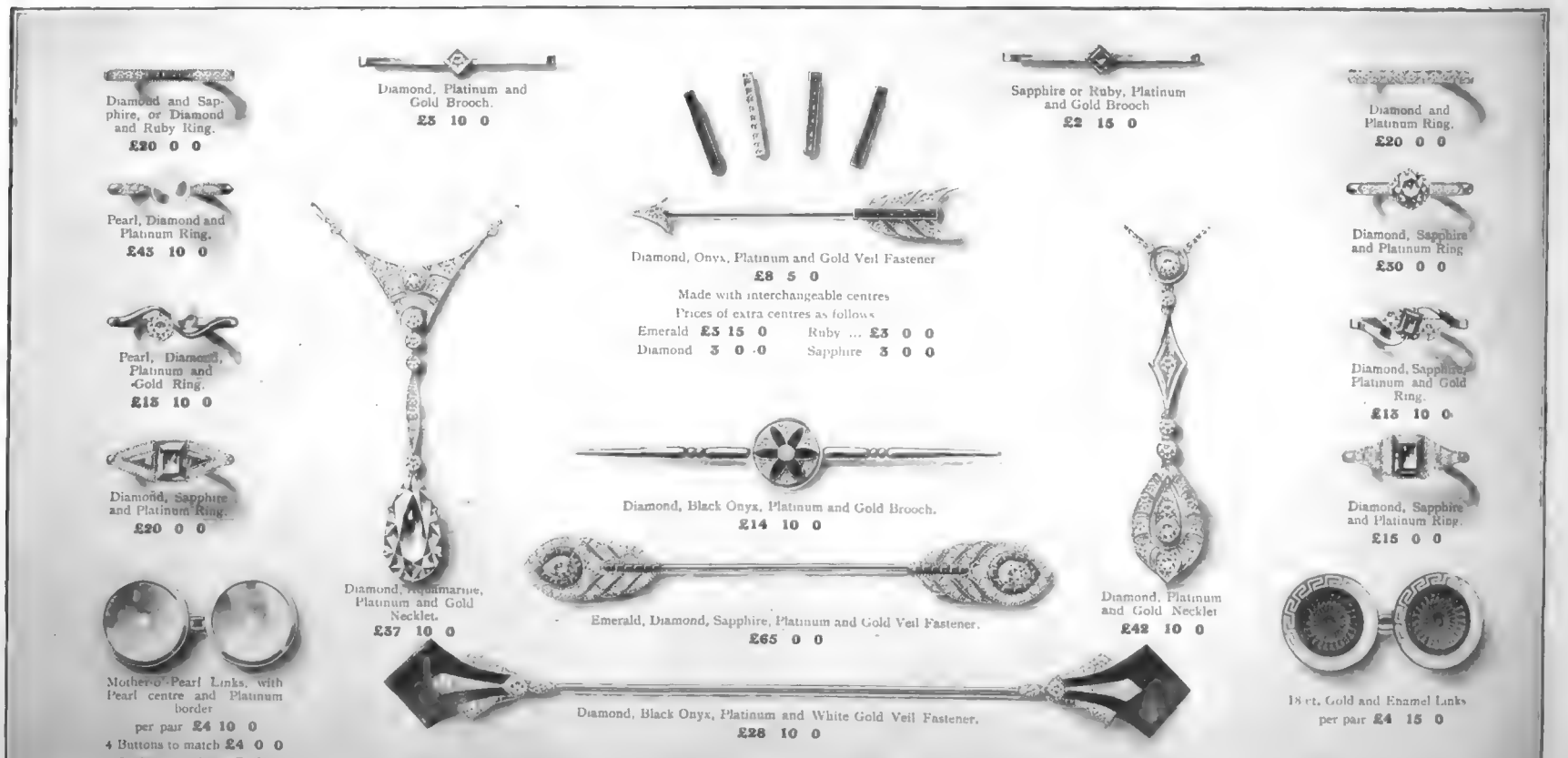
The winter social work of the **Church Army** is on a greater scale than in any year since the close of the war. Owing to the unprecedented tide of unemployment and the increase in the number of men leaving prison, the labour homes throughout London and the provinces are in increasing demand, those in London being particularly busy. The society tries to deal with the men as individuals, and of the 625 new applications registered recently no less than 120 were found permanent jobs.

"Thousands of appeals have already been sent throughout the Motherland and to British men and women across the seas asking their help in a supreme effort at Christmas time, and also for New Year offerings." So says the Secretary of the **Shaftesbury Homes and Arethusa Training Ship** of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, and hopes the society will be remembered. It wants to realise the £15,000 for which the committee have been appealing for some time.

BY APPOINTMENT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

BY APPOINTMENT



Gifts Book sent free. Selections for approval Carriage Paid.

ONLY ONE ADDRESS

The Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company Ltd
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths Alliance Ltd Estb. 1751.
112, Regent Street, London, W.1.

NO BRANCHES ANYWHERE

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URGENT CHRISTMAS APPEALS.

XMAS GIFTS URGENTLY NEEDED
FOR A GOOD WORK IN SORE NEED

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

has so far received £10,000 towards the sum of £25,000 required to prevent curtailment of the Society's work.

PLEASE SEND A GIFT TOWARDS THE BALANCE, £15,000

WHAT THE SOCIETY HAS ALREADY ACCOMPLISHED:
10,000 Boys sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.
9,000 Boys Trained for Civil Employment and Emigration.

TO-DAY THE SOCIETY IS FEEDING, CLOTHING, AND EDUCATING 1,100 BOYS AND GIRLS

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN.
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Chairman: F. H. CLAYTON, Esq.
Chairman of Ship Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.
Joint Secretaries: H. BRISTOW WALLEN and HENRY G. COPELAND.

Cheques, etc. should be made payable to and sent to

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES & "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP, 164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C. 2

AT CHRISTMAS TIME

THE HUNGRY *SHOULD BE FED*
THE DISTRESSED *SHOULD BE HELPED*
THE SUFFERING *SHOULD BE RELIEVED*

THE CHURCH ARMY

earnestly asks

CHRISTMAS GIFTS

so that by its varied beneficent operations THE MESSAGE OF GOODWILL may be carried to those who are "DOWN AND OUT."

Cheques should be crossed "Barclays' a/c Church Army," payable to PREBENDARY CARLILE, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, 55, Bryanston St., Marble Arch, London, W.1.

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES



Will you help this little one?

This curly-pated cot-baby is one of two sisters admitted last year. Their mother was deserted by her husband, and the little ones were in danger of actual starvation.

Into the lives of children such as these, Barnardo's bring the sunshine which those babes have never known, happiness which they have never even dreamed of, health which their uncared-for, underfed little bodies scarcely dared hope for.

Cheques payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund," and crossed, may be addressed to the Director, Rear Admiral Sir Henry Stileman, at HEAD OFFICES (Dept. S.P.), 18-26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E.1.

EVELINA HOSPITAL,

SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.

LARGEST CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL in South London.

SITUATED IN ITS POOREST DISTRICT.

Supported by VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Funds Urgently Needed.

HEAVILY IN DEBT.

X **Please help this Charity, "not only because it is a Hospital, but because it is a Hospital for Children."** X

D. MALCOLM SCOTT, Esq., *Chairman.*
H. C. S. SMITH, *Secretary.*

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (FREE)

Fulham Road, London, S.W.3.

(Incorporated under Royal Charter.)

THE ONLY SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN LONDON FOR THE TREATMENT OF CANCER.

NO LETTERS. NO PAYMENTS.

Urgent Appeal is made for additional ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS to the Ceneral Maintenance Fund.

FUNDS ARE NEEDED for the RESEARCH INSTITUTE and for the ELECTRICAL AND RADIO-THERAPEUTIC DEPARTMENTS.

DONATIONS & LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.

Bankers—Coutts & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.2.
Secretary—J. Courtney Buchanan, C.B.E.

If it were someone you loved

Just think what *you* would feel if someone you loved were lying dangerously ill and you had no money to pay for the skilled care on which your whole hope of his recovery depended.

This Christmas, in the vast area served by the Royal Northern Group of Hospitals, there are hundreds of poor folk who simply cannot afford to pay for the treatment of which their dear ones are in desperate need. Will you not help them, by assisting us to keep our beds open to pay our way, and to provide free treatment for all who really need it?

Please send a Donation to the Secretary.

ROYAL NORTHERN Group of HOSPITALS

Holloway Road, London, N. 7.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN ONE BOX OF CHOCOLATES AND TWO BOXES

is enough to provide the Christmas dinner for one of the orphan children in our school. The greater the sacrifice the greater the joy of giving. Give to those from whom you expect nothing in return and have the pleasure of knowing you have helped a little child upon its way. Over 300 fatherless boys and girls are cared for in

THE ORPHAN WORKING SCHOOL AND ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE.

Treasurer:
The Rt. Hon. Lord Marshall, P.C., K.C.V.O.
Secretary:
Fred J. Robinson, A.C.I.S.
Offices:
73, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

THE LAST £100,000!

The Prince of Wales, as President of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, asks YOU to help to give 118 Hospitals throughout Greater London a clear start for 1923.

£400,000 is secure; £100,000 is still wanted.

THIS GIFT FORM MAY BE USED.

To the Treasurers and Trustees, Hospitals of London Combined Appeal, 19, Berkeley Street, W.1.

Gentlemen,—I welcome the opportunity to respond to the appeal of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, and enclose

£ : : *per* .....

Signature ..... *Title (if any), or whether Esquire, Mrs., or Miss* .....

Address (in full) ..... *Date* *1922*

Notes by post should be registered and insured. Cheques should be drawn "Hospitals of London Combined Appeal," and crossed.

The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London (Mr. Alderman E. C. Moore), The Governor of the Bank of England (Mr. M. C. Norman, D.S.O.), the Chairman of the London Regional Committee of the British Hospitals Association (Viscount Hambleden), and the Treasurer of King Edward's Hospital Fund for London (Lord Revelstoke).

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The Shakspere Play at Ellesmere College

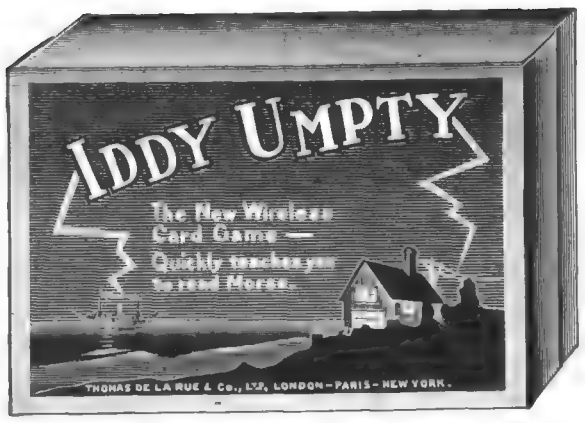
In another part of this issue (pp. 282–3) we publish pictures of Ellesmere College, in Shropshire, showing scenes at the school at which the two pictures reproduced on this page were taken. Shakspere's *Henry IV.*, Part I., was presented on November 29 by the boys of the college, and proved an unqualified success. Good acting has become a tradition at this school, and the present production —the thirty-second of the series—showed that the standard is fully maintained, if one may judge from the enthusiastic reception accorded by a large audience of parents, old boys, and friends.

The Ellesmere production is particularly interesting, as last year another Falstaff play, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, was performed. The contrast between the two plays was well brought out, and the stage manager is to be commended for his accurate judgment in preserving a nice balance between the serious and comic parts of the play. The serious plot was carried through with rare life and movement, whilst the Falstaff scenes were never allowed to become tiresome—an error easily made by amateurs. All the acting was good, and it was noticeable that, wherever possible, even minor parts had been treated as character studies, each actor thus showing an above-the-average interest in his part.

The mounting and dressing were good without being over-elaborate, and showed great attention to detail. The college is to be congratulated on still another successful production.



Some of the Schoolboy Actors in the Ellesmere College Play



A New Game to Teach the Morse Code

"Iddy Umpty"—a New Game

Under this somewhat ungainly title will be found a very excellent new card game, published by Thomas de la Rue and Co., which has exceptional merits, for it will make children familiar in a very easy fashion with the Morse code. "Iddy Umpty" is a game which can be played by two or more players, and the game is published in attractive boxes at 2s. 6d. and 4s. 6d. each. It follows somewhat on the lines of "Snap," but the point of the game is, as we have said, that it does really teach in a very pleasant manner the use of the Morse code.

P. and O. Fare Reductions

The Peninsula and Oriental Company announce a new schedule of reduced passage rates to and from the ports abroad served by the company's lines. The changes now published involve a considerable increase in the number of berths at the lower fares. In addition to these general reductions in long-distance sea fares, there is also announced a schedule of specially reduced seasonal rates for short sea traffic between London, Gibraltar, Marseilles, and Egypt. For £16 first, or £11 second class, a return ticket to Gibraltar may be obtained, with a trip to and from Tangiers thrown in, for journeys originating in London on or after June 15 and ending in London mid-September. Between the same dates return tickets to Marseilles will be available at £20 first class or £14 second class, both ways by sea. A ticket to or from Egypt may, for single journeys originating in London between May 1 and August 18, be obtained for £25 first class, £18 second class.

The Reductions in Steamship Fares to Australia

The Orient Line of steamers announce reductions in their fares for all classes to and from Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand. The reductions, which came into force on December 1, are very considerable, ranging from £16 to £36 in the case of first saloon fares and £19 to £30 second saloon fares, while return tickets show still greater reductions. Fares to Gibraltar, Toulon, Naples, Egypt, and Colombo are also reduced.

The New Zealand Shipping Company

The New Zealand Shipping Company announce reductions in passenger fares on their route from Southampton to New Zealand *viâ* Panama. The first-class single fares are lower by £15, the return fares by £43. Single second-class fares are reduced from £80 or £85 to £70 or £75, and return second class from £148 to £122. Appreciable abatements occur also in the third class, and in respect of all three classes the fares are reduced also to Australian and Tasmanian ports.



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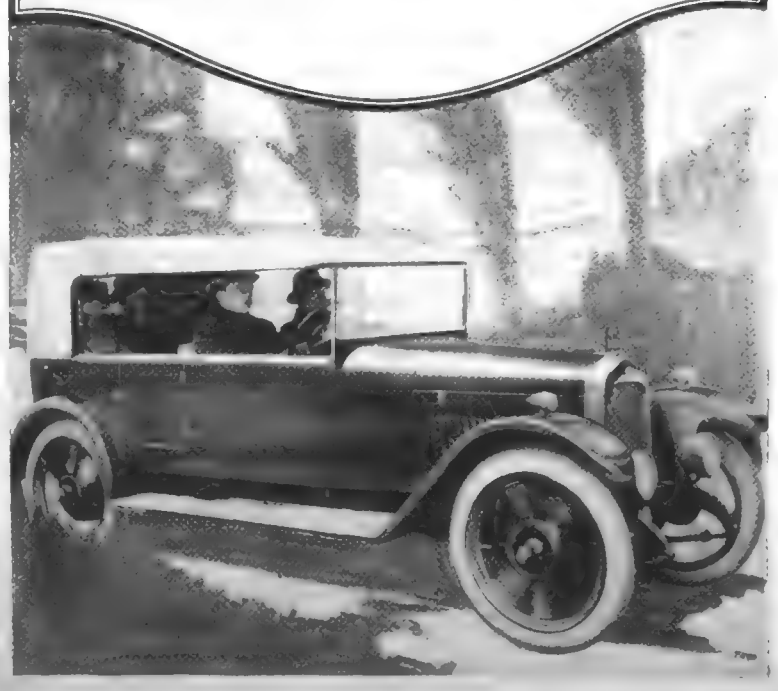
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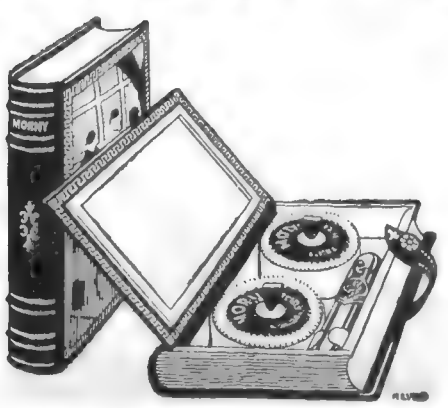
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THE ROMAN BATH IN THE STRAND

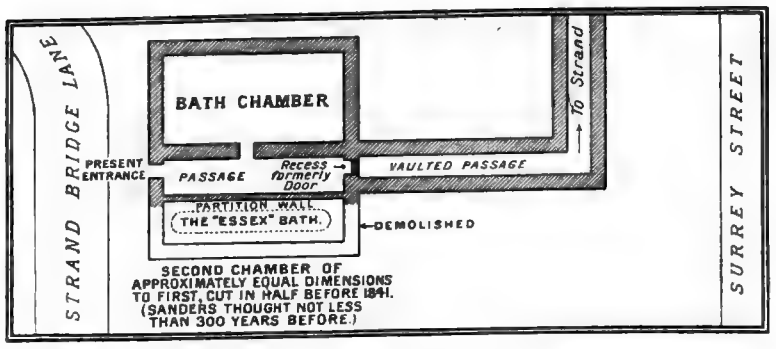
Continued study of the Roman Bath and the problems connected therewith only adds to the fascination of the subject, and produces new questions needing reply. First, it must be admitted to be strange that the bath apparently remained unnoticed and unknown until 1841, when John Sanders stumbled upon it. Yet it was already recognised and described as a Roman bath, and according to Sanders had always been so. Secondly, there is the never-failing water supply attributed to the Holy Well.

In the Aldwych district there were very certainly TWO springs or groups of springs—one near St. Clement Danes, in the area once covered by Clement's Inn, now occupied by the Law Courts; the second near St. Mary-le-Strand. There were also TWO Strand bridges. The first was at the head of Essex Street and the second at the head of Strand Bridge Lane. The latter, at the head of Strand Lane, is expressly stated by Maitland to have spanned a watercourse which ran down from the fields, along the lane, into the Thames. It is perfectly clear there were two; the western-most was most probably the one which supplied the Roman bath. It would be easy for Roman engineers to utilise the pure water for the purposes of the little bathing establishment. Later, when Roman civilisation and refinement were succeeded by medieval barbarism, the buildings fell into ruin, and the stream being unable to pass the choked conduits, reverted to its ancient channel, bubbled up into the bath through the damaged floor, and filtered out again through the sides.

Bathing was only allowed in the so-called Essex's bath in a now destroyed room on the other side of the entrance passage. This had no floor; its bottom was the sandy bed of the streamlet, with the water bubbling up through it. E. F.

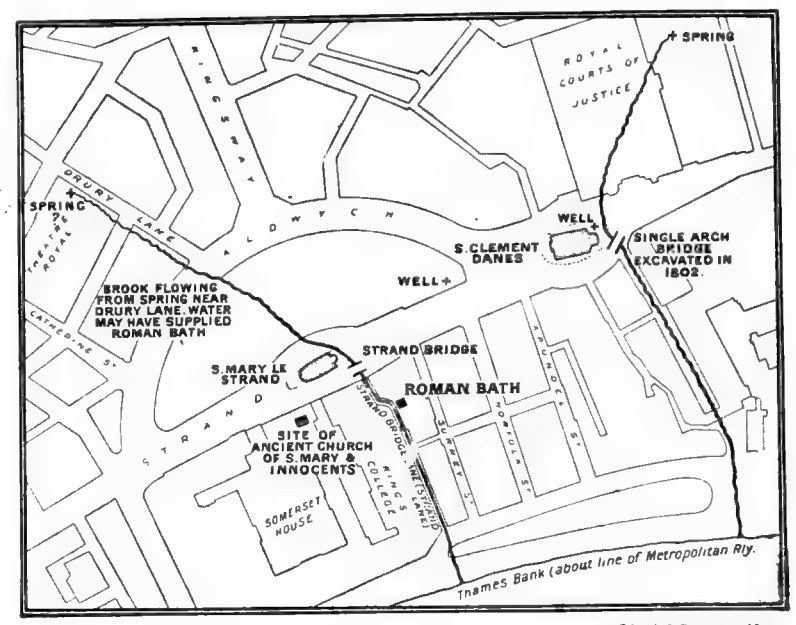
Fairy Rings—A Suggested Origin

A correspondent writing from Iraq sends the following interesting note on "fairy rings." He says: "Southern Kurdistan is in parts not unlike the highlands of Scotland, and the Kurd is an Aryan. The only method of threshing known to the Kurd is that of treading out the grain with oxen. This is accomplished in the following manner. The grain—wheat, barley, or rice—after harvesting, is gathered into a large circular stack, and two or three bullocks yoked side-by-side driven round-and-round it, sheaves being gradually forked down from the top of the stack on all sides and the grain trampled out of the ear. It will be apparent from the above that a smooth surface or floor is essential if grain is to be properly threshed by this method. In rough, stony ground it is necessary to clear off stones, and I have on several occasions in particularly rugged districts seen boulders of three to four feet in diameter moved to form a floor. The next point is that there is no object in moving the stones farther than the outside edge of the floor, since it would only entail unnecessary work, and they in the former position assist in keeping the oxen from breaking away. The result of all this is finally a perfect ring some ten to fifteen yards in diameter of stones or boulders. In districts where the ground was smooth and there were no stones to be removed, and consequently no ring formed, it is still possible that long-continued use of one patch—owing to the pulverisation of the soil and the addition of straw dust, urine, and droppings—for this purpose would result in its producing for a long period afterwards grass of a slightly different texture to that surrounding it.



The Entrance from Strand Bridge Lane and the Vaulted Passage

From recent research made for "The Sphere" there is evidence that beyond the actual bath chamber, which we recently illustrated, there was formerly a second vaulted chamber, part of which is now used as a passage. On the south side of the partition wall the probable site of the "Essex" bath is indicated. A further interesting feature of the district is the presence of a vaulted passage leading eastward and then turning at right angles in the direction of the Strand



Special SPHERE *plans*

The Two Streams which Crossed the Strand

The westernmost of these is the one which fed the Roman Bath with clear water from a spring in Drury Lane

THE RESULTS OF RECENT SEARCH UPON THE SITE

Charles Letts and Company's Diaries

The note of Charles Letts is the extraordinary differentiation of diaries for various purposes. There is a "Girl Guides' Diary," a "Boy Scout's Note-Book and Diary," the "Business Man's Diary," the "Housewife's Diary," and the "Gardener's Diary"; while there are, of course, a variety of diaries of the ordinary types, and any number of substantial quarto and folio diaries for the benefit of offices. Many will appreciate *The Ladies' Year Book*, and many "The Efficiency Calendar," a substitute for the "Tear-Off" pad, on quite new lines.

A Circus to Aid the Hospitals

The whole of the proceeds of the first performance of the International Circus at Olympia on Friday afternoon, December 22, will be given to the Hospitals of London Combined Appeal, of which the Prince of Wales is President. Tickets can be obtained at Olympia and the usual agencies.



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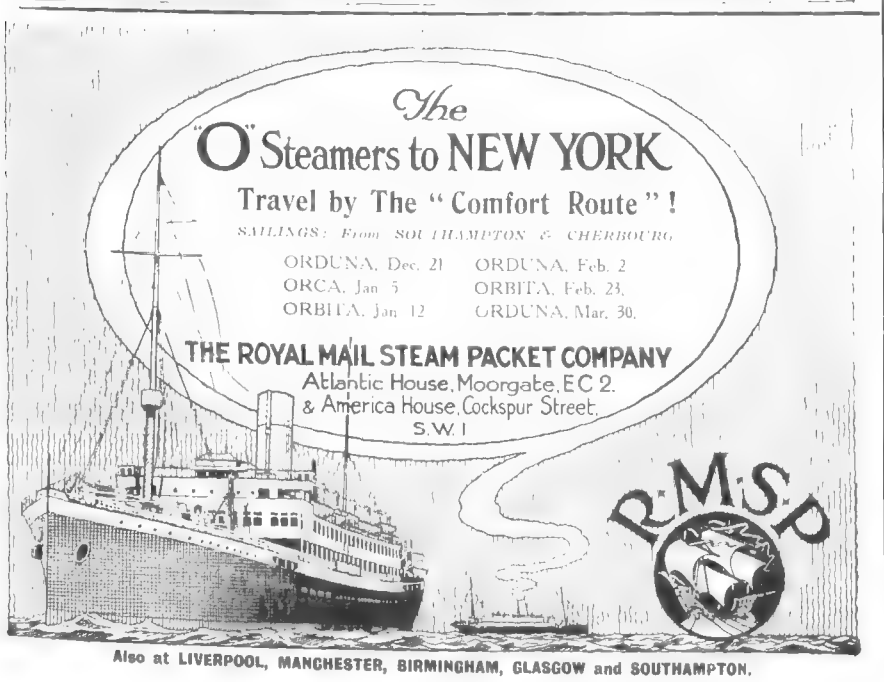
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ORBITA, Jan. 12 — ORDUNA, Mar. 30.

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TREASURE TROVE

By SYLVANIA

Is there anything that thrills you more than talk of hidden treasure—tales of pearls and pieces-of-eight lost from a Spanish galleon in the bay below the coastguard's cottage, of jewels hidden in stormy times, and no man knows where, of splendid loot from convent and monastery that must, folks say, still lie buried here or there, up and down the country, or anything to make your heart beat faster than the sight of yellow, musty papers in a secret drawer that suddenly flies open in an old bureau, or the unexpected yielding beneath your fingers of the spring that guards a sliding panel in your quiet homely room? The papers are but bills for flour and bacon bought a hundred years ago, there is nothing behind the panel save emptiness and dust, yet for a second you will have dreamed of a key to buried treasure, and caught the glint of gold in the dusk. I have dreamed of it, too, for in this very room there is a hiding place, a lost space in the thickness of the wall, for which no one can account, and why should it not hold treasure as well as another? Some day we shall find the way through to it, and send the mice scuttling, and that will be all, but meanwhile—well, country folks sat here when Elizabeth was queen, and climbed the hill to watch the beacons blaze that told of Philip's great Armada; so after all, why should not I, too, dream of treasure and the finding of it?

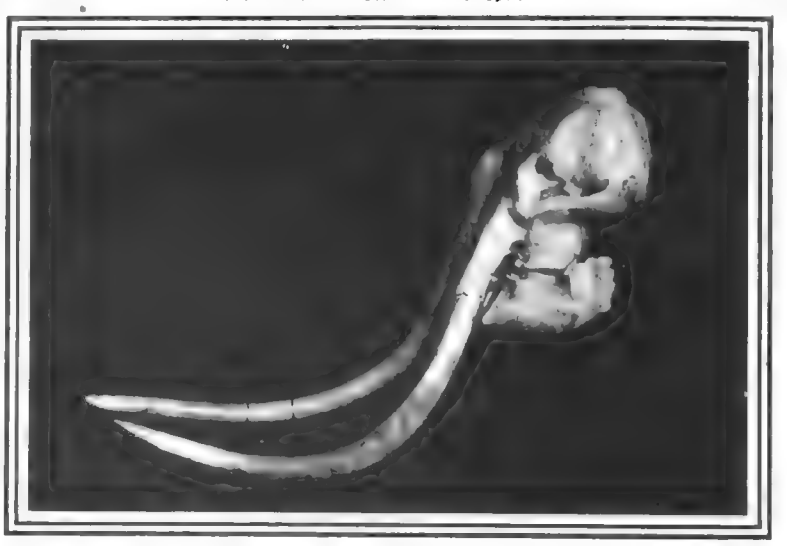
For we all do it, from the time we are of an age to read *Treasure Island* and understand the fascination of pirates and doubloons and strange maps marked with a skull and cross-bones.

Given a certain amount of pluck and money any man may go treasure-seeking, but only one man in a thousand will find what he seeks, and one in many centuries will find such a treasure as has just been found in Egypt. Gold and ivory, thrones and chariots, all a king's appurtenances set out to do him honour in his passing, lost and forgotten in their hiding place in the rock, waiting through the centuries until, after thirty had gone by, there came a knocking on the door and the light was let in upon them once again. That is a tale to fire the imagination of the stay-at-homes, to make a man long to fling down his pen and be off to seek his fortune in the wide places of the world as his fathers used to do, a tale of perseverance and courage and patient work to make you despise the humdrum black coats that run down the road morning after morning to catch the 9.10 to the City. There is rare magic in it, for what magic carpet ever served its masters better than did the picks of these two Englishmen? Aladdin's lamp never showed him sight more wonderful than these forgotten death chambers of a great Pharaoh, with a third beyond lying still sealed and silent and containing secrets only guessed as yet. What an answer to the weary people who tell you that there is nothing left in the world worth the doing.



In the Christmas "Sphere"

A very much reduced illustration from a page plate in colour by H. M. Brock of Henry Lytton as Jack Point in the Christmas Number of "The Sphere"



The Skull of a Siberian Mammoth—A New Science Treasure

This huge skull, now in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington, comes from the New Siberian Islands in the Arctic Ocean. The tusks are over 6 ft. long and the teeth are in a remarkably good state. This is the first skull of its kind ever to come to England, it is thought

LONDON'S "PARTICULAR"

A Note on London's Fogs

Just about a hundred years ago Mr. John Hogg, who was connected with the North London Hospital, wrote a volume on *London As It Is*; it consisted of a series of notes on the health and habits of London in the early nineteenth century. His remarks on fog are very quaint.

"Mists are of two kinds, *dry* and *wet*. The latter are seldom met with in the torrid zone, but they continually brood over the polar regions. The dry fog, according to some philosophers, arises from subterraneous vapours; it exhibits an intimate connexion with volcanic eruptions: such was the case with the celebrated mist which, in 1783, enveloped all Europe at the moment when the volcanic fire made Iceland tremble, and immediately after the disaster of Calabria.

"The dry fog, so frequently observed in the months of November and December in London, seems to be composed chiefly of smoke, which, from its great weight, is unable to rise from the earth, when the surrounding atmosphere, as indicated by the fall of the barometer, becomes specifically light. The colour of it corresponds with that of smoke, and it generally possesses a sooty, suffocating odour.

"It is of a bottle-green colour, but if the barometer rise, it will either totally disappear, or change into a white mist. It is sometimes so dense as to prevent objects being discerned even at a distance of a few yards, and, in consequence, many accidents occur in the streets, from the carriages and other vehicles coming into contact with each other."

This constitutes what all Londoners know to-day as a "London Particular."

John Walker's Diaries

The firm of Walker and Co. has distinguished itself this year not only by its usual collection of dainty diaries rich in excellent features, but by developing its "Year by Year" diaries, which ingeniously permit an entry in your diary on any day independently of the year. These "Year by Year" diaries are now made in several sizes. An attractive novelty of John Walker's is the "Turn-Over Student's Ring Book," an ingenious note-book on the loose-leaf principle, with hinged rings. This admits of manipulation hard to explain but good to see. It is assuredly the last word in writing tablets not only for students but for authors. The same firm has instituted novel inventions for holding one's postage stamps and for addresses. "My Friend's File," as it is called, is a clever device which also cannot easily be explained, but is well worth inquiring after as a Christmas present. There is a "finish" in the diaries of John Walker and Co. which will commend itself to the connoisseur of good binding and artistic book production.

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THE LUNATIC STILL AT LARGE. (*Continued from p. 324.*)

confidentially, "do you think you could arrange an interview for me with the new heir—without mentioning to anyone else that I am here?"

Rickett glanced over his shoulder and saw that the hall was clear. In an equally guarded voice he replied:

"Well, sir, it so happens that Mr. Jack and 'is friend, Mr. Palmer, has just returned from a walk, and they're sitting by theirselves in the small morning room at this moment, sir. If you will walk straight in, sir ——"

Mr. Essington waited not an instant, but straightway walked into the hall.

"My luck holds!" he said to himself complacently. "These fellows can't know me by sight, and ten minutes at the outside ought to see me safely off again."

"What name is it this time, sir?" inquired Rickett politely.

"Mr. Carey," said the visitor, adding to himself: "They have only met abroad. He can't know much about her relations."

"Mr. Carey to see Mr. Hayward!" announced the butler, and with the elegant assurance of a Chesterfield the caller bowed to the two gentlemen in turn.

"Mr. Hayward, I believe, sir?" said he. "Permit me to congratulate you on coming into your very eligible inheritance. And you, I presume, sir, are Mr. Palmer? A delightful morning, isn't it?"

It struck him that the two gentlemen were gazing at him with an expression of extraordinary astonishment. This, however, he put down as probably due to their not having met quite so finished a product of our ancient civilisation before, and he very affably endeavoured to set them at their ease.

"You have come from abroad, I believe," said he. "Devilish odd it must be to see so many white fellows all in one place. What are the ladies like in your part of the world? However, perhaps we had better not start such an entertaining subject this morning." He turned to the heir. "The fact is, Mr. Hayward, I have come to ask you for the favour of a few minutes' private conversation. You will forgive me, Mr. Palmer, for separating you from your friend for a moment, I hope."

Mr. Palmer was the first to recover from his stupor. Turning to his friend, he whispered in his ear, "Keep him till I get back!" and then, raising his voice, said:

"Bye-bye, Jack; I'll just move along inter the next room, leaving you and this here toff to confab. Don't hurry; have a nice long talk!"

And thereupon, without addressing their visitor at all, Mr. Palmer walked out.

"Thank heaven I'm not likely to meet that gentlemen again!" thought Mr. Essington. "Unless possibly we do time in the same penitentiary."

Addressing the remaining gentleman with the same extreme politeness, he indicated a chair and suggested:

"Won't you sit down, sir?"

Mr. William Dent stared, if possible, harder than ever, but nevertheless he sat down, and his visitor threw himself into a seat beside him.

"I have called, as you perhaps can guess from my name," Mr. Essington began with a confidential smile, "with reference to a little affair concerning my relative, Miss Kate Carey. I daresay you can also guess what it is."

He looked at the charming Kate's accepted lover, and suddenly there crossed his mind a shade of vague wonder. The man was clearly embarrassed, and, moreover, he even seemed afraid. But as for any emotion being evoked by the mention of his *fiancée's* name, there was not a trace of it. She might have been an utter stranger to judge from his expression.

"Well," scowled Mr. Dent, "fire away."

Mr. Essington's brows went up.

"Is that the only observation you have to make, sir?" he asked.

"What else did you expect?" rejoined Mr. Dent.

Mr. Essington eyed his man very curiously indeed.

"May I venture to ask if you are really not desirous of meeting Miss Carey?"

"Why should I meet her?"

Mr. Essington stroked his chin thoughtfully.

"Ah, why, indeed?" said he. "You can think of no reason yourself, can you?"

"What reason is there?"

"I am asking you, Mr. Hayward."

"Well, and I'm dammed if I see why I should answer."

Mr. Essington made a movement as if he would rise.

"Shall I return with that message then?"

"No, no," said the other hurriedly. "Wait a bit. There's no hurry. I—I want to know more about this."

Mr. Essington again became affability itself.

"Certainly," said he. "What can I tell you?"

Mr. Dent hesitated. He had to talk about something, and his counsellor was not at his elbow to tell him what.

"Between me and you," said he, endeavouring to imitate the easy manner of his visitor, "what's the game? What's this Miss Carey after?"

Mr. Essington so far forgot his manners as to stare for an instant at this remarkable lover, without making any reply.

"What an extraordinary coincidence," he thought, "two of us on the same lay!" And then a very happy thought struck him.

"Look here, my good rascal," said he, as affably as ever, but with rather less dignity, "I don't ofter go in for blackmail, but I'm devilish hard up at the moment. If you advance me £50 I'll go off and say no more about it."

It was Mr. Dent's turn to stare.

"What the hell d'ye mean?" he exclaimed.

"I mean that you're no more Jack Hayward than I am. Got the money about you? Between ourselves, the sooner I'm squared and got rid of the happier I shall feel."

For a few moments Mr. Dent gazed at him irresolutely. The idea seemed to have something in it.

"I'll give you forty," he said at length.

"Fifty, or I split!" said Mr. Essington, with determination.

"And you'll clear out at once?"

"Like a greased rabbit!"

"Very well," began Mr. Dent, rising and moving hastily towards the door. "I'll fetch the stuff——"

He was interrupted by the door opening in his face, and the sudden appearance of a broad-shouldered man with a black beard and an eye that twinkled complacently. Behind him entered Mr. Palmer with an expression of almost priestly benevolence, while the rear was brought up by Mr. and the Misses Hayward.

"Good morning, sir," said the black-bearded man.

"The devil!" murmured Mr. Essington. He recovered himself, however, immediately, and returned the greeting with friendly condescension. "Good morning, Lumsden," said he. "May I ask if that person resembling a bigamous beadle put you on to me?"

"If it's me you're meaning, Mr. Lunatic," replied Mr. Palmer with severity, "me and my friend has as a matter of fact been in a kinder way helpful in gettin' you back to your straight-waistcoat; yes, we has."

"You have turned up just five minutes too soon," said Mr. Essington. "Your amiable friend was on the point of bribing me not to give him away," and turning to Mr. Hayward, he added, with a smile, "I'm afraid you have got another bogus nephew, Uncle Theodore. I don't know where these two rascals come from, but if I were you I should get rid of them as quick as I could."

Aunt Mary gave a little gasp.

"Is that true?" she cried. And there seemed to be a curious note of thankfulness in her voice.

"What do you mean?" demanded Aunt Julia sharply; and even she appeared not altogether displeased.

"Ladies," said Mr. Palmer, stepping forward and raising a soothing hand, "this here poor unfortunate gentleman has got one of them delusions which persons having a tile loose is known to have. First he thinks he was your nephew hisself. Now he thinks your real nephew isn't."

Mr. Essington looked at the large, heavy-jowled face and the chilly malevolent eyes with a new air of interest.

"I had no idea you were such an intelligent gentleman, Mr. Palmer," he said candidly. "I put you down as a very ordinary type of jail-bird, but your argument is really devilishly ingenious. At the same time," he added, turning to Mr. Theodore, "I should strongly advise you to take an impression of these two worthies' finger-prints."

So far Lumsden had been listening to the conversation with good-humoured patience. Still good-humouredly, but with the irresistible authority of his muscular shoulders, he laid his hand on his prisoner's arm and observed:

"Come awa' now, sir; if you once get talking there's nae stopping you, and we'll have to be catching our train."

Mr. Essington sighed.

"Well," said he, "if the devil drives—— "

But he never finished his sentence. In the open doorway there had suddenly appeared the figure of a tall, strapping, fair-haired young man, with a bronze face marked by a conspicuous dimple in his chin. He now strode in and addressed himself first to Mr. Hayward.

"Uncle Theodore," said he, "I am Jack Hayward."

(To be concluded)

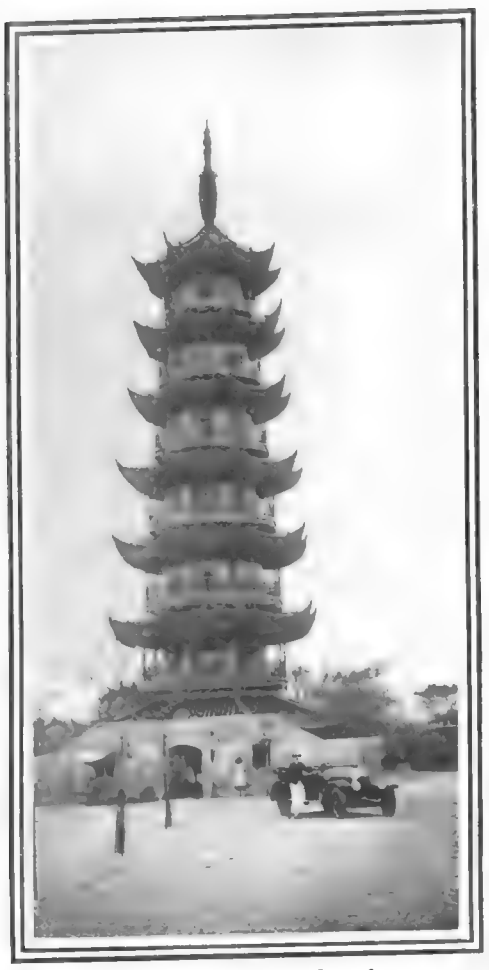


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"'Uncle Theodore,' said he, 'I am Jack Hayward'"

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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.



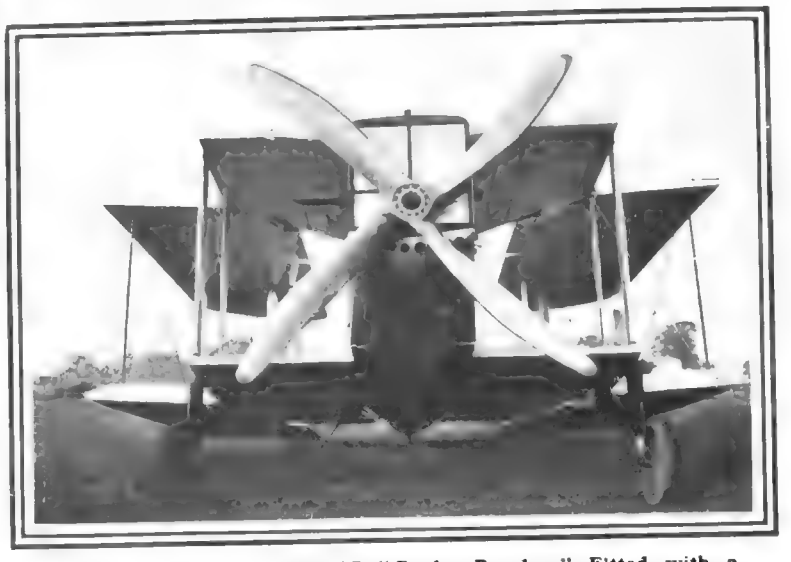
The Famous Lwong Wha Pagoda near Shanghai, with a Crossley Car in the Foreground

Each year the custom of giving motor presents at Christmas gains more favour, and I have noted how very popular it is this season. Amongst the advantages of the motor present is that it can be so quickly brought into action as a last-moment choice.

When brains have been racked for weeks, and all the old familiar lists of gifts are exhausted, there comes the happy thought, Why not a motor present?—and immediately a new field of exploration is opened. Novelties in pipes, tobacco, wines, and such like are rare, but in motor accessories new "gadgets" come out constantly, and most of them are useful or interesting.

In mascots alone there is a very wide range, and many really beautiful and artistic designs are now available. The well-chosen mascot adds a finishing touch to the finest car. Then, looking at the instrument board, one can see room for very many attractive items. Some motorists like to have the board as free as possible from dials and indicators, but that is as wrong as overcrowding the board with a mass of instruments.

A wise choice can be made from clock, speedometers, gradient meters, and aneroids, and the motorist of a scientific or inquiring turn of mind can find various other engaging appliances. A well-equipped instrument board adds to the interest of running a car, especially on long journeys, where the modern high efficiency vehicle runs with so little attention. One then takes a new interest in performance, and by means of suitable instruments a great deal of information is gathered.



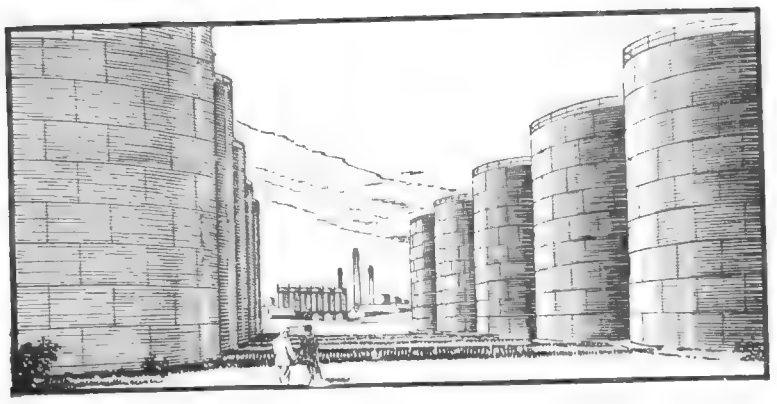
The New de Havilland 27 "Derby Bomber" Fitted with a Rolls-Royce "Condor" Engine

Cardinal Bourne, Archbishop of Westminster, has purchased from Messrs. Stratton-Instone, Ltd., a 30-h.p. Daimler of the latest type, fitted with Stratstone enclosed-drive landaulette body by the Regent Carriage Company. This is the third Daimler car purchased by his Eminence, whose first Daimler was acquired in 1907.

A taxi-proprietor in Oldham, who runs a fleet of Dodge Brothers' landaulette taxis, has just advised International Motors, Ltd. (concessionaires for Dodge Brothers' vehicles), that one of his cars has completed 90,000 miles, his total expenses for renewals and repairs having come to less than £7. The car is claimed to be still as good as new, and it is stated that the tyres of the rear wheels have done about 8,000 miles, and are still in first-class condition.

The Automobile Association road patrols will not be on the roads on Christmas Day. During the rest of the holiday season the A.A. road patrols and the well-known A.A. road service outfits will be present in full strength on their usual "beats," ready to assist members with road information or otherwise.

The best motor-car film I have seen is the American Government propaganda film, showing how Studebaker cars are made. The film was prepared by the United States Department of Commerce as one of a series of Government propaganda films to emphasise the industrial greatness of America. The Studebaker factory at South Bend, Indiana, which is exclusively devoted to the production of the Light Six model, was selected by the department as it is the latest factory in America to have been erected and equipped, and is recognised in automobile circles in the States as containing the last word in plant for car production in big quantities. The Studebaker works are the second largest in the world; the plant covers an area of 225 acres, with a floor space of close upon six million square feet. Some 16,000 workers are employed.



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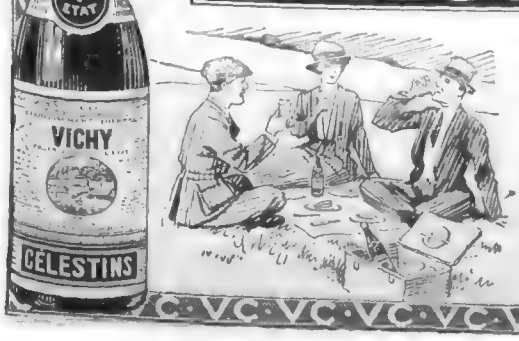


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WINTER SPORTS PROSPECTS

By Carine and Will Cadby

To prophesy as to the coming Swiss winter conditions would be only a degree less foolish than to attempt a forecast of our own fickle climate, say, during the Christmas holidays.

During the last few years Christmas weather in the Alps has been disappointing, and those who are bent on ski-ing, and can choose their time, would be wise not to go before the middle of January. But many must take their holidays in December, and risk the weather, and although by doing so they are not, perhaps, investing in gilt-edged securities, they still stand a very good chance of big dividends and the certainty of some return on their outlay.

We have suggested that in many places an up-hill walk will bring us to the perpetual snow, but there are centres in which little mountain railways will take us up 1,000 ft or so in a few minutes, which elevation will often make all the difference to ski-ing conditions. At Davos, for instance, there is the Schatzalp funicular, at St. Moritz the Muottas Muraigl cable tramway. Klosters, which interesting village always has snow when there is any about, because of the configuration of the mountains, is served by the Rhætian railway to Wolfgang. In the Bernese Oberland, Mürren has a cable line to the Allmendhubel that lands ski-ers at the well-recognised starting point for excursions, and Wengen can boast of the line to the Kleine Scheidegg, and Villars, in the Rhone valley, has now its electric railway up to Bretaye.

As to skating, if there is no snow and the weather is clear, it is almost certain to be frosty, and ice will be in good condition for skating, curling, and hockey, and thereby about 50 per cent. of the winter sports will be in full swing, not to mention the indoor amusements that English people seem to have the knack of developing to an extraordinary degree in Swiss winter sports hotels.

IS BRITISH AGRICULTURE IN DANGER?

And the Chichester Fat Stock Show

This has been one of the lean years—and very much so—for agriculture, and those who have been privileged to listen to the speeches of prominent stock-breeders and farmers, to say nothing of landowners, cannot help but feel that Great Britain's oldest industry is in peril. Sir Robert Sanders, the new Minister of Agriculture, has pointedly told farmers that they can do a lot more for themselves than it was possible for Parliament to do for them. Somewhat cold comfort this, with farmers losing—as experts have it—£4 per acre on cereal crops alone.

Sir Walter Gilbey, speaking during Smithfield week, advocated the taxation of agricultural land on an entirely different basis, whilst credit facilities must certainly be given farmers in such difficult times. Again, Sir Walter emphasised the fact that the Government must try to make this country independent of the foreigner for corn production. There are many who prescribe a cure for the "ailment agricultural"; few, we dare predict, will carry out the cure.

The annual two-day show at Chichester—one of the biggest of the two-day fat stock shows in England—had record entries this year, especially in the cattle and sheep sections. The champion beast of the show was a Devon steer shown by Mr. C. H. Boniface, which weighed 17 cwt. 16 lb., a wealthy, well-topped animal, good under the hand. The best butcher's steer was a Devon of great quality and type, tipping the beam at 15 cwt. 3 qr. 22 lb., from Mr. Walter Loveys, who won the strong class for pens of three Devon steers. An Aberdeen-Angus cow from the Tangmere herd of Mr. George Bayley won the Fat Cow class; she was a good example of "Doddie" beef.

E. W. L.



A Picture Made Up of Leaves and Petals

Above we reproduce a specimen of the art of Mr. W. J. King, who has been "painting" pictures by means of leaves and petals of flowers; he combines and arranges these in such fashion as to produce a complete picture. Many of Mr. King's pictures were exhibited recently at a London gallery. Mr. King's medium seems happiest when he is treating rural landscape subjects such as the above

A SECOND GILBERT AND SULLIVAN ACROSTIC

In "The Sphere" of a few weeks ago (Nov. 18) we published a Gilbert and Sullivan double acrostic, to which we invited solutions. We now publish a second double acrostic, and again invite the attention of lovers of these immortal operas. To the first successful solution reaching this office a prize of £1 1s. is offered. Solutions should be addressed "Acrostic," 6, Great New Street, E.C. 4.

I would venture to suggest,
By other names you know them best.

(1) More potent far than force, you'll find this prove
A dainty weapon in the war of love.
(2) Old was she and a prisoner, yet we find
That she could hold her own when she'd the mind.
(3) The evidence of two none may deny,
Here is but one, and one may lie.
(4) Though it twist men's souls from their bodies marred,
Unmoved the grim old Tower keeps guard.
(5) A foreign word, its meaning you,
Though the third person plural is used, it's true.
(6) Within its high walls topped with glass,
'Tis death for any man to pass.
(7) She thus describes the temper of her spouse,
Which she fears on her wedding day to rouse.
(8) An erring peer in marriage sought her,
She, a distinguished soldier's daughter.
(9) They would endeavour to prove, if you please,
That the merchant marine was manned only by these.
(10) For conscience he left the girl he adored
And sadly returned to the life he abhorred.
(11) As the duke's own particular suite he sailed,
Though higher he rose, he is here curtailed.
(12) An official who, though of simple mind,
By an irate judge was abroad consigned.
(13) An opera we shall never hear,
For the musical score is lost, I fear.
(14) A word that means a time long past,
When their race was accurst from first to last.

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FOOD AND THE WOMAN

By SYLVANIA

Woman, according to the critical male, has never been able to feed herself intelligently. It has always been one of the most cherished masculine beliefs that when left to herself, with no man to consider, she invariably demands "something on a tray," and will dine satisfactorily off a poached egg and a box of chocolates. The most casual husband will be careful not to return unexpectedly from a holiday for fear of finding nothing more substantial in the larder than a couple of sausage rolls.

Feminine errors of diet have occupied the doctors and the newspaper correspondence columns since either began to exist; there never was a time when woman's ridiculous manner of living did not draw upon itself the fulminations of Harley Street and the scorn of sensible men ready to die in defence of their mutton chops and pint of sherry. The poor, silly creature *will* consider her figure and lunch off a Bath bun and a glass of milk, though she confesses to a healthier appetite than her grandmother would have dared to do in her desire to cultivate an hour-glass waist and an interesting air of fragility, both of which were considered very genteel in a young person sixty or seventy years ago—whereas a man, well, you never knew a man who considered his waist measurement before his favourite lunch, did you? All these complaints, however, have hitherto had a common basis, namely, that woman does not eat enough; but now the wind blows from quite another quarter, and you have a doctor who declares solemnly that all her troubles come from over-eating.

You must admit that it is, to say the least of it, a trifle bewildering. After having been grumbled at for years for not eating enough, and been told that if only she would feed herself sensibly (*e.g.*, on masculine lines) all her nerves and headaches would vanish like mist before the sun—lo! her poached-egg tactics were right after all, and if she doesn't feel well it is merely because she grossly over-eats.

Yet what, one wonders, do the doctors think of Queen Bess and her ladies, who breakfasted heartily off beef and pasties, not to speak of strong ale, every morning of their lives, and managed to keep pretty well in spite of it? You can be fairly sure that any forward leech who ventured to advise Her Majesty to try a tankard of hot water instead as a cure for indigestion would soon have seen the inside of the Tower.

And what about man? Why is woman the only person to be condemned to two meals a day? What is sauce for the goose is also the same for the gander we are told, so if the doctors get their way there is a likelihood that housekeeping may become a simpler thing in the dim future. Meanwhile, whether the modern woman will obey the latest edict to eat less food and throw away her teapot I do not know, though I could venture a pretty shrewd guess; but of one thing I am certain, and that is that never, until home cooking is made illegal and all meals are provided in tabloid form by the State, will man cease carping at the way woman feeds herself. And perhaps not even them.

Chocolates for Christmas and the New Year

One of the best presents for Christmas is chocolates; there are so many varieties that it is often difficult to know which to select. Needler's are perfectly delicious, so a Needler's box of the same is sure of an enthusiastic welcome. The chocolate covering is made entirely from the products of the cocoa bean. The 2-lb. Jaffa cabinet box, containing the Relda chocolates, have a variety of centres, including fondant pineapple, crème d'Amande, fondant cherry, and truffle finger. Again, there are the Élite and County chocolates—all excellent.



The Device of the "Friends of Italy"

This is an organisation which has been founded in London to reinstate the study of the Italian language in the United Kingdom and to help towards a better understanding between this country and Italy. The device of the movement is the work of Mr. F. Matania, the well-known "Sphere" artist. The principal meeting-place of the "Friends" is at the Wigmore Hall, where lectures, concerts, and meetings are he d

The Islip Chapel in Westminster Abbey

On other pages of this issue (pp. 312–313) *we give pictures and details concerning some recent discoveries in the Abbey. Below we publish an account of the Islip Chapel, which forms the subject of one of our pictures.*

On the north side of the ambulatory of Westminster Abbey stands one of the many chapels contained within the Abbey walls. Originally known as "The Jesus Chapel," with its two altars, one above the other below, this wonderful little building to-day bears the name of the great builder Abbot whose dust it guards.

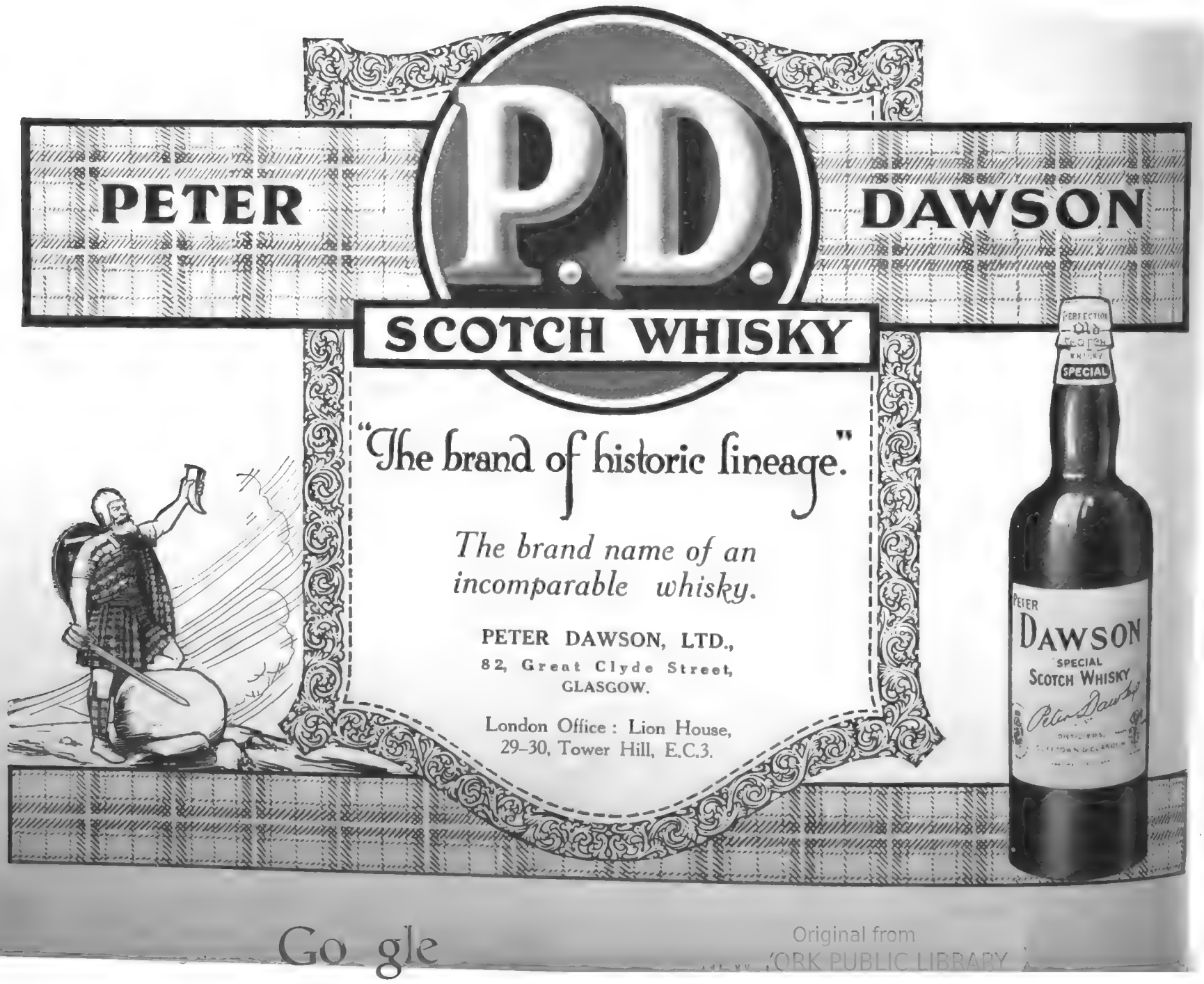
Islip was one of the greatest men produced by the Church of Westminster during the period of the middle ages. During his long tenure of the office of Abbot he succeeded in leaving his mark everywhere on the Abbey buildings. The funeral of Abbot Islip was carried out on the most sumptuous scale, and it has been recorded for us in a remarkable manuscript, illustrated by four pictures, known as the Islip Roll—one of the greatest of the Abbey's treasures. Here are depicted the lofty catafalque and the beautiful chapel in which the Abbot was subsequently laid to rest.

Islip's device or rebus appears in quite a number of places on this peerless piece of sixteenth-century architecture. We see representations of a great eye. We see the slips or branches of the bower of moral virtues which in the quaint fashion of that century were held to indicate his name. Here, again, do we perceive a man losing his foothold and slipping apparently into the water while he ineffectually grasps one of these slips.

Down to a few weeks ago these fascinating devices, as well as the quaint shield with its boar's heads borne by the Abbot, looked like so many pieces of decayed stone-carving. To-day, as a result of the remarkable process of renovation or re'uvenescence, the original colouring of these "Islips" has been brought to light. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that there are few more beautiful pieces of decoration to be found anywhere in the Abbey.

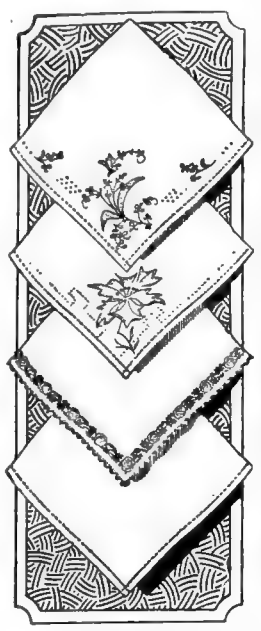
"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

A stand in an exhibition does not convey an idea of a centre of pleasant memories, and yet the stand belonging to the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, in connection with the Church Congress at Sheffield last October, turned out to be such. One of the visitors to the stand told how, on an outward-bound ship for Calcutta in 1889, he found two smart lads fresh from the *Arethusa* Training Ship, to all appearances berthed in a comfortable ship. The chief officer spoke well of them and said if they liked they could do as one some years ago did from the same ship—come here to the after cabin and take a better position. These testimonials of the good work of the *Arethusa* are constantly being met with. It should satisfy our readers that the work on board the old frigate is a genuine one throughout, and deserves the financial assistance for which it is pleading.



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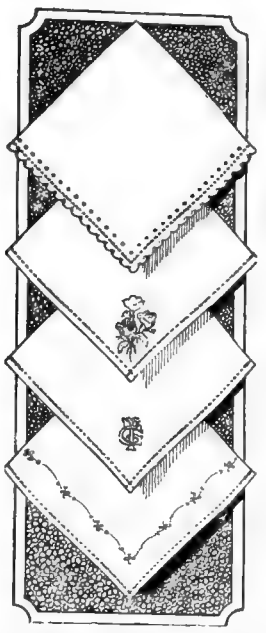


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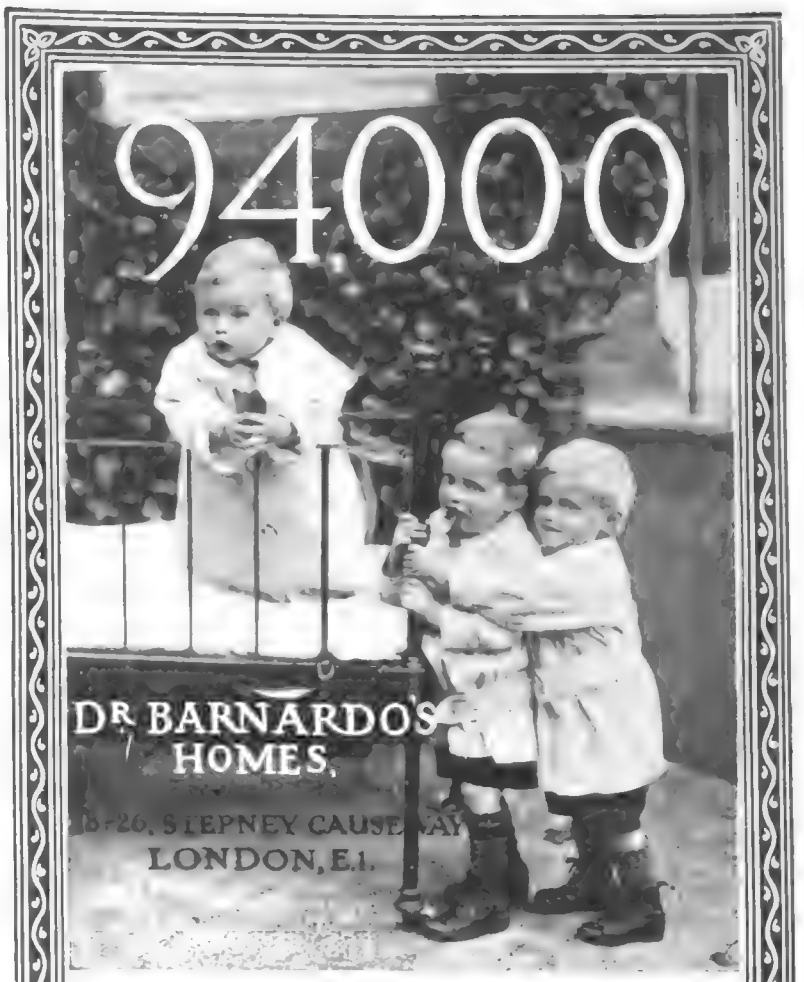
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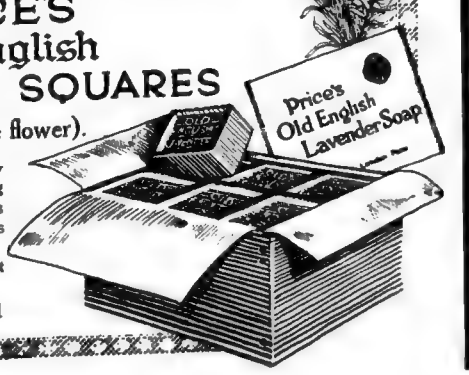
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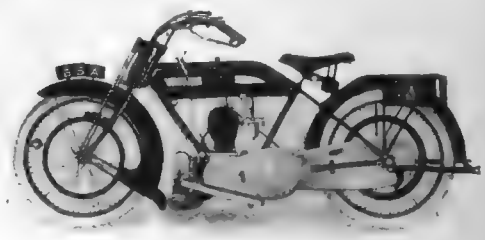
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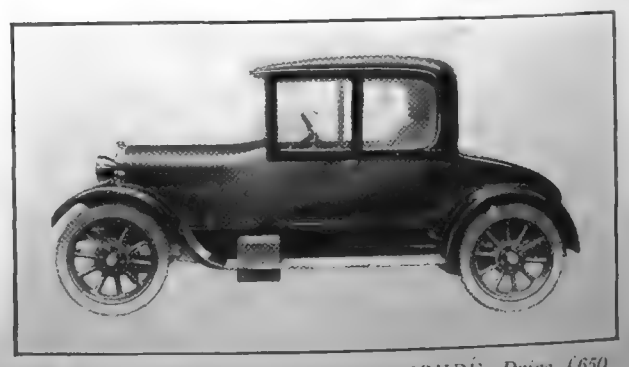
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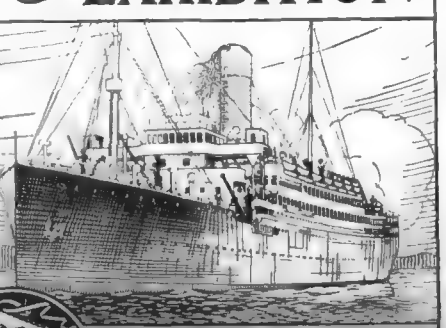


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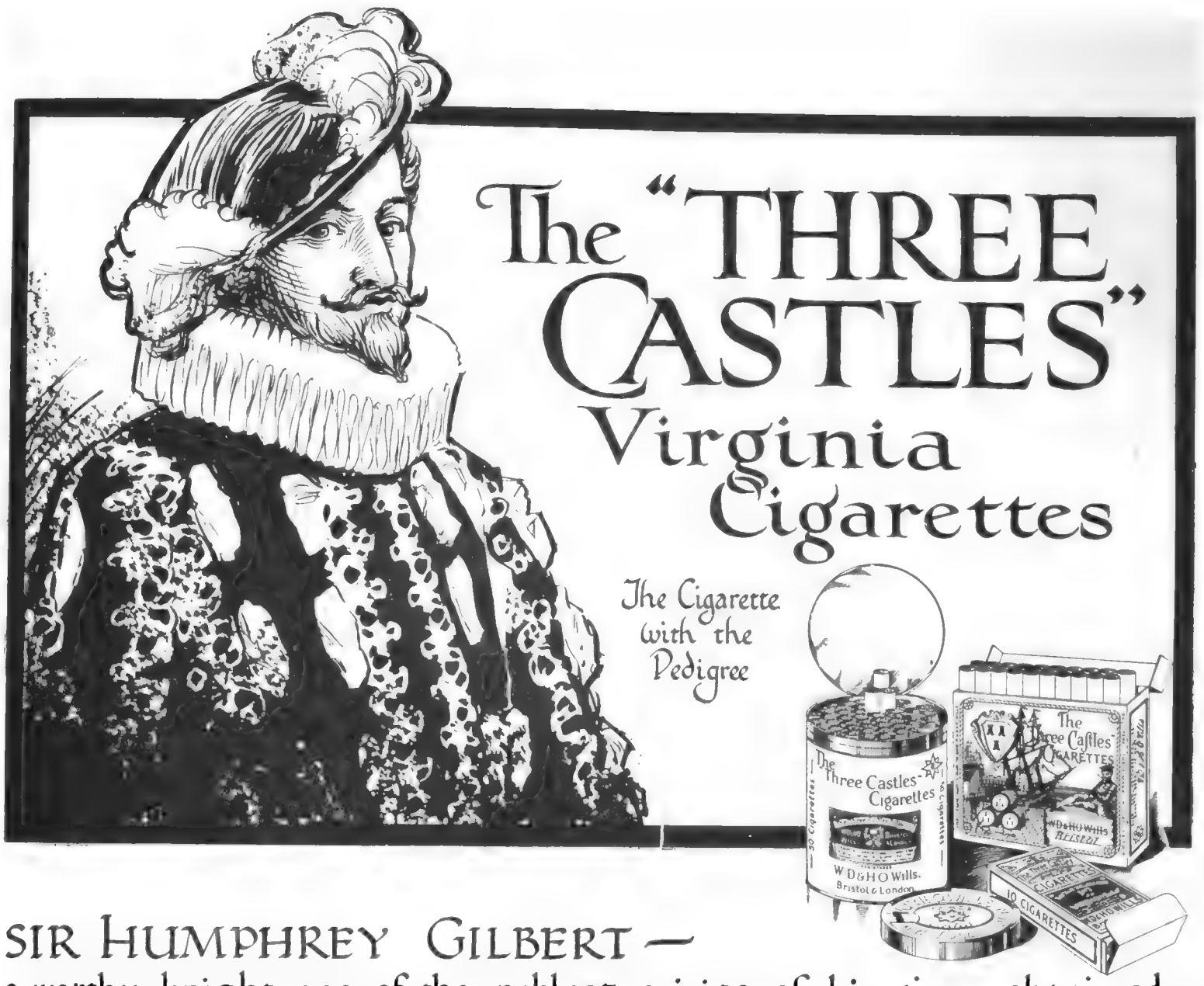


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The Staff of Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End—A Group Taken at the Laying of the Foundation Stone of the Nursing Home

The foundation stone of the Nurses' Home of this hospital was laid by Mrs. C. E. Leo. Lyle early this month; it is intended that this Nurses' Home shall be a model for the whole country. The background of the picture reproduced above shows another portion of the hospital—the new "Margaret Lyle" Maternity Wing, which will have the latest maternity equipment installed, and which will possibly be one of the finest hospital sections of its kind in Great Britain. The three nurses seated in front are: Nurses Fox, Stroens, and Toman. In the first row are: M. Hardwick, Sister, Out-patient Department; H. Korte, Operating Theatre; S. Hawes, Sister, Women's Medical Ward; E. V. Hill, Sister, X-ray Department; M. Masters, Sister, Massage Department; M. Poole, Sister Tutor; A. D. M. Scorgie, Assistant Matron; Mr. J. W. Rooff, Major Jackson, Secretary, Queen Mary's Hospital; Mrs. Leo. Lyle, Chairman's wife; Mr. Leo. Lyle, Chairman of Hospital; E. A. Sordy, A.R.R.C., Matron (Resident Medical Officer); F. E. Eager, A.R.R.C., Sister-in-charge, Maternity Department; H. Slann, Sister of Maternity Wards; N. Bailey, Night Sister; E. Wharton, Night Sister, Maternity Department; E. Cleive, Sister, Woman's Surgical Ward; A. Egles, Sister, Children's Ward; and G. Neylan, Sister, Men's Surgical Ward. In the first row, standing, are: Nurses Lightfoot, Larn, Cottee, Hodge, Clark, Skidmore, Corke, Sharpe, Naylor, and Stroens, Junior House Surgeon, Casualty Officer, House Physician, Senior House Surgeon, House Physician; Nurses Edwards, Smith, Ross, Bishop, Williams, Bridgett, Blogg, Lowdnes, and Mullins. In the back row are: Nurses Byrns, St. John, Macnamara, Collins, White, Pearson, Bellingham, Thomson, McKenna, Fox, Evans, Norris, Lowe, Durrell, Daviss, M. Davies, and Potts.

The NEW THEATRE in FLORENCE

The Sculpture Decorations by Signor Antonio Maraini

A new theatre has just been opened in Florence, in the palace known as The Strozzino, opposite the famous Strozzi Palace. Its architect, Marcello Piacentini of Rome, has been able to design something remarkable as well as new.

The only decoration above the stage consists of three figures (well above life size) by Antonio Maraini, the well-known Roman sculptor, who has been much talked of during the last few years because of the decorative architectural feeling in his work. These qualities are to be found in the three statues, which, with their inclination towards the centre, follow rhythmically the curve of the arch above them. These figures are reproduced here, and represent the following subjects:—

(1) The actress studying her mask.
(2) The actress, with the help of cupids, adjusting the mask on her face.
(3) The actress taking off the mask when, at the end of the performance, she receives the applause of the public.

The statues, very clearly Italian in their sense of beauty, are executed in stucco and gilded, with painted masks and red wigs, and they dictate the colour scheme to the whole theatre.



Statues by Signor Antonio Maraini for the New Theatre in Florence

GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO : By Herbert Vivian.

I suppose the most disgusted person in Italy to-day is d'Annunzio, the father of Fascism, sulking in his tent over the astounding triumph of his political children. When I saw him at Fiume in 1920 he was rejoicing over his prospects, chiefly because he had covered his retreat with an invincible home-front. The Fascists, indistinguishable from his own legionaries, were marching from strength to strength, routing Socialists with their own weapons, bombing and burning on behalf of law and order, making Government impossible for an effete system, paving the way for his return to Rome as a Cæsar.

He was useful enough as the champion of forlorn and fantastic hopes—his extravagances kept the torch of patriotism alight—but there was a limit even to Italian toleration of poetic licence. The atmosphere of comic opera, which warded off tragedy from a seaport in revolt, would smother a great kingdom in ridicule. He had already served his turn when Giolitti sacrificed him to the Yugo-Slavs, and few would have mourned if he had proved true to his perpetual slogan of "Fiume or Death." Instead of that, he packed up the pickings of his ephemeral reign and fled with loud lamentations when his treasures suffered the usual fate of luggage on Italian railways.

Despite his bald head and his fifty-eight years, his restless activity would always outstrip the youngest and wildest of his legionaries. He organised firework festivals on ships and in public squares, himself leading the dances. Yet all day long he would remain the freshest of the fresh, receiving deputations, composing plays and epics, editing papers and manifestoes, delivering impassioned harangues to his faithful lieges.



The Most Recent Picture of d'Annunzio

A picture taken at his villa on Lake Garda after his illness

And their fidelity seems to have depended almost entirely on these harangues. Hungry, dispirited, on the brink of mutiny, they could always be brought to heel by his high-sounding blasphemies or mad rhapsodies.

And even now the influence of d'Annunzio is not dead. I fancy it remains livelier than that of any Italian party leader in Italy. He was mildly ridiculed when he fell down in his garden after a merry meal. He inspired fresh laughter when he announced that he was about to join the Trappists, whose vow is eternal silence. But masses still take him seriously, and he may prove a stumbling-block in Mussolini's path of victory.

A place would certainly have been found for him in the new dispensation, but he prefers to wait for the gratification of his ambitions, sending damp messages of moderation, coquetting with Socialists, whose annihilation seems too good to be true, counting on fresh somersaults from his volatile compatriots. Until recently he was his own worst enemy, but Time has now entered the lists against him. He has suddenly lost his perpetual youth, the shadow of Trappism has fallen upon his fiery tongue, and there may soon be nothing left but to ring the curtain down upon this strange, fantastic figure.

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A very limited quantity only of a novelty French Gabardine, Grey Grounds with pretty printed effects of Oriental design. Specially suitable for smart Coat-Frocks or Skirts. 52 ins. wide. Usual price 15/11 **Sale Offer 5/11**

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With Knickers to match. Dainty Frock, in All-wool Stockinette, trimmed contrast braid, gathered slightly at hips. In putty, saxe, mole, nigger and peacock. Sale Price for 22 ins. **21/-**
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Girl's Coat in good heavy-weight "Soft Wool" cloth, in grey, mole, nigger and navy, suitable for school wear. Sale Price for 27 ins. **27/9**
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Girl's Navy "Regulation" Coat and Skirt of FINE SUITING SERGE, with the real "tailor-touch" about it, coat lined through, for 7 to 16 years. Sale Price for 7 years **52/6**
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We have reduced about one-third of our Boys' Stock to half-price specially for this Sale—an opportunity for economising that must appeal to you.

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500 Knicker Suits (3 garments) in several shapes, cut and made in our own workrooms. All sizes for boys of 7 to 14 years in Grey, Lovat, Heather, Scotch and Irish Tweeds, in Twills and Herringbones, hard-wearing, sturdy cloths, originally sold at 55/-
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190 of our famous **BOYS' "KONOMY" TRENCH COATS,** in proofed drill, fawn, drab and blue, lined proofed check, for 6 to 18 years, rising 1/- a size. Reduced to **22/6**

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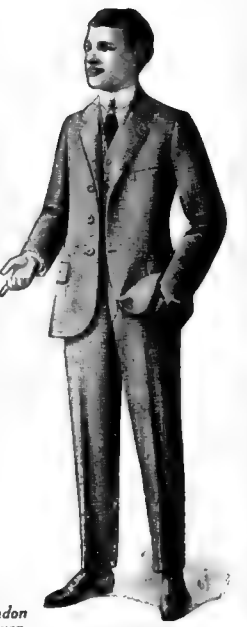
120 BOYS' PYJAMA SUITS in Winceyette, pink, mauve, and blue stripes, fully cut for growing boys, and washing well. Pre-sale price 9/6 Sale Price **7/9**

300 LADIES' STOCKINETTE DRESSES, stitched braid design, self sash and buckle, or with braid girdle to tone; in all fashionable shades. Worth 49/6 Sale Price **37/6**

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100 LADIES' ALL-WOOL COMBINATIONS, natural wool, high neck, long and short sleeves, Morley's medium make. Usually 21/9 Sale Price **7/11**

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"CAMBRIDGE."
300 Trouser Suits (3 garments) in stock for boys of 13 to 18 years, made in neat, becoming shades of Cheviots and Serges, our own make, and therefore thoroughly reliable, the Jackets with pointed or narrow lapels and buttoning two or three.
Reduced from 65/- to All sizes same price. **43/6**
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IN THE PETROL WORLD. By R. P. Hearne.

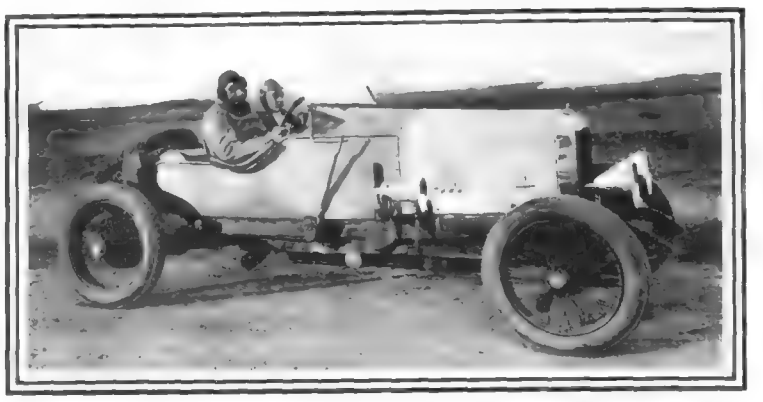
The report of the past year's work on the roads, issued by the Ministry of Transport, is very interesting reading. We have had reason to attack the Ministry for its attitude towards motorists over taxation and other matters, but in all fairness we can compliment the Ministry on its actual road-work.

Gradually the chaotic condition brought about by a multiplicity of local road makers is giving way to a national scheme of road-making, controlled by a responsible Ministry. Some people fear that we may get roads which are too good, and on the other hand we have had motor-'bus proprietors declaring that they only wanted a road foundation for their vehicles; they did not want an upper surface or crust to the road at all—as if one could have a road without an upper surface!

We require the good roads which the Ministry is giving us, and the next big move by this department is to show that it can save money for us. There is no need any longer to pay extravagant prices for good roads, and the Ministry should clearly prove how it succeeds in effecting economies. After all, by paying a big price one could get good roads under the most muddled system of local administration.

It is satisfactory to learn from the Ministry of Transport that the numbering of roads is making good headway. This will be a great boon to road travellers, especially when all roads are brought into the scheme. By means of the code numbers the motorist can see that he is keeping to the right route; and those cross-country trips along minor roads, which are now so puzzling, will be greatly simplified.

We still await a bold scheme of a great high-speed road from London to the south coast. When will it be tackled? And when will the congestion of London traffic be relieved?



Mr. T. B. Adair and his 30-98-h.p. Vauxhall, with which he Recently Broke the Record for the Run from Durban to Johannesburg



By the Shores of Ullswater with a 10-h.p. Wolseley

A chatty little book is *Motoring for the Million*, written by Mr. Leonard Henslowe, and published at 1s. 6d. by Hutchinson and Co., Paternoster Row, London. Mr. Henslowe is a kindly optimist who expects to see 2,400,000 cars in this country by the year 1930, and even then he will not be content. He aspires to have cars as plentiful here as in America, and he writes his book to hasten on that terrible day! In simple language Mr. Henslowe gives information on a variety of subjects connected with motoring, and as an introductory book it should serve a useful purpose. It is well illustrated.

The regulations for the 1923 French Grand Prix race have been issued, and reveal some interesting features, apart from the fact that ex-enemy cars are to be barred from competing. For the cars a maximum weight of 12 cwt. 89 lb. is set, and the engine must not exceed a maximum piston displacement, as in 1922, of 2,000 c.c. It is presumed that the new weight rule will prevent the entry of cars fitted with much smaller engines than 2,000 c.c. These would not have the slightest prospect of winning in any case.

It is recalled by the "Autocar" that the weight of the winning Fiat this year was 13 cwt. 5 lb., and it is, therefore, left to the skill of designers to increase the power output from two-litre engines and at the same time to cut away 28 lb. from the total weight of the car. As the weight is certain to be reduced, and it is a practical certainty that greater power will be available from the new engines, one can predict that speeds will show an increase on those of 1922, great as the achievements and speeds for that year have been.

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The new Napier costs less to run than a pre-war car of equivalent power.
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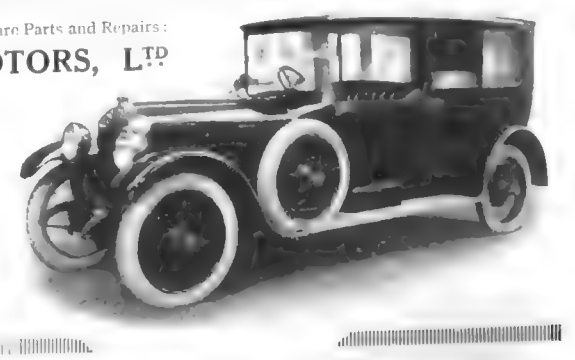
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THE AGRICULTURAL YEAR UNDER REVIEW

By "The Sphere's" Agricultural Correspondent

We should imagine that no one who is interested in things agricultural or in live stock breeding will be sorry to see the end of the year 1922. There are, unfortunately, few good things to be said about it, for in addition to a very bad harvest, the great visitation of foot and mouth disease which so persistently haunted our shores put an end for the time being to that export trade in pedigree stock upon which certain of our breeds depend for a large measure of their financial success. Thus 1922 will be for ever on the black list in agriculture as in other forms of industrial activity.

There is no doubt, when one comes to examine the figures, that the great sheet-anchor and stand-by of the tenant farmer to-day is the breeding of stock, and of pedigree stock in particular, for although prices are nothing like as high as they were, yet they are much more remunerative than the growing of corn. Figures talk, and although space is limited, the opportunity of putting a few of these figures before the public must not be missed. No extraordinary prices were realised for Shires during the season, the top price of the year being 500 guineas for a stallion from Sir Berkeley Sheffield, but there was great interest taken in the old English cart-horse from start of the season to the finish. The Shorthorn can claim to be the premier breed of cattle in the United Kingdom, and here, when the noted breeder, Mr. A. J. Marshall, could give 4,000 guineas for the bull, Moniack Guardsman, at Perth, there is not much wrong with the breed. Similarly, Sir John Esplen of Hardres Court, Canterbury, gave 450 guineas for the rare old veteran Sussex bull, Newick Bandsman 2nd, to head his herd, while the Government of South Africa gave £250 for another Sussex bull, Thurston Red Rover, to journey to the sunny shores and wonderful air of the veldt.

As regards prices, however, the sensation of the year was undoubtedly the extraordinary averages obtained by the imported Friesians from South Africa, when eighty three head averaged £1,242 15s. 10d., with the highest price for a cow of 4,300 guineas and for a bull of 3,900 guineas.

In these days of depression that is enough to cause food for reflection. Guernseys, too, though no extraordinary prices were made, maintained their popularity, and their tasteful stand contributed not a little to the beauty of several show grounds.

Pigs have been one of the most paying and certainly the most popular lines of stock-breeding during the year, and the top price paid for a pig of any breed was 550 guineas for a Large Black boar, Cornwood Someday, belonging to Mr. J. H. Glover, while a gilt of Mr. Hubert Groom's breeding made 500 guineas. A Berkshire boar, Highfield Royal Pygmalion, also made history, being purchased by the Duke of Westminster at £500 to head the Eaton herd of Berkshires.

Hardly ever in the memory of the oldest flockmaster have sheep realised such prices, and with flocks being restarted on all hands, one can hope for increased fertility in the soil, which so badly needs it. The highest individual price of the year was £680 paid by Mr. M. G. Hamilton for the black-faced Scotch mountain ram belonging to Mr. J. Clark, which had been second at the Royal Highland Show. In the eastern counties, that enterprising breed, the Suffolks, attracted many more farmers to their ranks, while in the south no such demand for Southdowns has been experienced for years, and it is worthy of remark that this ancient breed gained supreme honours at the Smithfield Show. In the west the popular Kerry Hill sheep of Wales, those speckled-face rent-payers, greatly enhanced their reputation.

E. WALFORD-LLOYD.



Ragging the Turkey at King's

A time-honoured custom at King's College, when the students' supper is paraded round the gun in the quadrangle by undergraduates



The Shire Horse Stallion, Harboro Nulli Secundus

Champion at the 1922 Shire Horse Show

The Children's Competition

The Editor wishes to remind his young readers that the time allowed for replies to the competition announced in the Christmas Number of THE SPHERE is drawing to a close. The details of the competition were given on p. 38 of the Christmas SPHERE. The last date for receiving entries is January 8.

THE TURKISH WOMAN OF TO-DAY

(*Continued from p.* 334)

agriculture. All are preparing for careers of usefulness.

Once upon a time, knowing how infinitely superior were the Russian women to the Russian men, I wrote that the women in Russia would probably save the country from final disaster. . . . Perhaps I still may be right. . . . It is unprofitable to prophesy, but I have an idea that the future of Turkey is in the women's hands. Not the veiled women, secluded from the outer world, but women who are rapidly becoming emancipated.

If Kemal's orders are obeyed . . . But why worry about that? . . . The modern Turkish woman will not veil herself. She may be a Turk, but first of all she is a woman, with all a woman's vanity. The hideous *charshaf* will go. The charming little scarf will take its place.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

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Sale Catalogue post free.



250 KNITTED WOOLLEN DRESSES. Various styles and all made of super-quality yarn. The one as sketch is knitted in a fine stitch with facings and stripes of a contrasting colour. The other models are all very attractive and in good colours, including black, also white. Original prices varying from 73/6 to 6 Gns.
All one sale price 42/-

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ATTRACTIVE CROSS-OVER JUMPER in crêpe-de-chine, trimmed hand-crochet bands and girdle tied at sides. Very becoming style for all figures. In ivory, flesh, champagne, grey, navy, lemon, cinnamon, nigger, fawn, black. **Sale price 49/6**



GAUZE LACE-WOOL COATEE, made and finished in hand-made silk crochet. In black, pink, sky, beige, mauve, grey, navy or nigger, also white/pink, white/blue, white/champagne, white/black, white/mauve. **Sale price 27/6**

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All bargains from our own stock of reliable qualities. Typed **Glass, Tea, Basin.**
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Also in **Linen** „ „ **17/9** „ „

Linen Checked Glass Cloths.

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Linen Plain White Pantry Cloths.
Size 34×36 ins. **Sale price 28/9** per doz.
„ 34×40 „ „ „ **33/9** „ „

Linen Typed Glass Cloths.
Size 33×36 ins. **Sale price 32/9** per doz.
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Size 50 ins.×3 yds. **Sale price 11/9** per pr.
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Ivory Swiss Embroidered Curtains.
Size 50 ins.×3 yds. **Sale price 23/9** per pr.
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Plain Net with Lace Edging.
Size 63 ins.×3 yds. **Sale price 16/9** per pr.
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BARGAIN IN GLOVES

2-Button Ibex Fabric, in white, champagne, pastelle, grey and mole. Original price 3/11 per pair.
Sale price, per pair **2/11½**

BARGAIN IN HOSIERY

Super-quality **All-Wool Cashmere Hose,** spliced feet and garter tops, in black, stone, nutty, grey, dark grey, mole, tan or nigger. Original price 5/11 per pair.
Sale price, per pair **4/6**



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THE BLIND EYE

By SYLVANIA

If something is not presently done to put bounds to the misguided ingenuity of our inventors, there will be no more peace left in life. The latest device of their imaginings is, so please you, a telephone through which you may see, and for ought I know to the contrary, be seen, as well as hear and be heard; an evil trick, as any honest man will admit. The telephone, even in its present relatively harmless stage of development, is no unmixed blessing—it rings its loudest when you are in your bath, or just comfortably settled by the fire with a book, and it will not take nay for an answer; it raises you from your sweetest slumbers to tell you it is the wrong number and will you ring off, please; and it is a favourite vehicle of conversation with a large number of people who seem to have nothing better to do with their time than to pour platitudes into its mouthpiece. *But*, on the other hand, it has its advantages; it will, with luck, get you a taxi on a wet night, call the doctor when the children seem to be on the point of developing mumps, or do good service in sundry other domestic crises, and is, in its humble way, quite an efficient buffer between you and a number of people whom you feel you do not want to see.

Mark the significance of those words, "*that you don't want to see*," and try to realise what it will mean if this thoughtless creature is encouraged in his invention, so that you will see, as well as hear, everybody you converse with by telephone; there will be no more dodging of disagreeable interviews, no more slipping out of awkward corners by ringing up, for all the real comfort of a telephone is in its blind eye, and you lose it when you give it sight. Open that eye and you will indeed be preparing trouble for yourself and destroying a precious refuge, when Mrs. Brown rings up to ask you to dinner—her dinners are execrable—how easy to put your hand over the mouthpiece and consult for a plausible excuse, but how impossible were you to be face to face with the lady whose hospitable intentions pave the way to dyspepsia. It is simple to persuade your elderly Clapham cousins over the telephone that you are really *much* too busy to come and see them to-day, but it would be far less so if they could see your cheerful matinée face, and you would lose your reputation as a truth-teller for ever. I fear we most of us shall, if the new invention ever really becomes popular, for it is a sad fact that the most truthful of us lie without flinching over the telephone.

Besides, it is an alarming prospect if we are not to be able to avoid seeing people even by stopping at home and locking the door, for you can't say Not at Home to the telephone; think of having a bad cold and having to face, as well as hear, all the people, pleasant or otherwise, who may ring up to inquire how you are; think of the misery, even when you are well, of being obliged to see, as well as listen to, all the bores who take it into their heads to want to talk to you, knowing all the time that you can no longer pretend really convincingly that somebody has just called to see you on urgent business and that you really *must* ring off. The only people who are likely to derive any solid satisfaction from seeing each other by telephone are newly-engaged couples and the chronically suspicious: everybody else will yearn to petition their local M.P. to introduce a Bill for the Suppression of Indiscreet Inventions.

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The Emir Abdulla of Transjordania in Cairo

This picture was taken in the Egyptian capital on the occasion of the recent visit to Lord Allenby. In the front row are seen the Emir Abdulla, Viscount Allenby, and Sheikh Abdul Malek el Nhatib. Behind are Major R. G. Gayer-Anderson (Oriental Secretary to the Residency), Kaimakam Howes Bey, A.D.C. to the Emir, and the Hon. E. S. Scott (Minister Plenipotentiary)

A Timely Thought

There is one good resolution that can be quickly and easily carried. Tell your newsagent to send THE SPHERE regularly to your boy or girl. When they are far away, THE SPHERE will be a constant reminder of family and country. The cost of subscription for a year is not great, as you will see by the annexed table.

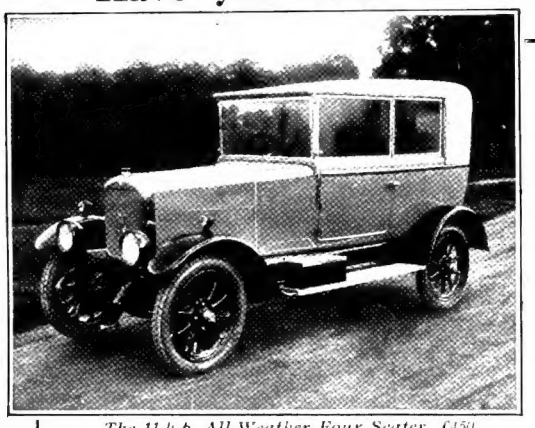
Continental Railway Fares

The S.E. & C.R. announce that on and from the 1st of January substantial reductions will be made in the through fares by their various routes to the Continent. Full particulars can be obtained from the Continental Inquiry Office, Victoria Station. These reduced fares will be more appreciable in the case of passengers making long journeys, where the reduction on the English section is made still more effective by the benefit accruing from the depreciated foreign currencies, due regard to which is taken in the compilation of the through fares to all parts of the Continent.

"Arethusa" Training Ship and Shaftesbury Homes

From Tahiti, the secretary of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship of 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2, had a little while ago a cheering letter. The society's appeal for £25,000 is circulating all over the world, and the secretary was gratified at receiving from that Pacific island the sum of £75, which represents 300 crowns out of the 100,000 for which they are appealing. We are glad to hear that the society has received this sum, for it is very deserving, and trust that many in the far-off places across the seas will respond so that the good work may be carried on unimpaired.

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Consideration for the servants bids the mistress hold her hand, and the extra fires and cleaning alone, that a houseful of guests would involve, check her hospitable intentions.

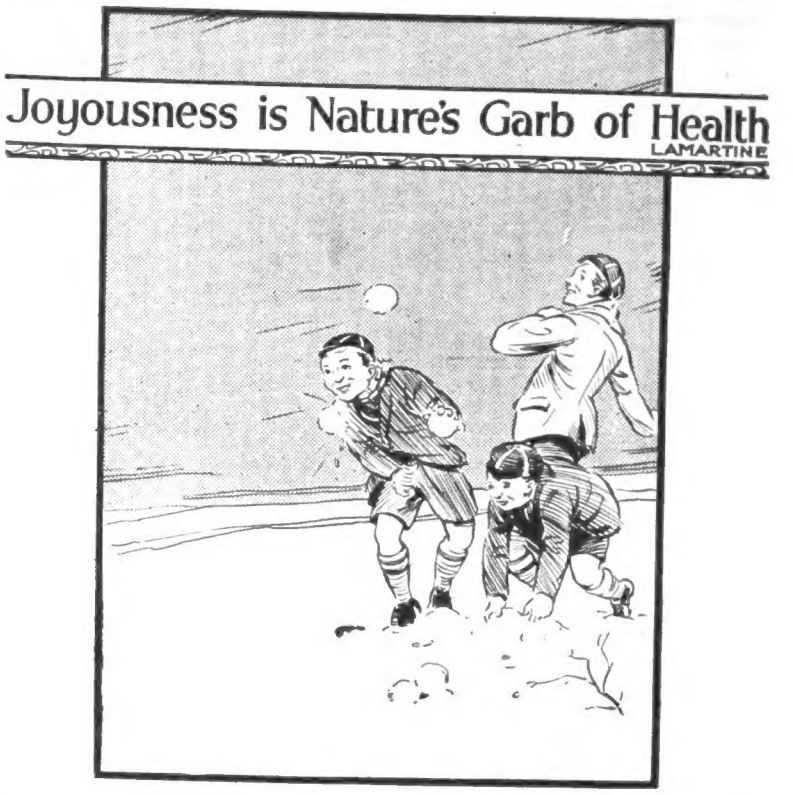
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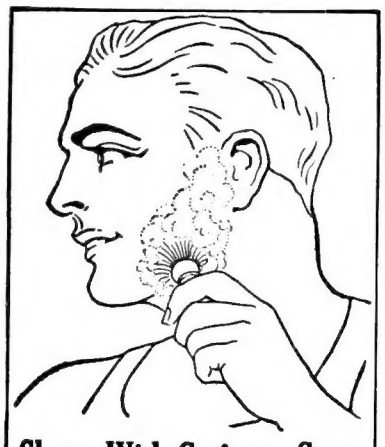
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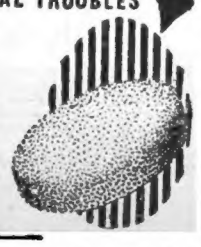
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